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FAMILY LIFE

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Volume 4

Number 1

JANUARY 1971

letters to the editors



TOO YOUNG TO MARRY

The article "Too Young to Marry" was both interesting and meaningful to me. I've seen some marriages where the couple insisted on marrying young and then had a large family. The children, especially the first few, don't have the training like children in families where the parents are older.

I think Grandfather Beachy's advice was very well put about having some money saved before a couple marries. He also said that some people don't grow up until they are thirty, and I think he's right. If a boy is immature at 19 (as 90% are), he is bound to mature some between then and when he is 21 or 22 or even more so by the time he is 26 like William Nissley in the story. Some people may say, "But what if the boy is mature at 19?" I'd just tell them that maturity doesn't lessen as a person gets older. Nobody can be too mature, but plenty are too immature. And the boys who we think might be mature at 19 are the ones who wait till they are older to marry; that's why we consider them mature.

— A Reader, Ontario

The article on marriage was good. In my opinion, young married life can be happy if we prepare ourselves to have it that way. Is it right for parents to say no when a child asks to marry if there is true love for someone? I have seen many a couple marry in their teens who had a peaceful life together. To see how things are going among the young folks, I would feel more free from temptation.

I was eighteen when we married and I feel the Lord brought us this far. If we put our trust in the Lord, He will guide us, single or married, young or old.

— A young sister, Penna.

I have young children now and it seems to me if they grow up and want to marry I would not want to object too much, only that it is done in the Lord. (Of course there is an age at which they are too young). The way things are drifting we should be concerned that they find God-seeking partners, which may be hard to do. I was 21 when I married but I still feel the age is not what counts, it's the religion in the heart.

Parents should be concerned before their children marry that they will be able to stand and that their children will have everlasting life. After all, that is the reason we are here on this earth for.

— A mother, Ohio.

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the article "Too Young to Marry." I knew that dating too young has always been discouraged by Christians, but this article showed me why. Teenage courtship leads to teenage marriage and I feel we are not mature enough for that. At least, I am eighteen and I feel I would not be ready to start dating yet. If a couple can not wait until they are older then it is a sign that their love is not mature love.

— A sister, Ky.

I would agree that it's not a good idea to marry too young. But on the other hand, I feel that it would often not be wise to postpone it to the age of twenty-five. Under a certain age, the temptation seems to be to rush into marriage. Over that age, it appears that often the temptation is to keep putting it off.

I also agree that it is nice to have some money laid up to provide the things which are needed to get started at housekeeping. But I do not feel it is essential to have a large bank account to get married. A young couple can work together to provide the things they need in marriage and provided they are mature enough, they may be better off financially in the long run than if each one were saving up money single.

— W., Ontario.

THAT BOTHERSOME BIBLE

I very much appreciated the article on how much more important it is to live up to the little things we understand in the Bible than to worry so much over the things we don't understand (see "That Botheresome Bible," November issue). I thought the truth of it was well explained. A minister in church yesterday also brought out the same meaning.

— Mrs. J. N. P., Penna.

A GENERATION OF EYE SPECIALISTS?

It has been said that, by nature, we are all "I" specialists. (See the article in May F. L., "I Must Decrease.") But we can carry the point too far in avoiding the word referring to self. It all depends on how it is used. People who believe in using such words as I, we, us, our, my, and such like very sparingly or not at all refer to the fact that when the Apostle wrote the Gospel of John, he never once used his own name or the word "I". But he did use the expression "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

In his epistles, the same apostle often uses such phrases as "If we confess our sins, he is faithful to forgive us our sins, etc." In Romans 8, Paul uses the word "I" more than 30 times, in II Cor. 12, over 40 times.

I do not believe that we have any right to find fault with the apostles for their using these words. We must consider the point as to how they are used.

I would agree with a neighbor we had in Ontario. He said it is not so much what we say as how we say it. He could say something as blunt and to the point as he knew how. Yet he said it in a way that made you feel he is your friend.

— Samuel Hertzler, Paragay.

THE TWO COVERINGS

Concerning the covering (see November issue, F. L.) the Bible tells us that every woman that prays or prophesies with her head uncovered dishonors her head. The woman's hair is given her for a covering but this is not the covering Paul had in mind for he says, "If a woman be

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not covered, let her also be shorn. But if it be a shame for a woman to be shorn or shaven, let her also be covered."

Therefore a woman shall wear two coverings. Her hair are given her for a covering and she shall also wear a covering over her hair. If she does not want to do this, let her be shorn or shaven.

Does this not tell us how the woman's covering shall be made? If her hair are given her for one covering, should not the other covering also cover the same part of her head? We do not read that only part of her head shall be covered, it simply says covered.

— From an elderly reader, Pa.

I appreciated the article on the covering. Although I have known it is an ordinance of God, yet the article did help to clarify the point for me.

It reminded me of an incident which happened some time ago. My daughter and I were waiting at a bus depot and decided to walk around the block to pass the time. We saw a bookstore across the street so wanted to see whether they had anything of interest.

As we started down the small flight of stairs, one of the men came outside to meet us. "I'm very sorry," he said, "but women aren't allowed in here."

He seemed to be very courteous and friendly and visited with us awhile, asking whether we are from Pennsylvania, and so forth.

Of course I was greatly surprised to be turned away from a bookstore but after a hasty glance into the show window I knew the reason and was glad to leave.

It seems strange that someone who will put pornographic literature on display for the public can still feel shame to have his merchandise seen by someone he takes for a Christian. His actions showed that he knew better than he was doing.

I feel that we have at times been protected from annoyance, humiliation or worse because of our covering and plain clothes. Only God knows, yet there are so many people who are ashamed to wear them.

— L. S., Maryland.

HOW TO STOP STUTTERING

I liked the article about stuttering (November F. L.) as I also have stuttered a lot but have also overcome it. When I went to school a speech correctionist came to school and talked to me as well as to children with other speech defects. I guess he was of the opinion that one could stop stuttering by practicing saying words, but it didn't work that way with me. At times he became quite huffy and gave me a good talking to, and at times I cried. I always dreaded to see the day when he was to come.

But I have found something that does help me when it does get worse. Always when it bothers me the muscles in the back of my neck tighten up. To loosen them up I put both of my hands, palms down and push against my head while holding the head straight. This may not help someone else but at one time I could hardly utter a sound and now it is almost a thing of the past.

— Mrs. M., Indiana

The article on stuttering was very interesting and should be helpful to many who have the problem. Although we do not have it in our own family there is a pupil in our 9th grade vocational school where I teach who is affected to the extent that I haven't heard him utter a sound.

Otherwise his learning is good and he can put it on paper for passing grades. We hope his family is getting F. L. and that some way it will help him in the future.

— Ohio

The article should be helpful to those who stutter and for the parents of children who stutter. What I thought was interesting was that you said you could not understand why people act as if stuttering were such a disgrace. You said it's not considered a disgrace to be handicapped in other ways such as not being able to sing, etc. That came as a surprise to me. I thought all the time that no matter how you were handicapped, people hardly ever noticed, unless of course, you couldn't sing, and then they thought it was terrible.

Maybe the reason you think people consider it such a disgrace to stutter is just because you happened to have that problem and imagined that the other people thought it was as bad as you did. And maybe that is why I always had the impression it was such a crime to not be able to sing well—because I can't. But I'm sure glad for the article because all this while I was trying to overcome my handicap by learning to sing well, but you say that in stuttering, the person should just learn to stutter well, and not mind it. I take from this that the same should apply to singing. So from now on I'm going to practice being less ashamed of my poor singing, instead of trying so hard to sing well, which I can't.

— A "Sing-Stutterer", Ontario.

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HUSBANDS WANT TO STAY HOME

After reading the "Special Goose Section", (September F. L.) I have to wonder if husbands would really rather choose a job away from home than to be with their families. Maybe some are like this but I believe most of them would prefer to stay at home and help nurture and admonish the children and be in the family circle. Maybe at times there are so many things we women want which forces the husband to go on a job in order to make ends meet. Sometimes the woman nags or complains so much that the husband stays outside as long as possible. Then who is to blame if the husband goes off on a job or the woman almost loses her sanity?

The Bible says that women should be in subjection to their husbands. In Titus 2, 3-5 we read, "The aged women likewise, that they be in behavior as becometh holiness, not false accusers, not given to much wine, teachers of good things; that they may teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed."

I believe that to young people, married couples are like a mirror to look upon. They can be an encouragement to young people with a devoted and holy married life, or they can be a discouragement and hindrance with their selfish and ungodly married life.

— One who needs teaching myself, British Honduras

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RATHER RIDE ON TRAINS

I was on the train going toward Lancaster County when I read the article, "Trains Are on the Way Out", May, 1970. I could see what the article was implying for the coach I was riding in wasn't kept as clean as some I have ridden in in the past. Yet if the railroads are losing mo-

ney it's a wonder they can keep the trains as clean and well maintained as they are.

Here in my home state of New Hampshire, all railroad passenger service was discontinued about six years ago, so I have to depend on the bus or a driver to go very far away.

I would much sooner ride the train than the bus because busses are just not so nice for long travel. When I go to Lancaster I travel by bus to Boston and by train from Boston to Lancaster County. The hundred miles on the bus to Boston tires me more than the four hundred from Boston to Lancaster. It really saddens me to think that each time I go to Lancaster, it may be the last time I will hear the conductor calling out "All Aboard." As the mighty iron horse speeds up, the city slides silently behind and the countryside comes rushing by.

Busses may improve but they have a long way to go before they can take the place of the train.

-- D. C. S., New Hampshire

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TWICE A MONTH

I enjoy your magazines very much. They could come twice a month as I am concerned. We need more of this kind of reading in the Christian homes. I always look forward to the Simon and Susie stories in Ambassador of Peace. I feel that this reading material has been of a great help to me.

-- D. L. M., Goshen, Indiana

ANSWER-- We find it a full time job, almost more than we can get done, to get the three magazines ready once a month, let alone twice. Also, if we were to do that, we would need twice as much material.

Mention could also be made that the Ambassador of Peace is now a young people's paper and its name has been changed to "The Young Companion". But the same stories will continue and it seems as though more and more people are reading it all the time. The price is still the same, \$2.50 per year.

• • • • •
"IF"

If your hand of writing shames you
And your grammar also maims you,
Your punctuation "ain't no bliss"
And your spelling goes amiss,
Your style of writing makes you shake--
The thought thereof your knees does quake,
Then let this not distress you.

For Family Life you can write a line;
They'll dress it up to look just fine;
Your handwriting never does appear;
Your grammar will not seem too queer;
Your punctuation now looks well;
Your spelling on you will not tell;
Your writing style now needs no balm
And shaky knees are still and calm.

-- D. H., Va.

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SCIENCE UNSOUND

I will take this opportunity to express my interest in your articles on astronomy. I have always been interested in this kind of material but much of the reading matter on the market today is rather unsound. It is written by scientists with little regard of a Supreme Being.

-- Pennsylvania.

ANSWER-- Many of the scientists do not believe in God

and their writings would, of course, be what the Bible calls "the profane and vain babblings and oppositions of science falsely so-called." We are to avoid these.

However, there are many scientists who do believe in the creation of the universe by a Higher Power and say that this is the only way that many things in nature can be explained. ■■

WORLD WIDE WINDOW



300,000 CANADA GEESE ARE MISSING

When the usual number of wild geese failed to turn up for their wintering grounds in Louisiana and Texas, the wildlife officials became worried. They went north to investigate and found the geese in state wildlife refuges in Iowa and Missouri. The geese were reported to be "eating like pigs" in fields of grain which had been planted especially for the geese on their way south. But instead of continuing their southward migration they apparently decided to winter in the central states.

Protests have been made as it is feared that luring geese away from their traditional migration habits may lead to the ruin of the species because of increased losses due to disease and hunters.

SYMPATHY IS WITH THE DEFENDANT

The 21 year old Italian youth who skyjacked a TWA jet airliner for a record distance of nearly 7,000 miles from California to Rome was brought to trial recently in Italy. The young man had been in the U.S. Army and had fought in Vietnam, but got in trouble with the army so he deserted and boarded the jetliner in October, 1969 and forced the crew to fly him to Rome.

Even the prosecuting attorney agreed that the defendant was a good, hard working boy who somehow got into mischief because of all the violence he had seen in the war. Both the prosecuting attorney and the defense attorney blamed the United States as the cause of the mischief.

The young man was found guilty on three counts, of assault, kidnapping and of bringing a weapon of war into the country (he had used an army carbine gun to skyjack the plane). He received a 7½ year sentence. Because of several loopholes in the penal system, he will probably serve no more than two years and there is a good chance that he may be free by spring.

Most Americans feel the Italian judges were very lenient. However if the conditions had been reversed, and an American had been tried in the U.S. for skyjacking an Italian plane, then the opinions would probably have been turned around.

THE HIGH COST OF POLITICS

The plain people, who traditionally do not concern themselves with politics and innocently assume that the best man usually wins, may be surprised to learn of the high cost of winning an election. Statistics show that the average candidate for the U.S. Senate spends 1½ million dollars,

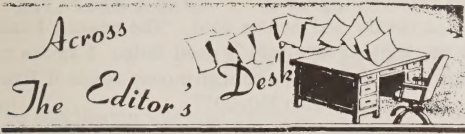
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and then only one of them wins. A would-be governor of an average state will spend about 1 million dollars. A candidate for the House of Representatives will spend more than 50 thousand dollars in his effort to win.

In some states the expenses are much higher. Nelson Rockefeller spent more than 7 million dollars to win the governorship of New York State. In the same state, Richard Ottinger spent 3½ million in the race for the senate

and lost. In California Governor Reagan spent 2½ million for re-election.

By far the greater part of these sums is donated by friends of the candidates by means of political rallies, dinners, etc. The bulk of the money is contributed by the wealthy few. It has been said that 90% of the money is donated by 1% of the people, of course the very well to do. No wonder politicians have a weakness of favoring the rich.



A few days ago we received the following letter:

"I was wondering if you people at Pathway could give us a good story on how to deal with children who have the problem of wetting their beds? Is there a way to stop it? I know a lot of people have this problem in the family whether they want to admit it or not. It makes for lots of washing. If you have the answers, just give us a story in Family Life the way you did on stuttering."

The letter was unsigned which would seem to indicate that at least by some people, bed wetting is considered a disgrace instead of a problem. We do not have the answers, at least not all of them and would be glad to hear from anyone who has any information how to overcome the habit.

Some people, however feel that like stuttering, it is mostly an emotional problem. Is this idea correct?

Quite regularly we receive articles or letters for publication which are of doubtful authenticity. Two examples of these are the Madgeburg letter, and the story of the man in France who went to the woods to work on Sunday and grew fast to a stump.

Lately we have been receiving copies of a letter which was supposed to have been received "by an Amish bishop in Indiana from a man of the government." According to this letter a "world tribunal" is just ready to take over and dissolve the United Nations Organization and will seize all possessions, bank accounts and savings in the world. Every man, woman and child will receive a certain amount of money which is already printed, but first they will have to take a number. This number is the mark of the beast and anyone who does not take it will be liquidated.

Different versions of this letter have appeared over the past ten years. At first it was supposed to be the Jews, other versions said it was the communists who were behind the movement, and the latest copies seem to infer that maybe it is the hippies who are going to take over the world.

It has been reported that some people have taken the letter so seriously that they have moved from one country to another to escape the coming destruction. Others are travelling from place to place to spend their money since they believe that in a short time it will be worthless anyhow.

It is true that we do not know what a few years can bring. If the world stands for another fifty years, there will likely be some big changes. But this is all the more reason that we should walk circumspectly and make the

most of the time we have. There is nothing to be gained from panicking over such wild reports. It is altogether possible that it was the communists who started out the above referred to letter.

To "Wach Auf" from Wisconsin, please send us your name and address and we will answer your letter.

Have you ever seen a newspaper or a new magazine with only good news? We don't think anything like that exists, although it has been tried. About twenty years ago the Saturday Review had a good news section but it lasted only a short time because it was so hard to find the good news!

But recently a group of some 200 reporters have started a syndicated daily good news column which is carried by more than 40 large newspapers. They claim the people are thirsting for good news and it can be more worthwhile than so many of the sensational and tragic happenings.

As far as Family Life is concerned, we like to report good news but it is sometimes necessary to have the other kind, too. We are not a news magazine, but much of our material is of current interest. While the daily newspapers and news magazines have more than 90% bad news and the remainder good news, we believe that Family Life has this ratio reversed.

During the first year of Family Life we received quite a few gift subscriptions. At that time it was our practice to put the word "Gift" on the stencil along with the address. It then appeared on the magazine each month beside the address. Since that time, many of these people have renewed their subscriptions but the word "Gift" is still on their magazine each month. It is actually meaningless but may be confusing to the subscriber. We no longer do this but the original stencils are still in our files and are used each month. It would require considerable work on our part to take out all these stencils and remove the word "Gift". However, if it is on your magazine and is objectionable to you, please let us know and we will remove it.

All contributors to the German section please note that there has been a change in the address of the German Editor. Effective immediately all articles or correspondence intended for the German section of Family Life should be addressed as follows:

Peter Yoder R.2 Marshfield, Missouri 65706

Our cover picture of this month was sketched by Mrs. Leroy Hersberger of Uniontown, Ohio. She is the mother of three little boys.

Our full page feature was made by thirteen year old Stephen Schmidt of Berne, Indiana. He illustrated the poem that was written by his grandmother, Mrs. Emanuel (Barbara) Schmidt.

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

WHAT WAS SHE THINKING?

Sometime ago I had a little experience while in town but did not think much of it. Sometime later I lay awake one night and the thoughts came back to me so vividly that I decided to write them down.

I was pushing my cart down the aisle in the supermarket, gathering up our groceries. Many other people were in the store but I paid little attention to them as I checked off the items on my list. Then I went through the check-out counter. I was now finished with my shopping and would wait there until a friend of mine would pick me up.

As I stood there and watched the people come and go I noticed a well-clothed Amish girl who was also waiting on some one. She wore a bonnet, dark stockings and a nice length of dress. Just then another girl came in, they glanced at each other and nodded their heads. Then I noticed that the girl who was waiting was looking the other one over closely as she went down the aisle. She wore a short sleeved dress, light colored stockings and a part of her knees were showing between the dress and her stockings. On her head she wore a partial covering that matched the rest of her clothes. But from this I could tell that she was supposed to be Amish.

I thought to myself, "I wonder what the first girl is thinking as she scans the other one?"

It was probably one of three things. Maybe the evil spirit got her to think, "I wish I would be dressed like that girl," or "I'm glad I'm so much better than she is."

The third thing she might have been thinking was, "I'm glad that God has given me a mind that I am satisfied to dress the way my parents taught me to dress."

From the expression on her face, I suspect and hope that the third one was what she was thinking. Many times we can read people's thoughts by the expression on their faces.

I didn't know either one of these girls but I believe they belonged to one of the plain churches in our community. Whether or not they belonged to a church is a minor thing in the eyes of God, for actions speak louder than words.

— M. W. Holmes County, Ohio

THE BROOM MAKER

A salesman came to our door and tried to sell me a broom. I had a broom standing on my porch which I had used for some time.

He looked at it and said, "This broom is not made right. I know who makes them and I don't know why he makes them that way."

He went on to say that his brooms are much stronger and will last much longer. He kept saying how much better his brooms are until I gave in and bought one. His brooms were higher in price than the broom I had but I thought if they last longer it is worth it.

So he left and I used the broom for about half a year and had it standing on the porch. Then one morning about 7 o'clock a car came in the driveway. We were all in the house and I was getting the children ready for school. We were wondering who it is. As he got out of the car I recognized him. I said, "That is the man who sells brooms."

So he came to the porch and my husband opened the door. He said, "Good morning! Oh, I see you have one of my good brooms."

He came on inside and then he said, "The reason I came here this morning is because I need help. I broke my broom maker and don't have enough money to get it fixed. Could you help me out with \$10.00?"

"Well," my husband answered, "I owe some other people some money so I guess that should be paid first."

"Maybe it should be," he said, "but if you could only give me \$5.00 that would help me out some."

"I am just a little short in money right now," my husband said.

The salesman thought a little and said, "Would you have some good feed bags to sell?"

"Yes," my husband said, "I would have some feed bags."

"Allright," the salesman answered, "if you will let me have them I will take them to the mill and sell them. Then I will use the money to fix my broom maker and as soon as I get the broom maker fixed I will give you some brooms for it."

The salesman took the bags and left. But years have gone by and we are still waiting for the brooms. Some people, it seems find it easier to make promises than to keep them.

— E. H., Pennsylvania

The Old Year And The New

Into the Silent Places

The Old Year goes tonight,
Bearing old pain, old sadness,
Old care, and old delight,
Mistakes and fears and failures,
The things that could not last—
But naught that e'er was truly ours
Goes with him to the past.

Out of the Silent Places

The Young Year comes tonight,
Bringing new pain, new sadness,
New care and new delight;
Go forth to meet him bravely,
The New Year all untried,
The things the Old Year left with us—
Faith, Hope, and Love— abide.

— Annie Johnson Flint

Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

LOOKING FOR LOOPHOLES

The discussion was fast changing into an argument. "I tell you it didn't work — the whole effort did more harm than good," the fat man declared. He rubbed his already red nose, and glared at the smaller man who was seated across the table from him.

The two men had been sitting in the restaurant for a good half hour after their meal was finished. And it didn't sound very favorable that either one was going to succeed in persuading the other.

The smaller man struggled to remain calm and to keep his voice down. "But your reasoning isn't straight," he said. "You can't say that just because there were people who broke the law that it wasn't a good law. Someone could say the same things about government restrictions on drugs, about hunting laws, why even about laws against stealing and murder . . ."

The fat man stopped him. "You know better than that. Those things aren't the same as trying to tell people what they can or can't drink. Why, that's the most ridiculous thing I ever —"

The two men in the restaurant were arguing about whether prohibition was a success. Many younger people today have hardly ever heard the word and may only have a hazy idea of what it means. But during the early part of this century it was very much an issue. It was a word that was on everybody's lips. Meetings were held to discuss it and organizations were formed to promote it. Books were written in praise of it. Politicians took up the cry, and were elected to office almost solely because of their promises to push for prohibition.

With the passing of the 18th Amendment, National Prohibition came into effect in the United States in 1920. This meant that it was against the law to manufacture, sell, transport, or import any alcoholic liquors as beverages. No one, regardless of how thirsty they might be, could legally buy any intoxicating drinks. All saloons and taverns were closed down. For the next thirteen years, from 1920 to 1933 National Prohibition stayed in force. The land was dry — or at least, was supposed to be.

I add, "Or was supposed to be," because the fat man in the restaurant was right when he insisted that a lot of people didn't obey the anti-liquor regulations. It seems that no matter how strict a law is, or how well thought out to make it evasion proof, there are always some people who find a few loopholes the lawmakers didn't foresee. (Of course, there are always those who don't bother with loopholes; they break the law outright, and just hope they don't get caught. There were plenty of these in prohibition days — the mountaineer moonshiners who made their home-brew and sold it on the black market, and the smugglers who floated liquor across the Detroit river under cover of darkness by the boatload from Canada. But it isn't the people who break laws outright that we're interested in

discussing in this article; it's those who keep the letter of the law but violate the spirit of it.)

One loophole in prohibition soon became apparent — medicine. All kinds of patent medicine appeared on the market, and of course, it just happened that nearly all of them were startlingly high in alcoholic content! Law enforcement officers knew what was happening, but they were helpless to stop it for there were virtually no regulations on medicines, and so a lot of people who could no longer get a lift of spirits from the whiskey bottle, found it in the medicine bottle.

But the most memorable example of what people will think up to get around a restriction is told in the story of the "wine brick." During prohibition it was illegal to sell fermented alcohol but the Volstead Act — passed by Congress to enforce the 18th Amendment — said nothing about selling grape juice that might ferment after it stayed in the cellar. And so was born the "wine brick." Wine bricks were innocent enough in themselves; they contained no wine at all. They were about the size of a pound of butter and contained nothing but grape juice concentrate in solid form. These bricks came in several flavors — sherry, muscatel, claret, and others.

Now the secret was to let the bricks dissolve in a gallon of water, add sugar and shake the mixture every day — in three weeks you had wine with a 15% alcoholic content. But to put these directions on the package would have been illegal under the provisions of the Volstead Law.

This stumped the makers of the "wine bricks" for a while. How could they legally let the buyer know how to turn the bricks into wine?

At last they thought of the perfect solution. They printed the following words on every brick: "Warning. Do NOT dissolve this brick in a gallon of water, add sugar and shake daily for three weeks. To do so would give you wine with 15% alcoholic content."

This is the best example I ever heard of to show how it is possible for someone to keep the letter of the law while disobeying the spirit of it. I say it is the best example, but it is not the only one. I wish it were but unfortunately it isn't. One does not have to live long or travel far to find many such examples.

Many people, it seems, do not regard restrictions as stop signs, but merely as detours — they are something you need to travel around. Every orderly society and every disciplined church finds it necessary to make restrictions, laws, rules, and regulations as sensible safeguards to protect the well-being of its members. It is sad indeed when those members, instead of being thankful for such safeguards look at them instead as unhandy obstacles in the way of getting what they want.

There are few things that Jesus condemned the Pharisees more severely for than because they kept the letter of the law and not the spirit. Again and again he called them hypocrites for this very thing (Matthew 23).

Much of the trouble comes when people don't really believe in, and support the restrictions that are made. This is understandable in a society at large where there are all kinds of people with all kinds of beliefs. There is no wonder that the government had a hard time enforcing prohibition laws when many of the people were thirsting for a drink. But what is hard to understand is when the same conditions are found within our churches. What is wrong when church members are out looking for loopholes — members who solemnly promised upon their bended knees before God and man to obey and support the Word of God

and the teachings of the church?

Perhaps a part of the solution would be to put a greater emphasis upon testing the sincerity of applicants who wish to be baptized into the church. If all of us really understood and believed in the standards of the church, surely there would be less seeing what we can get by with by every scheme imaginable. "Winebrick" stories in secular society are to be expected; "winebrick" stories within the church are a tragic indication that someone does not really believe what he professes.

There was a little boy who was the only child in the family and I fear he wasn't very well trained. He was used to having his own way. One day he and his mother were visiting at a neighbor's home and the little boy was naughty. The mother said he would have to sit down on the chair beside her as punishment. She led him to the chair and told him to sit down. The child stuck out his lip in a pout and refused to obey.

"Sit down," the mother commanded more forcefully.

The child remained standing.

"I told you to sit down," the exasperated mother repeated. "Now sit down and behave yourself."

Still the child stood in open rebellion. Finally the mother grabbed his shoulders and socked him down on the chair. "There now, sit there," she said.

The child sat, but his face was seething with rebellion. All at once he mouthed back angrily, "You think I'm sitting down, but I'm standing up on the inside."

Is that why so many of us like to find some way to keep the letter of the law while we are disobeying the spirit? Is it because in the first place we only sat down because we had to, and all this while have been standing up on the inside? ■■

Great God On High

Great God on high, hear now my cry,
O, may I feel Thee ever nigh;
Help me be true in all I do
That I may love and serve Thee, too.

Great God above, look down in love.
Oh, may Thy Spirit like a dove
Be my guide what ere betide
And evermore with me abide.

Great God of power, help me each hour
To see how great Thy mercies are;
Thy word is pure, Thy promise sure,
They will forevermore endure.

Great God o'er all, hear Thou my call,
Oh, guard my footsteps lest I fall
For Satan's snare is everywhere;
O, keep me in Thy tender care.

Great God of light, help by Thy might,
O, guide my wayward feet aright;
Help me to be more true to Thee
Until Thy blessed face I see.

-Ella A. Hostetler

OUR TAXI DID NOT slow down very much as we climbed the long winding hill. But it did go slow enough for us to read the small sign beside the road—WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

I had often seen that sign before, and often heard the song being sung with the same title — WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY? But why do these words touch my heart so today? I wonder. Are they not just common words that we hear so often in church — the preachers talking about eternity? It seems to me I should be used to them already, so why should they stand out in my mind today? Why can't I just thrust them aside as an over-used phrase?

We pass a drinking place. A man staggers from the door and gets into his car. Again the words come forth — WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY? Where will he spend eternity? I shudder as I think of what could happen, should his car leave the road — should he meet with an accident. And I wonder, did he, too, see the sign by the roadside ... or doesn't he care? Doesn't he care where he will spend eternity? Maybe he doesn't even want to be reminded that there is an eternity ... that this life does not go on forever.

As we move my mind goes to a sick friend. This friend does not try to erase the thoughts of eternity from his mind. The word eternity does not strike fear into his heart. He is only thankful that this life doesn't go on forever. He is only thankful that there is a rest — an eternal rest somewhere in the future. Isn't this what he has been working for — what he had been hoping for? Isn't this what he has been singing about —

O, wunderschönes Gottesland
Ach, wann erreich ich dich
Wie lang bin ich von dir verbannt
Wie lang verbirgst du dich?

My mind is at ease as I think of this friend. Someday his hopes shall be realized.

We continue on our way. A town lies before us. I look up at the large clock on the courthouse tower. It is only 3 o'clock. We will have time to shop a few hours yet before the stores close.

At other times I would have enjoyed shopping in this town, but today there were very few things I needed, or cared to buy. When I considered eternity the needs of this world seemed to grow so much less. So many things on my list that I wanted, I now found I could do without.

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY? It seemed as if these words were imprinted upon my heart. It changed my thinking. It was getting late and instead of becoming impatient at the long line of shoppers that had to check out before I did, I found my "waiting" time was so extremely short — so very short compared to eternity.

As the shoppers moved slowly on in line, I got a fairly good view of the store in general. It was one of those discount stores which combine groceries, hardware, clothing, and many other things under one roof. At one end a restaurant stretched along the wall. There was the jewelry and cosmetic counters.

As I stood there waiting to check out I began to wonder how much less would be sold in this store if the people as a whole would consider where they would spend eternity.

ETERNITY IS FOR EVER



(Author wishes to remain anonymous)

I'm sure the jewelry and the cosmetic counters would be covered with dust. Not many people would visit the counter where mini-skirts or other immodest clothing are sold. And on special sale days there wouldn't be the usual pushing and jostling of the crowd to be first to get the bargains. Each one would consider his neighbor — hoping he, too, would be able to find bargains.

There probably wouldn't be the rush at the lunch counter, to satisfy a craving desire. And many more heads would be bowed in prayer before they started to eat.

While I was enveloped in my thoughts the line moved steadily on, and before I realized it other shoppers crowded in before me. There was another fifteen minutes to wait.

Eternity! Eternity! Although the word was stamped on my mind, I could not grasp the full meaning of it. Was there no comparison, I questioned? Here on earth we count years long, for what is one thousand years in eternity? The thought almost overwhelmed me. It was as immeasurable as the sand by the seashore... the drops of water in the ocean... the stars in the sky.

Let me see, it is almost two thousand years ago that Jesus told of the rich man in hell who begged for a drop of water to cool his tongue. Is he still begging for that drop of water? What are these two thousand years compared to eternity?

Isaiah wrote (5:14) "... hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure: and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it."

It is but natural when we think of eternity that we think of either heaven or of hell... for one of them is man's eternal destiny. It is also but natural that we like to think of heaven, and not of hell. We like to think of eternal joy... of eternal beauty... of a place where there is no pain, nor sin... where there will be no more crying. Where there is no darkness, no cold winter's blast. Where we will wear a white robe and hear beautiful singing... where we can look on Jesus and be like Him. Here is peace and everything is lovely. Here the poor man can live in a glorious mansion and never worry about payment or rent. These are the things we like to think about.

We do not like to let our minds dwell on a place where God is not... a place that knows no peace nor happiness... a place where there are shrieks and groans and gnashing of teeth... where men must always think of how they rejected the Saviour... where they must always think of the opportunity they neglected... a place where misery

and pain know no end. Here they can find no comfort in memories of past pleasures here on earth. Even these desires are all past. Here the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched (Isa. 66:24, Mark 9:44).

Our weak earthly minds cannot comprehend the beauties of heaven, nor the horrors of hell. Eternity is before us, whether we want to think about it or not. By faith we know that we must someday step over into that vast space of time.

A friend of mine, a young widowed mother, came to visit us one day. She was hardly inside the door until she said, "I told my children the other day that we want to try harder than ever to keep out of hell."

Naturally I was amazed at such a blunt statement. But she was sincere. When she saw my questioning look she continued, "We were burning trash and before we realized it the fire got out of control. The grass was dry and it spread fast." She continued to explain how with great efforts she finally extinguished the flame... but not without much anxiety. This experience brought her thoughts to eternity.

Not long afterward the young mother died. I'm sure their fears, and the mother's explanation brought forth the lesson the children will not easily forget.

Thinking of eternity reminds me of the song —

O ewigkeit! du machst mir bang,
O ewig, ewig ist zu lang,
Hier gilt fürwahr kein Scherzen:
Drum wenn ich diese lange nacht,
Zusamm't der groszen Pein betracht,
Erschreck ich recht von Herzen.
Nichts ist zu finden weit und breit,
So schrecklich denn die Ewigkeit.
Wie könnt ich länger scherzen.

English translation —

O eternity! my fear is strong,
O forever, ever is too long,
In eternity is no jester:
For when I think of this long night
With its great torments I affright
And panic without measure.
Far and wide never can we
Find such horror as eternity.
Why should I seek more pleasure?

We have heard it being said that children should not be taught about hell. "Teach them beautiful things," y'be

the advice of some people, but children who are not taught about the end of the disobedient are very apt to belong to that group themselves someday. They will have no fear of God ... and no fear to do evil.

It is one of Satan's devices to keep man's thoughts away from eternity — to dull their minds so they do not think of the place where the fire is not quenched and the worm dieth not. Even a sign by the roadside may not veer their thoughts away from their pleasures ... their heart's interest. Even if it is in bold letters — WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

I wonder if at times men turn their radios a little louder after they have passed by that sign. ■■

THE BLOOD THAT SPEAKETH

But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem and to an innumerable company of angels ... and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Heb. 12:24.

Two things are worthy of note in the phrase "the sprinkling of blood that speaketh better than that of Abel." First let us consider what "the blood" of these two just men spoke.

When the Lord spoke to Cain (Gen. 4:9) "Where is Abel thy brother?" and he said, "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?" Then God said to Cain, "What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." The blood of Abel spoke recompense, guilt, and curse because Cain had shed innocent blood.

The blood of Jesus Christ on the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," speaks of abundant mercy, grace and pardon. These words still stand when they are accepted in faith and repentance. But if a soul refuses the blood of Jesus then only judgment lingers because he has refused and despised a nobler and higher redemption than what the law of Moses provided. (Heb. 10:26-31).

Let us also consider the phrase, "the blood of sprinkling" and the sacrifice or offering which was made by these two men. Abel took a lamb for an offering to the Lord. In Heb. 11:4, it states that "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gift and by it he being dead yet speaketh." God recorded Abel's faith in the faith chapter and also of his gift, a lamb, which is what God had already chosen before the foundation of the world as a sin offering for the purpose of taking away the sins of the world.

From Heb. 9:13-14 and 10:1-4 we see that under the old dispensation, the blood of bulls and goats could purify the flesh but could not purge the guilty conscience from dead works to serve the living God. This blood could not take away sins, but it did temporarily purge the worshipers until the true sacrifice and Lamb of God appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.

Because these sins were only temporarily purged, they needed to be remembered year after year with the same sacrifice. The Old Testament states clearly that those who offered the required sacrifices for their transgressions were forgiven. But the New Testament states just as clearly that these offerings were of a temporary nature and could not clear the conscience.

There is a reason why the blood of Jesus far exceeds the

offerings which were made under the Old Covenant. Heb. 9:14 tells us that it removes the guilt of sin from the conscience of the individual worshiper. It has met the demands for justice of a holy God so that God could say in Heb. 8:12, "For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Only when our sins are covered by the blood of Christ, through our faith and repentance, can they be blotted out of the remembrance of God.

- D. Rohrer, Ontario.

Beware of the Plastic Bag

How often we reach for that plastic bag, one of those convenient transparent containers we brought home from the grocery store and stored for future use.

Lettuce from the garden will stay crisp longer in a plastic bag, bread and cake stored in plastic will not dry out. They are just what we want to pack school lunches, and clothes and blankets are stored dust free. They are a must in the diaper bag when it is packed to go to church. (A small one containing crackers and cereal goes into the same bag, for the baby.) How did we ever get along without them?

Yes, the plastic bag has found its way deep into our household needs, but beware when you tie them over your child's feet to protect his shoes! They have no traction; I found it out, much to my regret.

It was only a few steps to the greenhouse, and my galoshes were still out there because I had neglected to bring them in. A light snow had fallen in the night and the wind had whipped it into small drifts here and there, leaving only a white frosting clinging to the grass.

"I'm sorry I can't come to your aid," my daughter-in-law laughed. "I left mine out there too. Why not tie bread wrappers over your bedroom slippers?" (The slippers were most comfortable to work in, and it was warm inside the sun-filtered glass.)

"Why certainly," I answered, "just the thing," thinking warmly how my daughter-in-law always comes up with the brightest ideas to solve a problem.

I went out the door with renewed energy and a smile in my heart. How I enjoyed working with the plants and soil, especially since I could do so when there was snow on the ground. No need to go to Florida to fry-out that stiff sore shoulder. The sun under that glass is all the warmth anyone could wish for.

The first stretch of the cement walk was blown bare, then settled into a drift by the lawn gate. The plastic bag crunched under my weight as I started out.

My right foot hit the drift and that was all it took to land me in the hospital with a dislocated left knee. When I was discharged from the hospital the next day, a cumbersome cast adorned my leg. It was a painful experience and I lost some treasured time in the greenhouse.

It did teach me the lesson to beware of plastic bags. It also made me more mindful that God gave us bodies that are easily hurt but we should be thankful that they will heal again.

- Mollie Zook

(Editor's Note — Plastic bags are also dangerous around children, as many babies have suffocated by getting a plastic bag over the face.)



TOYS — Good or Bad ?

by David E. Miller



Two trucks, two wagons, two farm sets; it seemed there were two of everything, and why not? There were two little boys in the family and each one had to have his own toys. This was supposed to keep them from quarreling. They didn't have to give up or share any of their toys with anyone else.

On the surface this sounds like a good idea but let's take a closer look and see whether it really is.

Instead of being good to their children, they were really teaching them to be selfish. One of the first things a child needs to be taught is to share its playthings with others. Sharing can bring more pleasure than having the plaything to himself. The parents would have been doing their children a favor by buying less toys so they would have to play and share together more.

Often times children have too many toys and they have a tendency to become lazy and discontented. Many of the toys they enjoy only when they are new, or until the thrill has worn off and then they quit playing with them.

Some parents buy expensive toys which are supposed to thrill and entertain the children. This gives the children a superior feeling because other families can not afford this kind of toys.

THREE KINDS OF TOYS

There are three kinds of toys that we can buy or make for our children. First is the entertaining kind, second are toys that provoke the imagination, and third are playthings which are creative. In many families we see many toys of the first kind, some of the second and practically none of the third.

As parents, we want our children to grow up to be good Christian citizens in the home, church and community. Part of the training we give them will be by the things they play with as small children. A child with too many toys will be lazy, discontent, and selfish. It is also apt to develop a wanting-more spirit and never be satisfied. Some children can be better contented with corn cobs, blocks of wood, or marbles than with the most expensive dolls, machinery or animals. Why? Because they have learned to use their imagination and are not limited by the material things they possess. I have seen happier boys riding broomsticks for horses than others who had real ponies, or little girls that had to use rag dolls made of discarded baby blankets and hankies and bottles than some who had real dolls, houses and whole sets of dishes.

As the child becomes a little older it should be guided more and more into the third category of toys. This type

includes blocks, building sticks or other things to work with. Homemade sets are not only the cheapest but are often the best. If a child is taught early in life to be creative, it will have one of the best tools to accomplish much that is needed later in life. A child, or an adult for that matter, who has a creative mind doesn't have to be taught what to do, he will be able to think it out for himself.

Another kind of toys that are detrimental to child training are the cheap plastic ones. These break easily and no matter how good the child will take care of them, they will not last very long. Such toys are so perishable that the child soon learns to expect them to break and if they are continually being replaced by indulgent parents, he will never learn responsibility or to value his possessions.

Toys ought to be made of durable material that will not break or spoil easily. Then the child should be told that he is responsible for taking care of them. In this way he will learn to value not only his own possessions but the property of others as well.

It seems that today there are so many rich relatives who are constantly bringing toys to their grandchildren, nephews and nieces. They think they are doing the children a favor but too often it causes them to be dissatisfied with the simpler kinds of toys. If the children get more toys than they need, the parents would do well to store some of them away for later use. If the toys are not suitable for Christian homes, they should be destroyed. I am not saying that we should not buy toys for other people's children, but we ought to use moderation and see that what we are giving fills a need.

We should at all times be careful not to buy toys, clothes or other gifts which create a desire in the child to have things that are against church rules. If you don't want your little girl to wear Hollywood clothes when she grows up then don't buy her a doll out of the store, for chances are it will look like what you don't want your girl to look like. We should be consistent in the kinds of toys our children play with.

As the children grow older wean them away from playing with toys and games that are mostly for amusement or entertainment. Channel their minds into more mature things and acting, doing things which are worthwhile and beneficial. I've seen married families that still have to play games to entertain themselves and their friends when they are together.

Games of chance are a waste of time, but games where some form of cards are used are especially bad for they can create a desire to learn the real thing.

Children who have been trained to play with toys that are imaginative or of the creative kind seldom have to ask their parents, "What can we play? We don't have anything to do." They can always think of something to do themselves.

If we believe in a quiet simple Christian life then we ought to have our toys consistent with what we believe.

— Tampico, Illinois

CO

or

DRAFT DODGER ?



The heat was shimmering in the warm June sun as Jim Maxwell entered the house. Silently he washed and sat down for dinner. He was tired, it seemed he was always tired. "I guess it must be old age catching up on me," he thought to himself.

Jim had always worked hard, and now that Jerry was gone, he worked even harder. But Jerry was to be out of service by November and he was looking forward to the day when Jerry would be back again.

A frown crossed his forehead as he thought, "That is, if Jerry comes back." His thoughts went back to their oldest son, Bill, who had been killed in action in Korea. They had had only two sons, and now Jerry was in Vietnam.

It had been hard for them to see Jerry leave but somebody had to go to help restore law and order. Jim did not like the idea of war, but he believed that it was everyone's patriotic duty to fight if necessary.

Amy finished setting the food on the table and then she sat down beside Jim. "Oh, I forgot to tell you," she said, "we got a letter from Jerry today."

Jim raised his eyebrows. "Oh, what did he write?" Jim knew that Jerry never wrote much, for he was not allowed to.

"Oh, just the usual things," his wife answered, "but he did say the enemy action is increasing."

Jim scowled, "Those communists are pests. If we don't fight them there they will soon be over here."

Jim Maxwell and his wife were both nearly sixty years old. They did not have much to look forward to, except their son Jerry, but now he was in Vietnam. But they were kept busy taking care of their farm until the time when Jerry would come home and take it over. Perhaps he would get married when he came back. Then Jim and his wife could retire and take things a little easier. But what if he didn't come back.

Jim was bitter against the conscientious objectors who refused to go to war. He believed they were draft dodgers, who were afraid to face the bullets. All they cared about was to stay at home and enjoy life far away from the front lines.

Amy agreed with Jim that it was one's duty to go to war. But secretly she also respected anyone who was conscientious

opposed to war, provided that they lived their faith consistently. She had once heard of some people who looked different and lived differently, who didn't dance, smoke or go to movies and didn't even own cars. Maybe they were different. But she did not want to argue with Jim so she usually remained silent when he talked about the C. O.'s.

One afternoon Jim drove thirty miles to the city to get some needed supplies. He made a few purchases and was returning to his car which was parked two blocks away. He stopped at an intersection and was waiting for the lights to change. As usual, his thoughts went back to Jerry. Jerry was really a pretty decent boy. He frowned on drinking and smoking as a waste of time and money. He had hated the dances while in high school and he ordinarily didn't follow the crowd in fashions. He always drove his car respectfully. He also attended the Methodist church regularly, yes, more regularly than his parents. Jerry was a good boy but now he was away in the war.

Jim's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the squealing of tires, as a flashy red sports car came to a halt at the stop light. The radio was blaring loudly and, through the open window Jim could hear profane language from the three young men sitting in the front seat. All three were smoking. Jim could not recall having seen any of them before. Suddenly the one on the outside leaned crazily out the window with a half empty beer can in his hand and called, "Here, Mister, you want some? You look like you need it."

All three of the men roared with laughter as the car sped away.

Jim was about to cross the street when he heard someone calling his name. He turned and for the first time noticed his old friend Doc McAllen sitting in the shade on a park bench not far away. Doc was a well known figure in the community as he had been the local veterinarian for many years. Now he was retired and lived in the city.

"Hello Doc, how are you?" Jim said as he walked over to him.

"Oh, pretty good," Doc answered, "and you? I haven't seen you for a long time."

"Not so good," Jim replied. "I guess the work is getting the best of me. I sure miss Jerry, but he's supposed to be

coming home in November."

Doc nodded his head and asked, "Say, did you know those young fellows in that car that just passed?"

"No, I don't know them, but they were sure making a racket," Jim answered.

"Well, I happen to know them," Doc went on. "I spent a week in the hospital several months ago and I got to know one of them real well. They're C.O.'s and they come from an Amish or Mennonite community somewhere. Every afternoon when they get off from work they come driving past here, out for a good time. They're too religious to go to war and fight," Doc laughed sarcastically.

Jim was stunned. After mumbling a few more words to Doc McAllen he went to his car and started home. As he drove the thirty miles he was thinking and they were not pleasant thoughts.

As soon as he entered the house Amy knew something was wrong. "Oh, I get so mad," Jim exploded as he entered the room where Amy was getting supper. "You can't imagine what I saw today. As I was waiting for the light to change, these three boys pulled up and they were cussing and swearing something awful, and think of it, they were smoking and drinking. Why, they even wanted to give some of their dirty stuff to me. And when I found out, they were C.O.'s working in a hospital, that's what they were. It makes me feel like shooting every one of them. They have no right to live, that's what they haven't. I - I . . ."

Amy was at a loss as to what to say. This certainly didn't sound like the people she had in mind who were supposed to be conscientious objectors. She could not believe it was true, and yet she knew Jim would not be saying it if it were not true.

"I saw them with my own eyes," Jim raved on, "and I've a notion to go to Washington, D.C. myself and see if we can't make some changes. Our Jerry didn't do these things and he is in Vietnam giving his life and blood while these boys tear around here like wild men. I'd send them to Vietnam and make them fight. That's where they belong."

Amy wished that Jim would not be so worked up about the incident. Maybe Doc McAllen had been mistaken. Maybe these three young men weren't conscientious objectors. Surely there must be a mistake. Such a report was very disturbing even to Amy who was usually sympathetic toward the C.O.'s. Jim did not talk about the incident again but Amy knew that he had not forgotten.

UNWELCOME NEWS

Fall came with its blazing colors. Jim was picking corn. He was working alone but in another month Jerry would be discharged and sent home, **if-if**. Jim refused to think of what might yet happen, for after all it was only a month away.

Jim pulled his load of corn to the crib and glanced at his watch. It was dinnertime so he started for the house. Suddenly the door opened and Amy was on the steps. He saw that her face was drawn and white and her hands were shaking. Jim knew what she was going to say before she said it. He had seen that look before, twelve years ago when Bill had died. "He - he's missing!" she gasped. Then she stumbled back into the house.

Jim knew what that meant. Maybe he was dead, lying behind the enemy lines with no one to give him a decent burial. Maybe he was wounded in the jungles, calling for help. Maybe he was a prisoner of war, suffering torture at the hands of the enemy.

Jim wanted to shout, "It's not fair, it's not right," but the words stuck in his throat. His legs no longer held him.

JANUARY 1971

He sat down on the brown grass.

The time came and went when Jerry should have come home but he didn't. No more word came. It was hard to face the fact, but maybe Jerry would never come back.

JIM'S STAY AT THE HOSPITAL

John Miller was walking the five blocks from his boarding house to the hospital. A cold December wind swirled a few snow flakes about his head as he pulled his collar up higher. He had worked at the hospital for $1\frac{1}{2}$ years and he had six more months to go. He was looking forward to the time when he could go home. It wasn't that he didn't like his work as an orderly at the hospital. In a way he did like it but it was so different from what life had been at home on the farm. It almost scared him to think about his being here in the big city working in a hospital. Sometimes he wondered, "Am I doing the right thing?"

John's parents had always been rather strict. They didn't allow their children to do some of the things that other young folks in the community did. Often John had felt his parents were too strict. But now he was thankful that he had not been allowed to do as he pleased at home. He was glad for his upbringing, for in a place like this you needed every bit of faith you had.

Just recently one of the newly hired nurses took a sudden liking to John. One morning when he was cleaning a room, she had slipped in and closed the door and said, "Let's you and I go for a ride tonight? We can take my car and go to the drive-in. They've got a good one on tonight. Then afterwards we'll go to Bill's restaurant. It's a cozy little place with soft lights."

John's answer was a firm "No," as he opened the door and left the room.

John still remembered his father's last admonition as he left home the first time to go to the hospital. "Keep in mind how Joseph did when he was in Egypt. He stood for what was right. You are going to a big city and you will be tried, too."

John thought the advice was unnecessary at the time. But now he knew what his father had meant. There were meant temptations than he had ever suspected.

John would have become lonesome being 300 miles away from home had it not been for David Hochstetler. Though David came from another community, they shared the same interests. David was a true Christian and he took life seriously. John often wished he could be more like David. When problems came up, he would talk it over with David and he always seemed to understand.

John's thoughts went to the other three 1W's at the hospital. Although they worked in a different department, John saw them occasionally. Harry Yoder was the leader and the worst of the three. He owned a red sports car and had even been arrested for drunken driving. This had left a mark for the 1W's which the people just couldn't understand. And how could they understand it, for John could not understand it either.

John knew Harry's background for he came from the same church. His parents were never satisfied with the church and were constantly criticizing the ministers in front of their children. The seeds of discontent had been sown early and now it was bringing forth a harvest. Maybe it was no wonder Harry was 21 years old already and never had any desire to join the church. Maybe Harry wasn't to blame.

But then the thought came to John, if Harry was never interested in spiritual things, what was he doing working here in the hospital as a conscientious objector? But it

NEW YEAR'S WISHES

What shall I wish thee? Treasures of earth?
Songs in the springtime, pleasure and mirth?
Flowers on thy pathway, skies ever clear?
Would this insure thee a happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee? What can be found
Bringing thee sunshine all the year round?
Where is the treasure, lasting and dear,
That shall insure thee a happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth, walking in light;
Hope that aboundeth, happy and bright;
Love that is perfect, casting out fear;
These shall insure thee a happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour, rest at His feet,
Smile on His countenance, radiant and sweet.
Joy in His presence, Christ ever near!
This will insure thee a happy New Year.
— Frances Ridley Havergal.

seemed Harry was enjoying his stay in the city, at least he thought he was. He was having a good time and this was an ideal place to have it. Was it right to send boys here to work? Under other circumstances John would not have been permitted to work at a place like this.

Once John had talked to Harry and encouraged him to change his ways. But Harry had only sneered and pointed his finger at John and scoffed, "You're just like the old Pharisee who went up to the temple to pray. He thought he was better than anybody else."

John didn't feel he was better than other people. He knew that he made plenty of mistakes even when he was trying hard to live right. He knew that if he lived the way he wanted to, he would make many more mistakes. "I am just trying to help you," he told Harry. "You think you're having a good time but all you're doing is bringing disgrace down on the heads of all of us. Because of what you are doing, the church is being blasphemed."

John Miller entered the hospital and hung his hat and coat in the closet. When he reported to the desk, it was five minutes till eight, but that was the way he wanted it. He would much sooner be five minutes early than a few minutes late.

Mrs. Randall looked up from her desk and smiled at John. "Well, I see you're back again this morning. We're short of help so you will find plenty to do. We have two new patients and they are scheduled for surgery tomorrow. They are in Rooms 343 and 347."

John looked at the files and memorized the names. One of them was Mr. Graham and one was Mr. Maxwell. Mrs. Randall gave John a list of things to do and soon he was busy with his work.

It was almost an hour later when he walked into Room 347. He found a man of perhaps sixty years, with graying hair and cold stern blue eyes. His face showed lines of a rugged life and hard work. John greeted the man warmly but he only stared back at him.

As John went about his work in the room, the man's eyes followed his every move. John sensed something was wrong but he didn't know what.

Jim Maxwell suddenly spoke up. "Why are you working here?"

John was startled at the sudden question and all he could say was, "I'm sorry, what is it you wish?"

"I said, why are you working here? A young man like you, why aren't you in the army?"

John was tempted to evade the question with a remark like, "Because I like to work here," but then he decided to tell him the truth. "I am conscientiously opposed to war so the government put me here to serve at the hospital."

Others had asked the same question and usually they seemed to understand so John was not prepared for the outburst that followed. "Oh, so you're one of them low-down, cowardly, draft-dodging conscientious objectors! I know your kind, you just stay at home and have a good time and let the others do the fighting."

Jim Maxwell's eyes glinted as he sat up in his bed. "Listen, as religious as you claim to be you ought to know your Bible. Now tell me, doesn't it say we should obey the government for it is ordained of God? Didn't Jesus say if someone asks you for your coat you should give your cloak, too. If someone asks you to go with them a mile, aren't you supposed to go two? Now if the government asks you to go and help restore the law and order, don't you think you should go?"

John felt sorry for the man. Apparently he was in spiritual darkness, but why was he so bitter? John's mind was in a turmoil. He did not want to get into an argument with a patient and yet the man had asked him a question.

After a few moments he was able to collect his thoughts and answered slowly, "Yes, I believe in obeying the government as long as I must not do anything against God's will. I must obey God above all else. When Jesus was here, he was kind and gentle and he taught us to love our neighbors. He came to give life, not to take it. He told us to turn the other cheek if someone strikes us, and as His followers we can do nothing else."

Jim interrupted, "So you don't believe in defending yourself, now look who's defending himself with preaching!"

John's face felt hot and his legs were weak. He turned and left the room. In the supply room he found David Hochstetler and was soon telling him about his trouble with the new patient. "I tell you, David, he is worse than anyone I ever met. He hates the C.O.'s and I don't see how I can go into that room again."

David's face was grave as he answered, "Oh, c'mon, John, don't tell me you are licked that easy. I'd just be nice to the guy and act like nothing had ever happened."

John was discouraged. This time it seemed that even David didn't understand.

But David knew that if anyone could break this man's shell, John Miller could. The hospital staff respected John highly and the patients loved him. He always seemed to have a way of getting along with people and David often wished he could be more like John.

A HARD SHELL TO CRACK

Jim Maxwell had his operation but in the days that followed he spoke very little, especially when John was in the room. It was very hard on his pride to have a lowly C.O. to help take care of him. He didn't know if John was one of the young men he had seen in the car, but what was the difference, they were all alike at the bottom anyhow.

About ten days after the operation, John was in the room when Jim suddenly asked another question. "If you want to be so religious, why do you drink and smoke and swear?"

John was astonished for the question was as sudden as the first one had been. He almost felt insulted and his answer was rather curt. "I don't. Why do you ask such

a question?"

But Jim did not back down. He had another question ready. "Well, why don't you? You just as well be as the rest of them. Everybody else does."

John looked out the window. His mind went back to the time four years ago when he had been taking instructions before being baptized. It was a warm Sunday morning in June. John, with six others, was sitting in an upstairs room before a row of ministers. Beneath them the congregation was singing "Das Loblied". The old bishop had almost finished speaking. "And now, my dear young boys, your cheeks are rosy, your complexions are clear, your bodies aren't marred and stained by the effects of tobacco and strong drink. Keep it that way. Don't let Satan get you started with something you don't want."

The bishop had now gone to his reward but the words were still there as clearly as if he had spoken them yesterday. The thought brought tears into John's eyes.

John came back to reality. The man before him was waiting for an answer. When it came, the answer was simple and its sincerity touched a warm spot in Jim's heart. "I try to follow Jesus and He won't let me do these things."

As John walked down the hall the question rolled over and over in his mind. "What made him ask such a question? Was he just trying me out? Had he seen others do it?" John was puzzled. He couldn't find the answer.

After John had left the room Jim also began to do some thinking. "Maybe I have been too rough with this boy. He seems so strangely different. I liked his answer. He didn't boast, he just said, 'I try to follow Jesus.'"

As Jim lay on his bed he was lost in his thoughts. He was beginning to like this boy, more than he cared to admit. Somehow the boy made him think of his own son. He looked a little like Jerry and he even talked like Jerry. But the thoughts of Jerry touched a sore spot in Jim's heart, a spot that was very, very sore.

SUNSHINE IN THE HEART

The following day, John was cleaning up Jim's room when Amy came through the door. She had a big smile on her face and as she entered she said, "Hello Jim, I've got news for you today, and you couldn't guess what it is."

She looked at him a few moments. Jim's heart leapt but he was afraid to say it. He was afraid to think that maybe it was something else after all. "What is it?" he asked softly.

"Just when I was ready to leave home, I got a telephone call so I thought I would wait and tell you myself. Think of it, a call from Jerry, himself."

"Jerry!" Jim gasped. "Not really! Tell me about it quick!"

"He was a prisoner of the Viet Cong but escaped and he is coming home soon. He said he is feeling fine and will be released in ten days. Think of it, he will be coming home."

Tears welled in Jim's eyes as he sank back into the pillow. It was too good to be true.

Jim's health soon made a turn for the better. In the days that followed he began to talk to John and asked him many questions about his faith. John answered them as best as he could. Soon they were close friends but Jim never told John about the three boys he had seen on the street. He wanted to forget the incident.

One day Jim said, "Your life on the farm was altogether different from what it is here in the city, wasn't it, John? I am surprised that you would ever take a job like this

being as you are so different from other people in other ways."

John did not know how to answer. Finally he said, "Really, I am surprised too, and if I had it to do over again I don't know whether I would come or not. But many of our people think it is an opportunity to witness to the world of our faith."

Amy was there that afternoon too, and she spoke up. "I heard of people like you, but I always pictured them as rural folks who live on the farm, close to nature and close to God. I never expected to find any of you here in the big city."

"If everyone lived a life like you do, it might be a good witness," Jim said, "but — but —" He did not finish.

John wondered what was on his mind. He too, wondered if the overall witness to the world was good, or was it a poor light. He thought of Harry Troyer and his two companions. Maybe Harry never had a chance, but the other two boys came from respectable homes. But when they had come to the city they turned out badly. John wondered, and he did not know what to answer.

One day when John was walking down the hall, Jim came out of his room fully dressed. Behind Jim was Amy. "Well, Jim, I guess you are leaving for home?"

Jim held out his hand. "I want to say good-bye, John, and I'm glad for the privilege of having learned to know you. You've got something that is worth having. Had it not been for you, I would have had a very poor opinion of your people."

John said good-bye and moved on down the hall. The words rang over and over in his mind. "A very poor opinion of your people. I wonder just what he meant." ■■

Why Do We Want To Go?

by Samuel Hertzler

While on our voyage to Paraguay, my wife and I would often sit on the deck of the ship in the evening. If it was at a time the moon was shining it was very enjoyable. We had reclining folding chairs which we could take where we wanted to.

With the gentle rocking of the ship, the throbbing of the motors under us, the steady chug-chug of the exhaust coming out of the smokestack and the rolling waves about us made it a pleasant place to spend the evening. Usually other passengers were out visiting and enjoying the evening together. On nights when there was a movie or dance going on, not many people were out on the deck.

One evening Jim Scott and his wife pulled their chairs up close to ours. Jims were from Sarnia, Ontario and were in their mid-twenties. They had not been married very long. They were on their way to Ascuncion, Paraguay to teach school.

After visiting awhile the subject turned to religion which is something we met up with quite often. After talking for some time, Jim suddenly asked, "What is there in Heaven that makes you want to go there?"

The question was rather unexpected. I had never been asked that before and was not really prepared to give a definite answer. I was not satisfied with my answer and it must have sounded rather lame to him, too. I told him that in heaven there are no such things as sorrow, sin or sickness and that we would be free from the daily annoyances we have to endure here on earth. It was really more

difficult to give an answer than I had expected.

When I had finished with my answer he thought for awhile and then he said, "It is true that this earth is being mis-used. There is so much wickedness and sin of all descriptions that were never intended to be here. I believe the time is coming when these things will be corrected and the earth will be as God intended it to be. I am looking forward to that time."

Later I was talking to another man on the ship and I related to him what Jim Scott had said. He told me Jim is a Jehovah's Witness.

The managers of the ship were always coming up with something different to make it a pleasant trip for the passengers. It so happened that a few days later, supper was served on the deck of the ship cafeteria style. I filled my plate and walked over to the rail of the ship to eat and found a place where I could set the plate on the rail and started to eat. Soon I saw Jim Scott walking on the deck. He was looking for a place to eat and came and sat next to me.

After talking for some time, I said, "You remember the conversation we had the other evening and the question you asked me?"

"Yes."

"I don't think my answer was very satisfactory. Maybe I can make it a little plainer."

Jim and his wife seemed to be very much attached to each other so I thought I could use that to explain what I mean. So I went on, "Suppose your wife had stayed in Sarnia and you had come alone to Paraguay. When you got there let us suppose you would find the climate ideal, the people are of the very best, the fruits and vegetables are unheard of delicious and living conditions exceed anything known.

"Supposing after several years, your wife were to follow you to Paraguay, what would she be interested in most? Would it be to see how nice the conditions are or would it be something else?"

Without hesitating a moment he answered, "To be with me."

So I told him, "If a Christian is what he should be, then Christ is his foremost reason for wanting to be in Heaven."

■ ■

THE PASSING GENERATION

The rocker creaked, he hid a tear
And never saw the sunset's gold;
Against the faith he held so dear,
His loved ones' hearts had turned so cold.

The family reunion was over and the day far spent when the last ones left for home. Old Joe was tired from all the noise and commotion. Now it was a peaceful scene he viewed from the old rocking chair but tonight the peace did not soothe his aching heart.

"Oh Lord," he prayed silently, "Am I somehow to blame for the drifting away of my loved ones from the church? Not all of them, but too many. Even one would be too many. Maybe some will come back. I fervently hope so, but if they do, will it be all the way to the throne of grace and mercy? Now that they have a taste of the world, will

they do as Lot's wife, and glance back at all the pleasures they are missing?"

The voice of his daughter-in-law interrupted his thoughts. "Do you want something for supper?"

"Huh! Oh no, I ate this afternoon and I have no desire for more. Thanks anyway."

Left alone he fell again into meditation. As he had looked over the family group that noon he noticed Celia, one of his granddaughters. She had fancy clips in her curly hair and the hemline of her dress was above the knee. What a contrast she was to Sue with her neatly braided hair and her modest colored dress well below the knees. Yet the two girls were cousins. Something stabbed his heart.

He had noticed the men's clothing. They ranged from plain broadfall pants to the latest style in slacks, mostly among the younger generation.

The clothes and coverings of the women were in a wide range of styles. How strange, he thought as he silently surveyed the group of women. The size of the coverings seemed to match the length of the dresses. Was it perhaps also a measurement of the humility of the soul?

The afternoon of visiting had given him ample time to observe, and observe he did. The thorn pricked harder. Fashionable clothes and coarse speech. When he went for a short walk to ease his cramped legs, he came upon a group of boys. They seemed to be a bit uncomfortable at his unexpected arrival. On leaving, he overheard a remark of "the old man" and this did nothing to ease his hurt as he walked away.

Now the day was over. How peaceful and quiet it seemed. He was living with his second son, Joseph Jr. and his wife. They were good to him and he was fond of his daughter-in-law, Susan, even though there were at times misunderstandings. He thanked God for the place they had given him in their home and hearts after his dear partner had passed. No, it was not the family he was living with that caused him the anguish in his heart.

John was his first born and was a joy to raise. Smart and obedient, he seemed to show promise of a strong church member. That was before he was married. Old Joe had not been too well pleased with his girlfriend for her parents were very liberal minded. But John thought his father's fears were unfounded. Time proved his wife to be quite strong willed, though, and the children soon learned to ask for questionable favors when their father was absent. When he learned about this, John was not too well pleased but he gradually got used to having his wife make the decisions concerning the children.

Soon the girls were reading worldly magazines and the boys were running about the countryside looking for excitement. The fruit began to show. Some of the children joined more liberal churches and the next generation was dressed in worldly fashions.

Rachel, the second child, was laid in her grave at five years of age. A healthy and active child, she died following a fall from the haymow.

Joseph Jr., next in line, was strong willed and hard to handle. But the Lord gave his parents perseverance and he was now a good and considerate husband. He was the father of six children and in his home, his word was law. The children were now all grown and good church members except the youngest who was still putting off the day of his salvation. He was a bit too happy-go-lucky but now he was interested in a girlfriend in the neighborhood and old Joe was glad for he believed she would be a good in-

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fluence.

Ruth was the next and the old maid of the family. She had never been strong physically but was a good influence on the rest of the family. His heart warmed at the thought of her. But only for a moment, for his mind next turned to Sarah, the fifth of his beloved children. He sighed and wondered what he should have done differently.

Although usually obedient she was talkative and jolly and attracted the attention of a handsome fellow from out of state. She married against her parents' wishes. She thought she could stay a member of her parents' church even if her husband was one who followed the trend and wanted a car. But it was too much for her and she joined her husband. Her children grew up thinking some of the cousins weren't very smart to be satisfied with a horse and buggy when a car was so much more fun. One of them was even now a hippie. "Oh Lord, have mercy on his soul," silently prayed old Joe.

The sixth and youngest child, Samuel, selected his wife from the home church. She was likeable and industrious and they raised a family of nine children. But she read too many books on modern child care and she thought that giving them what they asked for would keep them happy and satisfied.

If Samuel realized what was happening, he was much too busy to bother about the trend of his family. He was making money and wanted to be able to give his children a generous start in life. But the spiritual growth was neglected. Not in literature, of which he provided plenty of "Christian" reading including magazines of some very worldly churches.

In time the heaven began to have effect. The children began to complain about the church rules and regulations. The ministers got their share of criticism, not openly but by gossip.

When old Joe had learned of it he was alarmed and had talked to Samuel. Yes, he knew that things were not right but the children were of a different mind. They would not give up their association with worldly friends. The outcome was inevitable, more sheep lost from the flock.

His thoughts rambled on. The moon was high in the sky when his eyelids finally dropped and old Joe slept.

"Hadh't we better call Dad?" Susan asked her husband. "It's getting late."

"I'll go see," Joseph Jr. answered. "Sometimes he forgets the time."

So saying he arrived at the door and looked at the sleeping form in the rocker. But something was wrong.

"Oh, Sue, come quickly," called the younger man to his wife. "I'm afraid the day has been too hard on Dad."

And indeed it had. His bruised and down-trodden heart had found rest at last.

Last call has come to a burdened heart
Not many care that he has gone;
For worldly lust — curious art —
And pride the children's hearts has won.

- Maryland.

(SHUTIN, continued from page 36)

Life that my mother-in-law had given to us and saw your reference to the lard and flour method.

Not having lard, I used some Crisco and some oleo and made a paste and smeared it on Erma's head and Vernon's arm. I didn't put bandages on as the burns were both in awkward places.

On Friday as we were taking two of the other children to the doctor we took Erma along as some people were a-

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raid she would get a scar. The doctor just looked at it and said, "That looks real good for having happened only on Tuesday. The scab's already coming off in places."

I have never seen a burn heal as fast as Erma's. When I was a young girl I had a burn on the palm of my hand that lasted over two months, and finally became infected.

(When using the flour and lard method for burns, be sure to work in enough flour. Spread the mixture thickly on a cloth and then apply to the sore.)

Thanks for the quick steps for canning pumpkin. But what do you do with the seeds? I hope you save some for planting in the spring.

Once as I was getting a pumpkin ready for pies my little girl stood on a chair to watch me. I noticed she was eating the seeds. Remembering my mother saying, dried pumpkin seeds are good for children, we peeled them with our fingers and ate the inside of them. The next day I noticed my little girl passed round worms.

I sometime make tea of pumpkin seed for the smaller children. This is easier than peeling them. This is a matter we mothers should be aware of. More so on the farm and in a damp climate. A child that has worms is often nervous, restless and stubborn. I do not think this treatment is harmful.

— M.A.M., Pa.

(WINDOWSILL, continued from page 35)

to bed without first praying for the children and the grandchildren. Only God knows what the New Year has in store for us. Let us all start a new page and with the help of the Lord lead a better life. I often wish I could be a better example for the coming generations. Our children grow up so fast. We are on the "grandpa bench" before we know it.

Do we talk about God's love when we are together, or just about worldly things (Deu. 6:6,7). It hurts me when I hear folks tell jokes or funny stories just to make people laugh, especially when it is on the holy Sabbath.

Sometimes I fear we're too much concerned about worldly things. What good will nice homes and varnished furniture be to our children? Couldn't we grandparents leave something worth more than that for our descendants? Oh, that we could leave a good example that could be a help to them when we are gone.

Lord, make us instruments of Thy peace,
Where there is hatred, let us sow love;
Where there is injury, pardon;
Where there is doubt, faith;
Where there is despair, hope;
Where there is darkness, light;
And where there is sadness, let us sow joy.

— A grandmother, Pa.

MORE ABOUT "MY" CHILDREN

I understand why some mothers would be likely to say "my" instead of "our" children. If the husband pays little or no attention to his children and leaves the mother to work out the problems alone, how can she feel that sharing sense which makes another naturally say "ours." The same goes for the garden or what it may be. If he takes no interest in it and she does it all alone, how can she feel it's "ours."

What the fortunate ones who can joyfully say "we" or "ours" don't know, is the pain that cuts to the heart as the

"I" or "my" mother realizes what joy she is deprived of. The wife should respect the husband. This is very important. But he must try to be a respectable father in order to receive her respect.

So I'm wishing all those "I" and "my" mothers the help from above, as their husbands learn to realize where they are letting them down. The Lord gives the children to

"us" and let "us" pray for them, love them, and raise them together in the love and admonition of the Lord. "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord." How precious are their young lives and their souls. May we not fail them, but trust in the Lord, take new courage and pray for His help daily.

— E.

FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

What Does It Take To Make You Happy?

In this world it seems some people are happy and some are not. Why can't they all be happy, I wonder? There must surely be a reason.

Do you suppose it's because some people get all the bad knocks, and therefore they're sour as green lemons. And other people have it all nice, so why shouldn't they be happy?

Sounds like a sensible theory. We all know that some people have it pretty easy, while others have more than their share of rough going. Blessings don't fall evenly, like rain, an inch to the acre all over the farm.

But you know, that theory just doesn't measure up, come to think of it. The secret of happiness isn't that simple. Some of the people with the hardest rows to hoe turn out to be the happiest. Others, who have everything they could wish for in this life are unhappy.

And think of those two apostles, Paul and Silas, singing in prison . . . Looks like we'll have to go deeper if we want to find the secret.

Some months ago a lad in his late teens boarded at our house. I have seen very few people who were basically unhappier than this young man. If he wasn't grouchy, he was grumpy, and only on a rare day did he show the least sign of being cheery. My wife and I talked to him personally, hoping somehow to help him overcome the unpleasant moodiness he had adopted, and knowing that he was having grave problems in his spiritual life.

One morning at breakfast I announced that I might be writing a "Fireside Chats" on happiness, and that I was looking for ideas. "I would like to ask each of you a question," I said. "What would it take to make you happy?"

Ten-year-old Rosanna thought for a while. "Do I have to answer first?" she asked.

"Sure, why not? We'll go around the table, left to right."

Then she said, "If Lois could be here." (Lois is a favorite cousin who lives in Canada.)

As the question came on around the table, little Timothy smiled bashfully and said he didn't know, and his next-bigger brother Peter said, jokingly, "If my tooth stays in this time." (He had broken a front tooth, and the dentist's attempts at fixing it had been painful and prolonged.) But biggest brother Paul had his answer ready and could hardly wait for his turn. "I am happy," he said with eleven-year-

old finality.

And then came the big boy whose unhappiness had promoted the question in the first place. "What would it take to make you happy?" I asked, wishing there might be some easy solution, and knowing there wasn't.

The answer contained discouragement in every word "I'd like to know too," he said.

And so we come back to our problem. Unhappy people are often in a rut and it is not easy to help them out of it. Usually there are deep underlying causes, and unless these are removed it won't help a bit to paint the surface a happiness color.

It seems to me that many things have to be in place before a person can be truly happy. A watch won't run if there is a loose screw or a bent spring, and a person can't be happy unless he meets all the requirements.

In fact, happiness is so complex and so delicate, I hesitate to try to define it. It is big things and little things, all mixed together. Love given and love returned. Being useful and feeling needed. Praying to know God's will, and for grace to live it, a day at a time. Not knowing all the answers, but trusting nonetheless. New lessons learned, new valleys crossed, new mountains climbed.

Happiness is a gift to be cherished. It is a gift, and yet it is more than a gift. Happiness costs something, (but is worth a thousand times the cost.) It is a jewel which many covet and few obtain.

The Bible speaks about happiness and joy and a cheerful spirit. Other writers, too, have covered the subject well. By gleanings in these fields, I have found what might be called

TEN COMMON SENSE

RULES FOR ACQUIRING HAPPINESS

1. Have Peace with God. This is the first and foremost requirement, and without it no man is truly happy. God sees into the innermost heart, and no man can be happy who has things there he doesn't want God to know about. Happiness is a clear conscience.

2. Live For Others. By the grace of God, seek to overcome selfishness in your life, and to love your neighbor as yourself. The secret key to JOY can be arranged as follows:

- J — Jesus first
- O — Others next
- Y — Yourself last

3. Lean On Others. No man is sufficient unto himself. You need the fellowship, the counsel, the supporting hands of Christian brethren. Let your life merge (and become hidden) in the combined effort of the brotherhood to fulfil

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God's will on earth. In such unity, says the Psalmist, there is pleasantness. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Psalms 133:1.

4. Be Humble. Seek humility as one of the most precious Christian graces, and also one of the most fragile.

When God sends trials, look up. The writer to the Hebrews says that chastening is a mark of God's love, and in the book of Job we read, "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth."

Likewise, humility is needed when a brother corrects you. In the old writing, "Regeln eines Gottseligen Lebens", we find this advice: "Consider him a friend who rebukes you privately. It is a pitiful state indeed for a man to have no one who dares to correct him when he has need of it . . . If you are a person who can not bear reproof, your only choice is to never do anything wrong."

5. Carry No Grudges. Nurse no hate or anger. Let your thought life be pure and filled with love toward God and your neighbor. Hate is an acid that eats the heart out of your soul, — a bitter-sweet emotion that is sure death to happiness.

(If you must quarrel, let it be with sin and unrighteousness. Indeed, this is required "fighting". J. C. Ryle said, "So long as you do not quarrel with sin, you will never be a truly happy man.")

6. Do Not Associate Happiness With Circumstances. Riches never make people happy, but they do sometimes make men mean and miserable. Nor does poverty bring happiness; it too has caused men to cheat and steal and fight.

Happiness does not consist of what a man possesses. Instead, happiness is seeking and doing God's will. Young and old, rich and poor, well and sick — all find happiness the same way: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

7. Keep Busy. Idleness is the devil's workshop and the certain ruin of happiness. The ships that come in while men sit and do nothing are usually hardships, and not happy ships.

Adam Clark, author of the widely-known Bible Commentary, wrote:

"I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire' conveys an untruth — you cannot have too many — poker, tongs and all, keep them going."

A poet has written:

"The busy lives are happiest —
The stagnant pool lies dead,
Devoid of laughter, though the sun
Is beaming overhead.
But the wee brooklet running free,
Sparkles and dances joyously;
By living waters fed."

8. Don't Look for Happiness in Far Pastures. Happiness grows at home. If it doesn't, be assured the soil is no better elsewhere. The young person who is dissatisfied may dream of greener fields afar. The place to start work is real close home, within himself.

9. Trust in the Lord. "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." Proverbs 16:20.

10. A Happy Life is a Godly Life. This is the sum of the matter, the master key that fits all the locks. Happiness and virtue go hand in hand, and cannot be separated.

The closing words of "Regeln eines Gottseligen Lebens", though written years ago, are fitting words today: "Finally, be friendly to all and a burden to no one. Live holy before

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God; before yourself, moderately; before your neighbors, honestly. Let your life be modest and reserved, your manner courteous, your admonitions friendly, your forgiveness willing, your promises true, your speech wise, and share gladly the bounties you receive."

What would it take to make you happy? Here is the question again. I can almost hear some of you say, "But I am happy." Wouldn't it be wonderful if all Family Life readers could say it?

Guaimaca, Honduras

TWO BASKETS OF PRAYERS

The legend is told of two angels who once were sent to earth to gather up the prayers of mankind. One angel was to fill his basket with the petitions or requests of mankind and the other was to gather their thanksgiving.

When they wended their way back to the Father's house, one angel's basket was heaped and running over and heavy with the innumerable petitions of man. The other angel had a sad and heavy heart but a light and nearly empty basket, for the thanksgivings of men were seldom heard and then so briefly that the angel was able to find but very little even though he searched diligently.

This legend emphasises the sad lack in the human heart of true gratitude to God for His manifold gifts and mercies. It reminds us that while the few are thankful, the vast majority are either careless or willfully ungrateful.

The sweet notes of the lark never come from the coarse throat of the crow and the sweet strains of thanksgiving never come from the heart immersed in the cares and self-interests and self-desires of this life. We must soar above ourselves into the blue heavens of God's love and presence before the heart will swell with a new song and the voice will vibrate with the grateful chords of praise.

- Selected

NOTICE: The Ambassador of Peace, which was a 1W paper, is now being changed to a young people's paper and will be called YOUNG COMPANION. If you have not been a subscriber to the Ambassador, and would like to receive YOUNG COMPANION, now is a good time to subscribe and we will start you with the very first issue, January, 1971. Another reason you may wish to subscribe now is to read the following story in the January issue:

"THE UNSIGNED LETTERS"

Gideon King, the bishop's son, had a reputation for pranks, and when neighborhood girls began to receive unsigned love letters, a lot of people in the church thought things were going too far. Here is a true story that sounds like it's made up.

Subscription price for YOUNG COMPANION, is \$2.50 a year, same as AOP was. Ask to have your subscription started with the January issue, and we will send them as long as they last.

Life On The Kansas Prairies

(A History of the Ford Co. Amish)

by Joe Stoll

PART I: The Bucklin Settlement

It was 1904 when two Daviess Co., Indiana husbands decided to move to Bucklin, Kansas and try a hand at pioneering. Joseph Overholt contracted for a quarter section (160 acres) at \$400, and Noah Stutzman bought one nearby for \$1,200.

Lizzie, Noah's wife, accepted the news calmly. She understandably had many questions to ask. "Will we have any Amish neighbors, Noah?" she asked first.

"Oh, yes, it promises to be a big settlement. Lef (Levi) Gingerichs were one of the first ones there, and our land joins theirs. They said two or three other families are moving in this spring."

The following days were exciting ones. The Stutzman and Overholt families were busy getting ready for the move to Kansas. Finally the great day arrived and the families boarded the train. At Hutchinson, Kansas another Amish family got aboard. They introduced themselves as Jacob Troyers, and they, too, were on their way to Bucklin to make that their future home.

It was nearly midnight when the conductor came through the car, calling softly so he would not wake the other passengers. "The next stop will be Bucklin. This way out, please."

Dan Nissley was there to meet the travelers. The Nisseys were one of the four Amish families already living in the community. They lived north of Bucklin, while the Stutzmans and Overholts had bought farms southwest of the town.

The next morning the Stutzman children woke up to their first view of the vast plains of western Kansas. There wasn't much to see, only heaven and earth and a shack or two way off in the distance. There were no buildings, only open grass land. Many of the future roads had not been opened, and wagon trails angled across the prairies.

The Stutzmans stayed with the Levi Gingerich family until a well was drilled on their new property. At a depth of 113 feet, water was struck, clear and fresh and seemingly inexhaustible. With a good well on their land, the Stutzmans were ready to begin with the buildings. But they would not have time to build a house that spring, so it was decided to put up a tent-like shelter. A platform about 12 by 14 feet was placed on the ground, the furniture moved onto it, and a tarpaulin was stretched over it to make a one-room tent. As Kansas is known for its high winds, this temporary home left something to be desired, in respect to both comfort and safety.

April, May, and June are the worst tornado months, the

Stutzmans were told. On the average, about 50 tornadoes hit the state of Kansas each year. Most of them do minor damage on the empty prairies, but when one hits a town many people are killed.

Soon after the Stutzmans arrived in Kansas, Mose Troyer came to see them. He had come to Kansas the year before.

"Have you built a cyclone cellar yet?" asked Mose.

"We haven't been able to do much building yet," answered Noah. "We've been so busy putting in a few crops and setting down in our tent, we haven't got much else done."

"If one of those Kansas cyclones comes along," said Mose, "you'll wish you had built the cellar first." He eyed the tent critically.

As soon as they could get to it, the Stutzmans started digging a storm cellar. This naturally aroused the curiosity of the children. The cellar was built with a sloping door and a mound of earth for a roof. There were no windows, only a ventilator to let out the stale air.

"Is someone going to live down there in that cave?" asked the Stutzman children.

"Don't worry. You'll find out soon enough," was their father's answer.

Quite a while later the weather was unusually sultry. "Feels like a storm is brewing," said Noah. "Wouldn't be surprised if we get one tonight."

"We can be thankful we've got a storm cellar," said his wife.

When the others went to bed, Noah sat up waiting for the storm. He did not want to be caught asleep when a tornado hit. He watched, fascinated, as the flashes of lightning in the southwest showed that a storm was indeed forming. The flashes grew brighter and nearer, and the thunderclaps could plainly be heard. But Noah did not want to waken the family until he was certain it was necessary.

The boys woke to hear their father's urgent tones. "Joe, Enos, don't lose any time. It looks like a real one this time, and it's coming faster than I thought."

Down tumbled the children from the loft and were shoved out the door toward the cellar. Even before they got there, the storm broke and nearly swept them from their feet. But holding each other's hands, they found the cellar and tumbled in.

Noah and his son, Joe, grabbed the rope to hold down the door so it would not blow off. The noise of the storm became deafening. There was a roaring like a hundred freight trains passing over. The children began to panic. Noah and Joe were lifted off the floor, but still they held on.

When the roaring ceased and the wind quieted down, the Stutzmans were almost afraid to look out for fear their buildings had been blown away. They were relieved to see that only minor damages had been done. Some of the neighbors had not been so fortunate.

"Surely we have a wonderful God," Noah's wife remarked. "He allows storms to come so we can see how helpless we

really are. Surely no one can feel proud and boastful after going through that storm last night. "

There were few fences on the Kansas prairies and old timers were used to taking shortcuts, or following the wagon trails that wound through the prairie grass. That first summer Lizzie Stutzman made a nice garden. It happened to be right on one of these old wagon trails. Noah plowed the land and worked it down real good, then Lizzie planted raspberries, blackberries, rhubarb, and service-berries which they had brought along from Indiana.

The next day Noah was outside working when he saw a wagon coming in the distance. As it came closer, Noah could see a sharp squinty-eyed old Westerner sitting on the seat. He was driving a team of skinny mustangs. The rattly wagon came right down the trail and on through Lizzie's garden. As it passed over the raspberries and blackberries, Noah called out, "Good morning, sir, you're driving through our garden. "

"Whoa!" The driver hauled back on his lines and the team stopped midway through the garden. He shaded his eyes and peered at the garden, then at Noah. Muttering to himself, he began to stroke his pointed beard and to finger his long mustache.

Lizzie came out of the house. "I say, ma'am, what's the idea of planting on the trail?"

"This land is ours now. The road will be over there," she told him. "Please don't drive through here any more."

"Ma'am, I drove this trail for forty years, and I'm not changing now. Giddy-ap!"

But he never drove through there again.

Other new families arrived, and the Bucklin settlement grew. But the families were scattered rather far apart. The Jake Troyer family lived close to the Arkansas River, about 11 miles north of the Stutzmans. In that area there was more sand, and alfalfa did well. The Josiah and John Schrock families also lived in the sandhills, but they stayed only a few years. They decided the soil wasn't good enough to make a living from it.

Noah went up to Dan Nissleys one day. As he drove in at Dans he thought he saw somebody he didn't know go into the barn. So he asked Dan about it.

Dan looked all around before he answered. "That's my cousin, Jake Nissley. He came walking in here the other day and asked to stay. "

"Where's he from?"

"I don't know. He's been a cowboy, and he acts rather funny, like he's trying to hide something. "

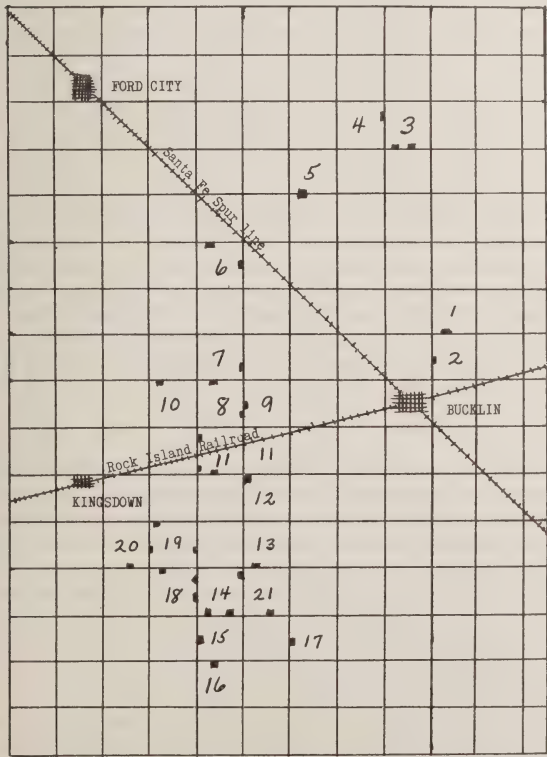
"Wasn't he carrying a gun when he went into the barn?"

"Yes, he always has a revolver strapped to his belt. And, you know, he won't sleep in the house. Says it's too warm. He warned us not to tell anyone in town he is here. He's got me worried, but I don't know how to get him to leave. "

Noah laughed a little nervously. "Well, as long as he minds his business, I suppose you shouldn't care. "

"I know, but our big Newfoundland dog there doesn't like him a bit. He's restless nights, and I'm sure something's

AMISH FAMILIES OF BUCKLIN, KANSAS



BELLEFLOWER	OVERHOLT
SCHOOL 19	Joseph 18
BONTRAGER,	Sim 19
Crist 11	PLANK
Dan 8	David 10
David 1, 19	RICHER
Jacob 7	Jacob 6
COBLENTZ	SODVILLE
Abe 19	SCHOOL 12
Chris 4	SCHROCK,
GINGERICH,	John 3
Jacob 13	Josiah 3
John 18	STUTZMAN
Lef (Levi) 14	George 10
Mose 16	Joe 17
HELMUTH,	Noah J. 14
Dan 18	TROYER,
Jacob 18	David 8
HOSTETLER,	Jacob 5
Ed 13	Jeremiah 5
Jacob 13	Jonas 15
KNEPP,	J. W. 21
Peter 19	Moses 9
LICHTY,	Ora 19
Hiram 8	Perry 6
MILLER,	WAGLER,
Dan 7	Joel 20
Jacob H. 14	Peter 19
Joni 8	YODER
Joseph 8	Emmanuel 15
NISSLEY,	Jacob 18
Dan 2	Rudy 11
	YUTZY,
	Nick 6

going on outside. And just yesterday I heard some of the neighbors talking about their dogs barking at night. They think someone's been prowling around, and even sleeping in their barns. But they don't know Jake is here."

Noah drove home thoughtfully.

A few weeks later the Stutzmans drove to church at old Dofit (David) Bontragers north of Bucklin. At that time no ministers had yet moved to the Bucklin settlement, nor had any been ordained. Christal Bontrager of the Partridge, Kansas settlement, a hundred miles farther east, had written that he would be coming up on the morning train.

The menfolk stood outside the house in a group, talking, waiting for the train. It was late that morning.

All at once a shout went up. All eyes turned toward the Dan Nissley home. Smoke and flames were billowing out of the house. Dan set out running across the fields as fast as he could. Others quickly hitched up their horses, and drove recklessly down the road. But it was too late. The house was gone, with all its contents.

The neighbor to the north had been the first to see the fire. He feared that the Nissley children had been home alone. As he ran through the pasture toward the burning house, the Nissleys' big dog came to greet him, as if he had something he wished to tell him.

Jake, the cowboy, had committed suicide. His body was found in one of the beds, and all around the bed were oil cans. He had piled coal all around, and poured kerosene over it, then set fire to it.

Only the evening before, Grandpa Nissley had come for a visit. All his suitcases and the little gifts he had brought for the children were burned. The Nissleys lost all their household goods except a few bowls, dippers, and spoons they had taken along to church with which to eat the hot bean soup that was served at noon.

Church services were held that afternoon then. The neighbors rallied to the aid of the Nissley family, and clothes and other necessary goods were assembled for them. They stayed with other families until a new house could be built.

Only afterward did the Nissley family learn that their cousin was a wanted man. He had stolen some cattle, and in the process shot a few men, so that the law was trying hard to find him. There was also reason to believe he suffered mental lapses.

That evening Noah and Lizzie gathered their wide-eyed children around them. The family Bible was gotten from the shelf. Lizzie paged through till she found it, Isaiah 48:22, "There is no peace, saith the Lord, for the wicked."

They took turns answering the children's questions.

"Why did he do it, Dad?"

"No one knows that. He probably knew he couldn't hide from the law much longer."

"But why didn't he run away?"

"Oh, but children," spoke Lizzie with feeling, "where would he run to? The Bible says, 'Be sure your sins will find you out'. Even if he could have hidden from the police a while longer, he had to live with his conscience. And he couldn't hide from God. Truly, the wicked have no peace."

Some visitors left Kansas with a good opinion of it. Others were sure they wouldn't want to live there. But all of them respected the settlers for their courage and self-denial of an easier life.

Bishop William Yoder of Indiana visited his daughter and son-in-law, the Peter Waglers. As they rode home over

the prairie late one evening, and suddenly came upon the Wagler home sitting rather small and forlornly in the moonlight, Bishop Yoder remarked, "If we passed that house back in Indiana, we would say, 'There are some poor people.'"

But he realized, as did the Kansas settlers, that there are worse forms of poverty than small houses and a simple life.

One day when Mose Troyer was in Bucklin, he met some strangers from the East. Though they were not Amish, he took them home with him for the night.

The next morning the old man came down the stairs. He was dressed in fine clothes, and it looked like he had a great deal of money. To Mrs. Troyer's dismay, he got a chair and pulled it up to the stove where it was warm. He started to ask questions.

She answered them one by one. But she was afraid of what was coming. At length he asked it. "What are you burning in the stove?"

Blushing, she stammered her answer, "Cow chips."

Actually, cow chips were a good fuel, and there was no odor. But nevertheless, the Kansans found themselves self-conscious when telling Easterners about it.

The first years the Bucklin Amish group had no ministers of its own, but had to depend on visiting ministers to preach for them. Later, minister Jacob Troyer of Reno County, Kansas moved north of Bucklin. In 1906, Mose J. Troyer was ordained to the ministry. Minister Rudy A. Yoder moved to Ford County in 1907 from North Dakota.

"There's talk of ordaining a bishop for our church," reported Noah in the spring of 1908. "We have three ministers now, and one of them will be chosen. Then Chris Bontrager of Partridge won't have to come out here so often. He's had bishop oversight of Ford County for five years now, and he's made the hundred mile trip pretty often."

"Yes, it would be better if we had our own bishop," agreed Lizzie. "And the church looks like it's here to stay. When there were only a few families, no one knew if the settlement would be a success or not."

Several weeks later communion services were held and also an ordination. The lot fell on Moses J. Troyer, and the church accepted him as God's choice to be their bishop.

After several years, a need was felt to ordain a deacon for the church. In the lot were Joel and Peter Wagler, Mose and John Gingerich, and Jacob H. Miller. Jacob H. Miller was the chosen one.

Later another minister was chosen. The lot fell on Jacob H. Miller again.

As the years passed, the Stutzmans harvested one good crop of wheat after another. An addition was built to the house. The original two rooms were too small for the growing family. Now the house became T-shaped. For insulation, strips of sod were placed edgewise between the studs. Then the whole house had new siding put on, and it was painted white.

A new and larger barn was built. Then a chicken house, a granary, a smoke house, and a small blacksmith shop were built.

But hard times were coming again to Noah and Elizabeth Stutzman. As the country became settled, there was very little sod left. The dry years came, with terrible dust

At least 45 Amish families called the Bucklin, Kansas community their home some time during the years 1904-1921. In 1921 the last Amish family moved away, and the settlement became extinct. Where did the Amish go?

To Reno County, Kansas: (20 families)

Crist Bontrager, Dan Bontrager, Jacob Bontrager, Abe Coblentz, Dan Helmuth, Dan Miller, Minister Jacob H. Miller, Joni Miller, David Plank, George Stutzman, Joe Stutzman, Jacob Troyer, Jeremiah Troyer, Bishop Moses Troyer, Ora Troyer, Perry Troyer, Peter Wagler, Emmanuel Yoder, Rudy Yoder, Nick Yutzky.

To Daviess County, Indiana: (at least 5 families)

Hiram Lichty, Joe Miller, Sim Overholt, Jacob Richer, and Joel Wagler.

To Stark County, Ohio: (3 families)

Mose Gingerich, Jacob Hostetler, and Noah J. Stutzman.

To Howard County, Indiana: (3 families)

Levi Gingerich, Jacob Helmuth, and J. W. Troyer.

To Colorado:

David Bontrager and Jacob Gingerich.

To Texas:

Joseph Overholt.

Source of Information:

To Michigan:

David Troyers.

Joe Stutzman,

To Oregon:

John Gingerich.

Inola, Oklahoma.

To Holmes County, Ohio:

Jacob Yoder.

the U.S.A. entered the World War. The President declared war on Germany, and a great wave of "Hate the Germans" swept the country.

The public turned against the Amish, who do not take part in war. Threats and rumors spread through the community like dark clouds. Some of the war-maddened people shouted, "Paint them yellow!"

"Bury them alive with only their heads above the ground."

"Tar and feather them!"

Nothing ever happened, but the threats did much to bring the Amish to a decision to move elsewhere. Many of them began to leave. The church grew smaller and smaller.

Then came the great influenza epidemic of 1918. Thousands died, and the whole nation was sick. Those were the days when people cried to God for mercy.

As the Amish families one by one sold out, Noah and Lizzie Stutzman, too, decided to leave. There had been ten years of crop failures, or near failures, and the Stutzmans were poor. The Kansas years had been memorable ones, all sixteen of them. But they had come to an end. In the spring of 1920, Noah and Lizzie Stutzman moved to Ohio.

The last Amish families left the Bucklin-Kingsdown district in the fall of 1921. They were Joe Stutzmans, Mose Gingerichs, Jerry Troyers, and Mrs. Joni Miller.

When the Amish moved away, they left behind a cemetery with sixteen graves. None of the deaths had been adults.

On April 16, 1939, a group of men from Reno County, Kansas went to Ford County, and took up the sixteen bodies. They were reburied the 27th, in the Center Cemetery, near Partridge, all in one common grave except Jeremiah, the son of J. H. Millers, who was buried in the family plot.

storms and repeated crop failures.

The dust storms were worst in the spring, sometimes lasting for three days. No house was tight enough to keep out the fine dust. Even the cupboards became filled with the gritty sand. When Lizzie set the table for her family, she placed the plates upside down. The food was kept in covered dishes. Not until the family was ready to eat, were the dishes uncovered, and the plates turned up. Even then, a lot of sand was eaten.

The sand blew out the young wheat plants, and much of the best topsoil was blown away. The tumbleweeds lodged in the fences, and this caused sanddrifts, so that a horse-back rider could ride right over the fences.

At other times the crops were damaged by the hot winds that came in mid-summer. These, too, often carried dust. One summer when the hot blasts came, the tender young corn plants looked like they had been cooked or frozen.

Still another threat to crops was the grasshopper. There were always grasshoppers around. But when clouds of them came flying in from the south or west, these were not natives. They traveled in great numbers, destroying every plant in their path. No one knew where they would land nor how long they would stay. They might come down on one farm, strip a few fields, then suddenly rise and fly a few miles away.

The wheat harvests that had been so bounteous the first years in Kansas now became leaner and leaner. Already in 1913 no good rains had fallen for seven months. The ground cracked open, and the outlook seemed hopeless. But at last the rains did come, and things swung back to normal.

But the following years were not good wheat years. Some of the families talked of moving elsewhere. Then, in 1917,

(Editor's note: This article was adapted from Joe Stoll's 186 pagebook, THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, The Life of Elizabeth Kemp Stutzman. Available at \$2.75 from Pathway Bookstore, Route 4, Lagrange, Ind. 46761.)

NEXT MONTH: "Life on the Kansas Prairies" continued, Part II, The Dodge City Settlement in Ford County.

Question Mart

1. Were there ever any Old Order Amish families living in Georgia or South Dakota?
2. Can anyone relate any Indian happenings which involved Amish people, either from personal memory or accounts handed down as family history? (This might include Amish-Indian experiences in the early days of Holmes Co., or of Pennsylvania, or in the early days of the western churches in Colorado, Kansas, and Oklahoma.)
3. Quakers are famous for having helped runaway Negro slaves escape to Canada on the "Underground Railroad" before the Civil War. Does anyone know if any Amish helped runaway slaves? What was the Amish attitude toward slavery and runaway slaves? If you can supply any information concerning these questions, please send material to: History Editor, Pathway Publishers, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.

Neujahrs Gesänge.

Wer sich im Geist beschneidet,
Und als ein wahrer Christ
Des Fleisches tödtung leidet
Die so hochnützig ist,
Der wird dem Heiland gleich,
Der auch beschnitten worden,
Und tritt in Kreuzes-Orden,
In seinem Gnadenreich.

Wer so dies Jahr anhebet,
Der folget Christi Lehr,
Weil er im Geiste lebet,
Und nicht im Fleische mehr.
Er ist ein Gotteskind,
Von oben her geboren,
Das alles, was verloren,
In seinem Jesu findt.

Doch wie muß dies Beschneiden
Im Geist, o Mensch, geschehen?
Du mußt die Sünde meiden,
Wenn du willst Jesum sehen:
Das Mittel ist die Buß,
Wodurch das steinern Herze,
In wahrer Reu und Schmerz,
Zerknirschet werden muß.

Ach gieb zu solchem Werke,
In diesem neuen Jahr,
Herr Jesu! Kraft und Stärke,
Daß sich bald offenbar
Dein Himmlische Gestalt
In vielen tausend Seelen,
Die sich mit dir verwählen.
O Jesu! tu es bald.

Ich seufze mit verlangen,
Und Tausende mit mir,
Daß ich dich mög umfassen,
Mein allerschönste Zier!
Wenn ich dich hab allein,
Was will ich mehr auf Erden?
Es muß mir alles werden,
Und alles nützlich sein.

Ach ihr verstockten Sünder!
Bedenket Jahr und Zeit,
Ihr abgewichen Kinder,
Die ihr in Eitelkeit
Und Wollust zugebracht,
Ach! führt euch Gottes Güte
Doch einmal zu Gemüte,
Und nehmt die Zeit in acht.

Beschneidet eure Herzen,
Und fallet Gott zu Fuß
In wahrer Reu und Schmerzen.
Es kann die Herzensbuß,

So gläubig wird geschehen,
Das Vaterherz bewegen,
Daß man wird vielen Segen
In diesem Jahre sein.

Ja, mein Herr Jesu gebe,
Daß deine Christen-Schaar
Mit Dir im Geiste so lebe,
In diesem neuen Jahr,
Daß sie in keiner Not,
Sich möge von dir scheiden,
Stärk sie im Kreuz und Leiden
Durch Deinen bittern Tod.

So wollen wir Dich preisen
Die ganze Lebenszeit,
Und unsere Pflicht erweisen
In alle Ewigkeit,
Da Du wirst offenbar,
Und wir mit allen Frommen,
Nach diesem Leben kommen
Ins ewige neue Jahr.

Das Wetter giebt auch Zeichen von die Jahreszeiten. Wir sehen daß der Winter da ist. Der Schnee giebt ein beweis, und die Kälte machet steif, so sehen wir daß der Winter an kommen ist. Der Heiland giebt uns auch klar zu verstehen von Zeichen die geschehen sollen in den letzten Zeiten, und wir sollen es zu Herzen nehmen daß das Ende am kommen ist. Was tun wir nun deswegen, wenn wir die Zeichen der Zeit betrachten? Tun wir uns bereiten für die große lang und unendlichen Ewigkeit? Tun wir arbeiten für unser Herr und Meister der uns so teuer erkauft hat durch sein vergossenes Blut am Stamm des Kreuzes?

„Wir ermahnen euch aber als Mithelfer, daß ihr nicht vergeblich die Gnade Gottes empfanget.“ Denn er spricht: „Ich habe dich in der angenehmen Zeit erhört, und habe dir am Tage des Heils geholfen.“ Sehet, jetzt ist die angenehme Zeit, jetzt ist der Tag des Heils.“ 2. Kor. 6, 1. 2. „Schaffet daß ihr selig werden mit Furcht und Zittern, denn Gott ist der in euch wirket, beides, das wollen und vollbringen nach seinem Wohlgefallen.“

Solche Schriftstellen sind uns geschrieben zur Warnung, und wehe für uns wenn wir sie nicht wahrnehmen in diese schöne Gnadenzeit, wo jetzt da steht wie oben gemeldet ist: „Jetzt ist die angenehme Zeit.“ Wir haben kein versprechen für Morgen. Wir möchten nicht mehr leben, das Ende der Welt könnte auch kommen. Morgen, ja wohl noch diesen Abend, können wir vor dem Richterstuhl Christi gestellt werden und unser Urteil ausgesprochen, entweder geht hin, oder kommet her.

Wir lesen von einem Mensch der gedachte: „Mein Herr kommt noch lange nicht,“ aber er war betrogen, sein Herr ist gekommen an dem Tage da er nicht gemeint hat, und zu einer Stunde da er auch nicht gedacht hat. Und dieweil er in Ungerechtigkeit am leben war, seine Mitknechte am schlagen und mit den Trunkenen am fortmachen fand er seinen Lohn mit den Ungläubigen. „Geht hin ihr Verfluchten in das ewige Feuer welches bereitet ist dem Teufel und seinen Engeln.“

Das alte Jahr ist nun vergangen, und es giebt uns viel Ursach zurückdenken, wohl können wir manche Fehler sehen, dafür können wir der Herr ernstlich beten um Vergebung. Wir können Ihn bitten um mehr Kraft im neuen Jahr es besser zu machen.

Gott sieht In Dein Herz

Nichts ist, das Gott nicht weiß
Er, der dein Aug' schuf, sieht,
Und der das Ohr schuf, hört.
Kind, was du tust, sieht Gott,
Er weiß wohl, wo du bist.
Er sieht, was du nicht siehst;
Bei Ihm ist Nacht wie Tag.
Wie glänzt die Sonn' so hell!
So hell glänzt Gottes Aug'!
Er sieht dich, wo du bist.
Gott hört auch, was du red'st;
Er weiß selbst, was du denkst.
Er sieht dir in dein Herz.

Siehst du den Fisch im Bach?
Er spielt im Quell so klar;
Bald steigt er auf und ab.
Bald schießt er hin und her:
So sieht Gott in dein Herz,
Wie du den Fisch im Bach.

—Von „Flat Ridge Flash“

Wintersnot.

Es schneite. Dicke Schneeflocken schwebten langsam vom grauen Himmel hernieder, immer mehr. Sie setzten sich auf den Zaun, die Mauer, die Bäume, auf Dächer und Straßen. Bald sah die ganze Welt weiß aus.

„Ach, was wird denn das?“ sagte eine kleine Blaumeise. Wie soll ich da mein Futter finden, wenn über allem eine solche weiße Decke liegt?“

„Man wird selber ganz zugedeckt,“ klagte der Zaunkönig, „und mich friert schrecklich an meine kleinen Beine.“

„Nicht eine Fliege, kein Käfer, kein Würmchen ist zu finden,“ sagte die Meise wieder, „wir werden verhungern.“

Eine schwarze Amsel kam herzu. An dem gelben Schnabel sah man, daß es ein Männchen war. Wie Weibchen haben einen schwarzen Schnabel. „Im Walde draußen ist's auch nicht besser,“ sagte das Amselmännchen, „denn die Spedte, Buchfinken und Gimpel kommen alle nach der Stadt.“

„Jawohl — und fressen einem noch das bißchen Futter weg“, piepste ein dicker Spatz, der ganz schmutzig aussah.

„Wo kommst du denn her? Wo ist denn noch Futter zu finden?“ fragte ein Buchfink. „Das werde ich euch gerade sagen! Sucht für euch selber!“ schilpte der Spatz.

„So ein unverschämter Kerl!“ zankte die Amsel, und haßte nach dem Spatzen. „Ich werde schon auskundschaften, wo er das Futter findet.“

Der Fink meinte: „Es ist nur gut, daß ich meine Frau mit den Schwalben in die warmen Länder geschickt habe.“

„Alle Finkenfrauen reisen im Winter fort, wir Männchen müssen hier bleiben. Wo wohnst du denn?“ fragte er die Blaumeise.

„Ich wohne in einem Astloch, das geht tief in den Baum hinein, und es ist ganz schön warm drin, ich habe meine Wohnung mit Moos und Federn ausgepolstert.“

„Denk euch nur,“ erzählte die Amsel, „die frechen Spatzen haben sich einfach in die Starenkästen eingenistet, die machen sichs bequem! Aber wartet, ich sehe mich nach Futter um!“ Damit flog sie weg.

Das Meisenmännchen und sein Weibchen zitterten jetzt

vor Kälte, und der Zaunkönig schüttelte sich immer wieder die großen Flocken Schnee aus den Federn.

Da kam die Amsel wieder: „Komme mit,“ rief sie, „gute Menschen haben uns einen Futter-Platz zurechtgemacht.“ Vor einem Fenster war ein Futter-Häuschen aufgestellt. Ein kleiner Junge und ein kleines Mädchen streuten eben allerlei Vogelfutter hinein und versteckten sich dann hinter dem Vorhang, denn sie wollten sehen was für Gäste kämen. Sie hatten auch einige Nuschalen voll Fett für die Meisen aufgehängt.

Zuerst kamen zwei Spatzen und machten sich breit und zankten sich gleich um ein paar Sonnenblumenkerne. Da kam eine Amsel und jagte sie weg. Sie schimpfte: „Ihr habt schon ein Futterplatz anderswo, laßt jetzt hier die Singvögelchen fressen!“

Nun erschienen alle: Finken, Meisen, Hänflinge, ein Gimpel mit roter Weste, der kleine Zaunkönig. Die freuten sich sehr einen so reichen Futterplatz zu finden! Die Meisen hängten sich an die Nuschalen und pickten das harte Fett heraus, und als sie satt waren, piepsten alle: „Danke, danke schön!“

„Kommt nur wieder,“ rief der kleine Junge. „Hier bekommt ihr alle Tage Futter, den ganzen Winter!“

Erwählt von Linda Miller.

Die große Gefahr

O liebe Menschen, seid bereit,
Und hütet euch vor Eitelkeit;
Nehmt immer das Versprechen wahr
Was ihr gemacht in früher' Jahr.

In dieser Zeit ist große G'fahr
Und Christi Diener werden rar,
Sie wandeln weg von seiner Hand;
Christus hat das selbst erkannt.

Die Jugend kommt in argen Sachen;
Viel suchen nicht es recht zu machen
Und achten die Vermahnung nicht,
Sind ihren Eltern schwer Gewicht.

Beharret doch in dieser Zeit
Denn hernach kommt die Ewigkeit,
Wann der böse Mensch sein Lohn empfängt,
Und der treue Knecht die Gnad erlangt.

J. Auker.

„Und dieweil die Ungerechtigkeit wird überhand nehmen,
wird die Liebe in vielen erkalten. Wer aber beharret bis
ans Ende, der wird selig.“ (Matt. 24. 13. 13.)

Ein Bißchen mehr Friede, und weniger Streit,
Ein Bißchen mehr Güte, und weniger Reid,
Ein Bißchen mehr Wahrheit immerdar
Und vielmehr Hilfe bei der Gefahr.

Ein Bißchen mehr „Wir,“ und weniger „Ich,“
Ein Bißchen mehr Kraft, nicht so zimperlich,
Und viel mehr Blumen während des Lebens,
Denn auf den Gräbern sind sie vergebens.

J. S. G.

Ein Winter Liedlein.

Wir sind jetzt in der Winterszeit,
Der Sommer ist nicht mehr;
Die Erde trägt ein weißes Kleid,
Kein Nahrung wächst herfür.

Hät man im letzten Sommer nicht
Gesammelt und gesät:
Hät man versäumt solche Pflicht
So wär es jetzt zu spät.

Dann hät man letzten Sommer nicht
Kein Nahrung und kein Brot
Gesammelt, wie es recht und Pflicht,
So wär jetzt Hungersnot.

Doch wären wir im Natürlichen
So weislich und so klug,
Wir säeten und wir sammelten
Für Winter Nahrung g'nug.

Nun wären wir im Natürlichen
So klüglich und so weis',
So laßt uns auch im Geistlichen
Anwenden Müß und Fleiß.

Dies Leben ist die Sommerzeit,
Die eilt sehr schnell davon,
Der Winter ist die Ewigkeit,
Der rückt sehr schnell heran.

Wer jetzt die Sommerzeit nicht acht,
Weil scheint das Gnadenlicht,
Fürs Ewige nicht zu sammeln tracht
Wie's christlich ist und Pflicht.

Dem wird in jener Ewigkeit
Begegnen große Not,
Wird schmachten ewig ohne Zeit,
Das ist der andere Tod.

Drum liebste Seelen tut doch Fleiß,
Nehmt wahr des Herrn Befehl,
Bestrebt euch auf der Pilgerreis,
Und sammelt Glaubens-Dei.

Auf daß es euch alsdann nicht fehlt
Wenn kommt des Herrn Tag,
Sonst schmerzt es euch an eurer Seel
Und bringt euch ewig Ach.

Sonst gehts uns wie dem reichen Mann,
Der lebte fröhlich hier,
Hat sich mit Purpur angetan,
Genos Reichthum und Ehr.

Aber uns ewig bleibend Gut
Hat er sich nicht bemüht,
Drum ging's ihm schrecklich nach sei'm Tod
Er in die Qual geriet.

Drum liebste Seelen bet't und wacht,
Bahrnehmet eure Pflicht,
Und seid auf Glaubens-Dei bedacht,
Und säumet euch doch nicht.

Dann's könnt geschehn in kurzer Zeit,
Daß käm der Bräutigam,

Drum kauftet Dei und seid bereit,
Füllt eure Lampen an.

Wer dann geschickt ist und bereit,
Wird mit zur Hochzeit gehen;
Wer aber ohne Dei erscheint
Wird müssen drausen stehen.

O! schad und traurig wirds dann sein,
Weils ewig dann zu spät;
Drum laßt euch angelegen sein
Ja, kämpfet, wacht und bet't.

Ach Jesu, hilf und steh uns bei,
Verleih uns Kraft und Mut,
Laß es uns angelegen sei
Uns ewig bleibend Gut.

Hilf daß wir in dem Leben hier,
Hier in der Sommerzeit,
Doch sammeln und uns schicken für
Die lange Ewigkeit.

Auf daß wir in der Ewigkeit
Doch möchten glücklich sein,
Und uns ohn aller Not und Leid
Auf ewig könnten freuen.

Hilf daß wir Dir schon dienen hier,
Im Glauben allezeit,
Und einst dort ewig für und für
In deiner Herrlichkeit.

O! welche Freude wird da sein,
Niemand aussprechen kann,
Das flös uns Gemüte ein
Daß wir stets denken dran.

Auf daß wir auf der Pilgerreis
Doch haben guten Mut,
Und streiten stets mit allem Fleiß,
Doch wider Fleisch und Blut.

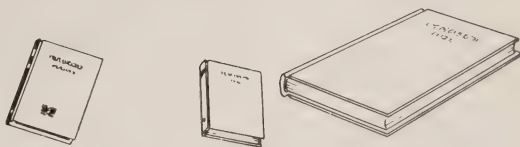
Und endlich, wanns dann dir gefällt
Nimm uns vom Kampfsplatz hier,
Versetz uns in ein bessere Welt
In deines Namens Ehr.

Geduld.

Geduld ist vielleicht die schwerste, vielleicht auch die seltenste Christen-Tugend alles in Ihr. Demut, Sanftmut, Gottesvertrauen und noch viel andere.

Pilze wachsen übernacht, aber Bäume, aus deren Holz Häuser und Schiffe gebaut werden, brauchen einige lange Jahren. Sie werden es nur mit Geduld, und wenn wir etwas werden wollen zum Lobe seiner herrlichen Gnade und Frucht bringen, dann müssen wir Geduld haben. Geduld mit uns selbst und mit unserm Nächsten, Geduld bei der schwersten Arbeit und Geduld bei der Gethike der Trübsal und in den Stürmen des Lebens. Geduld im Leiden und Geduld im Hoffen. Wahrhafte Grofsachen sind keine Treibhaus-Pflanzen.

CHILDREN'S SECTION



THE BOOKWORM

by David Luthy

REUBEN... REUBEN!" barked the husky voice of Mr. Glick. "Are you in there?"

"Yes, Dad," answered a small voice from the living room.

"I thought I asked you ten minutes ago to bring the slop pails out to the hog house."

Reuben looked ashamed. Yes, his dad had asked him to do that chore. But how had the ten minutes sped by so quickly? Reuben had only intended to read a minute yet in his storybook, but ... "I'm sorry, Dad," he mumbled. "I was at an interesting place in the book I was reading and ..."

"Reuben," interrupted Mr. Glick, "there's a time for work and a time for reading. That's something you've never learned. I wish you were as faithful to your chores as you are to your books." Mr. Glick turned to go back outside.

Reuben grabbed his coat and hat and followed his dad. "Why is Dad so hard against my reading?" Reuben wondered to himself. "I always get my chores done sooner or later ... well, almost always."

The three gallon slop pails were heavy for twelve-year-old Reuben. He set them down on the sidewalk to rest a second and then lifted them again and walked to the hog house. A cold wind was blowing and Reuben turned his face to the west to avoid it. His thoughts flitted back to the story he had been reading beside the cozy living room stove. "I wonder if Jethro will make it to Uncle Eben's farm," he thought to himself. "Maybe Peter will have to row the boat across the Ohio River to rescue him. Maybe ..."

"Set the pails down here," said Mr. Glick, breaking Reuben's train of thought. "Now go and tell Amanda that she needn't let the calf out tonight as I want to start it drinking from a pail. Then get a fork and throw some hay down for the horses. Put some in the straw shed mangers, too."

Reuben set the slop pails down and went to find his older sister, Amanda. "Chores," he muttered to himself. "That's all we do around here is go from one chore to another, one building to another, each day the same thing over and over again. I wish I had been living in 1850 on Uncle Eben's farm. It would have been exciting to help the Negro slaves to freedom on the Underground Railroad!" His thoughts wandered again to the book he had been reading, A Lantern in the Window. "I wonder if the slave hunters caught Jethro and will sell him away from his

family. Oh, I wish I had stuck the book in my coat pocket and I could read some more in the hay loft."

Seventh-grade arithmetic, "announced Miss Stoltzfus. "Bring your textbooks and workbooks."

There was a rustling of papers and the seventh graders filed up to the front of the schoolhouse. Reuben Glick sat down on the bench beside Benueel Blank. He whispered a word or two but then saw his teacher give him a look which meant "Be still."

"Exchange your workbooks," said Miss Stoltzfus. "We'll check those first and your papers from page 196 in the textbook afterwards. Mary, read the answers for column One."

As Mary read the answers, Miss Stoltzfus followed carefully in her answer book, stopping Mary whenever there was an incorrect answer. Reuben was asked to read the second column of answers, and Benueel read the third. Then the pupils turned the pages in the workbooks to check the opposite side of the assigned page. John Fisher was asked to read these answers but didn't begin right away because Mary was holding up her hand.

"Yes, Mary?" asked Miss Stoltzfus.

"Reuben didn't do this page."

Reuben's head shrank down toward his shoulders like a turtle pulling its head into its shell.

"Why didn't you do all your problems?" Miss Stoltzfus asked him.

"I ... I guess I forgot about that page," said Reuben.

"What were you doing while the others were working on their problems?" asked Miss Stoltzfus.

Reuben's eyes did not meet his teacher's but stared at the floor. "I was reading a library book. I guess I thought I had finished my problems yesterday afternoon."

"I am sorry Reuben, but Mary will have to mark all the problems wrong that you didn't work."

"An 'F'," thought Reuben as John began reading the answers. His eyes watched the book he was checking but also managed to see Mary marking a long row of 'X's' on his workbook page. "Maybe Teacher will let me work the problems at noontime and give me half-credit for them or a 70 at least."

When Reuben proposed this to his teacher at noontime, she said, "You may work them and I'll check them after school. But your grade can't be higher than 70 or it won't be fair to the others in your class. And if it happens again, you'll just have to take the grade that follows, even if it is a 25."

Poor Reuben. He never dreamed the situation would re-

peat itself, but two weeks later it did. It wasn't exactly the same — it was geography class and not arithmetic. He had been so interested in a library book that he forgot

THE HOUSE WITH

A

- Joyce Kilmer

BROKEN HEART

Whenever I walk to Suffern along the Erie track,
I go by a poor old farmhouse with its shingles
broken and black.
I suppose I've passed it a hundred times, but I
always stop for a minute
And look at the house, the tragic house, the house
with nobody in it.

This house on the road to Suffern needs a dozen
panes of glass,
And somebody ought to weed the walk, and take
a scythe to the grass.
It needs new paint and shingles, and the vines
should be trimmed and tied;
But what it needs the most of all is some people
living inside.

If I had a lot of money and all my debts were paid,
I'd put a gang of men to work with brushes and
saw and spade.
I'd buy that place and fix it up the way it used to be,
And I'd find some people who wanted a home and
give it to them free.

Now a new house standing empty with staring win-
dow and door
Looks idle, perhaps, and foolish, like a hat on its
block in the store;
But there's nothing mournful about it; it cannot be
sad or lone
For lack of something within it that it has never
known.

But a house that has done what a house should do, a
house that has sheltered life,
That has put its loving wooden arms around a man
and his wife,
A house that has echoed a baby's laugh, and held
up his stumbling feet,
Is the saddest sight when it's left alone that ever
your eyes could meet.

So whenever I go to Suffern along the Erie track,
I never go by the empty house without stopping and
looking back.
Yet it hurts me to look at the crumbling roof and
the shutters fallen apart,
For I can't help thinking the poor old house is a
house with a broken heart.

to complete his geography assignment.

And worse yet. One day the teacher said, "Everyone may use the next fifteen minutes to review their spelling words, and then we will have the tests. "Oh I know my words," said Reuben to himself and he pretended to be studying when he really was reading his library book inside his spelling workbook. His attention was so wrapped up in the story that he never noticed Miss Stoltzfus walking past him to answer a pupil's raised hand.

Miss Stoltzfus was returning to her desk when she glanced at Reuben intently peering into his held-up spelling book. She could easily see over his shoulder and saw at once that there was a second book. "Reuben," she said.

Reuben's head jerked up in surprise.

"Reuben, do you have such perfect spelling grades that you don't need to review? Let's see what your past five grades were." Miss Stoltzfus leaned over his desk and paged through his spelling workbook. "80, 84, 76, 88, 80." She knew what they had been but wanted to drive the fact home strongly to Reuben. "I'd like you to stay a few minutes after school this evening," she said and walked back to her desk.

Benuel Blank gave Reuben a knowing look. Reuben looked down at the library book and stuck it into his desk and gazed at the spelling workbook. "Wonder what she'll say," he thought. "Sure hope she doesn't send a note home. Dad would really be upset."

Miss Stoltzfus wasn't one to waste her words. She had taught long enough to realize that a few well-chosen words were better than a sermon. So that evening after school when she was alone with Reuben, she said, "Reuben, I always thought it was nice for pupils to keep a library book at their desks for any free moment they might have since some students do their work faster than others. From now on you will have to ask me if it all right to get a book from the library."

One evening a buggy pulled up to the hitching rack at the Glicks' farm. Reuben was just coming from the straw shed and saw a man go in at the small dawdy-house which was connected to the large farmhouse. "Looks like Amos King's horse," thought Reuben. "Wonder what he wants at Dawdy's?"

"Reuben," called a voice from the milkhouse, "help me lift this milk can into the tank." It was Amanda's voice and she had spied her brother standing in the straw shed door. "Oh, I don't know how Dad lifts a full one by himself," Amanda groaned. "This one's only half-full and I can't begin to handle it."

Reuben gave his sister a hand and then went into the cow barn. His father was ready to leave. "That's it for this evening. Better hurry in as supper is probably ready." Reuben turned and walked beside his father. "Whose buggy is that?" asked Mr. Glick.

"Looks like Amos King's," answered Reuben. "I saw a man go in at Dawdy's house."

"Probaby here to borrow money," Mr. Glick said half-out-loud but loud enough that Reuben heard him.

Supper wasn't quite ready so Reuben curled up in the big living room chair and started to read. His dad washed his hands and then went into the dawdy-house, for he had seen that Dawdy's visitor had left. The door to the dawdy-house adjoined the living room of the big house and Mr. Glick failed to shut it completely when he entered. Dawdy was sitting at his small desk writing something down.

Reuben wasn't too interested in the book he was reading which was a rare occurrence. But this book wasn't excit-

ing like A Lantern in the Window had been. His attention wandered from the book to the dawdy-house when he heard voices.

"Was Amos here to borrow money again?" Reuben heard his father ask.

"Yep, seems the poor fellow can't get ahead of things," answered Dawdy.

"Doubt if he ever will," said Mr. Glick. "You know Amos was a year ahead of me in school. I remember him real well as he was the only boy in his grade and used to play with us a lot."

"Was he much of a worker then?" asked Dawdy.

"No," said Mr. Glick, "that's just what I was going to say. Amos was quite a reader. Always had his nose in a book. I remember one day Mr. Parkman, the teacher, said, 'Amos, you'll never make a living with your nose in a storybook.' I don't think Mr. Parkman was a prophet but he was a good judge of character."

"Yes, I think Mr. Parkman was right," nodded Dawdy. "I have often enjoyed a good worthwhile book, but never when there was work to be done. My conscience would never let me just sit when my legs should have been on the go. I'm afraid Amos never learned to work or to like work and now look where he's at."

"It wouldn't be half so bad," said Mr. Glick, "if it would begin and end with Amos. But he's got a whole string of boys following in his footsteps. They don't know what it is to dig in and work."

The men's conversation turned to other things. Reuben hadn't meant to eavesdrop but everything had found its way to his ears. Suddenly the book on his lap was even less tasteful than it had been a few minutes earlier.

Four months passed. There was an open house at school. Mr. and Mrs. Glick felt they should attend as the teacher always appreciated the parents' visits.

During the school visit, the teacher approached Mrs. Glick privately and said, "I can't tell you how happy I am that Reuben's grades are picking up."

"We are pleased, too," smiled Mrs. Glick. "Maybe

Reuben is starting to outgrow some of his ways."

"One thing I find amazing," said Miss Stoltzfus, "is that he rarely asks for a library book. At one time that was all he was interested in."

"You mean he was that way at school, too?" asked Mrs. Glick. "He certainly was a bookworm at home but I never imagined he had time to read storybooks at school."

Then Miss Stoltzfus told about the times Reuben had been so absorbed in a book that he hadn't finished his lessons.

"I guess he had a worse dose of the bookworm sickness than I realized," said Mrs. Glick. "I'm afraid he got most of that from me as I've always enjoyed reading."

"Oh, I certainly hope he doesn't stop reading books altogether," said Miss Stoltzfus. "Books are like dessert — you can't live on them, but they are nice in their place."

■ ■

Where Oil Comes From

In the days when tallow candles were used, it was necessary to do all the important work by daylight. The flickering, sputtering candles could not throw out enough light to brighten all the corners of a room. When oil which could be burned in lamps was found in the ground, people thought it a very wonderful discovery.

Although oil often had been seen floating on the surfaces of lakes or streams, only the Indians had made use of it. They had skimmed it from the water to sell as medicine.

When the settlers of Pennsylvania drilled for water, oil came to the surface. At first they only used it for medicine, as the Indians did. Soon it was discovered that this crude oil could be separated into different kinds of oil, one of which, kerosene oil, could be burned to give light. Then kerosene lamps began to replace the tallow candles.

At that time no one dreamed of the immense quantities of oil which lay hidden within the earth. The discovery and development of the oil industry took place in a small district of Pennsylvania. Men rushed to this section from all parts of the country just as they did to the places where gold was discovered.

The industry soon spread, for oil was found in California, Louisiana, and Wyoming. Although oil has been found in nearly every part of the United States, there are only certain districts which produce it in large enough quantities to pay for developing the industry. The leading states in its production are: Pennsylvania, California, Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, Kansas, and Wyoming.

The oil as it comes from the earth is called crude petroleum. It is a dark brown liquid, with a strange odor, and full of many impurities which must be removed before it can be sold.

Petroleum is separated into different oils by a heating process called refining. The light oils, gasoline, kerosene, benzine, and naphtha, are separated from the heavy oils and the impurities are removed. The heavy oils which are left are used to grease engines and machines and for fuel. Among the refined oils, gasoline is most used and millions of gallons are needed to drive the automobiles and

My Gift

*What can I give to Jesus?
What shall I give my King?
I have no gift to give Him,
No worthy offering.*

*No sacrifice for His altar,
No lamb I bring, and no dove.
What can I offer but service?
What can I give but love?*

*What can I do to serve Him
Whom seraphs and angels adore?
I have laid my life on His altar,
And what can I give Him more?*

*This I will give to Jesus;
Thus I will serve my King:
If He gives me a task, I will do it.
If He gives me a song, I will sing.*

—Lorie Conley Gooding

airplanes of today.

When oil comes from the well, it may be stored in huge tanks nearby. From these tanks it is sent to the refineries. Formerly it was shipped in barrels but this proved to be both expensive and inconvenient. Then tank cars came into use, not only for carrying the petroleum from the refineries, but also for carrying the refined oil from the refineries to the dealers.

Because railroad transportation is so expensive many companies have laid underground pipes through which the oil flows hundreds of miles to the refineries. Pumping stations at different places force the oil along on its way. The laying of the pipes is expensive, but once they are laid there is little further cost. In this way oil can be sent quickly and cheaply.

All oils do not come from the earth. Many different kinds come from the seeds of plants. The seeds are ground and pressed so that the oil comes out of them.

Linseed oil is pressed from the seed of flax, the plant whose fibers give us our linen. The seeds are cleaned and ground into meal. The meal is steamed and packed in bags which are squeezed between huge presses to extract the oil. This oil is filtered to rid it of impurities and then put in barrels ready for sale. Linseed oil is used in paints in three different forms. It may be used raw, as it comes from the press. It may be boiled with certain chemicals or things added to it to make it dry faster. It is also refined, so that it can be used for varnish. The boiled or refined oil is used in the manufacture of linoleum, oil cloth, and shoe leathers.

Pine trees, whose sap is used for turpentine, grow in the southern forests. The sap is first obtained by "tapping" the trees and then distilled by boiling it to separate the turpentine from the sticky substance called resin which is also in the sap. Turpentine is used to thin all kinds of paints.

Olive oil is obtained from the fruit of the olive tree. It is used as a food in tropical countries but in our country it is used chiefly in preparing salads. Palm oil, which is used for candles and soap, comes from the palm trees found chiefly on the western coast of Africa.

The seeds of the common poppy give us an oil used both for salads and to thin the paints of artists. Sunflower oil is obtained from the seeds of the common sunflower which is such a bright and cheerful visitor in our gardens. It is used in the making of soap or as a finish for woodwork and furniture. Cottonseed oil is made from the kernels of the cotton seed and is used in making substitutes for butter, like oleomargarine.

If you have ever passed a peach or an apple orchard when the trees were in blossom, your nose sniffed the fragrant odor. Many other flowers such as roses, violets, carnations, and sweet peas have an odor which we enjoy. This fragrance is due to the escape of oils into the air. Some oils evaporate very rapidly when exposed to air. Perfume is made by taking these oils from the plant. The oil is combined with alcohol before the perfume is bottled. The flavorings of peppermint, clove, wintergreen, cinnamon, lime, and orange, which we use in our food and candy, are also made in this way. Sometimes the leaves, blossoms, or seeds are used but often the root, wood, and bark of entire plants are pressed.

The flesh of all animals contains fat that is easily melted into oils. Mutton fat or tallow is so waxy that it hardens and can be used in making candles. Lard used in cooking is prepared from the fat of the hog. Whales have a great

blanket or thick layer of fat that men used to melt and burn in lamps. The whale oil or blubber yields an oil which is valuable for dressing leather.

The most valuable animal oils come from different kinds of fish, the cod, salmon, sardines, herring, and sturgeon. These are often called marine oils. The best quality is obtained from fresh fish. The oils are made clear by filtering and allowed to remain in tanks for some time so that the impurities will settle to the bottom.

Codfish give a very pure rich oil that is valuable. It is given to babies to prevent them from getting rickets. It is also used as a food for building up weak and sick people. At first the main purpose of catching the cod was to use them for food. The discovery of the valuable oil which is made from their liver was accidental. Now cod-liver-oil is a commonly used medicine.

Oils play an important part in our everyday life. They are used in preparing our food, in making the soap with which we wash ourselves, in dressing the leather of shoes, in oiling bicycles, in painting houses, in running automobiles, and in keeping us healthy. Many plants and animals, from the palm trees of Africa to the fish of northern seas, have had a part in supplying us with the great amounts of oil which we use.



THE GOLDEN CALF

Come up to the mountain, Moses." It was the voice of God speaking. So Moses prepared to go. But first he called all the people together and reminded them once again of all the laws God had given them to obey. All the people answered together in one voice, "We will do everything the Lord has told us."

Moses was glad to hear the people were so willing to obey God and follow his commandments. Early the next morning he rose up and built an altar at the foot of the mountain. He placed twelve pillars of stone beside it, for each tribe of Israel. After he had offered sacrifices and sprinkled the blood on the altar, he read once more to the people from the Book of the Covenant. And once again, just as they had the day before, all the people cried out, "What the Lord has said, we will heed and do."

Then Moses started up the mountain, taking a young man named Joshua with him.

"I will give you the stone tablets on which I have written the commandments," God told Moses.

A cloud covered Moses when he reached the top of the mountain. For forty days Moses stayed up there, and God talked with him, telling him many things he needed to know. God told Moses to build him a small tent temple called a tabernacle. He gave Moses many directions and instructions exactly how the tabernacle should be built.

When day after day passed and Moses did not return, the Israelites in the camp at the foot of the mountain began to think something had happened to their leader. Finally they grew impatient. They gathered in front of Aaron and said, "Come on, make us a god who will be our leader. As for the man Moses who brought us out of the land of Egypt, we don't know what happened to him."

It is hard to understand how the people could have for-

gotten so quickly their promise to serve God and keep his commandments. And it is even harder to understand why Aaron, Moses' own brother, did what he did.

He should have told the people how wickedly they were behaving and warned them of their great sin in turning away from God. But Aaron did not rebuke the people. Perhaps he was afraid of making them angry. Perhaps he feared that if he didn't do what they wanted him to do, they would kill him. So Aaron said to the people, "Take off the golden earrings you are wearing and bring them to me."

The people did as Aaron bade them. They brought their golden earrings to him. Aaron took the rings and heated them over a fire until they were so hot they melted and all the gold ran together. Then Aaron poured the hot metal into a mold and shaped it into a calf.

When the people saw the molten calf, they cried out, "This is your god, O Israel, who brought you out of the land of Egypt."

Then Aaron built an altar in front of where the calf stood and announced, "Tomorrow is a feast of the Lord."

Early the next day the people came to offer sacrifices and burnt offerings on the altar, just as though the golden calf were a great god. The people began to be merry and had a big feast to celebrate. They ate and drank and danced around the calf.

God saw everything that was happening in the camp. He said to Moses, "Go down at once to your people whom you brought out of the land of Egypt, for they have become very wicked. They have made themselves a golden calf, and now they are jumping around and shouting that it is the god that brought them out of Egypt."

God was greatly displeased with the Israelites. He said to Moses, "Let me alone so that my anger can destroy the people. Then I will make a great nation out of your children."

But Moses loved the people too much. He begged God not to destroy them in his anger. He said, "Why, O Lord, should your anger blaze up against your own people, whom you brought out of the land of Egypt with such great power? If you destroy them here in the wilderness, all the Egyptians will hear about it. They will laugh and say, 'See, Israel's God wasn't strong enough to get them safely into Canaan so he destroyed them in the wilderness.'"

Moses kept pleading with God to let the people live. He reminded him how he had promised Abraham that his descendants should be as many as the stars in the sky. So God listened to Moses, and did not destroy the people as he had thought he would.

Now Moses took the two tablets of stone upon which God himself had written the commandments. He hurried down the mountain. As he and Joshua neared the camp, they heard the noise of people shouting.

Joshua said, "That sounds like a battle in the camp."

But Moses knew only too well what the noise was about. "It does not sound like battle cries to me," he said. "The sounds I hear are of people dancing and shouting and having a good time."

Moses hurried on down the mountain. At last he came to a place where he could look down upon the camp and see what was going on, and hear the wicked words the people were shouting. When he saw the golden calf and the people dancing around it, Moses' anger flared up. He lifted the tablets of stone high above his head and flung them forward. They came crashing down at the foot of the mountain and broke into many pieces.

Moses rushed into the camp and stopped the merry-making. He stopped the feasting and the dancing and the shout-

ing. He tore down the golden calf and had it broken into pieces and ground into powder. Moses was still angry and disappointed at the terrible way the people he loved had behaved. He took the powder and flung it into the drinking water. All the people had to drink the bitter water as a punishment for their sin.

Moses went to Aaron and demanded, "What did this people ever do to you that you should lead them into so great a sin?"

"Please don't be so angry with me," begged Aaron. "You know how the people are natured — they're always wanting to do something they shouldn't. They came to me and said, 'Make us a god to be our leader; as for the man Moses, we don't know what happened to him.' So I told them, 'Let anyone who has gold jewelry, take it off and bring it here.' They gave it to me and I threw it into the fire and this calf came out."

Aaron did not want to take any of the blame himself. He wanted Moses to think it was all the people's fault, and that the calf had made itself, but Moses knew better. He knew that Aaron was to blame for letting the people run wild.

Moses stood at the gate of the camp and cried, "Whoever is on the Lord's side, let him come to me."

All the Levites came and Moses told them, "Thus says the Lord, the God of Israel: Put your sword on your hip, every one of you. Now go up and down the camp, from gate to gate, and slay everyone who still wants to worship false gods, no matter if they are your relatives, your friends, or neighbors."

The Levites did as they were told, and that day about three thousand people were killed.

On the next day Moses said to the people, "You have sinned a great sin, but I will go and ask the Lord. Perhaps he will forgive you."

So Moses went back to the Lord and said, "Ah, this people have indeed committed a great sin in making a god of gold for themselves. If you would only forgive them. If you can't forgive them, then strike me out of the book you have written, only save the people."

"No," said God, "him only who has sinned against me will I strike out of my book. Now I will tell you what I will do. I will send an angel before you to lead you to the land I have promised. But I myself will not go with you, because you are such a stiff-necked people that I would be apt to destroy you on the way."

When the people heard this bad news, they felt very sad and started to mourn. But God said to Moses, "Tell the Israelites: You are so stiff-necked that if I went with you for even one moment, I would destroy you instantly. So stop your mourning."

But some time later Moses pleaded with God again, and begged him not only to send his angel but to go with them himself as they journeyed on. At last God said, "I will do as you ask, for you have found favor with me, and are my friend."

Joyfully Moses cried, "Then let me see your glory."

The Lord said, "I will make all my beauty pass before you and in your presence I will pronounce my name. But you cannot see my face, for no one can look upon my face and live."

So Moses stood on a rock where God told him to. As God drew near, he put his hand over Moses so Moses could not see his face. When God had passed by, he took his hand away. In this way Moses could look upon God's back, but he could not look upon his face, for the glory would have been too great.

- E.S.



ANOTHER YEAR BEGINS

And now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here
And this may be my last.

Much of my hasty life is gone
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

Awake, my soul, with utmost care!
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes? How sure? How fair?
What is thy great concern?

Behold, another year begins!
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins
In Christ so freely given.

Devoutly yield thyself to God
And on His grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road
Nor doubt a happy end!
selected

Well, we are in the time of snowballs again—in the time of sleighs and sleds, of nipped fingers and red noses. Yes, and it is a time to sit by the fireside and reminisce of the passed year. We have done our share of rushing during the summer months so let us take it easy now.

As we sit by the fireside we have time to think of how unnecessary it is to be always rushing about. How many of the more necessary things were neglected by considering ourselves "just too busy."

Maybe there were prayers left unsaid, because we were in too much of a hurry. Because these were left unsaid we lacked grace and understanding to meet the problems that arose in the day.

KEEPING A JOURNAL

Have you learned something new today? Or has an unsolved problem presented itself? Have you taken a new method in child training? Or a new method in trying to get today's work done? Have you gone through an experience whereby you have learned something that has enriched your life? Have you had trials that brought you closer to God?

Many interesting things happen in the life of a mother, and in the life of others also. There are so many beautiful happenings which we hope we shall never forget. We wish to store them in the memory chest of our mind so that we can draw them out at will and again relive them in thought. But somehow time has a way of erasing memories. They are lost, bit by bit, in the every day responsibilities. They are scattered along our path, and though we would recall them, we cannot. Those memories which were at one time precious are forever lost.

But their happenings can be stored away—if we wish to. But how, you may wonder? The answer is simple. By keeping a journal. This will take some effort but it will prove its worth.

Keeping journal may take a half hour or an hour from your busy schedule, but this time is not lost. Years later these hours you spent writing your journal will mean more to you than the hours you may have spent doing that extra cleaning.

If you clean, it will get dirty again. O, but I'm not saying that the cleaning should be neglected, I'm just trying to point you to a way... and the only way many a mother would find time to keep a journal... and that is by relaxing once in awhile and letting the cares of the day slip from the mind. It is difficult to write sensibly when the mind is cluttered with "this and that" to be done.

When you write your journal you should let your thoughts run freely. You will want to release some cramped thoughts—suppressed thoughts that have been troubling you. In it you can write something new you have learned... your trials and temptations—and how you overcame. There are hundreds of things you want to write about in detail—so you can go back some future day and drink of your rich experiences, or read again of the interesting happenings. There are many happenings in a young mother (or father's) life that she would like to remember. Cute things the children said, or done... When company caught the house "in a mess"—and the help they gave... The day you were glad you missed the bus... and many other such things you want to clasp in your memory.

A journal is not like a diary in writing. A diary can be very monotonous with its short and often uninteresting notes—Monday. Nice day. We washed... Tuesday. Rained a little in A.M. We ironed and mended... Wednesday. Cool. Finished ironing. Granddad came...

A journal is different. You buy a large notebook. You may write in this every day, several times a week, or once a week. But then you pick from the day's, or week's, happenings just the things that were interesting—the things that are worthy to remember. Write in detail for this will make it more interesting to read years later. And you will be surprised what writing talent you have—or may acquire.

And now if I have persuaded you to keep a journal, I may go a step further and ask you to share some items of your journal, at times, with the friends of the Window-sill. Good luck to you all.

CHERRY PUDDING

2 egg yolks, beaten until light
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup granulated sugar
1/2 cup sweet milk
1 1/2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 well beaten egg whites

Cream butter, sugar and egg yolks. Sift flour and baking powder together. Add alternately to the first mixture with the milk. Add egg whites last. Place 2 cups seeded cherries well-floured in a greased pan. Pour the batter over them and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for about 30 minutes. Serve with sweet milk or cream. You can use sweet or sour cherries.

— Priscilla Byler (13), Belleville, Pa.

CHILLY DAY STEW

Into a kettle of rapidly boiling water chop one nice fat carrot. While it is cooking, clean and chop four large onions. Add them to the stew kettle. Prepare one quart of potatoes, peeled and diced, add to the mixture. Over the potatoes sprinkle two tablespoons rice and two broken macaroni, one teaspoon salt and water to cover. Let cook slowly until tender. When ready to serve, add one pint good rich cream or substitute butter and milk. Let mix through but do not boil again. Serve with crackers or hot toast.

— Mrs. Milo Yoder, Ont.

To those who like the Family Life cereal (January issue), try adding a 6 ounce bag of puffed wheat to it. It is more crunchy.

— Mrs. Cephas Kauffman, Iowa

Is your family tired of ordinary canned chunk beef? Try this for a change: Grind up one quart chunks. Add about 5 double white crackers (crushed), 2 eggs, a little parsley, hamburger seasoning, or whatever seasoning your family likes. Add enough milk to make a soft patty. Mix well. Fry into patties. Very good.

— Mrs. Raymond M. Miller, Burton, O.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

??

Family Life has covered a lot of different subjects since it started, but I can't remember ever reading anything about living with the in-laws or such. (See "Who'll Take Care of Grandma?" - June FL - Aunt Becky) Since there are more and more "daudy" houses going up there will be more and more people living with their in-laws.

Do others have problems too or am I alone? Such as borrowing things and never getting them back... because they forgot? Many times just little things like a postcard or a little sugar or the like. Hardly worth mentioning but those little things add up, too. Yes, I forget things, too, and sometimes have to wonder how forgetful I'll be till I'm as old as grandma, so I try to just forgive and forget. I know it is not done intentionally.

I wonder if others, too, get the longing sometimes to live way back in the wilderness all alone where nobody can see you, or cares what you do? It would be interesting to know how others look at it and share their pros and cons of living with the in-laws.

— a daughter-in-law

??

WEARING CAPES

If mothers expect their daughters to realize why they have to wear the cape dress, then the mothers will have to do their part first. They must see to it that their little girls wear aprons on their dresses in their young years. If Mother doesn't make the apron and prefers to have her little dresses done up in trimmings or puffed out, how can she expect her girls to wear the cape dress when they are grown? She must teach the meaning to it. These things start when the children are small. If Mother changes patterns it will be planted in the children to do likewise. She must teach the meaning, too. First, so as to be separate from the world. Second, so to be modest, not to show body form and attract the opposite sex to self.

— A Teenager

THOUGHTS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

Today was New Year's Day. Our children and grandchildren were all at home. What a joy to have them all with us! The sweet, innocent children. To think what they might have to see yet. So many temptations and much wickedness in the world. Grandmothers should never go

Continued on page 17

Some Mothers Write

A little girl came home from school crying and said, "Mother, we have to take 'gift' to school next week for each other." She thought the teacher meant poison instead of presents.

With winter coming it makes a person think of the cold hands you get when you hang out the wash to dry. Did any of you women ever put your clothespins where they get real warm till you were ready to use them? I did and think it's a good help to keep the hands from getting so cold.

— Mrs. Simon J. Miller, Baltic, O.

(Wearing woolen gloves helps too, I've heard say. - Aunt Becky)

By the time it is below freezing most of the day, the scholars are tired of the same old things in their lunch pails. A simple, yet delicious dessert can be made by cooking cornstarch. Cool. Then add whipped cream. Spoon it into a tumbler with a lid on it. When the scholars get to school they set the tumbler outside and let it freeze. Then they have homemade ice cream to enjoy!

— E. B., Ont.

Thoughts from
My Rocking Chair



The kindness
we wanted
to do will
bring no one
any
blessings.
Aunt Becky



Anna J. Miller

The physician that made you for you had plans
Although at the start you were but clay in hands;
He molded and shaped you to be of use
To my fractured foot, without pain or abuse.
Your firm support was pleasant to feel
Until my fractured bone had time to heal.
You were my stay when things went wrong
Until my foot felt well and strong.
What a blessing you are to the human race
Giving the right support at the proper place;
Of such a purpose in life I would be—
A blessing to mankind as you are to me.

There's a great Physician who for each has plans
If we're willing to be as "clay in His Hands."
He will mold and shape us to be of use
To the sick, and the fallen, without pain or abuse.
Our firm support will be pleasant to feel
Until the "broken of heart" have time to heal;
We can uphold the weak when things go wrong
Until they're restored— feel well and strong.
What a blessing we'll be to the human race
Giving support at the proper place.
A good purpose in life, without fail we will be—
A blessing to mankind, as we were created to be.

It just takes our rhyming friend, Anna Miller of Illinois,
to come up with a remarkable poem after hurting her foot
and getting it into a cast this fall. She wrote, "I needed
a good 'spring cleaning' — disciple myself and get a bet-
ter hold on the better things of life."

Mrs. Mahlon Shetler of Holmesville, Ohio wrote: "Have
other mothers found winter days kind of dreary some-
times? I have found out by putting up a bird feeder it
helps to brighten those days and it also gets your mind off
oneself— especially when there's sickness.

When you raise sunflower seeds it helps to draw the
birds to your place. Sunflower seeds draws the song
birds. Grains draw the sparrows. Suet is very good for
the birds, and the cheapest."

I'm sure many mothers will agree with this. A bird
feeder is educational for the children. Make a bird feeder
for the elderly and brighten up their lonely days.

Excerpts from letters from our readers-----

Friends, when you go to visit a shutin or elderly people
who need care maybe you will take a little treat along.

Perhaps a plate of fruit or whatever you might have to
help cheer them. Remember the one who gives care to
the shutin and also bring her a little treat, too.

While I was caring for my sick grandmother, a niece
of hers shared a little treat with me and said, "This is
for you since you take care of Grandmother." This little
kind deed has never been forgotten. It isn't just the sick
who need encouragement but also the ones who care for
them.

— Mrs. J.N.S.

On a cloudy day in March we were busy quilting when
a message came. It was from our son, Lawrence. He
said, "Mother, I'm on my way to the Philadelphia Hos-
pital. I have steel in my eye."

This was rather shocking. The steel was lodged in the
back of his eye. He is home again with his wife and son.
Lawrence has a deaf sister who worried about what his
vision might be. She forgot her own handicap. Let's not
complain so easily.

— Mrs. Menno H. Martin, Pa.

Smile awhile and while you smile
Another smiles,
And soon there are miles of smiles,

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions-----

What can be done for colitis when doctor methods
have failed? —one who is plagued with it

NO DECAYED TEETH

With dentist bills so high, many mothers will welcome
the advice sent in from Dalton, Ohio:

"When baking bread or cookies, add a little bonemeal
powder and wheat germ which can be purchased from a
health food store. Soybean and barley flour, as well as
whole wheat flour, are very nutritious too. The bone meal
is a good calcium and phosphorus supplement and makes
strong teeth and bones.

We rarely have to go to a dentist and our children have
never been to one or even had a toothache, although this
may be partly hereditary. It has been well worth the ef-
fort to take care of our diets this way."

— A.H., Ohio

THE TREATMENT FOR BURNS

Last week I set our Tilly lamp on the table, put the al-
cohol in and lighted it. I told Vernon, our five year old
son, "Now you stand here and watch! so that Erma (1 1/2
years old) doesn't pull this off."

I went over to the stove to turn the fried potatoes; I
heard a commotion and turned around and saw Erma lying
on the floor, her head on fire. Vernon's arm was also on
fire but he had a short sleeved shirt on. I ran over and
started rubbing and slapping out the fire on Erma's head
with my bare hands, at the same time screaming for my
husband. By the time he came I had it extinguished.

Erma's hair was singed all over and she had a big burn
on her forehead. Vernon's arm was burned still worse.
Erma had pulled at the lamp and he had grabbed it, spill-
ing the alcohol on themselves.

I just put butter on and a cold washcloth on Vernon's
arm. The next day I was looking through the July Family

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Then



The Old Log Cabin

The old log cabin along the way,
With memories so sweet
Is now in a state of decay
Roofs caving in, windows growing dim,
No more voices there to greet.

This log cabin is not as before,
With old-fashioned fireplace;
There're broken windows and a creaking door,
Mice scattering here, rats gnawing there,
No footsteps o'er the broken floor.

This cabin once did resound
With playful voices ringing,
Laughter and contentment all around,
(Ah! memories of old are pure as gold)
And peace and love did abound.

This log cabin once was new
When Indians roamed the woods;
Then living essentials were few;
If the bucket could tell, hanging
by the old well,
It would speak of friends passing through.

When neighbors gathered round -
Singing hymns at eventide,
The one-room cabin was busy-bound.
Some were spinning, some were weaving;
Now the echoes still resound.

These cabin days were pleasant days;
Worries were not many,
Peaceful in the old-fashioned ways;
So let us love, as our fathers loved,
In the log-cabin days.

Barbara Schmidt



Now

Illustration by
Stephen Schmidt

THE WORLD AROUND US



The Skies In January

During January there will be four planets in the morning sky and three of them will be close together. Planets are different from other stars for they do not shine of their own accord. Like the earth, they reflect the light from the sun, and sometimes they are brighter than any real star. They also move about among the other stars, each one has its own path around the sun. Mercury and Venus are smaller than the earth and closer to the sun. Mars, Jupiter and Saturn are larger and farther away than the earth.

Venus is the closest to the earth and is therefore the brightest of all the planets. During January, Venus is a morning star and can be seen in the east. Some people think this may have been the Christmas star which the wise men saw when Jesus was born. This is very unlikely for that star was probably a special star created by God and made to stay over the manger where Jesus was born. Neither was the star in the east (in spite of the fact that some Christmas songs say so), for the wise men were in the east and if the star was over Jerusalem, it must have

been in the southwest.

A cold clear winter morning is an ideal time to see the stars provided you can put on enough clothes to keep warm. As an added inducement to leave a warm bed a half hour earlier than usual, Jupiter and Mars will also be in the morning sky and very close to Venus. During the first week in January, Venus and Jupiter will be only about three moon widths apart. Venus will then move further east each morning.

During the last ten days of the month, Mars and Jupiter will be very close to each other. On the 26th they pass within one-third of a moon width of each other. Mars is the reddish planet and it will be on the south side of Jupiter.

Neptune is also in the same area but it is too faint to be seen without a telescope. It will form a triangle with Mars and Jupiter the last week in January, and will be about a moon width north of Mars on the 27th.

Mercury is also in the eastern sky and is the faintest planet that can be seen without a telescope. It should be visible in the morning twilight on the 19th of the month and for a few days before and after. Look for it about half ways between Venus and the sun in a direct line between Venus and the sun.

During the last part of January, Venus is as far away from the sun as it ever gets. This is your chance to see a star in daylight. If you will keep track of it from the time the sun rises, you can still see it from the shade of a building toward noon. On the morning of the 23rd, the moon is not too far from Venus, which will be a help in keeping track of the planet.

Saturn is the only bright star in the evening sky. On the 6th, the moon will be close to Saturn.

There are seldom more than four eclipses during a year, but this year there will be five, three of the sun and two of the moon. However only one of these will be of any significance to North America. A total eclipse of the moon will occur on February 10th. The beginning of the eclipse will be at 12:53 and the ending will be at 4:38 AM.

It is interesting to note the difference in sunrise and sunset between northern latitudes and more southern points.

Fifty degrees latitude which goes through Wisconsin, is about as far north as the plain people live. On January 1st, the sun rises here at about 8:00 o'clock (sun time). When we compare this with 30 degrees latitude, (northern Florida) we find that on January 1st, the sun rises 6:56, or a little more than an hour earlier. But it seems that the balances of nature always have a way of averaging out. So when we look at the tables for July 1st we find that at 50 degrees latitude the sun rises at 3:53, while at 30 degrees latitude, it rises at 5:01. This is practically the same amount of difference but in the opposite way.

It is also interesting to note the differences in the length of the day at different latitudes. At the equator there is only about 5 minutes difference in the length of the day during the year. At 20 degrees latitude, (through Central America) the longest day of the year and the longest night are about 13 hours. At 30 degrees latitude (northern Florida) the longest day and the longest night of the year are about 14 hours. At 40 degrees latitude (central Ohio and Indiana) the length is 15 hours and at 50 degrees it is about 16 hours.

This year, our spring and summer will be two days and 10 hours longer than six months. Spring begins at 11:36 AM on March 21st, while summer ends at 11:45 AM September 23rd.

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letters to the editors



DRIED APPLES FOR GROCERIES

I was interested in what you mentioned in Family Life about drying apples. I remember seeing my mother "snitz" bushel after bushel of apples to dry. In fact, we stored the dried apples in an old milk can in the attic. Dried apple pie was such a commonfare on our table that it almost wasn't anything special anymore. But for some reason today even in our family, dried apples seem to be an out-dated delicacy.

Recently a friend wrote and told of how she was drying apples for the local IGA store. The store pays them 60¢ a pound and sells them for 79¢, and they are having a hard time drying them fast enough.

She wrote, "It is a lot of work, but it is nice to go to the store for a week's supply of groceries and get money back. This week, however, our grocery list was extra long and we had to pay out 79¢. The apples we're drying are all some we picked up and would have otherwise gone to waste..."

So it must be the people still like "snitz" pie, but with the modern ways of preserving apples and other fruits, the practice of drying fruit is being lost. Also, many people today are not equipped with drying huts like people a generation ago were.

— E., Ontario

ANONYMOUS NAMES

Have always wondered why all the name changing in stories, and some have no name at all, or like "Name Withheld." In the December issue, "The Price of a Present" was signed anonymous. One could think it's not true or just plain made up. If we're ashamed to sign our name, then there is something wrong. Nobody would want their name written in heaven as Anonymous, would they? We are all human, you know.

— Polly Bontrager, Sullivan, Illinois

ANSWER- In some stories it would be embarrassing, harsh, or even un-Christian to use the real names of the persons involved. In such a case, we have the choice of changing the names of the characters will not be identified, or not printing the story at all. We have gotten very good stories and articles where it would have been very embarrassing to the author to have his name signed. Here again we have the choice of not using his name, or not using the article. Some of these articles and stories have too good a lesson to lose them.

However, there are other articles which would be worth much more if the author would sign his name. In other words we feel that sometimes there is a good reason for not using names, at other times there is a poor reason and often there is really no reason at all.

NO MARRIAGE IN HEAVEN

In "Too Young To Marry" November issue, it says that a marriage will last on through life and into eternity. I can not agree that this is true of the responsibilities of marriage for the vows are made "until death does part

you." Jesus also said in Luke 20:35 that in heaven they do not marry or are given in marriage.

— A. W., Ontario

ANSWER- We agree that the marriage vows and responsibilities are ended by the death of one of the pair.

HOW TO LEARN GERMAN

I can understand why you want to keep some German in your magazine and I don't think you should change if that is the way you want it.

Your answer to the ones that wanted it all in English was to learn to read the German. That is what I would like to do, but I can not even talk or understand it.

We are Old Order Mennonites and our churches at other places use German. But here in Virginia we have used only English for years, even back in my grandparents' time. Some families have kept some German but none is used in church services.

The question I would ask is how can I learn to read it? I would be glad if I could learn to read and understand it but do not know of any way to do it. Would be glad for any help you can give.

— Mark H. Shank, Virginia

ANSWER- It's a difficult job to learn any language. However it can be done. It all depends on how determined you are to do it. The people who have moved to Central and South America are learning to speak Spanish, which I would imagine is a harder language than German.

A four to six weeks course of German school would probably be the best way to get started. If your people in the other communities speak German you should be able to get a teacher to conduct a school if several families were interested.

A young couple who came to the Amish church in Iowa has hired an Amish school teacher to come and live with them for a month and teach them German. This sounds like a good idea to me.

We are making a listing of books which might be helpful to learn German. See ad elsewhere in this issue.

WHERE TROUBLES GO

A crowd of troubles passed him by

As he with courage waited,

He said, "Where do you troubles fly

When you are thus belated?"

"We go," they said, "to those who mope

Who look on life dejected;

Who weakly say good-by to hope—

We go where we're expected."

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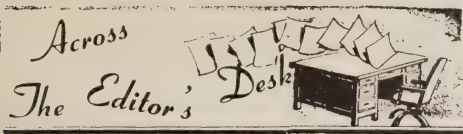
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The "Letters To The Editors" are one of the most widely read features of the magazine. I suppose this is because they are written by the readers themselves. The writers appreciate these letters, too. After all, it's rather discouraging to spend a lot of time and effort to write an article and then nobody makes any comments on it, either good or bad. It always leaves a doubt in your mind whether anybody read it.

What really makes it interesting is when the readers send in additional thoughts on a subject which perhaps the writer didn't know or didn't think of. Also difference in opinion is welcomed provided it can be given in a Christian way.

By the way, this month's LTE column is about as small as it has ever been. Let's hope it doesn't go like the Pathway Pen Points did for this month. These are also a "Readers Write" feature, and for this month they failed to appear at all.

Are there any items in your home which have been handed down from your parents or grandparents? If so, they may deserve special care. Antique dealers will pay a good price for old dishes, furniture, stoves, irons, lamps and innumerable other objects found in many of the plain homes.

Among the items which we treasure in our home are a family Bible 250 years old, a cupboard which was made by my great-uncle for my parents when they started house-keeping and a clothesbrush which was old already when I was a boy but is still in better shape than others we bought only five years ago.

Of course most such items are not for sale. They are worth more as family keepsakes than the dollars they would bring, for the money would soon be spent and no trace of it would remain. However the question is, how long is it good stewardship to keep such articles which may be perishable or stolen instead of converting them into money. In the past such items have always increased in value over the years provided they could be kept in good condition.

Unscrupulous dealers will go to any length to obtain such items either legally or illegally. Many people have been talked into selling their possessions for half of what they would be worth on the market, by smooth talking buyers. It is well to keep an eye on what such items bring at public auctions.

If they are unable to buy such items sometimes they will resort to theft. In some areas at present there is a craze for old fashioned weathervanes and several cases have been reported where helicopters have been hired to pluck the weathervanes off the top of the buildings.

Miracles still happen and even in the mail service! During the past few years the post office department has received a lot of criticism because of poor service. However, we have reason to believe that they are trying to give the best service possible and many times go beyond what is expected or required of them.

On the 21st of December a letter was mailed from a
FEBRUARY 1971

Millersburg, Ohio rural route addressed as follows:

Miss Elizabeth Miller
c/o Pathway Publishers
R. 4
Canada

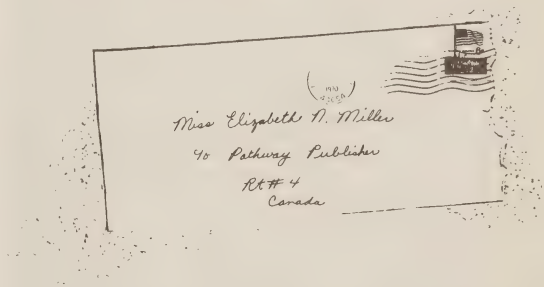
Apparently the rural carrier did not notice that the address was far from complete. As it did have four lines of address. Since there was no return address on the letter, it could only go forward, and that is what it did. Although it sounds unbelievable, the letter was in our mailbox on the 24th of December, the day before Christmas!

What makes it so unusual is that there was no postoffice on the address and no province! (Canada has 10 provinces). It would be the same thing as if we addressed a letter as follows:

Mr. Harley Lambright
c/o Pathway Publishers
R. 4
United States of America

Does anyone think that such a letter would ever reach its destination? Another thing that was unusual was that it arrived in three days time while most letters at that time of the year were taking a week or longer.

We wrote to the regional postoffice at Canton, Ohio which is the sorting center for the Holmes County area and expressed our appreciation for the service they had given. We also inquired how often the letter might have been handled enroute to its destination. The assistant superintendent of mails at that postoffice answered our letter promptly. From the information he sent us we conclude that the letter was sorted and handled nine times before it reached our mailbox, all without any address as to postoffice or province!



WHO SHALL EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN?

What is wrong with public schools? What do parochial schools offer? What can we learn from history? What are the duties of Christian parents? How does someone go about starting a parochial school?

This booklet can give you some of the answers to the above questions. It is a reprint from the "Blackboard Bulletin" and was written by Joseph Stoll.

Size: 80 pages.

PRICE: \$.25 each; \$2 per dozen;

WORLD WIDE WINDOW



DISEASE NOT LICKED

After 150 years of decline, the over all death rate is on the upswing again in most countries. According to a report just released at Geneva, Switzerland by the World Health Organization, medical science is losing ground in its battle against disease. Heart disease, cancer and chronic respiratory ailments are on the increase and have caused an upswing in mortality rates. Automobile accidents have also become an increasingly important cause of death in nearly all countries.

The change is mostly among men, as the rate for women has remained steady. The death rate is the number of deaths each year for every 1,000 population. Israel has one of the lowest rates with 6.2 deaths per 1,000 population. Japan has 7.1, Russia has 7.3, Canada has 7.5, United States has 9.4 and Great Britain 11.

FLUSH TOILETS TRAGIC MISTAKE?

Flush toilets, one of the symbols of our so-called modern civilization, may have been a mistake to begin with, according to an article in the magazine entitled "Environmental Science."

The author is H.R. Leich, a U.S. government engineer who feels that toilets waste entirely too much drinking water.

Present approaches to the sewerage problem seem to be at a dead end. More sewers are needed for more people, more dollars for more treatment plants and still the run-off damages supplies of fresh water. If the present trend continues for another 50 years in the bigger cities, sewerage facilities will need to be four times as large as they are now.

Experiments are being conducted on a dry method of sewerage disposal using bio-degradable plastic bags. But there are still many difficulties which would have to be ironed out before such a method would be practical. No change in the present sewerage disposal systems is foreseen in the near future. The one solution to the problem, a migration of the population from cities to rural areas, will probably never come to pass. The trend is still in the opposite direction.

66 KILLED IN MAD SPORTS SCRABBLE

The senseless frenzy which is present at practically all big-time sports games recently brought tragic results. Sixty-six persons were killed and two hundred more injured at a national soccer game in Scotland. There was no apparent cause for the catastrophe, as the game had ended and the thousands of people were leaving the stadium. Suddenly the crowds began to push and shove and a stairway collapsed. Panic set in and the people surged forward, piling bodies on top of bodies.

Soccer is a game something like football but the ball is moved only by kicking or bunting with the head. The hands or arms may not be used. Like football, baseball or basketball in America, the throngs that follow these games usually work themselves into a state of high-pitched excitement devoid of common sense or reason.

Any Christian who realizes what he is doing will not let himself become involved in following such activities or be found at such places.

NURSING HOMES NO PARADISE

It has become the accepted thing in the world today, that when one's parents get old and tottery and a bit childish, they are kindly taken where they will be looked after and have everything they need-- to a nursing home. Hardly anyone feels guilty about not taking care of his elderly parents at home-- why should he? Aren't the homes specially prepared to take care of old people? Aren't the workers right there day and night, and professionally trained to know what to do. And isn't it true that they will be happier in a "home." Knowing they aren't in anyone's way, and where they will have all those other people their age to sit and visit with?

Ralph Nader, who has become famous for investigating and exposing social wrongs, says "no" to all these questions. Nader and his Raiders have just completed their latest report-- a researched investigation of nursing homes. (There are 24,000 nursing homes in the U.S. with about one million patients.) To start with, Nader's report says that nursing homes are often unsafe. After 32 people died in a fire in a nursing home in Marietta, Ohio, it was found that the building did not meet safety standards, and the staff had not been trained to cope with emergencies. Nader also found that many homes are under-staffed. In one case there were only three people to look after 50 patients on an intensive-care floor. And many of the workers on duty are untrained or poorly trained for the work they do. Patients often fail to get the medical care they should have. Doctors may not be available when needed, or just as frightening, when available have been known to experiment on patients with new and unproven drugs. And as for having the company of other elderly people to chat with, as one patient said, "It's very depressing to be here and almost every day someone in the building dies, and we all know we are just here to wait for our turn to come."

We are thankful that the Amish teach (and practice) that it is the children's duty to care for aged parents, not because Nader says so, but because the Bible does.

ELECTRICITY MAN RAISES "SERIOUS QUESTION"

Three years ago the average person in New York was using only half as much electricity as the average person in the rest of the nation. So when Charles F. Luce, in 1967, became chairman of Consolidated Edison Co., his goal was to increase the electricity used throughout the state. He succeeded in increasing it considerably, but today he is working to accomplish just the opposite. Even though it is poor business for him, he is advocating that New Yorkers use less electricity.

The thing that brought the complete turn-about is pollution. Conservationists have established that generating electricity also generates pollution. Luce has publicly admitted that he agrees with what the conservationists point out. He has even gone so far as to propose that a federal tax be put on electric bills in order to discourage its use, and to encourage finding other means of generating power-- ways that are less polluting to the environment. He asked New Yorkers to turn off all unnecessary lights and appliances and said he wants to raise "the serious question of whether we ought to be promoting any use of electricity."

■ ■

FAMILY LIFE

Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

This Different-than-it-appears-to-be World

It seems more and more to me that we live in a different-than-it-appears-to-be world. The first time I can remember getting this impression was a number of years ago when I was still a schoolboy. I recall that we had a load of visitors who had stopped in for dinner at our home. They had come for a distance and had a driver bring them in a station wagon. I don't remember who the visitors were, or what they looked like, but I remember the driver. He was a middle-aged man, and he was unusually friendly and cheerful. I was fascinated by the fact that this man had only one leg. He had lost the other in an accident several years before.

When in the course of conversation, Dad asked the man how he lost his leg, I was nearby with my ears open, as little boys usually are at the promise of a story. I drank it all in, and with my child-sized imagination, it seemed that I was right there at the scene of the accident.

A drunken driver. The wrong lane.

"My wife and I were in the car. We saw what was going to happen, but we were helpless to avoid it," I heard the crippled man relate.

There was a terrible crash. It was then that I learned what I hadn't guessed before. The man had lost more than his leg. His wife died in the crash.

And yet he did not seem bitter. He didn't complain. He wasn't pitying himself. He accepted life for what it was, and was trying to make the best of it.

I wanted to cry for the man, I felt so sorry for him, but at the same time I was awed by admiration. My father said something to the man about whether it wasn't hard for him not to complain about his misfortune.

The man shook his head. "Long before I lost my leg," he explained, "I noticed something that I have tried to keep in mind. Those people who complain the most, usually have the least to complain about. Now since my accident, I've been around handicapped people quite a bit, and I've found the rule holds pretty true. When I hear someone complaining, the first thing I say to myself, 'Not much wrong with that fellow.'"

It was a startling new concept for me. Up until then I had accepted life in simple trust for what it looked to be, but suddenly I was grappling with a bewildering new fact — some things that looked big were small and some things that looked small were big.

The same thing has cropped up again and again since I'm older, the same contradictory elements of life in different guises. Things are just not always as they appear to be. A little over a year ago I was accompanying a semi-trailer load of large draft horses on a long trip. Late one night as we were winding through the hills of Pennsylvania following the endless curves of the smooth blacktop, we came to a small town. As we waited at a stop light, a car pulling a covered trailer passed in front of us. The whole side of the trailer was covered by the unbelievable huge letters of one word — HORSES. I only got a brief look at

the horse trailer, but it wasn't large. At the most it might have held three small ponies, or two medium-sized horses. Not more.

The light changed to green, and we moved slowly forward and gathered speed on down the highway as the powerful diesel engine accelerated. I glanced into the rearview mirror and saw the sides of the 36-foot trailer we were pulling. I thought about the twelve, large, broad shouldered, beautiful draft horses inside it. We had six times as many horses as the little horse trailer behind the car could ever hope to haul, yet we hadn't bothered printing "HORSES" outside our load, not even in small letters, let alone covering the whole trailer side. I smiled to myself as I mused over the incident.

Another time I bought a box of carbon paper in a stationery supply store. I looked at the box before I bought it. It was a brown box and under the brand name was printed in white lettering, "Satin Finish Carbon Paper." But what caught my attention were the words, printed in a recurring pattern, over and over — "Non-curl, non-slip." I had used a lot of carbon paper before and couldn't recall that I had ever had a problem with it curling. Until I saw this brand which put so much emphasis on the fact that it didn't curl, I hadn't even been aware that carbon paper could curl. But since I certainly didn't want some that did curl, I bought the box.

What did the carbon paper do when I opened the box? It curled, of course. Every time I would take a sheet of carbon out of the box, it would spring into a tight curl until it looked like a long black cigar. Never before or since have I had carbon paper that was so bad for curling.

Only a few weeks ago there was a wedding in our community and a similar thing happened, only this time it was my wife that had the frustration. In our community it is customary for each family attending the wedding to bring a cake along. Well, we forgot all about the cake until toward evening the day before the wedding. "Oh, it's a good thing I thought about it now," my wife said. "I still have time to bake a cake tonight."

She busily got out her pots and pans and then sat studying the cookbook for a recipe that sounded good enough for such a special day. But one thing worried her. "What if it doesn't turn out good, and there's almost not time to bake another."

But then she found something that seemed to reassure her, and she set to work. She followed the recipe carefully for she didn't want a flop — a cake that's taken to a wedding gets tasted by a lot of people.

At last the cake was baked, and she took it from the oven. I heard my wife give a little gasp of dismay as she looked at the steaming hot cake she held in her hands. The thing she had feared had happened; it was a dismal flop. It was unthinkable to take such a cake anywhere, let alone to a wedding. The sides were high, but the center was sunken way down.

I looked at the sad sight. "Well, what kind of cake was it supposed to be?" I asked.

My wife looked disgusted. She pointed to the recipe in the open cookbook. "It's called, NEVER FAIL CHOCOLATE CAKE."

That was the perfect explanation!

There is one more incident I must relate. Maybe it has no connection with the others, and maybe it has. Once I visited in a home where I was astonished at the number of religious mottoes that were hung around the house. Finally I became so curious that during a momentary absence of

my host, I made a quick count of the mottoes in that particular room. I may have missed some, as they were on walls and furniture, on dishes, calendars, mirrors, chair cushions, and floor rugs, but my count was twenty-seven mottoes and religious pictures in that one room.

At first glance, one would certainly have gotten the impression that this was a home of unusually deep Christian faith. I am not the judge and I wouldn't want to say that it is or it isn't. But when I think about the large sign HORSES with only two horses inside, when I remember the non-curl carbon paper, when I consider the Never Fail cake ... I must confess, I wonder.

Maybe it isn't always true that the man who complains the most has the least reason to complain, or that the one who brags the loudest has the least to brag about. Maybe it isn't always true that the person who has a little money is more apt to mention how well-to-do he is than the man who really does have a lot of money. Maybe it isn't always true that the person who makes the most noise about how born-again he is, how blessed and sanctified he is, has the least true spirituality. Maybe his fervent hallelujahs and praise-the-lords at every other sentence are deep and genuine, and not shallow and empty and merely on the surface. Maybe none of these things are true, but you will understand if I say that from my past experiences, I cannot help but wonder.

■ ■

Old Faithful



He was only a horse but even so, we won't soon forget him. It was on a wet misty day last fall when I told our son, "Go back to the pasture field and bring in the driving horses. We want to go to the sale this afternoon."

Some time elapsed before he returned with the horses and when he did come they were all along except Old Faithful, our 21 year old driving horse. Even then, I thought nothing unusual about it for he often lagged behind.

But then our boy said, "Old Faithful is back in the pasture field. I think he has a broken leg."

It is hard to express the feeling that those words gave me. We had owned the horse for more than 17 years and we all thought so much of him. I was hoping the boy was mistaken.

Old Faithful was a registered standard bred sorrel gelding. He had been trained for the track when young. As a 3-year old he attained a speed of 2:18 but then he started going lame. He was consigned to the Delaware horse sale where he was sold for \$100. The man who bought him sold him to a farmer in our neighborhood for \$165. The boys drove him past our place several times and we took a liking to the horse. When we inquired we learned he was for sale.

Our brown driving mare which we had since 1937 was getting old so I asked the man that owned this young horse, "What's the recommendation on him?"

He answered, "This horse was supposed to limp on the track. But so far, he travels sound for me, and he is as safe as they come. You can take him and drive him for a few weeks, or a month. If you don't like him you bring him back. If you want him, the price is \$265."

Now this was an awful lot of money back in 1953. But we decided the price doesn't matter provided we like the horse. We took him and two weeks later we owned the

horse. Today it is hard to buy a horse on trial but this one turned out just like he was recommended. We have many pleasant memories of Faithful as we think back over the years. Only once did he go lame in his prime and that was on a long journey over the hills.

He would trot or pace and any child could drive him that was old enough to know anything about a horse. He never tried to run off when he was hitched. Twice he broke a singletree while hitched to the buggy but was easily controlled.

Not to be forgotten is the time when our school-aged boys, (11 and 13) went to their grandparents, a distance of 15 miles through towns and highways. They went on Saturday afternoon and returned on Sunday afternoon. We had no fear as far as the horse was concerned.

On many a trip he took us from 10 to 20 miles with our children sitting at the dashboard of the buggy with no fear of them being kicked by the horse.

If I were late in coming to a place at threshing time, he could be driven into the middle of the field and let stand. I would jump off and help pitch a load or two and he would still be standing there without being tied.

The only sign of unrest he ever showed was to stomp with one front foot if he wanted to go. It was the same way at feeding time, he would remind us that he was waiting to be fed by stomping with one foot but he never pawed back his bedding.

Once in his early years he somehow got his strap loose when he was tied at our neighbor's place and started trotting out the lane. We saw him go as he was approaching a steep down hill. I ran after him as fast as I could but found him standing at the top of the hill. Either he stepped on his strap, which stopped him or he had a lot of horse sense. Anyhow that was the nearest he ever came to running off with the buggy in the 17½ years we had him.

Going to and from the pasture field, the boys would often ride him without a halter or bridle.

But he also had some weak points. He never liked to pull too hard when being worked on the farm. He was also afraid of any loud noise such as thunder, or shooting a gun. Which reminds me of his tragic end —

When our boy said Old Faithful's leg was broken, I hoped it was all a mistake. He had been with us this long and many thoughts went through my mind as I walked back to the field to investigate. I found it was just like the boy had said, the front leg was broken about halfway between the knee and the body. It was a clean break at about a 45 degree angle. I knew there would be no use trying to heal it. I tried to lead him toward home on three legs but we didn't get very far.

We left him standing there and went home and headed for the weekly auction. I had high hopes of finding someone who would take him off our hands so I wouldn't have to see his end. The manager of the auction sale buys killer horses so we had no idea that nobody would take our horse. He was in good flesh, as usual, but we could not find anyone who would come and get him. We called different people but none of them wanted a horse with a broken leg.

So I gave up trying to find someone and talked with our neighbor boy and told him, "In case I am not able to shoot this horse, will you come over this evening and shoot him for me?"

He promised to do this if necessary so we went on home. On the way home "der grosze Ich" told me, "You can shoot the horse yourself."

As we went on home, it was still drizzling a little. Old

Faithful was still standing in the same spot where we had left him. My heart began to soften up a little already but the turning point came when we came over the knoll. With rifle in my hand I walked through the deep cut over the sandy hill which was worn and washed off in years past. Lo and behold, as soon as the horse saw me approaching with the gun in my hand he neighed loudly as if to call for help. I believe he knew what the gun meant. It was almost enough to turn my stomach and right then the "big I" began to get smaller fast. But I trudged onward and as I neared the horse I brought my rifle up to load and shoot. I remembered that the horse was afraid of any loud noise so I knew I must be careful lest he turn away from me. This was no time to think of the past. I squeezed the trig-

ger and at that moment there was a loud bang. I believe it was one sound the horse never heard for he slumped and fell over.

That evening at dusk we hitched a team to the sled and I asked the boys to go along. The oldest one came but the youngest one said, "Do I have to go along?"

I answered "no." We went back and pulled his shoes off for he had just been shod, and rolled him on the sled. Then we took him two miles to the strip mine and buried him.

No doubt we will not soon forget him for we travel that road quite frequently. But — come to think of it, it was only a horse!

- S. J. M., Baltic, Ohio.

FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

The Shunning of Apostates

Jacob was worried. He wondered what he should do. As a young bishop he felt heavily his responsibility as a leader of the church. He must preach and interpret the Word of God rightly, and discipline fairly, without partiality.

Jacob was face to face with a problem. It seemed to him a giant problem, one that extended beyond his own congregation. Over the years certain Bible truths had gradually been neglected, and now were lost. Of this Jacob was convinced. The churches had become lukewarm. His heart burned within him. Oh, that he could cleanse the churches of error, and fan the fires of truth that had blazed so brightly during the days of the Anabaptists, when the church had been led by such fearless men as Menno Simons and Dietrich Philips.

But Jacob was not the only bishop. He was not the only ordained man. There were other bishops much older than he was, and some of them did not see the need for improvement as he, Jacob, saw it so clearly.

There was John. John was an older man than Jacob, and he had been a bishop much longer. John seemed well satisfied with the way things were. Jacob had learned that it was hard to deal with John. John was opposed to what he called "new ideas," especially if they were suggested by an outspoken young man like Jacob.

There was one point in particular that worried Jacob. He thought surely the other bishops could not help seeing his viewpoint. Menno Simons explained it so clearly. In fact, one of the eighteen articles of the Dortrecht Confession of faith taught exactly what Jacob believed—that excommunicated brethren were to be shunned socially as well as spiritually. And yet, some of his fellow-bishops said no, it was enough to bar the excommunicated person from the communion table.

Jacob could not understand it. How could John (and some of the others) accept the Dortrecht Confession as Biblical, yet fail to practice what it plainly taught? "Surely," thought Jacob, "they are less than honest. They

are not open to the truth. How can I consider them as brethren?"

Jacob was a man of action. He was not one to stand still, once he was convinced he was right. Moreover, he was an able speaker. When he spoke to them about it, some of his fellow-ministers agreed it was time to place truth back on its rightful stand, and to clear up the inconsistency of confessing one thing and practicing another.

Jacob and a few others began to travel around through the neighboring districts, even to other settlements, bringing up the subject of Meidung (or shunning), and asking the ordained brethren how they felt about it. Many of the ministers agreed with Jacob that something was wrong.

But trouble started when Jacob sent two men to speak to John. It seems that the older bishop took offense; at least, he failed to give much satisfaction. He brushed off the inquiry about Meidung with the answer, "What goes into the mouth does not defile a man."

Plainly, John did not feel that the Apostle Paul's words in 1 Corinthians 5:11, "with such an one not to eat," meant anything more than at the communion table.

Jacob was hurt. Perhaps he was even a little angry. How did John dare to be so unconcerned? He could have at least given a full explanation how he felt.

Jacob forthwith took with him several sympathetic ministers and bishops, and went to speak personally with John. Again they received the answer, "What goes into the mouth does not defile a man." And then John added, "Jesus himself ate with publicans and sinners."

Jacob returned home. Very shortly he heard that John had written a letter and circulated it among the bishops and ministers throughout the settlement. In this letter he advised, "Don't pay too much attention to these young men and their ideas."

What happened in the next few years is a painful story. It all took place some 175 years ago, between 1693 and 1700, in Switzerland and South Germany. In church history the incident is known as "The Amish Division."

Jacob Amman, I am convinced, had sound Biblical truth on his side. There was a need for reform, not only in

shunning but in other areas as well. But in the heat of controversy Jacob proved himself very, very human. It appears he may have been both over-bearing and a little headstrong. His rash actions brought shame to the position he was defending, and likely turned some honest people away from the truth.

In brief, Jacob pushed the Meidung issue through to a showdown. He called a meeting of all the Swiss ministers. However, not all of them came. One man who was absent was the leader of the opposition, Hans (John) Reist.

A second meeting was set for two weeks later. Hans Reist was particularly urged to be present. He did not appear. At this meeting, held in Nicholas Moser's barn, Jacob read a paper listing six charges against Hans Reist, and then declared him excommunicated. After some discussion, a number of other ministers who refused to accept the Meidung were likewise banned.

The controversy now spread throughout Switzerland, the Palatinate, and Alsace. The split grew wider and wider until there were two opposing camps. The record shows that both sides failed to exercise Christian love and restraint.

After about five years the Ammann group made a sincere effort toward peace. The leaders admitted they had erred in their rash and wholesale excommunicating, especially since they had done so without counseling with their congregations.

To show their regret, Jacob Ammann and his fellow ministers placed themselves under the ban. In this way they hoped the Reist group would be moved to also confess unseemly behavior, and thus the door could be opened for reconciliation.

But the Reist party interpreted this action to mean that the "Amish" accepted the whole blame, and were ready to admit they had been wrong about the Meidung.

In the year 1700 the Ammann group once more sought peace, but again without success. Their opponents were unwilling to accept them as brethren unless Jacob and his members gave up entirely on the Meidung question. This Ammann could not do. History is very clear that neither he nor his fellow ministers ever changed their minds on the meaning of 1 Corinthians 5.

To Eat or Not to Eat

The past is past, and by-gones are by-gones. In relating the above happenings, I hope I am not stirring up an old quarrel. Sometimes, though, when the quarrel is dead and buried, the issue still lives.

Today there are still differences of opinion on shunning. Only the most conservative groups still practice it—the Old Order Amish; the Church of God in Christ, Mennonite; the Old Colony Mennonites; the Sommerfelders, Berghalers, and Kleinemeinde groups.

The more liberal descendants of the Anabaptists have long lost out in shunning, along with a host of other distinctive doctrines originally held by our forefathers.

In our day there are still people who think the shunning of apostates is not necessary, and that the Apostle Paul was referring only to communion when he wrote, "with such an one no not to eat." By peering back into the past, we should be able to learn a few things. Sometimes we can learn from other people's mistakes, too.

Let us first look at the seventeenth article of the Dortrecht Confession of faith, drawn up in 1632, and widely used by almost all the plain churches today. This Con-

fession had been adopted by the Swiss churches before the Amish Division.

"As regards the withdrawing from, or the shunning of those who are expelled, we believe and confess that if anyone, whether it be through a wicked life or perverse doctrine—is so far fallen as to be separated from God, and consequently rebuked by, and expelled from the church, he must also, according to the doctrine of Christ and His apostles, be shunned and avoided by all the members of the church (particularly by those to whom his misdeeds are known), whether it be in eating or drinking, or other such like social matters. In short, that we are to have nothing to do with him; so that we may become defiled by association with him, nor he become defiled by association with him, nor be partakers of his sins; but that he may be made ashamed, be affected in his mind, convinced in his conscience, and thereby induced to amend his ways."

The Confession of Faith, however, warns against going to an extreme in shunning. Moderation and Christian discretion are to be used. "For should he (the expelled brother) be in need, hungry, thirsty, naked, sick or visited by some other affliction, we are in duty bound... to render him aid and assistance; otherwise the shunning of him might be rather conducive to his ruin than to his amendment."

Menno Simons, who wrote four pamphlets on the subject of the ban and avoidance, also warned against a harsh and unloving Meidung. Shunning was to be observed "with prayer, tears, and a compassionate spirit, out of great love."

Menno explains why he believes in shunning, by writing as follows in his 1550 booklet, "A Clear Account of Excommunication:"

"We reply, moreover, that Paul had reference to common eating, and not to the Lord's Supper; ... if this were spoken of the Lord's Supper, as some very ignorantly assert, then it would incontrovertibly follow that we are at liberty to invite the world to the Lord's Supper, to greet them with the kiss of peace, and to be one body with them; for this intercourse, unclean and prohibited with an apostate brother, is, according to Paul, clean and permissible with the world. Oh, no! But even as the Jews at that time would not eat a common meal with the heathen and publicans, and since Christ had pointed His followers to that usage, so Paul follows the doctrine and command of his Lord and Master, Jesus, and says that we shall not eat with such."

I would like to quote one more statement from the past, this time from the pen of Jacob Ammann in 1693, and co-signed by sixteen of his fellow-ministers.

"The apostle Paul says, (in 1 Cor. 5), 'I wrote unto you in an epistle not to company with fornicators, yet I did not at all mean the fornicators of this world.' Here Paul is saying, 'You will at times need to associate with the fornicators, the covetous, or the idolaters of this world, to eat and drink with them outwardly. But if there is one who is called a brother, and is immoral, or covetous, or an idolater, or a drunkard, or an extortioner, with such a man you are not to eat.'"

"Paul must mean the eating of natural food; if he had in mind only spiritual food, as our opponents say, then he would be approving the eating of spirit-

ual food (communion) with the fornicators of this world!"

A young Amish brother once wrote to me, "I am wondering how you feel about the Meidung. I have made a study on this and have found this has caused more division among our churches than any other article."

The young brother may well be right. The controversy did not end with the Amish Division; there are disagreements today, as ever. This is a shame, for the Bible doctrine of avoidance is designed to keep the Christian church strong and pure, not to cause dissension.

In our time we can do no better than Jacob Ammann did when he sought enlightenment in the Bible, and in the writings of Menno Simons and Dietrich Philips. But, hopefully, and with God's help, we can contend for the truth without becoming harsh or headstrong, as did the young bishop Jacob. ■■

ANXIETY—An Extra We Can ill Afford

I awoke and looked at the clock. It was 6:30, time to get up. But where was I? Oh, yes, now I remembered, it was Thursday, the day our son was to have an operation. I thought to myself, "I hope everything goes all right. The doctors are careful and they know their business."

But deep in my mind I knew that sometimes something unexpected does turn up, and it could be something serious. It had happened to others but surely it would not happen to us. But I decided we should pray about the matter.

That morning for devotions, we read from Ephesians, the fourth chapter, "Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say rejoice."

But how could we rejoice on a morning like this when we knew not what the day might bring. Perhaps even death was just around the corner. Was this the time to rejoice?

"Have no anxiety about anything but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God."

I stopped to think. Had these words been written especially for me? How nervous I was but there it said that I must not be anxious, but should make my requests known to God by prayer. Was it really this simple, all I needed to do was to believe and God would do the rest.

As we read on, instructions were given as to how our time ought to be spent instead of in worrying. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is gracious, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think on these things."

When I started to look around me I did find many things about me that were nice to think about, honorable and worthy of praise. Before I realized it, my anxiety had disappeared.

I had confidence that our son would come through the operation all right and he did. Did this have anything to do with it? Perhaps not, yet at the same time I felt that had something gone wrong, I would have been better equipped to face it than if I had spent my time worrying about the matter.

Whenever danger threatens, such as when a summer thunderstorm comes rolling in from the west with light-

ning flashing, then our thoughts naturally turn to God. If we can trust Him then and take Him at his word, and feel the nearness of His presence, the experience can be worth a lot.

Unfortunately, anxiety is not limited to such major times of testing. Perhaps we get up a half hour later than we had planned. First of all we have to hurry to get the milking done before the milkman comes. Then the children haven't finished their chores and it is time for school. About this time Junior makes a dive for the front door but the lock sticks and an elbow goes through the glass of the storm door. By this time our head aches and we stomp our feet and say, "I'm afraid I'll have a nervous breakdown."

I used to have the habit when I went to town to walk as rapidly as I could from one store to another. A half day of this and by the time I got home I was completely exhausted. The next day my legs were stiff and sore.

A friend told me, "It's the concrete sidewalks that make your legs so sore."

I got a pair of shoes with foam rubber soles and heels. This was like walking on a cushion of air. But it did not help.

One day when I was in town, I saw one of my neighbors walking up and down the streets. He was an elderly man and he was walking at a leisurely rate, relaxed, and not hurrying. His gait reminded me of someone going for an after supper stroll through the woods. But I knew that he had a lot of business to do in town, probably more than I did.

I decided to try his plan, and to my surprise, it worked. That is, it worked in direct proportion in which I was able to control myself. But old habits are hard to break and I still find that I have a battle to keep myself from hurrying when I walk the streets.

It has been said that nervous tension can tie you in knots. This is no exaggeration for tension can cause the muscles of your back to go into spasms and pull together into little knots.

Several years ago something happened which upset me badly. I do not now remember what it was but I was greatly discouraged. At the same time I was bothered with backache and I expected I might have to see a chiropractor to get straightened up again. It was a cold clear evening and since I knew I could not sleep if I went to bed, I decided to go for a walk. The air was crisp, and the snowbanks were piled up on either side of the road. Above me the stars were sparkling so brightly in the winter night that I almost felt I could reach up and touch them.

I relaxed myself as much as possible, allowing my arms to swing freely at my sides. My body kept in rhythm with my step as I walked a half mile and then started back.

By this time, as I walked beneath this great open-air cathedral, the problems which had been worrying me looked very small. I was able to forgive from the bottom of my heart and to forget the hurt which a few moments before had bothered me so much. I was able to grasp the smallness of the days of my life as they fit into the over-all picture of eternity. It gave me new hope and the courage I needed to go on.

By the time I arrived home my backache had disappeared. I went to bed and slept soundly the whole night. The next morning I was feeling fine.

A friend of mine says that the best remedy he has ever found is to sit down and sing a few hymns, (with the family, if possible). The tensions and frustrations of the day just seem to melt away.

To get a good night's sleep it is helpful to do something

relaxing before retiring. Don't read a newspaper or news magazine before going to bed. Neither is it a good idea to think over the day's grievances and of where someone has used you not fairly. It is much better to rid yourself of all grudges and ill feelings against others. Reading a few chapters from the Bible, with an open heart, can work wonders in creating the right outlook on life. If we have the proper mental attitude then we will not weigh ourselves down with worry and anxiety. ■■

A STORM IS COMING

She was called "Camille," a delightful name, but now one that denotes tragedy. For Camille was a hurricane 175 miles in diameter, and was recorded as one of the worst storms in history.

You may recall that it began as a run-of-the-mill storm. The weathermen kept their eyes on her and when they noticed that she was acting unusually erratic they watched her very closely. However they were able to guess only twelve hours ahead where she would strike next. For a number of hours she stood stock still, beating the waters of the Gulf of Mexico into a mad frenzy. When the Air Force sent out planes to record the barometric pressure

in the center, they found a pressure of 26.81. Later it dropped to 26.6, the lowest ever recorded by an aircraft in the western hemisphere. From this information, it was estimated that the winds were spinning at tornado speeds of 218 miles per hour.

Then came Sunday morning, August 17th, 1969. Suddenly Camille moved northward, arousing concern among the residents of the Biloxi-Gulfport area. Soon the warning went out, "You have only twelve hours to move."

Some 200,000 residents heeded the warnings and streamed northward. It was a good thing they did because when the savage winds reached the shores, a tidal wave 30 feet high flooded the coastline for 30 miles.

Even big freighters were tossed up on the beachlike surfboards. Forests were bent to the ground like trampled grass. Whole communities were obliterated. Hundreds of people, failing to heed the storm warnings perished as their dwellings crumpled like match boxes.

In one community with the unique name of Pass Christian, one thousand people refused to believe the warnings and stubbornly stayed in their homes. All the police could do was take the names of the next of kin and go on to warn other communities. Some of the residents of Pass Christian actually laughed when the police tried to warn them. But their laughter was short lived when Camille came roaring in with a sound that some of the survivors said was like

True Joy

Sometimes our values get mixed up
The cart's before the horse;
We think we know what brings us joy,
Of that we're sure, of course.
If we can but have leisure time
With health and wealth and friends,
Then we will gaily jog along
Content until life ends.

But when you've tried the various ways
Purported to bring joy,
You've raced along at breathless pace
In search of some new toy.
And really you have done no wrong,
It's what we often do,
But satisfaction of that kind
Dissolves like morning dew.

So take a trip— it's worth a try
And you may find that you
Have missed the very thing you sought
It's found by very few.
Because, it's not what people think,
True joy's not found that way
It's not in doing as you please
Though that's what some folks say.

No, if you're searching for true joy,
Just give yourself away;
Go sit beside a sorrowing one,
You'll lighten up his day.
Or, through the night a vigil keep
Beside a fever'd friend;
Joy gained, through giving of yourself
You'll find, doth never end.

Perchance you'll meet someone today
Whose world has tumbled in;
They're searching for a ray of hope,
There's darkness, fear within.
Just think how bright can be your day
If you can be the one
Who, sensing that you've met a need,
Can turn them toward the sun.

Sometimes a dollar's what they need,
Sometimes a cheerful smile,
Sometimes it's just to be assured
That life is still worthwhile
And that there's someone very near,
A friend who, knowing, cares,
A friend who's learned life's at it's best
When someone's load he shares.

So if you're searching for true joy,
Then to this word give heed;
Don't seek it where it can't be found,
Just seek to fill some need.
And when you've lifted someone's load,
When you have dried a tear,
Your heart will sing and you will find
That God is very near. -Selected

"15 or 20 tornadoes."

A group of 20 people had gathered for a drinking party but the building where they had gathered suddenly collapsed, killing every one of them. When morning came, Pass Christian lay in utter ruin with corpses strung over the piles of debris.

It is not a pleasant story, this tale of Camille, but it is a true one. Despite the laughter and the unbelief, the storm did come.

The Bible tells us, in no uncertain terms, that another storm is coming. It will be the fury of God's wrath against sin. But everywhere the Holy Spirit is alerting people to "flee from the wrath to come." Some listen and act accordingly, while others shrug their shoulders. Some, more brazen, laugh at the idea of a judgment day. But just as the

unbelief of one thousand stubborn residents of Pass Christian could not stop Camille, just so the scoffers and unbelievers will not be able to stop the judgment when God's wrath is poured out upon this planet. Revelations tells us that the great men of earth will cry for rocks and mountains to cover them, to hide them from the wrath of a Holy God.

The day is coming when sinners will feel the anger of a righteous God, a God whom they cursed, rejected and laughed at. Someday is Payday.

But there is good news, there is still hope. God is calling the sinners to come home. There is still time, perhaps not much, but time enough to flee from the wrath that is to come over the face of the earth. For all who will come in true repentance, there is mercy.

- Selected and adapted, by J. L. S.

LIFE AFTER DEATH

— by DAVID WAGLER

NOT EVERYONE WILL AGREE WITH THE AUTHOR'S CONCLUSIONS, BUT HIS ARTICLE SHOULD FURNISH FOOD FOR FURTHER THOUGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

If we were going on a journey next week, we would be looking forward to the trip. Chances are, we would be thinking of the things we would like to do, whom we would expect to see, perhaps some old friends we would like to meet again whom we had not seen for many years.

Actually each one of us should be preparing for a journey. We do not know the date when we will be leaving or the details of our departure. But it will be a long trip and there will be no coming back. We do not know whether we will have time to say goodbye to our friends before we leave. But really this is not so important for they will be following us later. The Bible is specific on this point, we are going, for it says, "It is appointed unto men once to die ..." (Hebrews 9:27).

What happens to the body and the soul of a person who has departed this life? Most children, when they see a loved one being lowered into the grave and hear the story of life, death, and the resurrection, assume that the body and soul will sleep in the grave until the judgement day. They believe that when the trumpet sounds, the person will stand up. If his name is found in the book of life, he will be given a pair of wings and will be taken up to God in Heaven.

Beautiful as such a simple faith may be, sooner or later they will learn that the change from our natural bodies to our heavenly bodies is somewhat more complicated. Questions will arise which are difficult to answer, and which may never be fully answered on this side of eternity.

Although the Bible does not give us all the details about the intermediate state between death and the judgement, it does give us some facts and a good many hints. No one has all the answers, but by thinking and studying over the

matter, such things become much more real. Too often in the world today, Heaven and Hell are relegated to the realms of fiction and are considered the same as fairy tales.

THREE KINDS OF LIFE AND DEATH

The 25th verse of the fifth chapter of John is hard to understand: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming and now is when the dead shall hear the voice of God. And they that shall hear, shall live."

To understand this verse, we must first realize that there are three kinds of life and three kinds of death. The first is natural life, as long as a person is breathing he has natural life. When he quits breathing he falls into natural death. The second is spiritual life, a person can be alive and yet be spiritually dead. The third is eternal life or death. Those who are spiritually alive until their natural death go into eternal life. Those who are spiritually dead at the end of their natural death, go into eternal death, which is very much different from the natural death.

With these things in mind John 5:25 might be explained as follows: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming and now is when those who are the spiritually dead in this life shall hear the voice of the Son of God (the Word of God) and they that listen to it shall have spiritual life (or eternal life)."

Now the meaning does not conflict with the other verses such as the 29th verse of the same chapter, as well as many other verses in the Bible. In 1 Tim. 5:6 we read that "she who liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." This refers to spiritual death.

BETWEEN DEATH AND THE JUDGEMENT

What happens to people between the time they die and the judgement? There are several examples in the Bible which would indicate that the souls of the departed are very much alive during this time.

Jesus said to the thief on the cross, "Today thou wilt be

with me in Paradise" (Luke 23:43).

In the 16th chapter of Luke we probably have the clearest example of what is between death and the Judgement. Some people say that the story of the rich man and Lazarus is a parable but nowhere does the Bible call it a parable. Even if it were a parable, it should be remembered that a parable it should be remembered that a parable is a likeness about something everyone knows about in order to make plain a hidden truth. In this case we would have to assume that Heaven and Hell are well known and commonly accepted facts in order to use them in a parable. It is much safer to assume that the events actually happened, or if they didn't, then they might have happened. In either case the facts concerning Heaven and Hell, and the conditions of souls after death remain the same.

The Bible says that Lazarus died and was carried by the angels to Abraham's bosom. The rich man died and was buried. The next we read of him, he was in hell, probably carried there by Satan's angels. We do not read of any time elapsing between the time they died and the time they were in their respective places, no resurrection, no judgement. The rich man's brothers were still living on earth.

These two vastly different places were close enough together so that the rich man in Hell could see Abraham with Lazarus on his bosom. However there was a great gulf between them so none could pass to the other side.

Some people believe that before the resurrection of Christ, the abode of the souls of the righteous and the abode of the souls of the wicked were both in the middle of the earth. But when Christ arose from the dead, he took the righteous with him into the heavens to a place now referred to in Rev. 6:9 as "under the altar of Christ." We do not know if this is true but it does seem possible.

THE BODY OF CHRIST

Concerning Christ's death on the cross, the Bible tells us He was "put to death in the flesh" (1 Peter 3:18). We do not know where His spirit was while His body was in the tomb but some think He went to the middle of the earth to preach to the spirits of men who had died long before (1 Pet. 3:19). After three days He arose from the dead through the power of the Holy Spirit (Romans 8:11; 1 Peter 3:18), and appeared to His disciples. In Luke 24, we read that when the disciples saw Him, they were terrified and thought it was a spirit or a ghost. But Jesus said to them, "Behold my hands and my feet that it is I, myself: handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." This is a significant statement on the nature of a spirit or soul. This statement would also infer that a person's spirit is of the same shape and similar in appearance to his body.

According to 1 Cor. 15:20, Christ was the first one to be bodily resurrected. The eighteenth article of the Dortrecht confession of faith tells us that all men who have died shall be bodily resurrected on the judgement day, but that the souls or spirits of the departed are either with Christ now or are in Hell.

If this is true, then the appearance of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration, was only in the spirit. Yet the disciples recognized them which would indicate that the spirit of a person is similar in appearance to his earthly body.

The apostle Paul before his departure said, "We are confident and willing . . . rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord." Apparently he was thinking of that time directly after his death when his soul would

be in the presence of the Lord. After the resurrection, his body would also be with the Lord.

CAN WE TALK WITH THE DEAD?

Spiritualists, fortune tellers, and superstitious people believe that we can communicate with the spirits of persons who have died. Groups of these people gather in darkened rooms and have what is called a seance. The leader of the group is called a medium and he tries to make contact with the dead.

Some people think that these spiritualists can actually make contact with the departed persons. Others think the whole thing is a deception and that the medium deceives his followers by pretending to make contact with certain persons. After all, it is not hard to deceive people in a dark room.

A third group, and this sounds the most logical to me, believes that the mediums actually do make contact with spirits. But instead of the spirits of the departed persons, they are merely evil spirits sent from Satan to deceive the people. By impersonating the spirits of the departed ones, they deceive both the medium and his followers.

Houdini was an outstanding magician who did many seemingly impossible feats. Before his death he made an agreement with his wife that if it were possible for his spirit to come back from the spirit world he would do certain things at certain times each year. He died at the age of 52 and his wife went to the specified meeting places each year and waited for the signs to appear. They never did, even though many years have passed since that time and she faithfully watched for the signs.

The Bible is clear as to what the Christian's attitude should be toward all kinds of spiritualism, witch-craft and fortune telling.

Deuteronomy 18:9-24: "When thou art come into the land which the Lord Thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. There shall not be found among you anyone that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times or an enchanter, or a witch or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer.

"For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord; and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee. Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God.

"For these nations which thou shalt possess, hearkened unto observers of times, and unto diviners; but as for thee, the Lord thy God hath not suffered thee to do so."

Leviticus 20:6: "And the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits and after wizards, to go a whoring after them, I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people."

In the New Testament we find the examples of Simon the Sorcerer (Acts 8), of Elymas the sorcerer (Acts 13) and of the damsel who brought in much gain to her masters by soothsaying (Acts 16).

Nowhere in the Bible can we find any comfort for any kind of spiritualist or fortune-teller.

DO OUR LOVED ONES KNOW WHAT WE ARE DOING?

This is a question which the Bible does not answer. There are several instances which would seem to show that certain of the departed ones were aware of what was going on upon the earth. When Moses and Elias appeared with Christ at the transfiguration, they talked of the great

atonement which Christ was about to make.

The rich man in Hell (Luke 16) at least remembered in what condition he had left his five brothers.

On the other hand are instances which would indicate that the departed ones do not know what goes on upon the earth. When God permitted Samuel to be brought back from the spirit world at the request of Saul, he apparently did not know what had befallen Saul. For the first words he said were, "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" 1 Samuel 28:15. Saul then told him about the Phillistines pressing him on every side. Samuel gives no hint that he was aware of any of these facts.

Some people believe that the spirits of their loved ones who have died may be with them in the same room. This is very improbable. Jesus said to his disciples, "And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may also be" (John 14:3). If the soul is with Jesus than it is not floating around on the earth. Only God is omnipresent (everywhere at once). In Luke 16, we read that Abraham told the rich man that there is a great gulf between the abode of the righteous and wicked which the souls can not cross over. If they could not cross this gulf, then it is unlikely that they can return to earth.

There may well be spirits in the same room with us, but they are either angels sent from God to protect us (Psalm 34:7) or they are evil spirits sent from Satan to deceive us (Eph. 2:2).

OUR NEW BODIES

In the 15th chapter of first Corinthians, the apostle Paul tells us that those who are still living on the earth on the last day, will be changed. In a twinkling of an eye, when the trumpet sounds, their bodies will be changed from mortal to immortal bodies, from corruptible to incorruptible.

But what about the bodies of the people who have died hundreds of years ago, whose bodies are decomposed, returned to dust and perhaps scattered to the ends of the earth. Again the answer is found in 1 Corinthians 15, "But some man will say, "How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?" He goes on to say that when a kernel of grain is planted it can not bring forth a stalk except the kernel shall die first.

When we want to grow corn, we do not plant the whole corn stalk, but merely one little grain of corn. From this kernel, a stalk grows up which is similar to the original stalk, yet it is not the same one. So will God raise up our bodies from a seed of our original bodies. Our new bodies will be similar to our old bodies but will not be the original bodies which we had on earth.

The body which is lowered into the grave is mortal and corruptible. The body which is given to us on the resurrection day is immortable and incorruptible.

The first two persons, Adam and Eve, were created by God in His own image and likeness, in righteousness and true holiness. They were made to live forever. But when sin came into the world, their bodies became subject to death. God told them that the day they ate of the forbidden fruit, they should surely die. That is their bodies shall become subject to death.

The moment they sinned, a great change came over their bodies. It was a change equal to the change which awaits the righteous on the resurrection day, but was in the opposite direction. Instead of having bodies that would last for eternity, they were now subject to pain, sorrow, disease and death. They were driven from the garden of

Wonders of Nature

These little plants that stay green through the winter are favorites to put in winter gardens, especially the partridge berry vine with its red berries.



Eden out into the cold and unfriendly world. All their children inherited their sinful tendency, commonly called the Adamic nature.

There was only one person since the fall of man who was born and lived with the original sin-free body like Adam and Eve were created. This was the one person of the God-head, Jesus Christ, who was born not of the blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God (John 1:13). He did not partake of the Adamic sin and therefore was qualified to make the great atonement for that sin. He endured natural and spiritual death, that is, he was "separated from God for a moment" and forsaken of God, not for His own sins but for the sins of humanity. Whereas all other persons are subject to death as a result of their own sin, Christ was not, and He could not have died unless he were first forsaken of God. Through the power of the Holy Spirit He was raised from the dead and became the first-fruits of the resurrection.

The grave was empty. His body was not there. Christ had arisen from the dead, appeared unto His disciples and ascended into Heaven with the very same body which he had on earth. Mortal man must wait until the Resurrection Day to receive a new body and then it will not be the same body which he had on earth. Very likely, the new bodies will be made of the same sin-free flesh which Adam and Eve were created with, and which Christ had while on earth. "We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him" (1 John 3:2)

Our new bodies will be perfect. There will be no lame or crippled persons in Heaven. On earth some persons are born deformed or minus one or more of the limbs. But

since our new bodies will be only from the seed of our original bodies, they will be perfect in every way.

When Christ appeared unto His disciples He told them to touch him and see, for a spirit does not have flesh and bones like He has. He did not say flesh and blood, for the blood is the life of mortal man, but the spirit is the life of immortal man. For this reason, the apostle Paul calls the bodies of the resurrection "spiritual bodies" (1 Cor. 15:44). He does not call them spirits, which do not have flesh and bones, but "spiritual bodies."

"The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from Heaven . . . As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly" (1 Cor. 15:47-49).

The apostle goes on to say that flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God. He has reference here to the flesh and blood of our mortal bodies.

THE JUDGEMENT

The question has been asked, if the souls of the righteous go to be with Jesus as soon as they die and the souls of the wicked go to a place of torment immediately, why is it necessary to have a judgement? God in His great wisdom does many things which man can not understand. "Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?"

We know that the judgements of God are right and just. Perhaps the reason for the Judgement Day is so that all men can see that they have been rightly judged.

The 25th chapter of Matthew contains such a clear and vivid picture of the Judgement Day as can be found anywhere. Words are inadequate to describe the awfulness and solemnity of the event.

The expression has been made, "There'll only be one just court ever held. Everybody will get justice, but many will not want it."

ARE HEAVEN AND HELL REAL

The Bible teaches us there is a place called Heaven and a place called Hell. Some people believe these names refer to our stay here on earth, but the Bible teaches otherwise. Jesus said to the thief on the cross, "Today thou wilt be with me in Paradise." Surely there was no Paradise on earth for him on that day.

He had also told His disciples, "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you" (John 14).

When Jesus told of the final judgement in Matthew 25, he ended by saying, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."

All these verses and many more indicate there is a real place of everlasting joy and a place of everlasting punishment.

Some people believe in Heaven but not in Hell. The Bible teaches us that one is as real as the other.

Several years ago some members of the sect commonly called Jehovah's Witnesses were making house to house calls, spreading their false doctrine ridiculing the idea of a hell. "Hell is a place just outside of Jerusalem," they scoffed, "where the rubbish and off-falls from the city are burned."

The man they were talking to replied, "I can't agree with you because I feel the Bible teaches otherwise. If I am mistaken, then I have nothing to lose except this body which will decay anyhow. If you are wrong you will have a lot to lose for you will be spreading a false doctrine and will have to spend eternity in Hell."

No one knows where Heaven and Hell are located. However it is very likely that the souls of the wicked are kept in a place in the middle of the earth.

In Africa there are diamond mines which are ten miles deep. As the mines go down, the temperature goes up. Ten miles down in the earth, the temperature is an uncomfortable 110 degrees Fahrenheit. Scientists tell us the middle of the earth is a seething, boiling mass, hotter than any liquid on the surface of the earth.

On the judgement day the earth shall erupt with fervent heat, enveloped by a ball of fire. Where could be a more likely place for Hell than right here on earth where the wicked would have to endure their punishment, perhaps in the very same places where they lived a lustful life while on earth?

Heaven is traditionally thought of as being in the blue skies, perhaps somewhere out in the wide areas of space. In Revelations 21, the city of the New Jerusalem is described as being twelve thousand furlongs square. A furlong is generally considered to be one-eighth of a mile which would make the city 1500 miles square. One thing we know, there will be plenty of room for all who are worthy to enter into the city.

THE GLORIES OF HEAVEN

The glories of Heaven are beyond the grasp of mortal minds. However, the Bible makes it plain that it is a place of unspeakable joy. Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions" (John 14). He also said, "Rejoice because your names are written in Heaven" (Luke 10:20). In the Sermon on the Mount he said, "Rejoice and be exceedingly glad for great is your reward in Heaven" (Matt. 5:12).

Probably no other book in the Bible gives as clear a picture of the joys of Heaven as the Book of Revelations. In the seventh, twenty-first, and twenty-second chapters, it is possible for the human mind to get a foretaste of what is yet to come.

The chief reason for joy in Heaven is because God and His Son, Jesus Christ are there. In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." This is a precious promise and is something no man on earth has been able to do. Moses, when he was on the mountain, was permitted to see the back of God, but God said to him, "Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see me and live." When Moses came down off the mountain, the skin of his face shone so that the children of Israel were afraid to come near him (Exodus 34). If the glory of God is so great that Moses' face shone from seeing merely the hinder parts, how intense must the brightness be when we shall be able to see Him face to face!

In Heaven we shall be freed from the things that have bothered us on earth. Every Christian has a cross to bear, or we might say, many little crosses. He is a warrior and must fight a constant battle against the enemy which is stronger than flesh and blood (Ephesians 6:12). Although it is possible to have victory in this life, yet there is no discharge from the war as long as we live (Eccl. 8:8). Following are some of the things which will be different.

1. Eating and Drinking. There will be no more desire to overeat or to take strong drink. It is very doubtful whether there will be any natural eating at all. When Moses was on the Mountain for forty days and forty nights at two different times, he did not eat or drink.

2. Adorning our bodies. On this earth there is a great tendency to adorn our bodies with all kinds of decora-

tions, with wearing fine clothes, special styles, hair-
does etc. Before Adam and Eve sinned, they were
clothed with the radiance of God. Apparently the bright-
ness of being in contact with God, shone from their
bodies and covered their nakedness.

3. Sinning with the tongue. On earth we are tempted to
revile, slander, scold, tell untruths or relate things that
should not be. In Heaven we will sing the song of Moses
and the Lamb and there will be no temptations to mis-
use our tongues for we will be busy with the praises of
Him who redeemed us.

4. Immorality. As far back in history as we can read,
nations and peoples have been brought to their downfall
by loose living and immorality. In Heaven there will be
no procreation, hence no sexual life or desires and
lusting will be eliminated.

WILL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE

This is a controversial question and one which we may
have to wait until we have crossed over to answer in full.
The Bible, however, does seem to indicate that we will be
able to recognize the saints as well as our relatives and
friends who have gone on before. The apostle Paul was
looking forward to the return of "the Lord Jesus Christ
with all His saints" (1 Thess. 3:13). We have been taught
to hold in reverence the holy men of the faith both of the
Old and New Testaments. Can anyone imagine that Abra-
ham, Moses, Joshua or David would not be recognizable,
to say nothing of the apostles and heroes of the New Testa-
ment?

On the Mount of Transfiguration, Peter, James and John
needed no one to introduce them to Moses and Elias even
though they could not possibly ever have seen them. In
Luke 16, the rich man in Hell looked up and recognized
Abraham whom he had probably never seen, as well as the
poor beggar who had lain at his doorsteps in life.

In Matthew 8:11, Jesus said, "Many shall come from the
east and west and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac
and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven." If we are of that
number who come from the east and the west, then we be-
lieve that we will have the privilege of sitting down at real
tables with the saints whom we have heard so much about,
and who lived thousands of years ago.

In Luke 13:28, Christ speaks of the unrighteous as fol-
lows: "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when
ye shall see Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and all the
prophets in the Kingdom of God and you yourselves thrust
out." Apparently the lost will be able to see the saved
when Jesus comes in His glory and they will be able to
recognize the saints of old. Nowhere does the Bible infer
that the saved will be able to see or recognize the wicked
who are doomed to eternal condemnation.

The question invariably comes up, "What about our rela-
tives?" Could we be happy in Heaven if some of the family
circle were missing? Suppose a husband or wife or some
of the children had failed to enter in at the Strait Gate and
had been thrown into the lake of everlasting fire?

Some things are too deep for the human mind to compre-
hend. We could do well to submit what is too hard for us
into the hands of an all-knowing, all-seeing, all-powerful
and all-wise God, who does all things well. However there
are some facts we should consider.

God has gifted His children, those who are born again
of His spirit, with a concern for others in this life. He
wants us to do all we can to influence those with whom we
come in contact to serve God here on this earth. He has
given a special responsibility to parents for the welfare

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WHERE SHALL THE SINNER APPEAR?

Don't trouble your leader with worldly desires,
Don't grieve him with anger's rude word;
His duty is not to please man here below,
But keeping commands of the LORD.
He knows he has promised to strive until death
To keep souls that are put in his care;
For oh, if the righteous shall scarcely be saved,
Then where shall the sinner appear?

Be peacemakers, humble, and kindness show forth,
Together be joined in true love,
Not seeking to satisfy self for a time,
And forgetting commands from above.
Oh, put away malice, don't justify pride,
But rather put on Godly fear;
For oh, if the righteous shall scarcely be saved
Then where shall the sinner appear?

Wish not for earth's riches or gloat on her toys,
Don't greedily covet her store,
But place your affections on things that shall last
When time and her treasures are o'er.
You cannot inherit eternity's joys
If careless and unconcerned here;
For oh, if the righteous shall scarcely be saved,
Then where shall the sinner appear?

Oh, hasn't He told you that toil will be great?
And that you shall surely be tried?
And hasn't He said that you can't win the crown
By pushing the cross to the side?
Your own stubborn will and desires must be bent.
To pleadings turn not a deaf ear,
For oh, if the righteous shall scarcely be saved,
Then where shall the sinner appear?

It's worth every effort, though hard it may seem
To sacrifice selfish desire,
For heaven is waiting with beauty untold
For those that her prizes aspire;
The faithful shall enter that glorious home
And look upon faces so dear;
But Oh! if the righteous shall scarcely be saved
Then where shall the sinner appear?

-A Mother, Virginia

of their households and to ministers for their flocks. Paul
wrote to his erring brethren (Romans 9:2) that he had great
heaviness and a continual sorrow in his heart for them.
To the Christians at Ephesus he reminded them that for
"three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day
with tears."

Here in this life is the time to be concerned about our
loved ones. Now is the time we should not spare any ef-
fort to persuade all persons to deny themselves and take
up their cross and follow Jesus. This is the time to re-
prove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine

At the sound of the last trumpet all this will be changed,
"Behold, I make all things new" (Rev. 21:5). There will
be no more invitations to prepare for the wedding feast.
The divine mission of gathering in guests for the marriage
of the Lamb will be finished. All those who have not

entered in must remain outside for eternity.

But for those who are inside the gates of the Heavenly Jerusalem, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things have passed away" (Rev. 21:4).

Among the things which will then have passed away is the time to reprove, rebuke and exhort. If the time to do these things has passed away, then we believe that God will also have taken away the burden to do them.

In Heaven, the glory of God will be so great that all else will be overshadowed. Since family responsibilities will be non-existent, no doubt, family ties will be very much in the background. It is very likely that parents and children will recognize each other if they meet in Heaven. But the glory of God will be so great that these acquaintances will be very much secondary.

Being able to recognize each other does not mean that husbands and wives, or parents and children will be searching for or longing for each other in Heaven. We believe that the goodness of God will be overly-sufficient to supply all our desires. Each person in Heaven will be busy enjoying the things about him.

When a child is completely happy and satisfied sitting on his father's knee then he is absorbed in the things of the present and his mind does not wander off or wish for other things. It is possible that in the unfathomable splendors of the realms of Heaven that the mind will not be able to think of the unpleasant events which happened on earth. God shall wipe away their tears and there shall be no more sorrow, nor crying, nor pain. To be able to think back to partings on earth without any hope of a meeting would surely bring sorrow and pain. But if the minds of the people in the celestial city are occupied with the present then there would be no looking back.

In Matthew 22, the Sadducees came to Jesus telling Him about a woman who had seven husbands, one after the other. The Sadducees did not believe in a resurrection and they were trying to find something to justify themselves and their views. They asked Jesus, "Whose wife shall she be in the resurrection for all seven had married her?"

Jesus answered, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God. For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in Heaven."

Some people understand this to mean that no woman will be able to recognize her husband in Heaven. The verse does not say anything like this. All it tells us is that there is no procreation, no marrying or giving in marriage, in Heaven. It does not say that marriages which have been effected on earth will not be acknowledged in Heaven and that husbands and wives will not recognize each other.

If a woman had two or more husbands and she meets them in Heaven, she will no doubt recognize each one of them as having been her husband on earth in the same way she might recognize a number of her children. Those who will be worthy to enter into the gates of that city will love each other with a much purer and truer love than they were ever able to attain on earth. Family responsibilities and family units will be abolished and everyone will be brothers and sisters in the Lord.

It might also be noted in passing that as far as angels are concerned, they do have names and we believe they recognize each other.

All Christians look forward to and long for the time when they will meet those whom they hold dear in the faith.

Not only men like Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and the apostles, but also persons who have lived since then and are living now. Of special interest are those who have had an influence on our Christian lives. Perhaps included in this number will be bishops, ministers, parents, or friends who have pointed us to or kept us on the Narrow Way. A special joy will it be to meet these in Heaven and no doubt the remembrance of good things in the past will then come back.

WE'VE HAD A NUMBER OF
HIRED GIRL STORIES; NOW
HERE'S A MOTHER-OF-THE-
HIRED-GIRL STORY

Author's name withheld

Help For Those Who Need It

Ever since I read the first hired girl story I have been thinking of all the different things that might be written on the subject. Any mother who has girls working out goes through many experiences but I suppose each one is different. Sometimes we are tempted to just keep our girls at home and let others do the work, but I feel we would have missed many blessings already. If we can live this life to give instead of to take, then blessings can flow in abundance.

Several years ago there was a job which the other girls were afraid to tackle. We did not know it at the time, but the Mrs. seemed to be beside herself. One of our girls went and as it turned out, she came home bubbling over of the many good things that happened that week. It so happened that the Mrs. had responded favorably to medication. Her parents had also come to visit and all of them had a very enjoyable week together. Our daughter grew so fond of them that they have written together since and they come to visit us whenever they can.

Another job was when our girl was asked to go take care of a woman and her baby when the husband was in a questionable condition. He was associating with a man who had left our faith and was into too many things to mention. We did not know what we should do but they did need help so we let our daughter go. Some weeks afterward this man changed and made confession in the church and made his things right. He wanted to have peace with everyone. I don't think it changed him just because our girl was there but if we would have refused when they needed help, it would have been like another stone thrown in his direction. We hope he is sincere and that the Lord will help him. It just goes to show that a sinner needs help in more ways than one.

This is our third girl that works out. The two oldest ones did too, but they are married now. They still have friendships they gained while working as hired girls.

So far we have not let our girls work for people outside of our faith. Although we have been offered much higher wages, it is a satisfaction to know that we are fulfilling our responsibility in helping our own people. In years gone by, we have had hired girls, too.

It no longer worries us when strangers come and see that we do not have the high-priced furniture in our home like some of our relatives in other communities. It's just not worth the risk of having our girls work in English

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homes. The Bible teaches us to seek first the kingdom of God.

In every community are certain places where the hired girls don't like to go. When they get together they talk about the places they like to work and where they don't like it. When such people need help they often get "No" for an answer. I don't see how mothers can let their daughters have their own way and not go just because they don't want to. In years to come, maybe these girls will find out, if they have a family of their own, that it was easier to go and work for others than to go and ask for a maid.

Of course it is hard for a girl to go and start working at a new place with a baby. She doesn't know the woman and everything is so strange. When she goes to the kitchen she has to hunt for whatever she needs. She has to fix meals for the man, probably also a stranger. The poor girl has many trials to go through.

Being a grandmother now, there are many things I'd just love to do — if only I could keep our girl at home to help with the work. The raspberries have not been trimmed (Ed. note: this was written in October), the celery needs to be brought in, and the girls need winter clothes.

I find myself wondering, is it my responsibility to be helping outside our own home and our married children. I could easily keep the girls busy for there is no end to the jobs that need to be done. But in years to come, could I look back and feel good about it? Soon our girls may be gone, and I would like to work while it is yet day for the night cometh when no man can work.

So I can see no better way than to try to help each other the best we can where help is needed. After all, that is what we are here for.

- Delaware.

A Brother's Lament

I helped to put you in the pit,
My heart was dark with rage;
Why did you have to talk so big
At such a tender age?

I saw them take you far away
And thought, "O glad release!"
Until you turned and looked at me—
My heart wrung void of peace.

How often in the dark of night
Your cries still pierce my dreams;
My troubled soul in anguish rolls
In scalding shame it seems.

O Joseph! Shall we ever meet
On Egypt's sandy shore,
And shall we ever brothers be
As in the days of yore?

I long to see you once again
And tell you of my woe
And wonder if perhaps you'd say,
"I forgave you long ago."

-Ontario

The following article, written by an Amish bishop, was published in the Budget about 12 years ago in answer to a discussion on the new birth.

REPENTANCE

AND THE

NEW BIRTH

Repentance means a change in the disposition or thoughts of the mind from what is evil to that which is good. It begins with an awareness of our depravity, the guilt, and the unrenewed state. This is accompanied by a serious concern about the outcome or consequences of our sins. (Ezek. 20, 43; 36, 31; Acts 2, 37 and 16, 30)

We begin to look at ourselves. If repentance is genuine, it is attended by much uneasiness and godly sorrow on account of our sins and evil deeds. We realize the danger we are in and dread the punishment which our sins deserve. (2 Cor. 7:9-10; Luke 22:62)

This awareness creates in us an inward desire to be delivered from sin, its guilt, power, and pollution and its consequences. We are led to earnestly seek and secure deliverance. Everyone who has come to the years of accountability needs repentance, for all have sinned. Without repentance there can be no pardon and no salvation.

Every sinner may be assured that Christ is able to save him if he will repent and believe the gospel and through love obey His commands.

Thus the new birth is brought forth through the awareness of our lost condition. We are created anew in righteousness and true holiness and restored to the image of God in our soul. As in our natural birth we are made to bear the image of our earthly parents, so likewise in our spiritual birth we will bear the image of our heavenly Father. (John 3:6)

This new birth is the beginning of new life for the soul. Without this new birth, no man can see the kingdom of God. John 3:3. Human nature, in its unrepentant state, is like the house infected with leprosy. Repairing the house will not suffice, it must be reconstructed. We must become new creatures. If we were not dead in trespasses and sins, we would not need to be made alive in Christ Jesus. But such is our nature and as long as it continues so we cannot see the Kingdom of God.

To see the Kingdom of God, we must have a spiritual hunger for divine things, a heart to love and serve the Lord. We must fully accept the Word of God in our hearts and trust and believe the words of our Lord for He will be true to his promises.

I believe our forefathers such as Menno Simons and Dirk Philips were very careful to explain the new birth. They took care not to substitute anything else for it such as church rules, clothes, joining a church, baptism, communion or any other outward ceremony. These things, without faith, regeneration, and renewing of the mind can avail nothing to please God or to obtain of Him any consolation or promise of salvation. We must come to God with an upright heart, in perfect faith and believe in Jesus Christ

as the Scriptures say of Him. In this way we can obtain forgiveness of sins, we are sanctified, justified, and made children of God.

Yea, we can partake of His mind, nature and image as being born again of God from above through incorruptible seed (Article 6).

Bishop David Beiler of Lancaster County, Pa., in his book "Wahres Christenthum" published in 1857 writes of the new birth. In explaining John 3, he says we cannot in the power of the Spirit preach of the new birth and of its works and of its fruits and teach it to others without having first experienced it ourselves. Through the new birth we must become truly converted and obtain a change of heart, we must bury the old man of sin and death and rise with Christ in a new life. Then we may in truth say with Paul, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Menno Simons also writes, "We desire, according to the word of God that no bishop, pastor or minister shall be admitted into the church of the Lord, to teach and administer the sacraments of the Lord, other than those who are sound in the doctrines, and ordinances of our Lord Jesus Christ and are unblamable in all things. For the word of the Lord is Spirit and Life. These things cannot be administered by the carnally minded, by children of death, nor by liars, but by the truthful, the spiritually minded and by those who rightly confess Christ Jesus, who feel surely the life eternal in their hearts."

Thus by reading the writings of our forefathers, we can see that they were aware they had experienced the new birth, and that they had repented, and forsaken their sins and believed all the words of the gospel. Such people the enemy of the truth always hated, cursed, and persecuted.

IN THE DAYS OF YOUTH

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth
And walk uprightly, embracing the truth,
For strait is the gate, and narrow the way
That leads us on to endless day.

Not only the gross sins can lead astray
Onto the broad road in spiritual decay;
Whoever offends in one point of the law
Is righteously judged as guilty of all.

We read in the Scriptures of all that we say
An account must be given on that notable day;
If from falsehood and lies our soul is not free
Our lot with the ungodly and sinners shall be.

Not only the person who maketh a lie
But he that loveth it also shall die;
If our words are filthy and idle and vain
The entrance to heaven our soul cannot gain.

Even though we believe Jesus died on the cross
And gave His blood freely to cleanse us from dross,
Our faith cannot save us if our actions deny
The presence of Jesus the Saviour on high.

But His grace is sufficient, His mercy is free;
He's calling so earnestly, "Come unto me,"
For strait is the gate and narrow the way
That leads us on to endless day.

L., Pennsylvania

18 RULES FOR RUINING A CHILD

- by Daniel E. Mast, 1848 - 1930

1. Give your young child all that he wants and all that he cries for.

2. And when he is older and has fits of anger, coddle him with all kinds of playthings. If he knocks them out of your hand, laugh at him, and pretend it's only a minor thing to let a child be selfish. Scold him as a real stubbornhead, but don't whip him. You love him too much for that. Besides, paddling him would break his selfwill.

3. When you have company at your house, tell them while the child is present how wonderfully smart he is. Then clothe him in worldly ways, as fine and as fashionable as the church will let you get by with.

4. When you ask him to do something and he doesn't, coax him a couple of times. If he doesn't respond, threaten him with the strap. Then if he still doesn't listen, go and do the job yourself.

5. If you as parents disagree on how to train him, argue it out between yourselves and let him listen. In this way he'll know you don't get along, and will have reason to scorn your advice.

6. Mother, let him know that you think Daddy is entirely too strict and loses his patience too easily. It isn't necessary to be so particular.

7. Father, let your child know that Mother is not the boss of the house; her words don't count for much.

8. Let him choose his own playmates, and don't bother to ask whom he chums with.

9. Allow him to read everything that comes in the mail, and anything else he can lay his hands on. When he starts to tell foolish dirty jokes, laugh with him, he'll think he's really smart.

10. If he's a big boy and plays with children that don't go to church, let them do as they please on Sundays. But if he is still a little fellow, take him along with you to church and turn him loose there. No matter if he doesn't sit still or listen to the sermon. No matter if he plays around with the other boys, or goes outside during services.

11. Let him think he is quite the young man; in fact, encourage him to consider himself grown-up. In this way Satan can have an early start planting tares in his heart; the younger the devil can reach him, the surer he is of the prize.

12. Give him all the spending money he asks for and let him buy whatever he wants.

13. Never take time to answer his questions seriously, especially when he asks about religion. When he asks, "Why do we do this?", answer him, "Oh, because."

14. Let the dust settle on your Bible. But don't neglect teaching him how to make money and build a fat bank account. If you do this, the spiritual things will take care of themselves.

15. Tell him nothing of Jesus the Redeemer, who through love came to bless and save mankind. Tell him nothing of

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the Saviour's glorious birth, lest he become curious and ask you questions. Keep him in ignorance as long as you can, so that your lies will show up better. And don't tell him about the lad Jesus talking with the teachers in the temple when he was only twelve years old.

16. Never sit down with your child to read the Bible with him, verse by verse, for this would likely make him want to know more, and he would ask you what this or that means.

17. Don't let him learn of the eighteen articles of faith, which have brought comfort and hope and counsel to so many. Instead, let your life conform to the eighteen destructive articles you are now reading.

18. If the foregoing seventeen articles fail to ruin your child, try this one more — make it a rule at your house to skip prayer at mealtime, and to substitute instead malicious gossip. Bring up all the faults of the ministers and laugh at them with scorn. Never, never pray for your ministers in the presence of your child. Just criticize.

If all this fails to destroy your child, tell him he doesn't need a Saviour, he doesn't need to be born-again, he is plenty good to be a member of the church. Indeed, he was born without Adam's guilt and must surely be a child of God by nature.

Children are pretty well what we parents, with the help and grace of God, make of them. Many a father or mother complains about his spoiled child and doesn't realize whose fault it is.

I do not feel very satisfied with the way I trained my own large family. Yet I did the best I knew at the time. Now, when it is too late, I can see where I could have done better. But God be praised that I need not do it over again.

This I would like to say, that the younger generation is near to my heart. If in any small way I can be of help to them in the bringing up of their children, I want to let God use me. Let the honor be His alone.

I don't know whether I should sign my name or not. But it seems to me an unsigned article isn't worth as much as one that is signed — one that was written by someone I know and have confidence is trying to live as he teaches. Written in weakness, and I know I lack much myself. Pray for me, and give God the honor. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil."

If you should die this very day;
If you should feel life slip away,
Where would your soul's resting be?
Where would you spend eternity?
Would you be on heaven's bright strand?
Would you find the Master's hand?
Or would you hear the Saviour say,
"I know thee not"? You're turned away.
You helped Him not in His great need,
You failed to grant one kindly deed,
And now you face the judgment day
And not one little word can say
To change the life that's passed you by.
We have the chance before we die.
His love is great and free to all
Who'll only heed His pleading call.
His heavenly home is the reward
For those who love and trust the Lord.

— H. H. Haver

BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

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-Selected, Iowa

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"But — but I didn't take it," the child repeated for the fourth time, as the tears started rolling down his cheeks afresh.

"You have denied things before this and we learned later it wasn't the truth. Why was the quarter found with your things if you didn't take it?" asked Emanuel as he took his handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"Wilma put it there."

"How do you know she took it? It's quite a serious matter if you blame someone who's innocent."

"She took it and she wasn't even spanked and I was."

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"I — I didn't lie about it," sobbed Johnny as he laid his head against the rough boards of the strawshed.

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"Do what? When?" Eli answered, being interrupted in his conversation with Emanuel.

"What did we do with Omar when he refused to own up to something that he did wrong? I can't just remember," she repeated.

"I guess spanked him," laughed Eli. "There were enough

A MYSTERIOUS LETTER

Once upon a time in a land far away
Where the flowers bloom all season and the bees buzz
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Lived a pretty little girl with golden wavy hair;
She lived with her father for her mother wasn't there.

This sweet little girl was as sad as could be
For she only had her father and her home 'neath a tree.
But she wanted her mother with the angels on high;
Her daddy said she'd meet her someday in the sky.

One day she had a thought which made her jump in glee;
She would try the idea and the end soon she'd see.
She got a piece of paper and, of course, a pencil too,
She would write her dear mother and pages not a few.

She sat on a stepstool with a pencil in her hand;
Just how would she start it— "Dear Mother," it began.
"You don't know how I miss you, how I wish that you
were here!
But please tell dear Jesus I hope to soon be there.

"Tell all the angels 'Hi' for me and that I'd love to hear
Their beautiful sweet music, so wonderful and clear.
And, Oh, I'm looking forward to see you very soon
And before I forget it, can you ever see the moon?"

"But I'd better quit for now, but keep watching for me;
I hope you get this letter before I come up to thee."
She got a white envelope from her own little chest
And in very large letters she wrote her very best.

"To Mother, with God, c/o Heaven," she wrote,
Then she went to the closet and put on her coat;
She went to the postoffice and put down her letter,
Not in the local space, for now she knew better.

This just happened to be the postman's last day
To serve as postmaster; he was going away.
And when he saw this letter it troubled him very much
For in all his years of service he had never seen such.

Then closing the office he stepped outside
And got into his car then to the lake he did ride.
He opened then the letter (this he wasn't supposed to do),
When he was finished reading he shed tears not a few.

For it touched his old heart and he found it quite sad,
And he no longer wondered if the girl had been mad;
He wondered what he should do with the letter now so dear
But he took the letter and to bits it did tear.

He threw it o'er the waters and watched it sail away
For he knew this mother wouldn't get her letter in any way.

the Saviour's glorious birth, lest he become curious and ask you questions. Keep him in ignorance as long as you can, so that your lies will show up better. And don't tell him about the lad Jesus talking with the teachers in the temple when he was only twelve years old.

16. Never sit down with your child to read the Bible with him, verse by verse, for this would likely make him want to know more, and he would ask you what this or that means.

17. Don't let him learn of the eighteen articles of faith, which have brought comfort and hope and counsel to so many. Instead, let your life conform to the eighteen destructive articles you are now reading.

18. If the foregoing seventeen articles fail to ruin your child, try this one more — make it a rule at your house to skip prayer at mealtime, and to substitute instead malicious gossip. Bring up all the faults of the ministers and laugh at them with scorn. Never, never pray for your ministers in the presence of your child. Just criticize.

If all this fails to destroy your child, tell him he doesn't need a Saviour, he doesn't need to be born-again, he is plenty good to be a member of the church. Indeed, he was born without Adam's guilt and must surely be a child of God by nature.

Children are pretty well what we parents, with the help and grace of God, make of them. Many a father or mother complains about his spoiled child and doesn't realize whose fault it is.

I do not feel very satisfied with the way I trained my own large family. Yet I did the best I knew at the time. Now, when it is too late, I can see where I could have done better. But God be praised that I need not do it over again.

This I would like to say, that the younger generation is near to my heart. If in any small way I can be of help to them in the bringing up of their children, I want to let God use me. Let the honor be His alone.

I don't know whether I should sign my name or not. But it seems to me an unsigned article isn't worth as much as one that is signed — one that was written by someone I know and have confidence is trying to live as he teaches. Written in weakness, and I know I lack much myself. Pray for me, and give God the honor. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil."

• • • • •
• If you should die this very day;
• If you should feel life slip away,
• Where would your soul's resting be?
• Where would you spend eternity?
• Would you be on heaven's bright strand?
• Would you find the Master's hand?
• Or would you hear the Saviour say,
• "I know thee not"? You're turned away.
• You helped Him not in His great need,
• You failed to grant one kindly deed,
• And now you face the judgment day
• And not one little word can say
• To change the life that's passed you by.
• We have the chance before we die.
• His love is great and free to all
• Who'll only heed His pleading call.
• His heavenly home is the reward
• For those who love and trust the Lord.
• — H. H. Haver
• • • • •

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others that he couldn't get away with it very well and he was soon found guilty."

The men were soon lost again in their conversation.

"I guess that is one advantage in having a large family," sighed Mandy as she didn't seem to find an answer to their problem.

"Having large families has many advantages," answered Mary, "especially if they are taught what is right and what is wrong. We keep hoping and praying that it can be so, but I feel our efforts are very weak." She turned to her husband. "Don't you think we better call Davey and be going?"

"I guess so," he answered looking at his watch. "Davey!" he called out.

"Yeeesss," came a voice from the barn.

Soon he was on the buggy and they were on their way.

FIVE YEARS LATER

"I'm glad Davey came over to play with Johnny this afternoon," Emanuel Sommers said as he put his head back against the rocker and started to rock slightly back and forth. "He seems like a very nice boy. He's so quiet we'd hardly know he's upstairs with the children."

"He seems like a nice boy, or else he just gets away with everything," Mandy spoke in a monotone.

"I don't think he has anything to hide," replied Emanuel.

"Well, it just seemed after our Johnny was blamed for stealing and lying in the school, Elis just thought their Davey was too good to associate with Johnny."

"I don't know if we'd want our boy to associate with such company either. I just hope he was as innocent as he said he is."

"I believe the others were just picking on him. It's no wonder he's nervous. Soon we'll have to begin taking him to the doctor for treatments, too, like we do Wilma." After a short silence Mandy continued, "I think we'll just let Wilma sleep downstairs on the cot for awhile yet. Even if she's twelve already I think she enjoys being downstairs closer to us."

"If you think Johnny is nervous, too, maybe it would help to let him sleep down —"

"Ssssh, Emanuel, be quiet! The children are coming downstairs."

Emanuel and Mandy heard the stair door open and close out in the kitchen. There was the talk and the laughter of the children. "I know what we'll do," they heard Johnny saying. "Let's go back to Menno Easch's pond and fish."

"Let's!" called out Wilma happily.

"I know where there's plenty of fishworms," said Johnny, "and you can use Dad's pole."

"I'll get some apples and fix a few sandwiches," offered Wilma.

"If you do that we'll let you go along, won't we Davey?" Johnny said with a chuckle.

There was a short silence.

Then Emanuel and Mandy heard Davey answer, "I — I don't know if I want to go along."

"You mean you don't like to go fishing?" asked Johnny surprised.

"Of course, I like to go fishing but — but I don't know if I want to go today."

"We'll see that you get home early enough," suggested Johnny, showing a bit of disappointment in his voice.

"Oh, it isn't that!"

"You mean you don't have to be home to do chores?" asked Johnny perplexed.

"No, there are enough others to do the chores. It's —

FEBRUARY 1971

it's —"

"Aren't you feeling good?" cut in Wilma.

"Yes, I'm feeling all right but — but today is Sunday."

"Oh, ho, is that all that's wrong!" laughed Johnny. "I've gone fishing on Sunday before this already. Dad thinks it's better than being out on the road on Sunday with the bicycles."

"I'm not allowed to do that either."

"You mean you're not allowed to go fishing?" exclaimed Wilma.

"I'm not supposed to go on Sunday."

"I'm sure your folks won't find out if we go awhile," Johnny tried to reassure him.

"Could be they won't, but Dad said just this morning when we were reading the Bible that we shouldn't forget that God sees us even if they don't."

"Huh, I guess he does, but do you really think it's so wrong to go fishing on Sunday?" asked Johnny disgustedly.

"I really can't see it so wrong but Dad said if we can't see that things are wrong we should just obey and then sometime we would understand."

"Well, I guess that settles it. Everything's spoiled," Johnny's voice sounded everything but happy. "What shall we do now?" he added.

"I haven't seen that little calf yet you told me about," remarked Davey trying to speak with courage.

"Okay, we'll go out to the barn awhile," answered Johnny.

Emanuel and Mandy heard the kitchen door slam shut. For a long while they sat in silence in the room. Between them stood a bowl of popcorn and two glasses of lemonade.

"Emanuel, I don't think you've touched the popcorn yet," remarked Mandy.

He jerked to attention. "Oh, maybe I haven't. It's just — it's just that I have been thinking."

She glanced over at him inquisitively trying to guess what lay so heavily on his mind that he could forget to eat popcorn — one of his favorite foods.

"You know, Mandy," he finally said, his voice coming in a hollow tone, "I thought we were raising our children stricter than what brother Elis were."

"I'm sure we are," Mandy reassured him. "They always let their children do too much as they pleased."

"In a sense, yes, but — but somehow I think they're being more successful than we are."

"How you talk! Their children are not all grown yet — and not all married. Wait and see how they will turn out yet."

"It isn't that exactly what I'm thinking about."

"You're thinking about —"

"Children, yes," he finished. "I've been worried lately about our Johnny. He is becoming so headstrong. Then today after church brother Eli and I were talking about bringing up children. He said it's just as the preacher had said, we should have more vermahnung (admonition) than züchtigung (punishment), that züchtigung without enough explanation make children hardened or nervous. Maybe even mental patients later in life. I didn't think so much about it until after I was home."

"But, Emanuel, we tried to tell our children, too, what is right and what is wrong."

"We did, but maybe not as much as we should have. I'm afraid we were using too much our own strong will pitched against theirs, instead of —" Emanuel's voice trailed off as he again was lost in thought.

"Instead of what?" Mandy asked, deep furrows showing between her eyes.

"Well, I was just thinking in this way. I want to do, too,

what is right but I often see where I fail and I just supposed if God would use us, His children, as we at times do our children... Well, I feel at times we would deserve more punishment but He is merciful and always forgives when we confess to Him."

"Yes, but we forgive our children, too, don't we?"

"Sure we do, but God gives us His Word to direct us and we should give this Word to our children to direct them. Maybe if we would've been more faithful in this they wouldn't have had to be punished so often."

"But I don't like to punish the children. It hurts me more than them, I'm sure," Mandy tried to defend herself.

"I'm sure it does, but wasn't it too often our strong will

pitched against theirs. I'm sure if we had used the switch less and the tongue of love more — Oh, well —" Emanuel flung out his hands in a futile motion.

For a long while no one spoke. The popcorn bowl remained untouched.

Mandy finally broke the silence. "We were young when we married, Emanuel, and thought we knew all the answers. I see, too, how I've failed. It seemed my own goal was that my children would do better than your brother Eli's." Her voice broke as tears came into her eyes.

He reached over and put his hand over hers. "It's all right, Mandy. Pride can force us to do many things, none of which are right. I wish we could start over, but..."

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

Life On The Kansas Prairies

(A History of the Ford Co. Amish)

PART II: Three Letters about the Dodge City Settlement

1

— Mrs. Chriss (Nissley) Mast, Kalona, Iowa

I lived at Dodge City, Kansas when I was 14 and 15 years old in the years of 1906 and 1908, with my parents Dan D. and Fannie (Bontrager) Nissley. When we first moved there we lived in a little hen house with a dirt floor. Had one end for a kitchen; the living room was in the middle; the other end was the bedroom with two beds and a loft fixed up close to the roof where my four brothers crawled in for their bed. When it snowed and blowed we were almost all covered by morning. After we moved to our house, one winter we had so big a snow drift between the house and barn we couldn't see the top of the barn doors.

Many times the meat problem was pretty bad, so Father shot jackrabbits that we butchered for our meat. Snow was so deep people couldn't get through the roads to go to Dodge City to get eats, which was 10 miles. And people just went straight through fences and fields to get there. Then when summer came we had so awful dust storms you couldn't see no where. The strong winds made the wood floors look like dirt floors, and the beds were so dusty you couldn't sleep till you shook it all off. One day we were at Preacher Aaron Yoder's in church; it came so thick and dark the preacher could hardly see to read the Bible. Dust came in the windows and everyone looked gray. And on going home, people could hardly see the road and some got lost. Some hats were lost, too; one of my brothers' hats was blown off, and a man found it several miles from us. And the hen house, which we once lived in, later also blew down flat.

Preacher Chris Troyers lived in a sod house, and one day they saw a big snake crawl in at the side of a window. We had one of our horses bitten in the nose by a snake. Later the snake came up to the house and one of my brothers was crying. When the rattlesnake came up behind him rattling, he ran down to the garden. Father went out with

the gun and shot it. It had 12 rattles, and a few were missing.

We moved to Dodge City from the Bucklin settlement where there were a number of families. The two settlements were about 25 miles apart.

2

— Noah E. Swartzentruber, Apple Creek, Ohio

In 1920 my parents sent me to Oklahoma to join church there. When I had been in Oklahoma four years, I left there after threshing and, with a partner, went to Dodge City, Kansas. We took in threshing there and also husked about 1,000 bushels of corn, then went to Arthur, Illinois and took in corn husking there. That was in 1924. After doing a lot of traveling in different states, I landed in Dodge City again in 1925. Took in threshing and husking, again husking almost 1,000 bushels of corn. I left there and went to Buchanan Co., Iowa which I called my home and where I got my wife.

After my first summer in Kansas, I went to Holmes Co., visiting a few months, got a job and worked on a farm from February till June, but could not forget Kansas; so in June, the prettiest time of the year in Ohio, I left for Kansas. Was really disappointed when I arrived because of the hot winds, and it seemed not a tree in sight. Then there was a hail storm among the Amish farms, so there was hardly any harvest (was a light crop to start with). But a fellow 15 miles away who knew me heard I was coming and hired me before I was there. So I took in a pretty long harvest after all. I had my home each time with Preacher Aaron Yoder. The other ministers were Bishop John D. Hostetler and Deacon John Beachy.

Dodge City was one of those places where a lot of so-called Amish boys used to come (aus ordnung) to work in the harvest fields. They came from many different states and the ministers had their share of trouble with these wild

boys.

There were times of the year when Dodge City was a very nice place to be especially in the fall, being there was not so much rainy weather.

At that time some of the Amish raised quite a large acreage of row crops along with their wheat farming. One good way to raise a good crop of corn was — instead of putting wheat stubble back to wheat — to leave the high stubble over winter to catch the snow; then in the spring put it to corn. Wheat was the cash crop and was harvested with a header which was pushed by six horses. A wagon with a rack called a header barge was driven along side the header to receive the headed grain, something similar to taking on hay from a hay loader. (The horses pushed, not pulled, the header so as not to trample any grain.) The headed grain was then put on long stacks not very high side by side; then in threshing they had what they called an extension feeder on wheels which was connected on the regular feeder. We pitchers used to work by the bushel. When I came to Dodge City, John M. Bontrager was the thresher. He also had a cook shack the first year I was there and boarded his help.

At that time in 1924-25 the threshing was about all done by steam machines. You could on a quiet day stand and look all around you in all directions and count the thresher outfits by the smoke going straight up in the air.

Dodge City was a place for those kind of people who move about so much. They figured on being there until they had one good year then leave. That was because they would have a really good crop about every 3 or 4 years.

Some years later most of the Amish got disgusted with the Dodge City area because it seemed more and more of those uncontrollable winds started to blow their real estate around. Most of the Amish, being only renters, pulled up stakes and left for other states. The three ministers were all land owners and made a better go of it. But the time came when they, too, had to give up and leave because there were not enough people. These ministers all moved to Dover, Delaware.

3

— Mrs. Joe (Miller) Raber, Sugar Creek, Ohio

In the spring of 1906 the first Amish settled near Dodge City (Ford County) Kansas. Aaron A. Yoders were from Lagrange County, Indiana. He went to Kansas for his health as he was bedfast with rheumatism. His doctor said to go west. As soon as Aaron was on the other side of Kansas City, his rheumatism all left him.

Others that settled at Dodge City were John D. Hochstetlers from Reno Co., Kansas, originally from Lagrange, Indiana. And Levi J. J. Millers from Haven, Kansas. Others that came soon after were Manasses E. Bontragers from

Dodge City Ordinations

1. Aaron A. Yoder was ordained deacon May 10, 1908.
2. Manasses E. Bontrager was ordained bishop in the spring of 1909.
3. Aaron A. Yoder was ordained minister May 8, 1910.
4. Enos E. Miller was ordained deacon May 20, 1911.
5. John M. Beachy was ordained deacon May 30, 1915.
6. John D. Hochstetler was ordained minister in 1921 and bishop in 1923.

Marriages at Dodge City

1. Eli E. M. Miller and Anna C. Troyer - 1910
2. Emanuel E. Troyer and Katie Beiler - 1912
3. Joe B. Miller and Lydia C. Troyer - 1913
4. Benedict J. Miller and Sarah E. Troyer - 1913
5. Ezra M. Bontrager and Sevilla Yoder - 1915
6. Ben Thomas and Lovina Mullet - 1915
7. John E. Miller and Katie C. Troyer - 1915
8. Jonas J. Yoder and Anna M. Bontrager - 1915
9. Joe M. Miller and Katie M. Bontrager - 1918
10. John M. Bontrager and Elizabeth Mullet - ?
11. Enos M. Bontrager and Lydia A. Miller - 1920
12. Jonas B. Gingerich and Ida Miller - ?
13. Jacob G. Stutzman and Polly A. Yoder - 1927

Middlebury Indiana, Enos E. Millers from Indiana, and John M. Beachys from Holmes Co., Ohio.

When we (the Jonas B. Miller family) moved in 1922 from Ness County to Ford County, Kansas, we lived about 7½ miles southeast of Dodge City. Father accompanied the immigrant car (railroad boxcar) while brothers John, Noah, Moses and sister Anna took the teams and wagons overland, which was a distance of around 80 miles.

They started in the early morning and traveled almost half of the distance the first day. Sometimes they traveled as far as ten miles without seeing any buildings or farms. They rested the horses at times and at no time let them trot. Blankets and food were taken along, and hay and grain for the horses. At noon they stopped and fed the horses and also ate their dinner, then continued on till evening. Since this part of the state (Hodgeman Co.) was thinly populated, they did not get close to any farm buildings to stop for the night; so they stopped on the wide stretches of prairie, unhitched, unharnessed, and fed the horses. Then they turned them loose, all but the pony, Fleeta, which they tied, and the dog stayed close by her. There were no fences along the road, but the horses were so eager to eat grass that the boys thought they would stay around during the night. After eating their supper with thankful hearts to God, they themselves took to their beds under the wagon in the fresh country air. They felt protected under the heavens by the heavenly Father whom they had learned to trust.

The next morning no horses could be seen except the pony which was still tied. They searched the prairie and soon found the horses not too far away and were again on their way after a little breakfast. Later in the day Roy Clyne, a neighbor who had taken Mother and the other children down, returned and Moses accompanied him back to our former home. He stayed with the Roy Burgess family, the people who had moved onto our farm. Moses helped along with the chores and took care of the garden and orchard, picking the fruit and sending it down to Dodge City. This was in the month of August 1922. After a month. Moses came to Dodge City several days before school started; he was thirteen years old at the time. Roy Burgess took Moses to Ransom in his Model-T Ford where Moses boarded the bus towards evening. It was not a Greyhound or modern bus, but was an old Model-T Ford that made the trip to Dodge City. Moses was the only passenger. As they were driving along and would see a hawk or owl sitting on a post, the driver would reach under the seat and pull out a big revolver to take a shot at the bird while moving along. Moses thought he may be a dan-

gerous man with his gun along. The driver probably noticed Moses being a little scared, so he said he only uses it if someone wants to rob him. Moses felt pretty jittery. Night soon fell upon them and the car lights were very dim. A recent rain had softened the sandy road, and there were ruts in it. Soon the lights went out entirely, and the driver continued on for a while in the ruts. They almost hit a hay wagon traveling at a slow pace; the teamster turned off the road and they continued on in the ruts. Finally the lights came back on and they were soon in Dodge City, where several of the family had come to meet Moses. It was about 9 o'clock till he reached the new home and was glad to be with his family again.

When we came to the Dodge City Amish settlement, there were 17 or 18 families living there; some had moved away. Their bishop, Manasses Bontrager, had moved back to Indiana. John D. Hostetler and Aaron A. Yoder were the ministers and John M. Beachy was deacon. Several years later John D. Hostetler was ordained bishop. Bishop Jonas Bontrager and Bishop Leander Keim from Reno County often attended church services in Dodge City.

One Sunday when church was at our home Annie and

Question Mart

1. Can anyone supply detailed information about the life and beliefs of Jonas Stutzman, also known as "Weis Stutzman"?
2. Does anyone have a farm deed or other paper in his possession which was signed by an American president?
3. What Amish families once lived at Plains, Meade Co., Kansas in the early 1900's? Were they OOA?
4. Does anyone know if Old Order Amish ever lived in these Kansas counties: Lyons, McPherson, and Finney?

Fannie Miller (twins) and their sister Clara, a brother and their mother came to church from Bucklin. There had been an Amish settlement there, but all the other families had moved away. The Millers had started before daylight with a double top-buggy with two ponies hitched. They sang as they drove the 25 miles to church that Sunday morning.

The first year at Dodge City we had a wheat failure. The second year proved a good prospect for a harvest. In April or May two of the boys and cousin Elmer Hostetler from Nappanee, Indiana started out for a trip back to Ness County to bring the header (to cut grain with) which we had left there. On the way back they hitched one team to the wagon and the other to the 12 foot header. As they were driving along they noticed a high ridge quite a distance away, the words: "Christ died for me," inscribed with white stones over a large slope. Surely some Christian people must have been the cause of this. They reached home after having been gone nearly six days. That year we had a good wheat crop, getting around 2,000 bushels.

Sometimes during the winter months when the boys didn't have much to do, they hitched a team to a wagon, and sometimes a few neighbors would join them. They'd drive out over the prairie. When jackrabbits jumped up, they would shoot them from the back end of the wagon. Five cents bounty was paid for each pair of rabbit ears. Sometimes in real cold weather a car load of the rabbits was shipped east to fox ranchers, etc. A fair price was paid for rabbits at that time.

Occasionally a coyote chase was enjoyed. If given a good chance, greyhounds could outrun the coyotes, but the dogs were sometimes crippled in a fight, as coyotes were very quick and fierce. Often out of a dark and peaceful night came the lonely sounds of howling and barking coyotes.

We lived near Dodge City nearly five years, and there had been only one death among the Amish during that time, which was an infant. In the spring of 1927 Father sold the farm and we moved to Ohio. Most of the remaining families moved to Dover, Delaware soon afterward. The ministers were the last to move away. They moved to Dover in September, 1928. ■■

Where They Moved To

1. Joe B. Miller - Sumner Co., Kansas
2. Eli E. M. Miller - Sumner Co., Kansas
3. Dan Nisley - Sumner Co., Kansas
4. Preacher Crist Troyer - Sumner Co., Kan.
5. Enos M. Bontrager - Goshen, Indiana
6. Mona Troyer - Goshen, Indiana
7. Emanuel E. Troyer - Virginia
8. Benedict J. Miller - Reno Co., Kansas
9. Joe Miller - Reno Co., Kansas
10. Benj. D. Bontrager - Haven, Kansas
11. Joe J. A. Yoder - Haven, Kansas
12. Phenis D. Bontrager - Haven, Kansas
13. John J. Fry - Haven, Kansas
14. Jeremiah J. Troyer - Anderson Co., Kansas
15. Jonas B. Miller - Sugarcreek, Ohio
16. Crist Bontrager - Michigan
17. George and Joe Stutzman - ?
18. Joe Detweiler - Oklahoma (later Delaware)
19. Eli Mast - New York
20. Eli Yoder - Indiana
21. Dave Byler - ?
22. Mrs. Joe Mullet (widow) - Ohio
23. Peter Thomas - Reno Co., Kansas
24. Benedict J. Miller - Reno Co., Kansas
25. Ben Thomas - Oklahoma
26. John M. Bontrager - Centerville, Michigan
27. Joe M. Miller - Indiana
28. Jonas J. Yoder - Middlebury, Indiana
29. Ezra M. Bontrager - Dover, Delaware
30. John D. Hochstetler - Dover, Delaware
31. Aaron A. Yoder - Dover, Delaware
32. John M. Beachy - Dover, Delaware
33. Ammon H. Miller - Dover, Delaware
34. Jacob G. Stutzman - Iowa (later to Dela.)
35. Enos E. Miller - Centerville, Michigan
36. Manasses E. Bontrager - Indiana
37. Jonas B. Gingerich - Iowa (later to Indiana)

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Raber writes that her brother, Moses J. B. Miller, supplied much of the information. Others who supplied information about Dodge City were John M. Beachy, Mrs. Edward J. Stutzman, and Mrs. Dan M. Bontrager.)

Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu Dir,
Herr Gott! erhöhr mein Klagen.
Dein gnädig Ohr neig her zu mir,
Und laß mich nicht verzagen.
Denn so Du willst das sehen an,
Was Sünd und Unrecht ist getan,
Wer kann, Herr, vor Dir bleiben?

Bei Dir gilt nichts denn Gnad und Günst,
Die Sünde zu vergeben,
Es ist doch unser Tun umsonst,
Auch in dem besten Leben.
Vor Dir niemand sich rühmen kann,
Es muß Dich fürchten jedermann,
Und Deiner Gnade leben.

Den 16ten December mit unsere Habe verließen wir unsere Heimat nahe Mülner, Ont. und fuhren fort nach unsere neue Heimat nahe Marshfield Mo. Ich mußte oft denken: „Ach Gott! wer kann vor Dir bestehen?“ Solch ein Gefahr und Gespürng wie es ist auf den großen Wegen heutiges Tags durch die große Städt, und so weiter was alles am Platz nehmen ist, dann zu denken: Nur einen großen allmächtigen Gott wird einstmal über dies alles richten; Ja, er wird das Urtheil aussprechen, und sagen: „Gehet hin, oder kommt her.“ Wie zu finden ist in Matth. 25, 34. „Da wird dann der König sagen zu denen zu seiner Rechten: Kommt her, ihr gesegneten meines Vaters, ererbet das Reich, das euch bereitet ist von Anbeginn der Welt!“ Dann aber der große Unterschied in Vers 41 zu denen zur Linken: „Gehet hin von mir, ihr Verfluchten, in das ewige Feuer, das bereitet ist dem Teufel und seinen Engeln!“

Hier haben wir als Bischöfen von die Gemeinden nur so ein paar Leute über welche wir Aufsicht haben, und mit den vielen Umständen und Trübel in die Gemeinde wissen wir oftmals bald nicht was zu tun. Oder so gehet es mir, vielleicht haben andere mehr immer ein Mittel. Jemand möchte sagen: „Das Mittel ist immer in der Bibel, da heißt es wie zu arbeiten.“ Das möchte zum teil wahr sein, aber wir Menschen sind vielleicht oftmals zu schwach und unvollkommen um es zu finden. Wenn ich zurück denke, so dünkt es mir, ich habe es doch schon so oft verfehlt, es wäre besser gewesen es ein anderer Weg zu machen. Hier denken wir an einem Spruch in der Bibel: „Wer kann denken oder merken, wie oft er fehlt.“ Wie auch an die Worte wo vor kommen in einem Gebet: „So finden wir Ursach über uns selbst zu klagen und zu weinen, wie viel weiter könnten wir schon in deiner Erkenntnis sein als wir sind!“

Da wir über die Grenze von Canada zu die Vereinigten Staaten kommen waren fing es an zu schneien, und kam so dicht zu Zeiten, daß wir nicht so gut foruean sehen konnten. Wir sahen viele Unglücksfällen. Maschinen und Trucks herumgedreht, einer der wider einem Pfosten gestoßen war. Als wir der Weg fortführen mußte ich oft denken und wundern, ob diese Leute alle glücklich durchkommen sind, vielleicht sind einige umkommen in einem unbereiteten Zustand und so die Welt verlassen. Wenn so, dann müssen sie also vor Gott erscheinen an jenem Gerichtstage. So ist es auch

mit uns alle, wie wir der Welt absterben, so haben wir vor Gott zu erscheinen.

Meine Gedanken gehen zurück vom Winter 1917 und 18, ich war ein Knabe von 12 Jahre alt. Derselbige Winter gab es viel Schnee, welches nicht so gewöhnlich war für die Gegend von Daviess Co. Ind. So wie ich mich erinnere war der Boden bedeckt von Dankfagungs-Tag bis im März. Der Schnee wurde sehr tief und aufgehäuft daß einige Wege zu waren. Eine ganze Woche oder mehr ging vorüber daß wenig Leute auf dem Wege waren, sie konnten bald nicht in die Stadt kommen um ihre nötige Sachen zu holen für das Essen zu bereiten.

Mein Bruder war 6 Jahre älter wie ich, er und mein Vater versuchten es auf einen Tag zur Stadt fahren. Sie haben die Fuhr am großen Schlitten gespannt und so ziemlich bei Zeit im Vormittag sich auf dem Wege gemacht, eine Strecke von etwa 9 Meilen.

Meine Schwester nur älter wie ich, wir zwei, und die Mäm waren allein daheim. Die Zeit ging so ziemlich gut vorüber durch den Tag bis gegen Abend. So wie es wohl war im Winter, um 5 Uhr ist es dunkel worden und der Dat und der Sam waren noch nicht heim.

Die Mäm war sehr in Angst, die Kälte war nahe bei Null. „Sie möchten in einem Schneehaufen fest kommen sein und müssen verfrieren.“ Ich hatte auch angst aber ich suchte mich so brav und tapfer hinstellen als ich konnte. „Dne, es sind immer Häuser nächst wo sie neu geh könne.“ Die Stunden gingen sehr langsam vorbei.

Alle die wir schon Nachts allein waren in einem Hause wissen wie es geht. Wenn wir uns still halten meinen wir immer wir hören etwas. „Was ist fell?“ fragt die Mäm. „Soll ich nix?“ ich legte mich wieder auf dem Bett aber konnte doch nicht ruhig sein, wir liefen so im Hause herum und schaueten die Fenster hinaus. „Kannst noch nix zeh von sie am komme?“ „Ne, noch net.“

Meine Mutter war so eine die sehr bekümmert war wenn jemand von die Familie fort von Heim war. Sie sagte oft, sie kann nicht schlafen Sonntag Abends bis wir Junge heim von unsere Versammlung sind.

Endlich so um 9 Uhr war eine Befreiung in der Heimat, „Do komme sie! do komme sie!“ Alles recht und gut, frisch und gesund wieder Heim. Nachdem sie die Fuhr weg hatten und im Hause dann erzählten sie mol von ihre Reise. Auf dem Heim weg sind sie ein ander Weg kommen als wie am gehen. Etwa 3 Meilen von Heim sind sie hinkommen wo sie nicht mehr durch konnten. So versuchten sie durch die Felser zu gehen. Wenn sie zu eine Fense kommen haben sie am Draht halt genommen, forne gestoßen und dann wieder zurück bis es zerrissen ist. So gingen sie bis zu die nächste Fense.

Wie froh und fröhlich werden wir einstmal sein, wenn wir alle als Kinder Gottes glücklich heim kommen können zu die ewige Freud und Herrlichkeit im Himmel.

„Schaffet daß ihr selig werdet mit Furcht und Zittern.“

Der Esel beklagt sich

Ich bin so ein armes Tier, die Leute verachten mich. Einer sagt, Ich habe zu große Ohren. Der andere sagt, so einen dünnen Schwanz! Wenn ich auf der Straße geh, sagen

sie: „Siehe, dort geht der alte Kurzbein.“

Wenn ich nur anders geschaffen wäre! Mein Herr schlägt mich, weil ich so langsam geh. Er schimpft mich den ganz Tag hindurch. Er läßt mich in der heißen Sonne stehen. Er gibt mir fast kein Wasser und wenig Futter. Ich schreie, wenn ich hungrig bin, dann sagt er: „Der faule alte Esel schreit nur, er ist nichts wert, ich werde ihn verkaufen.“

Als er mich in die Stadt nahm, waren dort nur Pferde, und kein anderer Esel. Ich schämte mich sehr, weil die Leute mich verspotteten. Ich wünschte mich ins Pfefferland. Aber niemand kaufte mich. Mein Herr nahm mich wieder mit nach Hause und war sehr böse.

Eines Tages kam eine arme Frau, und mein Herr schenkte mich der Frau. Ich dachte, jetzt werde ich sehr verachtet. Aber das ganz anders. Ich arbeitete für sie, und sie gab mir jeden Tag Wasser und ein bißchen Futter. Sie schimpfte niemals. Sie sagte: „Du bist ein kluges Tier.“

Geschrieben von Linda Miller.

Geschrieben von einer kranken Mutter an ihre Kinder

Ah! meine liebe Kinder ich wünsche mit die Hilfe des Herrn euch noch zum andanken ein Brieflein zu schenken; dieweil ich weiß daß mein Ende da ist. Wie bald ist des Menschen Leben doch verflossen? Was werts dann jetzt wenn ich mein ganzes Leben zugebracht hätte in Freud, Pracht und Hochmut, muß ich doch jetzt gehen? So habe ich aber doch es noch lange nicht dahin gebracht wie ich sollte. Ah Herr, mach du mich Armer doch selig! Ob mich schon so viel fehlt, hoffe ich doch auf deine große Gnade und Barmherzigkeit.

Ah, meine lieben Kinder ich hätte euch wohl besser sollen vorgehen in einem christlichen Wandel, und euch vielmehr sollen vermahnen aus des Herrn heiliges Wort als ich getan habe. Ah, daß der große Gott mir es wolle vergeben, wo ich es verfehlt habe. Ja, das böse Fleisch tut immer sich vergreifen. Ich hoffe es bald abzulegen.

Alles was ich euch aber gesucht habe zu lehren aus des Herrn Wort, in meiner großen Armut und Schwachheit, das wird bestehen in Zeit und Ewigkeit. Es wird euch keinen andern Weg gefunden werden. Wir können aber lesen daß viele suchen werden für einen andern Weg um hinein zu steigen, aber sie werden es nicht tun können. Ah! wir können es wohl sehen wenn wir acht haben auf des Herrn Wort. Die ganze Welt sucht ja wie sie hinein wollen mit allem Pracht und Uebermut, ja Haß und Reid.

Ein anders mehr in einer Schein-Heiligkeit, aber alle unverändert auf dem breiten Wege, nur dieweil sie sich nicht bücken wollen und sich erniedrigen wie das Herrn Wort sie lehrt. Nicht daß sie es nicht besser wissen, O nein! Ihr wiisset es besser, es wird auch einst von euch gefordert werden, so ihr euch nicht von ganzem Herzen demütiget unter des Herrn Wort.

Leset es doch und untersucht es mit einem demütigen Herzen, so werdet ihr sehen wie gefährlich es ist um verloren zu gehen. Ihr werdet finden wie ein böses Fleisch ihr an euch traget. Ihr werdet müssen weinen und heulen über euch selbst, ihr werdet zu Jesu Füße niederfallen, und auch dort mit jene Maria ruhig sitzen bleiben und seine holdselige Worte hören. Dann anderswo ist keine Seligkeit zu

finden.

Ah! denket doch was für einen Weg der liebe Heiland uns doch hat gelehrt, wie sie als müßten in den Tod gehen wenn sie seinen Namen angerufen haben.

Jetzt aber hat Er die Obrigkeit ihre Herzen gewendt, wir brauchen uns nicht mehr verstecken vor Furcht unseres Lebens. O Nein; denket doch aber nicht daß es ein geringes ist den alten Mensch abzulegen und den neuen anziehen. Siehe! wie die ganze Welt schreiet in ihrem hohen und erhabenen Sinn, sie meinen ja alle Gott zu dienen und selig zu werden. O nein, die ganze Welt liegt im Argen, so lang daß sie nicht ansiehen und der Kreuzes Weg wandeln wo sie ihr Fleisch und Mut ihren Willen nicht mehr tun dürfen.

O wie bang muß es doch demjenigen sein der von ganzen Herzen sucht in den Wegen des Herrn zu wandeln. Wenn er sieht wie ein böses Fleisch er hat, das immer der Irrweg will, und wie gefährlich es ist um verloren zu gehen. Weil die heilige Schrift überall zeigt daß so wenig den schmalen Weg finden werden, dieweil er so verhaßt ist von der Welt — die Welt kennt ihn gar nicht. Ah! so lang wir uns die Welt gleich stellen können wir gar nicht prüfen was der Wille Gottes ist. Ah! so demütiget euch doch unter die gewaltige Hand Gottes auf daß er euch erheben mag zu seiner Zeit. Ja, zu seiner Zeit.

Hier auf dieser Erde würdet ihr euch zu nichts Großes machen. Nur arme, verachtete von der Welt verspottete Menschen. Die aber über sich selber Reu und Leid tragen bis an ihr Ende, diese will Er selig machen. Ah! nehmet es doch wahr, die Zeit ist so bald verflossen, drauf folgt eine lange Ewigkeit. Nun Adien! Der Herr wolle es segnen. Ich hoffe dabei zu leben und zu sterben.

Von eure lieben Mutter.

Elisabet Weber.

Hast du keine Zeit für Jesum?

Hast du keine Zeit für Jesum,
keine Zeit für sein'n Befehl?
Bist du den so sehr beschäftigt,
Um zu retten deine Seel?

Chorus:

Ah, wie bald mag Mann dir bringen
Aus des Himmel's Herrlichkeit!
Diese Kunde sollst du scheiden,
Den zu sterben hast du Zeit.

Zeit für Arbeit, Zeit für Freunde,
Zeit für Jahu en in der Sünd.
Willst du nicht für Jesum nehmen
Zeit zu werden Gottes Kind?

Zeit zu scherzen und zu spielen,
Zeit für jede ird'sche Pflicht;
Zeit hast du für andre Dinge,
Doch für deinen Heiland nicht.

Wenn du keine Zeit für Jesum
Hast in dieser Gnadenzeit,
Wird Er keine für dich haben
Einstens in der Ewigkeit.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

HERE IS ANOTHER
STORY ABOUT THE
KEIM SISTERS, LYDIA
AND MARY.

TWO KINDS OF TESTS

-by Elizabeth Miller

THE CLASSROOM WAS UNUSUALLY quiet — so quiet that Mary Keim could hear the clock tick. Behind her sat Louis Lambright, who was two grades lower than she was, seemingly slamming numbers onto his paper. He always worked so fast and forcefully that his pencil made a lot of noise. Usually it didn't bother Mary, but today it did.

Mary glanced up from her work. Miss Lehman sat at her desk working on the attendance reports. As Mary sat watching her thoughtfully, the teacher shifted in her seat and glanced at the clock. Then their eyes met. "You have fifteen minutes to finish your tests," she said. "If you are done before that, be sure to check over your problems."

There was a shuffling of feet and several audible sighs. Susan Mast looked at Mary and smiled, then set back to work. Mary stared at her paper. She couldn't remember how to change fractions to decimals, correct to the nearest hundredth. She remembered having such problems a few weeks ago, and she knew she had to divide, but the answers didn't come out as Mary thought they should. The decimal point seemed to be in the wrong place; her answers always had a number in front of the point.

"Why didn't I go through my book and review like I usually do?" she asked herself. Last night she had asked permission to take her book home, and Miss Lehman had said it was all right. But then company had come and she had not thought of the arithmetic test until this morning when it was time to go to school. But even then she didn't really worry. Arithmetic was easy for her, and so far this year she had always had the highest score in her class.

There were six pupils in the seventh grade. She and Susan Mast were the only girls and they were good friends. Then there were four boys. Having higher scores than the boys wasn't very hard. Three of them were average. And then there was Junior Miller. Mary often felt sorry for him. He tried so hard, and yet he always had a low score.

Mary sat up and frowned at her problems again. She glanced at the clock. Ten minutes — she had to do something. Once more she tried the last problem in the row. But it was the same old story. Her answer was 1.354. She was sure the answer was supposed to have three numbers with the decimal point in front of them. Then by using the last number to determine what the answer would be

to the nearest hundredth, you were supposed to have a decimal with two numbers for the correct answer. Yes, Mary remembered that part, but why didn't her answers come out like that? She wanted to ask the teacher for help, but she knew it wouldn't do any good. Not on a test.

Louis's pencil was still going on high speed. The short sharp noises made Mary fidgety. Why didn't Miss Lehman tell him to work more quietly? It was no wonder a person couldn't think. Mary's head ached. She looked at the clock. Five minutes . . .

What could she do? Write down the answers she had? Mary was almost sure they weren't right. Leave the spaces blank? Mary was positive that blank spaces would be counted as wrong. She thought of how Junior's paper often looked. There were so many circles. That's how Miss Lehman marked the ones that weren't done, with a circle. Mary couldn't bear the thought of getting a paper back with a row of ugly red circles on it.

Mary glanced around the classroom. Most of the pupils were done. At that minute Susan across the aisle turned her paper over with a satisfied sigh. It was out of the question now. Even if Mary suddenly remembered how to do the problems, she knew she wouldn't have time to do them any more. Hurriedly she scribbled down the answers she had and turned her paper over, too.

"Time's up," said Miss Lehman. "Everyone done?"

The children gave a sigh. In the desk behind Mary, Louis threw down his pencil. Mary turned around and gave him a look of disapproval. Then she turned her attention to the teacher once more.

"How many of you think your test was hard?" the teacher asked.

About half of the children raised their hands, without taking time to think. Others seemed to be thinking it over, trying to decide whether it was hard enough to really call it hard. Still others shook their heads. Mary herself didn't quite know what to do. Before she had time to decide, Miss Lehman asked a second question.

"How many of you did your best?" she asked with a smile.

"Good," smiled the teacher. "As long as you did that, I'm well pleased, whether your score is fifty or seventy or ninety or a hundred." She paused and then continued, "You see, these tests are not only to see how much you are learning, they also show me how well I'm teaching the different areas of arithmetic. If, for example, everyone in the fifth grade has their problems in long division wrong, that tells me I haven't taught it thoroughly enough. Of course, you were able to do the problems at the time, but if you forgot how in a space of maybe two weeks when you didn't have any practice, that means you didn't learn it thoroughly enough to remember. And if, on the test you miss a lot of long division problems, well, I think you know what will happen then."

Louis raised his hand.

"Yes, Louis?" asked Miss Lehman.

"We'll go back and take the lesson over again."

"Of course," said Miss Lehman. "But I hope that won't happen," she added as she saw the unhappy looks of the faces of the fifth graders. "I know long division problems

are hard at first, but they are worth learning well."

As the teacher was talking she was straightening up the test papers the children had handed in and clipping each grade's together. Then she smiled at her pupils. "After working so hard, I'm sure you're all ready to go outside. Put your things away and get ready for recess."

Susan waited for Mary to catch up with her, then the two followed the rest of the children to the coatroom for their wraps. "Did you think our test was hard?" she asked Mary.

"Yes!" said Mary. "I couldn't get those decimals, that row at the bottom of the first page."

Susan looked surprised. "You mean those where you divide them out and add three zero's?"

"Yes," said Mary. "I did divide them, but I always got a funny answer. One that had a number in front of the answer."

"Oh, I know exactly what you did wrong" Susan's voice sounded excited. "I know, because I did the same thing and had all my problems wrong one of the first days we had problems like that. You divided by the wrong number. You have to use the bottom number, which is the biggest one, for your divisor."

Mary knew right away what her friend was talking about. Now she remembered all about it, but it was too late. Why couldn't she have thought about it during the test? "It's no wonder a person can't think," she said out loud. "That Louis was sitting behind me and was making so much noise with his pencil, and he didn't stop for one minute until the teacher said our time was up."

"I was watching him, too, after I was done," Susan said. "He was checking his problems. He'll probably have a hundred again. He usually does."

"Probably," scoffed Mary, still blaming Louis for disturbing her during the test. "But it doesn't seem fair that he works so fast and so noisily that no one else can think. But I'm just glad he isn't in our grade. We'd never have a chance to have the highest score if he were in our grade."

"The rest of the seventh graders don't have much of a chance with you either," said Susan, laughing a little. "I think it's about time you let someone else have the highest score."

Mary stopped short, looking at her friend. What a mean

thing to say! And Susan, her best friend. Maybe she was jealous. Probably she was, or she wouldn't have made such a remark. "Well," thought Mary bitterly. "She won't have anything to worry about today. I probably won't have the highest score today."

By now they had reached the playground where the other children had chosen sides to play "Prisoner's Base." The cold air made Mary feel a little better, but even then, she couldn't keep her mind on the game. There were too many unhappy thoughts in her head. The arithmetic test had been too hard, and then Louis had bothered her. But the thing that hurt even more was the remark from Susan. "There were fifty problems," Mary reasoned. "And I know for sure that I have five wrong. That would still give me a score of ninety if I got all the others right." But Mary was afraid she didn't get all the others right. She had spent too much time with those five hard ones and hadn't checked over the others. "But I did try to work carefully," she thought. "Maybe..."

The bell rang and interrupted Mary's thoughts. She followed the rest of the girls into the classroom without waiting on Susan as she usually did.

"Have you checked my paper?" asked one child and then another. But Miss Lehman didn't answer. She just stood and waited for the children to settle down. She was holding some English papers in her hands.

"I'll get you started with your English tests," she said. "Then I can continue grading arithmetic papers. Maybe I can give you your scores before lunch."

The children set work to once more. The English tests weren't as hard for Mary as arithmetic had been. She was one of the first ones to finish. It was not until she had checked over her paper and turned it upside-down on her desk that she heard Louis's pencil again. She glanced around. He was copying a business letter from the test onto a sheet of paper the teacher had supplied. How his pencil could make so much noise was beyond her. But why she hadn't heard it once while she was busy with her test was even stranger to Mary.

The noise of Louis's pencil made Mary think of her arithmetic test again. By now she was almost sure she wouldn't have the highest score. "I just hope Susan doesn't have the highest, either," she said to herself. "Letting one of the boys have it would be hard enough, let alone Susan. Especially after the remark she made at recess."

Mary glanced at the clock. She wished it were lunch time. It wasn't that she was so hungry or that she was eager to find out about the scores, but waiting and imagining was worse than really knowing. At that minute Miss Lehman laid her pencil down and began to put the papers in order. Mary's heart beat rapidly and her hands shook a little. By now all the pupils were done with their tests and were watching Miss Lehman.

"Let's collect your English papers first," she said. The look on her face showed that she was well pleased with the arithmetic scores. If there was any doubt about it, she swept it away with her next remark. "I hope you did as well on your English tests as you did in arithmetic," she smiled.

Eager anticipation showed on the faces of most of the children as they waited to hear their arithmetic scores. "All your grades are above passing today," Miss Lehman was saying. "That alone is enough to make me very happy. But even though the scores are good, there are a few areas that need to be worked on in the weeks to come." Then starting with the fifth grade, she read the pupils'

THE FARMER'S BOY

A merry lad the farmer's boy
Contented, gay and free;
He rises at the break of day
And sings quite cheerily.

A healthy lad the farmer's boy,
So hale and hearty, too,
He labours long, he labours hard,
His idle moments few.



scores. Mary wished she would hurry. It seemed she would never get to her grade.

"And now seventh grade," said Miss Lehman. "As a whole you did all right, but I see that we need to go back and review those decimals again. Only two people in the class had the bottom row of problems correct. But even then, as I said, your scores are average and above."

Mary's heart seemed to stand still as she waited for the teacher to continue.

"Susan had the highest score in arithmetic in seventh grade," said the teacher. "She had 94%. Then Robert and Dennis both had 86%, Mary 78%, Levi 76%, and Junio 72%. She smiled at Junio. "Good work, Junio," she encouraged.

Mary's face turned crimson. Tears of disappointment and bitterness stung her eyelids, but she gritted her teeth and determined not to let them come. She wasn't going to be a crybaby, no matter how much it hurt. 78%! Why, she hadn't had a low score like that in a long, long time. Usually she was disappointed if her score was below ninety, but today it wasn't even eighty. The test had been too hard. But that thought didn't comfort Mary either, for the others had managed to get a higher score. "Now Susan's going to be proud for sure," thought Mary. "She's going to brag it all over the community that she had higher score than I did."

At lunchtime Mary ate in silence. If the teacher or any of the other children noticed Mary's unhappiness, they ignored it. That is, all except Mary's sister Lydia. "Don't take it so hard, Mary," she said softly when she brought Mary her share of the dessert. "I didn't have the highest score in my grade either."

"Be quiet," snapped Mary, then looked around, fearing someone had heard. This was one time when she didn't want any sympathy, least of all from her sister. When the other girls left the classroom with their lunchbuckets, Mary hung behind. She waited until everyone had left the coatroom, then she went out and dressed slowly. She was just ready to go out the door when Susan came running in, all out of breath.

"Mary, where have you been?" she asked. "I chose you to be on my side."

"I'm not playing," said Mary shortly. "You think you're smart."

"You're just jealous, that's what," retorted Susan. "Come on, everyone's waiting on you."

Mary hung back. "But I'm not playing. I — I — don't feel well."

"What's the problem?" asked Miss Lehman.

Both girls turned to face their teacher. Mary's face turned red again. She wondered if Miss Lehman had heard what she had said to Susan.

"Mary's on our side," explained Susan. "And now she's not feeling well and doesn't want to play. The sides aren't even if she doesn't help."

Miss Lehman looked at Mary for a minute. "Well, maybe I could take her place for a while," she suggested.

This suggestion brought cheers from the children. Any game was twice as much fun when the teacher helped. The children played gleefully while Mary stood by the fence and watched. The minutes dragged on. Mary wished it were time for the bell. Standing there all by herself was even worse than taking tests.

"Times out," called Miss Lehman, panting for breath. "I need a rest," She came up to Mary. "Do you feel like taking my place now?" she asked kindly.

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Mary only shook her head. She couldn't make herself look at the teacher, but she knew Miss Lehman was looking at her. She could feel it and it made her uncomfortable.

"Mary," said Miss Lehman. Her voice sounded unnatural and a little sad. "I think we should have a little chat with each other. Let's go in."

"Is it time for the bell?" asked one of the children.

"No, not yet," answered Miss Lehman. "You may play until you hear the bell."

Without a word Mary followed Miss Lehman into the schoolroom. She hung her coat and scarf on a hook in the coatroom and then went to her seat and sat down. "What will I tell Miss Lehman when she asks me what's wrong?" she wondered, suddenly feeling very ashamed of herself.

"It's a little hard to take, isn't it, Mary?" began the teacher as if she already knew all about what was bothering Mary.

Mary shook her head.

"You told Susan you don't feel well, and I'm sure you don't. But I don't think you're actually sick. It would have been better if you could have played as if nothing were wrong."

Mary didn't answer. She wanted to tell Miss Lehman about the company they had had, making it impossible for her to review her arithmetic as she had wanted to. She wanted to tell about the noise Louis had made with his pencil, and the remark Susan had made at recess. But she couldn't say a word. She just sat and looked at her hands and waited for Miss Lehman to go on.

"It's your test score that's bothering you, isn't it?" the teacher asked.

Again Mary shook her head.

"You are so used to having the highest score that you hardly know what it is to take second or third or fourth place," said Miss Lehman, not unkindly.

"I don't care," insisted Mary.

"But you do care," said Miss Lehman. "Your whole attitude tells on you, whether you admit it or not."

"Louis was sitting behind me and — and his pencil made so much noise that I couldn't think," said Mary. "And my head hurt, too."

The teacher was silent for a minute. "That might be true, Mary," she said. "But your low score isn't what I'm going to talk to you about. It's the attitude you take toward this score that's making you unhappy. And not only is it making you unhappy, it's making you talk mean to Susan. You don't want to lose your friend, do you?"

Without a word Mary shook her head.

"I know this is going to sound cruel to you," continued the teacher, "but I think it is a good lesson for you to take a lower score once in a while. Being second or third or even last has never hurt anyone, but always being first has. All these times you were first you probably never stopped to think of the others. They would have liked to be first, too, but since they weren't they learned to accept the lower places and be satisfied with doing their best."

Miss Lehman gave Mary plenty of time to think, then she went on. "You see, Mary, there are two kinds of tests you take here in school. One is the kind you took today where you sit down and work out a test with paper and pencil. The other kind is the kind you take every day. Your character is put to test. Sometimes it is a test in honesty, sometimes a test in forgiveness, and your test this forenoon was in unselfishness. By being highest in your grade for so long, you became selfish with that place. Now today when someone else took that place away from you, you

proved your selfishness by acting as you did."

"I - I - I'm sorry," said Mary. "I - I," she stopped, unable to go on.

Miss Lehman's voice was soft and full of understanding when she spoke again. "The nice thing about character tests, Mary, is that we have a chance to improve every day. And often when we fail on these tests, we can make things right. Even though you could have done better, you haven't really failed this test, yet." She smiled encouragingly at Mary. "I'm sure if you tell Susan you're sorry you'll both feel a lot better and you'd still be friends. Would you like to try it?"

Mary nodded.

"And by apologizing to Susan, I'm sure you'll be able to make a higher score whenever you have another test," added Miss Lehman. "A character test, that is." ■■

ALONG NATURE'S PATHS



CHEE—

The Story of a Barn Swallow

by David Luthy

Chee stretched his thin neck as high as he could. With all his efforts he could just peer over the mud wall of the nest. He spread his beak and his head became a gaping opening, for his mouth was so very wide. "Chee-ee-ee," he cried with all his might. His brothers and sister beside him in the nest added their voices. They too, like Chee, were hungry.

A flash of blue glided in through the open barn door and hovered in front of the nest. It was Chee's mother. In her mouth she carried his dinner - a fly. But one fly wouldn't satisfy Chee. His mother would have to make repeated trips to the pasture and orchard to search for food - a fly one trip, a mosquito the next, then a dragonfly, a beetle, or maybe even a drone bee. She was kept busy hunting insects for her young brood.

Chee reached out eagerly toward his mother. His mouth opened even wider than it had when he had cried. His mother poked her head into his mouth. She went in far enough so that the live fly would be deposited safely in his throat and would not be able to escape before Chee could snap his beak together.

In a few weeks Chee's parents quit bringing food to the nest on the barn beam. They thought Chee was old enough to fly and to find his own meals. Chee cried and cried but his parents paid no attention. They would hover in front of the nest for a brief second and then fly a short distance to a barn beam. They repeated this several times until they had coaxed Chee out of the nest.

At first Chee's wings were stiff for he had never used them. But when he had flapped them and left his perch, he found that he didn't crash to the floor below but flew, not as gracefully as his parents but as well as could be expected for a beginner.

The first few flights Chee made were short ones, from

one barn beam to another. But then his wings loosened, his courage increased, and he followed his parents out the doorway into a new world - a world of brightness, so much brighter than the shadowy barn and dark nest had been. Here there were open fields, and to one side was an orchard. All about him, Chee saw flying creatures. But he didn't know enough yet to chase them. He perched himself on a wire fence and cried, "Chee-ee-ee." Soon his mother flew to him with something to eat. But she didn't reach her head into his mouth as she had done in the barn. Instead she dropped the live insect in front of his mouth, and Chee had to quickly grab it. She was teaching him a valuable lesson which he would need to know when he hunted food on his own. He had to be quick - quicker than a fly or a mosquito - otherwise he would go hungry. A few times Chee missed his mother's toss and the insect escaped. But soon he caught it every time.

Weeks passed and Chee grew. Each day his feathers and coloring looked more like his parents. He learned to run his beak across each feather in his wings, straightening and tightening them. His parents sat on the barn roof doing the same thing. They were "preening" their wings - making them firm so that they could fly gracefully and swiftly.

One day when Chee was finished preening his feathers, he felt hungry. He flew the short distance which was between him and his mother on the peak of the barn roof. "Chee-ee-ee," he called in his usual way to say that he was hungry. But his mother ignored his crying and flew off to the orchard. Chee darted after her. When he landed beside her, she flew to the telephone wire high overhead. Chee followed her there. It was almost like a game of tag, Chee chasing his mother from one spot to the next. Each time he would land beside her, she would fly away.

On one flight in pursuit of his mother, Chee saw a dragonfly going past him. Automatically he snapped at it, caught it, and swallowed like he had done when his mother had tossed one to him. Chee made a great discovery - he could get food on his own.

Chee never returned to the nest on the barn beam, but he often flew around in the barn. It was his favorite place to hunt since there always were flies in there and sometimes a beetle. He flew with confidence inside the barn for there were no cats and the farmer never bothered him. Chee had no more fear of the farmer than he did of the cows grazing in the pasture.

It wasn't very long, though, before Chee learned what fear was. One day the farmer's son entered the barn carrying a long object. Chee paid no more attention to it than he did to the long fork handles the farmer carried in his hand. But suddenly the boy raised the long object, pointed it at Chee, and PING something hit Chee's left wing. Luckily it didn't strike a slender bone or he would have been seriously hurt. The B-B had merely ruffled some of his feathers. Chee flew to the barn roof and ran his beak over his left wing, preening the ruffled feathers.

Why had the boy shot at Chee? The young swallow couldn't understand what he had done wrong. He was only doing what he had done each day since he could hunt food on his own. He thought he was helping the farmer by eating his bothersome flies and mosquitoes. But now the farmer's own son had tried to kill him. Chee just couldn't understand.

For the rest of the day, Chee was afraid to go back to the barn to hunt. He flew around the pasture and then into the orchard. On a wild rosebush beside the fence he spied a bee, but the bee was too quick and turned so sharply that

Chee gave up chasing it. He flew to the fence and rested. Then he took off high in the air and soared up to the telephone lines along the highway. Here some older barn swallows joined him and they all preened their wings. Just then another bird sat on the line. His tail was somewhat like a barn swallow's but not nearly as long and forked like the letter "U". Its color was steel blue all down its back just like Chee's, but its forehead was white, and Chee's was rust-brown. What Chee didn't realize was that this too was a swallow — an eave swallow which nested under the eaves of the barn's roof. If it had been near a lake it would have been called a cliff swallow. It was one of Chee's swallow cousins, but he didn't know it.

The days grew shorter and cooler. Something within Chee told him that before long he would leave the barn and pasture and head south. He had never taken the trip before nor had any birds told him about it, but he knew within himself that the trip must be made. God had placed this knowledge (instinct) inside him and he would follow it.

One day in late September a flock of barn swallows sat down beside Chee on the telephone wire. They twittered and acted restless. Like an ocean wave they swept up as one body and Chee flew with them. The swallows were heading south.

It was a long trip for any bird to make, thousands of miles. It wasn't done in a day or a week but took a month. Every day Chee would fly until he could fly no more. Then he would rest in the woods or near a marsh. In the morning he would hunt some food and then be on the next lap of his journey.

When he came to the southern border of the United States, Chee followed the coastline around the Gulf of Mexico. Some swallows flew directly over this great body of water, but Chee chose to skirt its edge. Each day found Chee closer to his winter home. Each day the climate was warmer. Why didn't Chee stop off in Texas or Mexico? Instinct told him to fly on.



It wasn't until Chee was in Honduras that he stopped. Not all the swallows wintered here, for many would travel yet thousands of miles south to Argentina. But Chee's instinct told him to stop here. If all the swallows would migrate to the same country there would be too many there.

Chee's life in Honduras was very much like it had been in his pasture and barn at home. He hunted daily for his food. Some insects were different than what he had eaten at home, but he still found plenty of flies and mosquitoes. During his stay in Honduras his feathers were pushed out

by new ones and Chee looked handsome in his shiny steel-blue coat.

Months passed and an old feeling returned to Chee — the feeling that he was to make a trip again, a return trip to where he had been born. The weather in Honduras would not turn cold like back home, for there was no winter there. But instinct directed Chee once more and in February he began his trip home. It was a rainy day in early April when Chee flew into the farm where he had been born the spring before. He rested a brief second on the telephone wire and flew toward the barn. But where was the barn? Had he lost his directions and returned to the wrong farm? No, there was the familiar orchard and the pasture. But the barn was nowhere to be seen. Chee noticed that there were piles of blackened lumber where he thought the barn should be, but he did not realize that it had burned down during the winter. Oh, well, it really didn't matter. Chee could find another home.

The next day was bright with sunshine. The weather was cool yet but a hint of spring was in the air. Chee was perched on the gable of a shed roof when another swallow briefly landed beside him and then flew off. It was a female barn swallow and Chee flew off too. The female landed on the telephone wire and Chee flew down beside her and twittered. Then they rubbed beaks slightly and flew off together. They glided through the machine storage shed but did not stop. They were looking for a place to build their nest.

Chee and his mate did not find a proper place to build on the farm of their birthplace so they flew over the pasture to a barn in the distance. Here they found just what they were looking for. The windows had a few panes of glass missing which made an easy entrance for Chee and his mate. Chee paused at one of last year's swallow nests but his wife was not interested, she wanted a new home. She wished though that the farmer or his children had knocked the old nest down during the winter, for the location was a good one. But Chee's mate wanted a clean new home in which to lay her eggs. At last Chee spied a perfect place. One side of the beam had a slight rise in it, a bump. This would be a good place to anchor their mud nest.

So out the barn window the two swallows flew. Each dived down to a mud puddle and scooped up some moist earth, forming it into mudballs the size of peas. Then they carried these to the bump in the barn beam and pressed them beside it. By evening they had carried enough mudballs that a half-circle was formed. During the night this foundation for their nest dried, and the next day another layer was formed.

Now and then Chee and his mate would add a wisp of hay, a horse hair, or some straw to give the structure more support.

When the mud walls were high enough, Chee's mate entered the nest and rounded the sides smooth. A few feathers were added for a soft lining, and the nest was finished. All it needed now were some eggs. Soon Chee's mate laid four eggs — white with tiny brown specks.

Chee didn't live in the nest. He slept on the beam and kept a watchful eye on the nest below. Sometimes during the day he would replace his mate whose job it was to sit on the eggs to keep them warm. Then she could fly outside to hunt her food.

When the eggs opened and the four baby barn swallows appeared, Chee knew what it was to work. Both he and his mate were kept busy answering the cries of "Chee-ee-ee." They spent hours searching for food for their young brood just as their faithful parents had done for them.



BUILDING THE TABERNACLE

Moses had been so angry at the sight of the Israelites worshipping the golden calf, that he had flung the two tablets of stone down upon the ground and broken them into pieces. So now God said to Moses, "Cut two more tablets and come up the mountain again. I will write on the new tablets the Commandments just as I did the other time."

So Moses cut the two stone tablets, and early the next morning he went up Mount Sinai with them. The Lord came down upon the mountain in a cloud and talked with Moses there. Moses pleaded for forgiveness for the sins of his people. God said, "I will make a covenant with you. I will work such wonders as have never been seen in any nation anywhere on earth, so that the people may see how awe-inspiring are the deeds which I do. But you, on your part, must keep the commandments I am giving you today."

Then the Lord told Moses many things the Israelites should be careful to obey, and he would bless them and be with them. If they obeyed him, God said, he would lead them safely to the promised land and drive out all their enemies.

Again Moses stayed on the mountain for forty days and nights, all the while not eating any food or drinking any water. The other time Moses had stayed on the mountain so long, the people had become impatient and made the golden calf, but this time they remained faithful to God and waited patiently for Moses' return.

When at last, at the end of forty days, Moses came down the mountain he was carrying in his hands two new tablets of stone upon which God had written the Ten Commandments. The people came eagerly to meet him, but then they stopped and stared. They were frightened by what they saw. They turned and began to run away.

At first Moses did not know what was wrong. He did not know that his face was shining with a strange brightness that had never been there before. He had been in God's presence so long that his face had begun to shine with the glory of God.

Moses called to the people to stop running. Slowly they came back and stood in awe before him, wondering at the brightness of their leader's face. It shone so brightly that the people could not stand to look upon it. Moses talked with all the people a long time, and told them all that God had commanded. When he finished speaking, Moses put a veil over his face.

After that, whenever Moses entered the presence of the Lord, he would take the veil away from his face. Then the brightness, which had begun to fade, would be renewed again, and Moses would leave the presence of the Lord, his face shining once more with heavenly brightness. Then he would stand with his shining face unveiled and speak to the people about God's commandments. When he would be finished speaking, he would put the veil again upon his face so the people could not see the glory fading away.

While Moses was on the Mount, God had given him careful and detailed instructions how to build the tabernacle. The tabernacle was to be a place where sacrifices were offered each day for the sins of the people and where God

dwelt with his presence.

The tabernacle was to be a beautiful building, but it had to be built of lightweight material so that it could be moved easily from one place to the other as the Israelites journeyed through the wilderness. The main building was to be made of skins and fine linen and of light wood, but gold, silver, and bronze were also used. Moses knew that much material would be needed for the building of God's dwelling place, so he told the people to bring whatever they had that could be used.

All the people took an interest in the building of the tabernacle. Willingly they brought armfuls of gold, silver, bronze, fine linen, goats' hair, rams' skins, oil, and spices. Soon they had more than enough of everything they needed and still the people were bringing more. The workmen who were appointed to build the tabernacle, came hurriedly to Moses and said, "The people are bringing too much."

Quickly Moses sent a message all through the camp, "Let neither man nor woman bring any more gifts for the building of the tabernacle." But the people were so generous, and so eager to help, that they could hardly be persuaded to stop giving.

At last the building of the tabernacle was finished. It had been made according to the directions the Lord had given and it was a beautiful building — bright colors of red, yellow, purple, and blue mixed with the gold, bronze, and silver.

All around the tabernacle, the workmen built a seven-foot-high cloth fence. The space inside this enclosure was called the outer court. Here stood the great altar of burnt offerings. It was built of wood and overlaid with bronze. Upon this altar, Aaron and his sons were commanded to offer sacrifices every morning.

The tabernacle itself was divided into two rooms. The first and largest room was called the Holy Place. It contained three things — the table of showbread, the altar of incense, and the golden lampstand. There were twelve loaves of bread on the table. Once each week, the old loaves were taken away and fresh loaves were placed on the table so it would never contain stale bread.

The second and smaller room was the most innermost part of the tabernacle. It was called the Holy of Holies. It contained only one object — the ark of the covenant. This was a box about four feet in length and two feet in height and width. The ark of the covenant was built of wood, but was covered with gold outside and inside. The lid was called the mercy seat, and it, too, was covered with pure gold. Inside the ark were kept the two tablets of stone upon which God had written the commandments.

God told Moses that he had chosen Aaron to be the high priest. It would be Aaron's job to be in charge of the worship and sacrifices at the tabernacle. His sons were to be priests and help him with the work.

The tabernacle was so holy that the common people were forbidden to go inside it. Only the priests were allowed to enter. Into the Holy of Holies, the most sacred room of all, only Aaron, the high priest, was to enter, and he only once a year. And then he had to enter with blood as an atonement for the people.

When everything was finished, and all the people had gathered in front of the tabernacle, Aaron placed sacrifices on the great altar of burnt offerings. Fire came from God's presence and burned up the sacrifices and the glory of God shone from the Holy of Holies. All the people fell on their faces in worship in the presence of such a mighty God who had come down to dwell among men.

- E. S.

FAMILY LIFE



New Catalog Reverie

New seed catalogues, how lovely!
Nicer flowers every year;
I glance through the pages quickly
While I'm rocking my baby, dear.
Seems too soon baby is sleeping,
Then as I pass my working hours
I keep on planning and a-dreaming
Of some bright and lovely flowers.

Ah, those gorgeous climbing roses!
This year I must buy a few;
Those that are no longer patented,
They cost less than they used to do,
There are marigolds, mums, and petunias.
How do I know which to choose?
Doubled, ruffled, multifloras,
Pelleted seeds that are easy to use.

I could keep on planning fondly
Of the flowers I'd like to grow;
I could steal some moments surely
Though my days are full, I know.
But my conscience persistently's asking,
"What is most important to thee;
Are there not more nobler tasks
For a busy mother of three?"

Oh, I know God gave each flower,
And I know He makes them grow;
Time was when I in my sorrow
Thanked God they gladdened me so.
If I spend too much time fussing
With flowers I fear I might
Neglect the needs of my children—
Fail to teach them what is right.

Instead I'll try other sowing
Of a seed that is unseen;
In a child's heart keep it growing
Then richer fruits I'll glean.
For these do not last but a season
And the autumn frost cannot kill;
How much good in a child's heart is sown
Eternity only can tell.

I want to pray without ceasing,
Ask the Lord to bless the same
That that sown may keep increasing
Lest our labor be in vain.
To God's glory—in His honor—
May it grow doing His will
In this world, and over yonder
Keep on blooming fairer still!

Mrs. Anna Stoltzfus, Lancaster, Pa.

I think every mother gets a little touch of spring fever when the seed catalogues arrive. But while you are sitting by the fireside dreaming of all the vegetables and flowers that you are going to plant do not forget to start a herb garden. To me this is extremely interesting for I can't forget the day I spent in the Bishop Ben Troyer home at Sugarcreek. The elderly grandmother took me to the window and pointed out the many herbs that bordered her garden— naming them one by one.

Herbs are not only pretty but they are fragrant, tasty, and best of all healthy. Some can be planted for teas, and others for the extra flavoring in food. Like the sage, it is used in cookery— in dressings, meats, and other dishes, and is also recommended as a very healthful drink. This is also true of thyme. And everybody loves the mints, tansy, the balsams, and parsley. There are many others, and I suppose you readers can supply me with many others suggestions for the use of herbs.

In the *Across the Windowsill* (December issue) there appeared 20 errors. The Rocky Mountain Squares require 3/4 lb. chocolate instead of 3 pounds, as stated. And the apple-cranberry dumplings recipe asks for 4 cups of grated peeled apples.

WINTER WASH DAYS

The steady drone of the motor has just stopped. The lines are full of clothes, flapping happily in the cold breeze; the temperature is almost at freezing. The gray skies, foggy atmosphere and chilling dampness tells me the ironing won't be ready till tomorrow. The racks will be full overnight.

As we approach another winter with its icy grip, what does God want to teach us mothers on wash days like this? Could it be more patience? To be contented with our lot?

One time I made a statement to a friend about the dozens of socks, underclothes, shirts, pants, and dresses which take so long to dry in winter time. Her simple reply was, "I am always so thankful when we get enough clothes on the line to keep our children warm."

That friend didn't know what a good deed she did. It changed my attitude completely.

Generally, on Monday morning our first thoughts are, "Will it be a nice wash day?" There is reason for these thoughts, especially in winter time. Let us all look down over ourselves and think: Aren't we too prone to complain about the weather when it doesn't suit us? If we stop and realize who master's the weather plans, we will do well to be "therewith content."

The next time wash day is accompanied by zero temperatures, ice and snow, and yes, the washing looks like a mountain, try to harbor these thoughts, "What would we do without all these clothes?" It may not look like a mountain after all!

— A.M., Indiana

I'm spending some time with my mother so after this, all contributions for this page should be sent to:

Aunt Becky R.4 Box 90 Millersburg, Ohio 44654

Winter is the time to enjoy fried mush for breakfast. I know some cooks stir dry cornmeal into the boiling water, which tends to become lumpy. Also they don't know that one cup of corn meal will thicken four cups of liquid. I like to bring three cups of water to a boil then add one cup of cold milk and one teaspoon salt. Add to the boiling water. Stir till it has again reached the boiling point, then you need only stir once in a while. Cook for about fifteen to twenty minutes. Pour out into pans to cool.

Adding milk to the cornmeal will help to get the nice golden brown color when fried.

Now to make mush-kettle cleaning easier. After the mush is poured out, put a cup or two of water in the kettle. Add a teaspoon of soda. Cover, and bring to a boil. Set aside till ready to wash dishes. The hard coating will come off the kettle bottom clean and easy. But be sure to keep kettle covered.

Use the same measurements to cook graham as for mush. Cook sugar in with the graham. Makes a better flavor.

— Mrs. Enos Yoder, Butler, Ohio

Here is a recipe we enjoy very much.

Grape Nuts

- 5 cups flour
- 6 cups graham flour
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 1/2 cups cane molasses
- 3 tsp. salt
- 3 tsp. soda
- 3 cups sour milk

Dough should be thick and hard to stir. Bake in 250 degree oven for 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Hint: to cool, put in plastic bag then you won't have hard crusts.

— Mrs. Herman E. Miller, Kalona, Iowa

If you steam cabbage and carrots, or onions, in an iron skillet with very little water more vitamins stay in.

— Mrs. Y. Ont.

GRAPENUTS

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 cup rolled oats | 1/2 cup sugar |
| 1 cup corn meal | 1 teaspoon soda |
| 3 cups whole wheat flour | 2 teaspoon salt |
| 2 teaspoon baking powder | 1 1/2 cup milk |
| 3/4 cup molasses | |

Mix the dry ingredients together. Heat the milk and add molasses. Mix with dry ingredients. Bake in shallow pan in moderate oven. Cool and slice in strips. When dry grind fine.

— Lovina J. Miller, Applecreek, O.

GRAPE NUTS

- 7 cups whole wheat flour
- 4 cups buttermilk (or sweet milk with a little vinegar added)
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup syrup (sorgham molasses is rich in iron and gives a good flavor)
- 2 teaspoons soda
- 1 teaspoon salt

Bake slowly till done. Then break or cut in pieces. Dry,

then grind.

(Sender's name was lost. Sorry.)

BEAN SALAD

- 1 cup vinegar
- 2 tablespoons Wesson or Mazola oil
- 1 cup sugar
- salt and pepper to taste.
- Let stand while you slice
- 1 sweet onion
- 1 green or red pepper (sweet)
- 1 to 1 1/4 cup celery, as you like
- 1 can green beans, cooked and drained
- 1 can yellow beans, cooked and drained
- 1 small can dark red kidney beans, should be washed and drained.

Mix all vegetables together. Pour vinegar over and let stand 24 hours before serving.

— Mrs. Phineas E. Miller, Uniontown, Ohio

"That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." Psalms 144:12

Some Mothers Write

Now that winter is here, it's nut picking time for some folks, so here's a tip to keep nuts fresh after you've picked them out of their shell, such as hickory nuts and walnuts. Put them in jars and put lids on that will seal, then set them on the rack in a 200° oven for 2 hours. Take them out and they'll seal. Store in cellar like other canned things and you'll have fresh nuts all next summer.

— Mrs. R. B., Ohio

I read in this month's Family Life what to do for cold hands while hanging wash out. We warm our clothes pins, too. It also helps if you wet your hands with vinegar and hold them over the stove till they are dry just before going out to hang the wet wash.

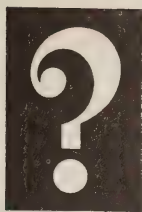
— Mrs. Ivan Leid, Bowers, Pennsylvania

When our oldest daughter was about 3 years old she came skipping around the house. "Mama, I killed a froggy." Off she ran. Soon she came at a slower pace and said, "Mama, the froggy I killed jumped away."

Thoughts from
My Rocking Chair



A mother who
can sing when
things go
wrong, is
the mother
who can
cry when
everything
goes all right.
Aunt Becky



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

??

Question:

I wonder if girls in other communities that are of age have to pay school taxes just the same amount as married people do? They don't want the girls to have a steady job with the English people and yet the wages are \$10.00 a week with the Amish. The first two years I was of age I got \$7.00.

The price things are now you can't lay up much if you don't get more than that. There are some who say, "Girls don't have to lay up money."

Yet I was glad I had enough to pay my hospital bill when I had an appendix operation. Another girl that was also past 21 insisted on helping out saying it could just as well have been herself.

I did the chores for others when they went on a trip over Sunday. I don't charge for work on Sundays. Now when it comes to pay school taxes, we girls have to pay just like the others do. We think if the other families would divide our share up among themselves they wouldn't feel it as much as we do.

-- Hard Up.

??

IMAGES AND COVERINGS

Please excuse me when mothers get together to braid each others hair too tight to learn to be more careful how to comb little girls. I remember how my head hurt, and still does, when the hair is too tight or the hair pins lay too hard against the head.

How about the clasps in the hair? The bright-colored ones or a form of a bird, flower or diamond? These make me think of the Israelites when Aaron made a golden calf for the people to worship. One of the commands God gave them was they should not serve no other gods--thou shalt not worship any graven image.

When I was a little girl we had a covering on much like mother's when going to church. Nowadays you don't see very many coverings on little girls in our church. Proverb 22:6- "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Thanks for the many articles in FL about the wearing of the covering. To me this is like a cup of hot soup on a cold day.

— M. A. Martin

AGAINST IMAGES

"Against Images" has a worthwhile meaning. It may be the ones that have them say, "We don't bow down to them." Yet, in a way they do when they MUST have them setting around to look at. That is one of the things we are reminded of in the Scriptures--when things go well and we prosper and build goodly houses, that we take heed that we forget not God.

Man goes along ways to honor himself by the works of his own hands. And especially do I feel that images of Christ, Christmas decorations, etc., are a grief to our Creator. When he comes again I do not expect him to look like any of the pictures I have ever seen, for we

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know him as a living God.

Another good reason is, why do you spend your money for that which is not bread? Make not provisions for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof. What else would the knick-knacks be but fulfilling the lusts of the flesh, seeing their purpose is just to look at.

I know of a family that brought their children up rather sparsely. When once a visitor came he remarked, "What do your children have to play with?"

The mother answered, "They find things to do as they play with one another."

How heart-warming to see children get along! Instead of the "Let it go! Don't, that's mine!" attitude. Personal gifts tend to selfishness.

— A father from Pennsylvania

I was glad for the question against images in December issue. I feel that is a question all Christian people or followers of Christ should take more earnest heed. Now let us take the doll for example which you see almost in every plain home, some the size of a real baby and some bigger. They even open and shut their eyes and also cry. We also read in the Bible that the people made golden calves and worshiped them. Don't we see many places in plain homes images of horses and other things up on the shelves. Why are they there?

-- A father, Ephrata, Pennsylvania

I read with interest the question submitted by "against images." I am completely agreed with her that it is inconsistent for us as plain people to have small figures, knick-knacks, or photographs standing around. I think we have plenty of other Scriptures against these, so that we don't need to make Exodus 20:4 say something it was never meant to say. Exodus 20:4 is talking about making images for idol worship, and then praying to them. I'm afraid if we try to apply this verse as "against images" did, we are bound to contradict ourselves. If this verse is forbidding all images and likenesses and photographs, then we shouldn't use coins with images engraved on them, or postage stamps with pictures on them. We also shouldn't allow an x-ray taken, for this is nothing else but taking a photograph of our bodily structure. Worse yet, we shouldn't allow our children to make any pictures at all, even a simple drawing of a cat would be wrong, for it is certainly making a likeness of something.

Please don't misunderstand me. I also think it is wrong to have images, knick-knacks, and photographs, and believe we should all work harder to keep our houses plain and simple and consistent with our dress. I have written this because I feel that only harm and frustration can result from giving a wrong reason for holding a right belief.

— Also against images

Seventy-five years ago when I went to school we learned a poem. I would like to know if someone has a copy of it yet? It is about the miller on the Dee, he sang from morn till night; No lark so blight as he. Then there was a king in that country who said, "Thy mealy cup is worth my crown could my heart be light as thine."

I would be glad to have a copy of it.

Elam Ruff, Leola, Pennsylvania, R.1

More should be said about the whisperers in public places. It is often done among the women and I feel it is not a good practice. It is not only impolite but also rude and not scriptural. I seen too much of this at a recent wedding.

— Ohio



HE CARETH

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him,
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the grief I bear,
Which saddens the heart and whitens the hair?
About His throne are eternal calms
And strong glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife—
How can He care for my little life?

And yet, I want Him to care for me,
While I live in this world where sorrows be!
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
When love, and music that once did bless,
Have left me in silence and loneliness,
And my life song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes me afraid,
And this busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

O wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight;
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong;
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;
The sorrow that bears me down, He bears,
And loves and pardons, because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again;
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from His throne above;
To soothe and quiet us with His love;
He leaves us not when the storm is high;
And we have safety, for He is nigh;
Can there be trouble, which He doth not share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care!

—Marianne Farningham

Here are some words of wisdom written by an eighty year old mother. She learned them, she said, slowly and at great cost.

One is that we must learn to forgive people for what

they are, as well as for what they do; because of what they do grows out of what they are.

Our business is to make ourselves better and others happy, and that is enough to keep us busy.

The other thing she learned is that we must wait and see. In nine times out of ten the things we are afraid of does not happen; and if it does, other things will happen, too, which will change the setting and modify the result, making a different picture from the one fear paints now. By a little effort we can learn the knack of putting things from us far enough to see them more clearly—and we discover that many of them do not matter and are not worth the bother of 'worrying'. Then, if we are patient enough to live one day at a time, (which is really all that is asked of us), strength will be given us to do what is required.

— Selected by M.H.B., Pennsylvania

HE HAD TO GO

H is stay on earth wasn't long
his duties are finished, right — or wrong.
A day was set that he should die;
in a bed of clay he now does lie.
R emember the days he'd smile and sing;
we knew the misery and pain he was in.
V itamins, medicine, and many pills
couldn't help this boy who was very ill.
E ach day is now long and tears flow
for the girl he left— she loved him so.
Y et, he had to go, and now she must weep
that her partner dear now lies asleep.

W. ide and near the news did travel
of this boy who fought a long, hard battle.

S omeday we all will understand
why he was called to a better land.
H ome doesn't anymore seem the same
because of the loved one's missing name.
A n empty chair, a vacant bed,
a story book which is unread.
N ot oft words came to complain or scold
from the lips which now are cold.
T hinking of the short time he here spent
sadly grieves many a neighbor and friend.
Z ion is the happy place
where we hope to meet him face to face.

Terre Hille, Pennsylvania

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions-----

Since this is the season for coughs I'd like to share a cough syrup recipe with the Family Life readers:

40 drops pure lemon juice

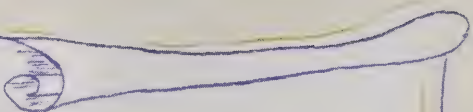
1/2 cup pure honey

Mix well. Give 1 or 2 teaspoonsful every 1 to 2 hours as needed for coughs.

Mrs. Amos A. Hochstetler, Ligonier, Indiana

Notice change of address: Sarah R.4 Box 90
Millersburg, Ohio 44654

(All art contributions and original poetry send to the above address.)

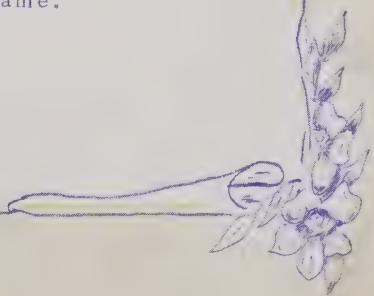
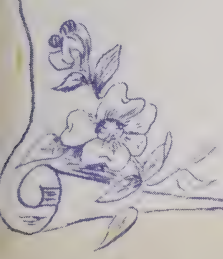


Should you go first, and I remain
to walk the road alone,
I'll live in memory's garden, dear,
with happy days we've known.
In spring I'll watch the roses red,
when fades the lilac blue,
In early fall when brown leaves call
I'll catch a glimpse of you.

Should you go first, and I remain
for battles to be fought,
Each thing you've touched along the
way, will be a hallowed spot.
I'll hear your voice, I'll see your
smile, though blindly I may grope.
The mem'ry of your helping hand
will bring me on with hope.

Should you go first, and I remain
to finish with the scroll,
No lengthening shadows shall creep in,
to make this life seem droll.
We've known so much of happiness;
we've had our cups of joy
And mem'ry is one gift of God
that death cannot destroy.

Should you go first, and I remain,
one thing I'd have you do,
Walk slowly down that long, lone
road, for soon I'll follow you.
I'll want to know each step you take
that I may walk the same
For someday down that lonely road
you'll hear me call your name.
Sel.



BEYOND THE PAST

Beginning in February
A book-length story
by Sarah M. Weaver

BEYOND THE PAST is a continued story being printed each month in Young Companion (formerly Ambassador of Peace.)

Reuben and Rosanna were a young married couple who longed for children. When, after eight years, they had none of their own, they began to think about adopting one. But there were so many questions that bothered them and demanded to be answered. Was it right for an unwed mother to give her child away? But even if it wasn't right, surely that didn't make it wrong for Reuben and Rosanna to give the poor little baby a home of love and care. Or did it?

This is a story that is warmly human and true-to-life, a story filled with the conflicting emotions we all meet with in a world where love is mixed with hate, joy is followed by sorrow, and where well-meant efforts are at times rewarded with misunderstanding and suffering. You will want to read each chapter of this moving account of a boy's desperate search to find meaning in life, and to escape the haunting shadows of shame lurking in his past.

Now is a good time to subscribe to Young Companion. Ask to have your subscription started with the February issue so that you will get every chapter of this continued story, plus many other worthwhile stories and articles each month. One year \$2.50.

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FAMILY LIFE

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letters to the editors



THE CAT ON THE COVER

The outside cover of Family Life (Feb. issue) caught the eye of the whole family this month. When my husband saw it he said, "Ich schpect sell pleased die Weibslaut mol" (I suppose that pleases the women).

The picture looked to me like a cat were sitting on an outside window, looking into a warm cozy home. It reminded me how I recently saw two cats sitting on our outside windowsill. It was a narrow sill but wide enough for both of them until they started to fight. Guess what happened, both of them fell off!

Couldn't this be somewhat similar to the narrow pathway of life? We need to be looking ahead to a better home than we have now. If we look at other people too much and start to fight, we might fall and cause others to stumble, too.

What has happened to all the Pathway Pen Point writers? Do you suppose their pen points have worn off? I miss the short true stories.

- Mrs. J. N. P., Pennsylvania.

I do think it's a worthwhile magazine but I sure didn't care for the big yellow cat on the cover. Buy maybe a cat lover would have liked her. I like something in the line of nature but then not everyone is alike.

- E. R. M., Ephrata, Pennsylvania.

THE WORLD TRIBUNAL

Concerning the article about the world tribunal, I think we should not let such rumors get the best of us. It is possible that the communists are coming but surely God can prevent it if he thinks it best. We should take the problem to God in prayer. If we are steadfast, He will keep us out of the world and the world out of us. For by God all things are possible.

- M. S. R., Pennsylvania.

TOYS, GOOD AND BAD

I think the January issue of Family Life should have fulfilled its purpose, I hope the articles on toys will awaken some people. What did we see the other Sunday when we were visiting some relatives? Among the children's toys was an eight-ball, which is a tool of witchcraft. How can parents expect to lead their children to Heaven while teaching them to enjoy Satan's tools of sin?

- Disappointed, Pennsylvania.

Thanks for David Miller's article on toys. Only a few days before I read it, my wife and I were travelling through a nearby city. We were impressed to see a rich man's daughter hugging a furry Christmas elephant bigger than she was. Fifteen minutes later we passed through a part of town where families with children were sleeping on the sidewalk, the only home they knew. What a shame! The money spent so recklessly for over-sized expensive toys might be put to better use.

For my own childhood, I remember the homemade toys the best - the locomotive Dad made for us out of round pieces of stovewood, and then later our own crude airplanes and threshing machines and skis and stilts. Those were the toys that meant something to us, and not the fancy store-bought ones.

- J. S., Honduras, Central America.

I heartily agree with the article on toys. Nowadays even the grocery stores have toys on display. This is a great temptation for mothers who naturally like to make their children happy and see the look of joy on their faces. I believe older mothers will agree that fewer toys make happier children.

Things I have made for real small children include rag dolls, teddy bears, thread-pool trains, plastic bottle projects and wooden blocks. Any woodworking shop will have small pieces they can't use for anything else. Different kinds of shapes and sizes make it interesting. Sand the pieces to avoid splinters. Empty boxes make wonderful building material to use with masking tape (very inexpensive) and the larger ones make barns and houses the children can actually get into. Scissors

are indispensable but they should be of the blunt-nosed kind. Newspapers, magazines, and even boxholders can be used to draw, color, trace or paste. Flour paste comes in handy. When our oldest child was three I made a jig-saw puzzle out of old calendars. I pasted them on cardboard and cut them up. To my surprise the two-year old put them together, too.

Helping mother with the work is much better than expensive toys. This can mean extra work for mother and bushels of patience, but it's a challenge. Of course we also have a few toys, a big box of tinkertoys, a large blackboard on the wall and lots of books, for all ages. Activity books are better than color books and just plain white paper inspires creativity.

Of course these are rainy day projects. During the summer we hoe the garden together and tell stories to make the time fly. Little hands are kept busy when we shell peas, fill jars and carry them to the cellar. If work is fun, it is play.

- Mrs. A. H., East Earl, Penna.

EMBLEMS ARE FOR SAFETY

I read about the SMV Emblems in December issue of Family Life. Those emblems are for safety. If a car is driving fast, (which they usually do) the driver can see the emblem long before they can see the vehicle. If it were not for these, there might be more accidents than there are. Why put yourself in danger when that little thing might save your life? If it were something forbidden in the Bible, of course it would be wrong. It has to be bright so that it can be seen in the dark, or it would be of no use. I can't see that it has any religious significance, it isn't fancy, but it is a life saver for the slow moving vehicle.

We may be persecuted in the future for Christ's sake and we should prepare for it, but I can't call the emblem a case of persecution.

- E. H., Michigan.

KUH ES RAUM GEBT

We appreciate the change in the Letters to the Editors and I always read them first. It makes less tension now that you omit the accusers. It added flavor but sometimes too much red or hot pepper was added! It was amusing to see how people can be so picky.

I enjoy the German section even if I am a poor German reader. In story form it's easier to figure out what the words mean. As worthwhile as the Sammy stories are they deserve to have the author's name.

"Die Kuh es alles Raum gibt" was both amusing and worthwhile. It was interesting enough that a 21 year old boy read it aloud to about a dozen other young folks who were at our place on Christmas.

I leave the German section for last because it takes so long to figure out what the words mean. Would it be asking too much to start a vocabulary of the German section? We have a German-English dictionary but not near all the words are in it.

- S. G., Penna.

We are not Amish, but Mennonites of an eastern conference so I can not read the German. But there is enough "meat" in the rest of the magazine to compensate for it.

Of course I do not agree with all of it but I like to know why other people believe as they do. I find more to agree with than not to agree with. We live among the Amish and know them well, so it is nice to read the letters they write to the editors. Our copy gets passed to our grandchildren and then on to another family.

- Blanche Hoover, Penna.

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IF NOT C.O.s WHAT ARE WE?

I was especially thankful for the article in the January issue on C.O.s or Draft Dodgers. It's a small wonder some people feel towards I-Ws like they do. If we do as Harry and his companions did then can we truly say we are conscientious objectors? If we aren't then what are we?

If we would be a better light to the world and take a true stand for our faith, keeping in mind that actions speak louder than words then there would be more respects shown for what we believe.

- A young brother, Kentucky.

The article on Draft Dodgers was very good. Maybe a few more such articles would be a means of awakening the young people who don't seem to care. I'm afraid it's not just the I-W boys that carry on like this and the light they give to the world is so bad that I can't see how the people can still think so well of the Amish and Mennonites as they do. I guess the time to start working with them is while they are still on their mother's lap.

- B. Virginia.

GET OUT WITH DIRTY BOOTS

I read the letter, "Husbands want to stay Home" in January issue. In the time when our forefathers went to caves for a hiding place and quite often were separated in this life, it is hard to think a woman would say to her husband, "Get out of her with them dirty boots." I would rather think each time they left, it was with a prayer in the heart that they would be permitted to come back. For myself I fear that in our day of goodly houses, we have them for somewhat of a showplace, instead of a place to live.

I believe every couple about to marry (or most everyone) thinks their marriage is going to be better than other couples they know, and they will live nearer and closer in a truly happy relationship. Later they find how true when Paul writes, "Ye shall have trouble in the flesh."

Many times we fail as older ones to be a good example to the younger ones and miss out on perfection which is fulfilling the only true happiness by serving God through Christ.

- M. R., Pennsylvania.

BUSY WITH WORLDLY THINGS

The article "Eternity Is Forever" (January issue) surely did touch my heart. I had to feel so sorry for the many people who are lost. Is it that we don't pray enough for them? It seems to me we try to make our farms and houses so pretty here and forget that we can't stay here forever. So many people are so busy with worldly things they forget why we are here and how important it is to get ready for the judgement day. Will the members of the church be like the five wise and the five foolish virgins that only half of the people will enter into Heaven?

- A. B., Penns.

A BEAUTIFUL COMBINATION

I was especially touched by "The Passing Generation" in the January issue of Family Life. The scene is a very familiar one and oh, how my heart aches for the dear ones who feel it unimportant to live by the biblical principle of non-conformity. I am very much aware that plain clothes alone are not what gives us eternal life, this is only through the shed blood of Christ. But I feel like a minister once said that plain clothes and a godly life make a beautiful combination. I hope you will continue to publish articles like this for perhaps someone will be made to realize where a life like this leads to and that right is right and wrong is wrong no matter how many or how few do it.

- L.C.G., Mifflintown, Penna.

"The Passing Generation" almost made the tears come as it is so like what my aged father is going through. His children who are obedient can see that his mind is clear and that he does know what he is talking about. They also know how his heart aches for those who think it doesn't matter how one lives. But when he talks to the ones who are self-willed about doing better they just say he is an old man and you can't go by what he says.

We were at the funeral recently of a very plain old church member. All the children but one are with the church and dress plain. The one who left

is not so plain, and the descendants of that one are anything else but plain. You can only wonder why it is that some get so far away from what they are taught.

- L., Penna.

HAPPINESS IS IN DOING

When I noticed the title, "What does it take to make you happy," January issue, I started reading with great interest and hoping to find happiness. But I didn't get the satisfaction I thought I would from reading it as happiness isn't received by just reading. It is earned by living up to the ten rules you printed and being content in whatsoever state we are in.

I struggled with unhappiness for several years and tried to hide it from my friends. When I was with them I usually enjoyed myself so I could act cheerful. When we are young, simple things bring us happiness but as we get older it isn't always so easy to look on the bright side. I was brought up in a family of thirteen children and it isn't always quiet and easy to live in a place like this. I also experienced heartache in courtship and finally got into a rut of unhappiness. Of course I prayed but I wondered if my prayers would ever be answered. But God answers in His own special way so my feelings didn't change overnight.

There are two kinds of pleasures in this world, one is in material things, the other in spiritual things. If we spend an afternoon in talking mostly unnecessary things and laughing with friends, then the pleasure ends as soon as we have parted. So now I look for what can be of spiritual help to myself and others and this brings pleasure that stays deep inside and is happiness that grows. We have a continual warfare here and will find that we have to battle against unhappiness again and again. But each victory will help us some other to win.

"Of all the lights you may carry on your face, joy shines the farthest."

- A Pennsylvania Reader.

TEN COMMANDMENTS BINDING?

We do not agree with the statement in "What Do You Think?" December issue that the ten commandments are just as binding today as the day they were given. Only the commandments that are reinstated in the new are binding. The Old Testament was a schoolmaster to bring us to God. The New Testament is binding since Christ came. Read Hebrews 8:7; 8:9; and 8:13. "In that he saith A new Covenant, He hath made the first old - Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away."

Hebrews 9:15-16 and 10:9. "He taketh away the first, that he may establish the second." A person could go on and on with different references.

- Raymond Horst, Tennessee.

WRONG NAME SIGNED

I wrote the letter under "Anonymous Names" (Feb. Issue) but I have never signed my name Polly Bontrager. Was that my mistake or yours?

- Polly Hershberger, Sullivan, Illinois.

ANSWER: Sorry, that was our mistake. Because of the nature of the letter it was important that the correct name be signed. We wish to apologize for any embarrassment it may have caused you.

Some go to church to take a walk,
Some go to church to laugh and talk,
Some go to church to meet a friend,
Some go there time to spend,
Some go there to meet a lover,
Some go there a fault to cover,
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there for observation,
Some go there to doze and nod,
The wise go there to worship God.

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

NO MONEY FOR ME

It was the first real day of "spring" when everyone was eager to get the plow going. The horses were full of pep and I plowed hard all day. When evening came I was so tired I could hardly do the chores but at last I got to the supper table almost too tired to make another step. Just as I finished eating, two boys came in and asked me to pull out their car which was stuck in the mud down the road. I said, "No, not tonight, I am too tired".

They kept on talking until finally I said, "I will, but it will cost you \$5.00. I've had a hard day and the team is already unharnessed."

It was cold and damp and dark outside and I did not feel like doing anybody a favor for nothing. They agreed, and I finally got to the car and pulled it out. Then they drove away without paying me. I felt bad for some time for such a dirty trick.

However after thinking over it I decided that God was teaching me a lesson which was hard for me to learn. I thought about the man who was left half dead by the wayside by the robbers. The first ones who passed by probably felt there was no money in taking care of this man so they left him lay. But the Good Samaritan had mercy and didn't look on money.

We can also look to Jesus, he didn't take any pay for his work, to restore health, eyesight, and whatever it was. Why should we charge for a little favor when someone is in need?

Later I had the opportunity to pull out a wealthy lady who was stuck in the snow. She wanted to pay me but I refused to take anything from her. I could never get away from the thought that Jesus never charged the rich or the poor.

Now when this lady passed, she always waves. I feel I have gained a friend in the end and I also have a clear conscience. I thank God for a lesson well learned.

- Name withheld

(Editors Note: A letter attached to the above article reads: "Please do not print my name with my article or my present address. The people involved might read it and still want to pay the \$5.00 and I don't want it. I just hope it may give someone an example that we don't always need to be paid for a small deed.")

LIVING WITNESSES

I was working as a hired girl and this particular day the folks were not at home. I remember the day was especially bright, I felt thankful toward God and I was singing lustily as I rolled out the pie dough.

Suddenly I heard steps on the porch and seconds later a knock on the door. Quickly I washed my floury hands and went to open the door.

A man was standing on the porch. "I brought you a tank of fuel," he said, "Would you like to pay it now or shall we send you a bill?"

"I guess we'll send it by mail," I told him.

He made out the bill and handed it to me, and then turned to go. Suddenly as if an inspiration had dawned on him, the man came back again. "You're happy, aren't you?" he said abruptly as I still stood in the doorway.

"Why, yes, I am happy," I answered, taken somewhat by surprise.

"I heard you singing and thought you sounded so happy," and so saying, he turned once more and headed for the truck.

I stood in silence and watched him go and soon the truck went out the driveway. Then I thought to myself, "Why didn't I tell him why I am happy?"

He had seemed rather puzzled. After all there are many reasons why a girl could be happy. If we are faithful in our daily domestic duties, we can be a shining light for our Lord. In our everyday work, we are tempted to think that nobody notices what we are doing and then we become restless and impatient. Often it is more important than we think.

— Pennsylvania.

NOT ALWAYS AS IT SOUNDS

Our house needed siding so my husband and I were overjoyed when we read an ad in the local newspaper:

"FOR SALE — Aluminum Siding. First three customers will receive special rates. Their homes will serve as samples for the company."

Oh yes, we had often heard of quack salesmen but we had always wondered why anyone would be so dumb to get caught.

I was surprised the next day when a stranger knocked on our door.

"Good afternoon," he said very friendly, "Is this where Mr. — lives?"

"Yes, it is," I said wondering what the stranger wanted.

"I have an ad here that you answered saying that you are interested in saving hundreds of dollars to have your house used as a sample for our aluminum siding."

"Oh, I didn't realize you received my letter already!" I was very pleased and excited to think of maybe being one of the three customers who would get lower rates. Then I turned to my daughter and told her to go to the field and tell Dad to come home.

I decided we don't always have such luck. To get the siding, we would have to sign a contract that would last for seven years. The house would then be shown to others. Every sale they made from this, we would get \$100. It sounded so good and the man was very friendly.

Soon my husband came trudging through the yard with his dusty, faded and patched denim pants. Little that mattered to me. I could almost see the house with the nice shingles. After the salesman showed me the samples, he had walked around the house and said it needed 16 squares of siding. (He had not bothered to do any measuring).

After he put up a very convincing sales talk, my husband said to the man, "What I am interested in is the cost."

"All right," said the man as he got his paper and pencil out and started figuring. "Let's see, the 16 squares would cost you \$3,020."

But I will give it to you for \$2020 and even knock off the \$20 and you can have it for \$2,000."

"Such an expense," I thought to myself, and yet the man sounded so sincere and friendly. Didn't he say he also went to church - to the Christian science?

At last I got up enough courage and asked to read the contract. Yes, it sounded all right but oops there was something in small print. It said that if we wanted to change our minds after signing the contract, we would still have to pay half the amount.

I showed the contract to my husband. Soon he told the man, "I would like to have at least a week to think over it."

"I'm leaving tomorrow," said the salesman, shaking his head persuasively, "and maybe by that time there will be another house selected. This is your last and only chance."

We talked it over a little and then my husband said, "We hear a lot of those here today and gone tomorrow salesmen. I guess we're not interested."

He packed his belongings right away and his friendliness seemed to disappear into his bag also. His nice smile vanished.

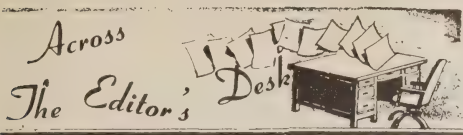
Later we learned that it would take only 9 squares for our house and the cost would be only several hundred dollars. We think it is terrible when people do such things, but is it worse than we are often tempted to do? Perhaps we try to live moral lives and yet are not altogether honest when it comes to selling a horse or a cow.

— M. Ohio.

WHEN YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND

When the frosts are in the valley,
And the mountain tops are grey,
And the choicest buds are blighted
And the blossoms die away,
A loving Father whispers,
"This cometh from my hand";
Blessed are ye if ye trust
Where ye cannot understand.

If, after years of toiling,
Your wealth should fly away
And leave your hands all empty,
And your locks are turning grey,
Remember then your Father
Owns all the sea and land;
Blessed are ye if ye trust
Where ye cannot understand.



It's a common opinion in the world that the plain people "are living today just like they did two hundred years ago." Of course this is not true, but what is meant by the expression is that we do not change as often or as much as the people around us. It is common knowledge that the styles and fashions in the world do change every few years, in order to have something different and to keep business going.

One of the new things which has come in during the past few years, and which is particularly annoying to the plain people is daylight saving time. Many of them ignore it while others try to go along with it. Either way it ends up in confusion and nobody knows for sure just what time it really is.

But there is now a ray of hope that even this may come to an end and possibly swing the other way sometime in the future. An editor of Weekend Magazine recently came up with an article saying that we should go back to standard time during the summer and have daylight saving time during the winter. He argued that it's dark in the morning anyhow during the winter, but that the early darkness in the evening has caused many accidents as well as other inconveniences for people who are going home from work in the evening.

The surprising thing was that the magazine received an avalanche of mail from readers who agreed and were ready to switch over right away. All that would be needed would be for more people to talk it up in the newspapers and soon everybody would want daylight saving time in winter.

Family Life is one magazine which will not be working for daylight Saving Time in the summer nor in the winter months. We feel like most of our readers, that Standard time should be for the year round.

However it might be noted that many of the plain people have their own version of standard time which is 15 or 20 minutes faster than standard the year round.

Those of our readers who are historically minded may be interested in a monthly magazine entitled "The Diary". Now in its third year, it is devoted exclusively to church and local history among the Old Order Amish communities in North, South and Central America. It contains a record of births, deaths and accidents, migrations, and crop and weather reports for the various communities. There are also historical articles from the past and the present. The magazine will not appeal to everyone, only to those who are interested in this type of material. The subscription price is \$4.00 per year and the address is "The Diary", Gordonville, Penna. 17529.

A historian is a specialist in his own field. He is not so much interested in interpreting the happenings as he is in finding and recording the exact dates, the names of persons, and the connections which different persons and events have to each other. In other words it is the collecting of facts which are accurate and reliable and the historian will not spare any effort or time in digging up what he wants to know. He must also have either an excellent memory or a good filing system so that the facts he has gathered will be available when he needs them. A lot of us are very much interested in church history and would still not qualify as historians.

Some time ago we ran an ad in the Budget for the Pathway papers with a special offer for new subscribers only of several back issues free. We received the following letter from Pennsylvania:

"Enclosed find \$15.00 check for the 3-in-one plan for 2 years. Please start with the January issue and also send free back issues. We enjoy Family Life very much and feel we have many times read things that have struck close home....

P.S. I guess you wonder how we could have been enjoying the papers and still be new subscribers. Well, we generally managed to get ahold of them somewhere, such as from neighbours, relatives, etc. Thank you very much."

We have always suspected that the subscribers to Family Life have a bigger heart than the average and that they do loan out their copies to their neighbours. We are glad they do, and don't want to discourage it in any way. In fact we have two very good reasons for encouraging it, but one of them is a bit selfish. The first reason is that if they loan out their copies, they can be a help to their neighbors. The other reason is that sooner or later many of these neighbors will get tired of waiting to read it second hand, and decide to subscribe themselves.

Because of circumstances beyond our control, we were forced to set up the material in this issue with several different kinds of typeface. Because of further complications we didn't get it set the way we wanted it. This has resulted in some small, hard-to-read print. We promise to try to see that it will not happen again, and we may eventually come up with something better than we had before. ■■

WORLD WIDE WINDOW



SHOPLIFTING BECOMING COMMON

According to a Toronto businessman, theft is becoming such a commonly accepted practice that some parents are taking their children out for "a nice evening of shoplifting."

Because of the big increase in shoplifting over the past five years, many department stores are now hiring security guards to protect their merchandise.

A U.S. survey showed that one of every 15 customers who went into a shopping center walked out with something they didn't pay for. Women were the worst offenders and the average value of the item stolen was \$5.26.

A large U.S. department store estimates that its known losses from shoplifting are equal to 40% of its net profit. These losses have to be added to the selling price, so it is really the honest consumer who has to pay for the theft in the long run. This is one reason why small country stores in rural communities of plain people can sell merchandise at a lower margin. They do not have the added costs of bad debts and shoplifting.

CHURCHGOERS HEALTHIER

A recent survey made by a John Hopkins' doctor shows that people who go to church regularly have less hardening of the arteries than do non-churchgoers. In fact, they have only a little more than half as much. Among weekly churchgoers, the number of people afflicted with this form of heart disease was 500 out of every 100,000, while among less faithful attenders, the ratio went up to 900 out of every 100,000 persons studied.

Other ailments also found to be more frequent among non-religious people were cirrhosis of the liver (most common cause of this liver disease is strong drinks), tuberculosis, cancer of the cervix, chronic bronchitis, fatal one-car accidents and suicides.

We know that simply going to church in itself doesn't make people more healthy, but it is very understandable that the clean living which usually goes with it, does have a healthful effect on the body. Many illnesses are caused by wrong living — by tensions, by feelings of guilt or fear, by drinking, smoking, loose morals, and other sinful pleasures. ■■

LITTLE THINGS ADD UP

Most people believe there are only two groups of churches, one is Catholic and the other Protestant. Menonites are considered to be Protestant, and the more liberal groups perhaps rightly so. But for the more conservative churches, the Amish and the Old Order Mennonites, this name does not apply.

The reason for this is that in several important points they do not conform with protestantism. The three main points are non-resistance, non-conformity, and church discipline. Of these three the last one is probably of the most importance because without it, the other two are ineffective.

Church discipline simply means that it is the business of the church as to what each member does, the kind of life he leads, the clothes he wears, where he works and how he spends his money. If a member went into the fields to work on Sunday, if he got a job at a war munitions plant, if the women would come with bee-hives or mini-skirts, such members would be called to give account before the church. If they would persist in their ways, the ultimate result would be excommunication and avoidance as taught in the Scriptures.

There is a difference of opinion among these church groups as to how much the daily lives of the members should be regulated. The more liberal ones are quick to point out that there is an extreme in having many regulations lest too much time is spent on trifles which are of little importance. The stricter groups, however, maintain that it is easier to extinguish a fire when it is small, rather than let it grow until it gets out of control. No one has yet been able to prove just how much or how little regulation is needed to keep a church healthy. However, it is agreed that discipline is necessary and it must affect our everyday lives. In other words, it must be a weekday religion and not just for Sundays.

In this issue there is a story pointing out the fact that even in such a small matter as the selection of eye-glasses we ought to be consistent with what we profess. Although Protestant churches would not agree, yet we believe it is Scriptural. If we don't want to follow the thinking and ways of the world in other matters, why should we wear Hollywood styles of glasses?

It so happened that a girl who was not from a plain background decided to join an Amish church. This girl wore glasses, and of course they were of the "high-flying" kind. It so happened that this particular church did not have any regulations concerning eye-glasses, although it did have regulations in many other points of daily living. It also emphasized plainness of attire. A short time after this girl became a member of the church, she made an appointment with the optometrist to get other glasses. It was not the lens that needed changing, it was the frames!

Another instance could be related. It is said that an eye specialist at Wooster, Ohio makes special efforts to stock a line of glasses suitable for the plain people. He also sells them at a reasonable price and the customers come from many miles around. What kind do they choose? Some want the plainest and most serviceable kinds but many select glasses which are not so plain. Of course

they do not choose the "most worldly" kind but some which are more appealing to the eyes, and yet are tolerated in the church. Like most others, this fence can be crowded and maybe in a number of years, it will be trodden down altogether.

How does such behavior look to the people about us, and much more important yet, to an Almighty God who can see even the intents of the heart? What would you think if you saw a woman with spike heels and flesh colored stockings wearing a shawl and a bonnet? Can a devotional covering mean anything except mockery on top of cut hair or a stylish hair-do such as the beehive? How then can a movie star style of glasses look any more becoming on people who are supposed to be the salt of the earth and a light to the world?

What then, does the Christian have to go by in making a selection of eye-glasses or any other items to wear? The first and most important is that they should be becoming to those who profess godliness. Besides this, they should also be practical, serviceable and worth the money. If we use these standards to make our decisions, it should be consistent with what we claim to be. ■■

THE STEPPING STONE

Now I was made to understand
From what I heard folks say,
This world is just a stopping place
To linger for a day;
I heard them talk about these things
Or times in church or school
Where I was taught the meaning
Of the good old Golden Rule.

With time enough to learn to know
Just what is right from wrong,
That human life is very short—
Eternity is long;
That earthly gain is all in vain,
The good Book so relates,
That this is just a stepping stone
To reach the pearly gates.

That life is but a moment here.
And mansions in the sky
Are waiting for the worthy ones
When they are due to die;
We can't take money with us
When we leave this mundane sphere,
'They're scarcely worth the hoarding
For the short time we are here.

So what is all this fuss about
Among the human race
If this is just a make shift,
Or temporary place?
And why they carry on so much,
I have no way of knowing,
Unless it's just a quicker way
To get us where we're going.

-Author Unknown

Views and Values



Watch For The Go-Lights

Several months ago a friend sent me the following story, clipped from a newspaper: "A very rich old man, realizing that his days were numbered, summoned his three sons to his bedside and told them, 'I'm going to leave the greater part of my fortune to the son who can prove he's most qualified to preserve and even increase it. There are three identical rooms on the second floor of this house. I want each of you to fill every nook and cranny of one room. Use any commodity that you wish, but the task must be completed by 1 p. m. today.'"

"The first son chose to fill a room with sand. The second used straw. They scurried upstairs and down as fast as they could, but neither, unfortunately, was able to meet the 1 p. m. deadline.

"Meanwhile, Son No. 3 appeared to be doing nothing. At five minutes to one, he wheeled his ailing father into his room, raised the shades and let the glorious sun fill every corner with light and brightness. The pleased father shaded his eyes and said, 'My boy, you are the one who has shown yourself most worthy of inheriting the bulk of my fortune.'"

This simple old fable should contain a lesson for all of us. How often we have tried in vain to solve some problem in life with the use of straw and sand, when all the while it would have been solved so easily, had we thought to pull the shades and let the sun shine in.

I used to wonder why it was that for some people everything seems to go right, while for others everything seems to go wrong. There are exceptions, I'm sure, but I believe that many times the difference may lie between making the most of problems or making the best of them.

I still find it hard to believe, but it seems that some people thrive on troubles. They are quite resigned to struggling in the dark rooms carrying sand and straw, when their lives could just as well be filled with sunshine. Such people do indeed make the most of their troubles. As soon as some misfortune appears, they pounce on it, lift it to their stooping shoulders, and parade mournfully around, wailing in forlorn tones, "Oh, now look what happened to me again. I always have the bad luck..." Voluntary martyrs, they make a lot out of their sufferings. They seem to be pleased only when they are miserable.

On the other hand are those who, instead of making the most of their troubles, make the best of them. They try to see the bright side of life. When something goes wrong, instead of feeling sorry for themselves, they say instead, "This is bad enough, but think of how easily it could have been worse. We still have a lot to be thankful for."

Being human, most of us are somewhere between the two classes of people described above — we don't always make the most of our troubles nor do we always make the best of them. But there is some martyr in all of us — a ten-

dency to start pitying ourselves, to look on the dark side, to be so depressed about our troubles that we forget our blessings. For that reason, it might well be profitable to take a close look at our attitudes and outlook in life. If troubles make up only 10% of our life, we have something out of proportion if we spend half of our time brooding over them.

There are plenty of dark corners in life, but some people take sunshine with them wherever they go. By their pleasant nature and happy disposition, they drive the shadows away. A Wisconsin housewife, Tabitha Ritzmann, brings this out very clearly in a little poem she wrote about a sunbeam which set out in search of darkness.

A little sunbeam on a quest
Came to earth one day.
A dark place it had never seen
Upon its shining way.
All day it tried to find the dark
In places deep and bare;
It wished to see just how it looked
But light was everywhere.
A weary little sunbeam went
Back home. "My child, you see,"
Smiled Mother Sun, "where a sunbeam goes
No darkness there can be."

But maybe the illustration of the sunbeam is not really a good one, for quite unlike sunbeams, people who look for dark places usually find them easily. The following story from two hundred and fifty years ago is a good example of this. At that time dictionaries of the English language such as we now have, were practically unknown. The only dictionaries then available were ones that listed the very hardest words and gave their meaning. A man by the name of Samuel Johnson realized that it would be useful to have a more complete dictionary, so he went to work to compile one that listed easy words as well as hard ones, and which would show the proper usage of words along with their meaning. After many years of hard work, in 1755, he was finally able to publish his Dictionary of The English Language. The book proved very useful and was to be widely used for many years. But it had hardly been published until a lady came up to Johnson. "I see, Dr. Johnson," she complained, "that you have included many naughty words in your dictionary."

"That's perfectly true, madam," he answered, "and I see that you have been looking for them!"

It may be necessary at times to look for and point out flaws in order to make improvements, but to be unnecessarily taken up with the dark side of life accomplishes little except making oneself miserable. Yet it seems there is a natural tendency in all of us to be more conscious of our misfortunes than our blessings, to be quicker to blame than to praise, and to complain when we should be thankful.

I once heard a minister say that when he thinks he has had a bad day, and a lot of things have gone wrong for him, he sits down in the evening and counts up the things that could have gone wrong and didn't. He said that usually after doing this, he ends up feeling very thankful.

There will always be some clouds in life. No one can avoid meeting sorrows and troubles. They are an inescapable part of our fallen world. But there is also sunshine. And it is a mistake to worry so much about the clouds that the many hours of bright sunshine are forgotten. Jesus realized that we would have trials and troubles. He said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of

good cheer; I have overcome the world" (John 16:33). By this Jesus meant to tell us that his power is greater than the evils which vex us. He is able, willing, and ready to help us overcome those feelings of discouragement when things go wrong. By his help, it is possible to sit down and count our blessings instead of our troubles.

It has always seemed a mistake to me that traffic signals at intersections should be called stoplights. It is only a small matter, but shows how we tend to give more recognition to the unpleasant than to the pleasant. Traffic signals are green just as much of the time as they are red. Wouldn't it be just as true and sound much nicer to call them go-lights?

Instead of watching for stoplights, let's all make a special effort in the days ahead to look for the go-lights as we travel through life. We will find just as many, and travelling will be a lot more pleasant. ■■

The Shoemaker's Complaint

by Isaac F. Huyard

When the farmer went to town, he had a boy's shoe with him which had a small rip in it. As he entered the shoemaker's store he noticed a sign hanging above the entrance of his repair room, "We service what we sell only."

The farmer had seen the sign before and he had not purchased this shoe there. But it was only a small repair job. As he entered the store he greeted the shoemaker with "I see that you service what you sell only." Then he showed him the shoe.

The shoemaker saw at a glance that it was none of his shoes, but he took the shoe into the repair room and sewed it. It took about eight or ten stitches and two minutes time.

Coming back he laid the shoe on the counter saying "Seventy-five cents." The farmer thought this was pretty high but he knew that he had done it as a favor so he said "Thank you" and paid him.

As the shoemaker put the change into the register, he said, "Now I would like to blow my horn."

The farmer looked surprised but he held his peace as the shoemaker went on. "There is nobody else in town or anywhere around here that would have sewn that shoe for you."

After a moment of silence the farmer replied that he doubts that, and mentioned a few other shoemakers in town who fix shoes. But the shoemaker said, "No, they would not have done it while you wait." Then he went on, "Why don't you plain people patronize a shoemaker when you have one? I have been living forty years in this community and trying to serve it. And you know it. Now, why, when you need shoes, don't you come here and buy them? That shoe you have is nothing but a piece of junk. You are just wasting your money. The hardware store down here is not entitled to any shoe trade. He is in the hardware business. Yet he gets a lot of cheap shoes, hangs a sign out and everybody crowds in to buy them."

"But all he wants to do is sell them. He won't service them. Then when the people want service they come in here. If this keeps up, I'll have to quit. I can't keep on this way."

As the farmer listened, the thought occurred to him that the shoemaker was accusing other people of doing just what he was doing. He wanted to sell shoes but not service them. But to avoid any ill feelings he just said, "Well if you can't make out, you will just have to close your door and quit."

That, of course, did not suit the shoemaker, who answered, "But that is entirely beside the point. I've been serving this community all my life and now you are going to leave and let me sit."

Now the farmer asked, "How much do you pay for milk?" The shoemaker answered, "Entirely too much."

"How much?" asked the farmer. When he told him the farmer replied, "That's three times as much as we are getting for our milk."

Then the farmer went on, "You go to the store and pay twice as much for eggs as we get and also the farm produce. You go to the store and pay two or three times as much for it rather than coming direct to the farm and patronizing the

farmer."

This changed the shoemaker's thoughts somewhat. After a brief silence he said, "My wife said this morning she wants four dozen eggs. Now how will I get them?"

To which the farmer replied, "I don't know. You don't know where I live. You don't even know my name." This was a joke for both of them for the shoemaker knew his name, but had been calling him by his brother's name.

They both laughed and as the farmer reached for the door, the shoemaker called after him, "The next time you buy shoes, remember me."

As the farmer walked down the street, he was thinking. Did he say too much, or should he have blown his horn also? He knew the shoemaker knew where he lived for his farm was only a half mile out of town. He also knew his name but just had his name mixed up and realized it as he was leaving.

The farmer knew the farm was not further away to get eggs, milk, potatoes, apples, etc., than the store was to get shoes. He also knew there was plenty of parking space at the farm and open six days a week. But the shoemaker didn't even have any place to tie or park a horse and if you did not come at the right hours, the store was locked.

Everybody, it seems wants to sell but when it comes to giving service, that is something else. Maybe we are like that, too, anxious to say what should be done but not willing to do it. Maybe what we don't realize enough is that the important thing is to give service first and then the rest will be easy. ■■

Signs Of The Last Times

Could the Judgement day be close at hand? The conditions of the world make me think so.

"And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars" (Matt. 24:6). Since 1914 there have been many wars, two world wars, many civil wars, and long drawn out wars. Also riots, strikes and family quarrellings and so forth. Of course there has always been strife since the time that Adam and Eve were driven from the garden, but crime is increasing by leaps and bounds. Divorces are becoming more common every year.

"And as it was in the days of Noe, so shall it also be in the days of the Son Of Man. They did eat, they drank, they married, they were given in marriage until the day that Noe entered the ark and the flood came and destroyed them all" (Luke 18:26-27).

Over the Christmas and New Years season, many people celebrate, making merry, not realizing the real meaning of the first Christmas. We see Christmas trees and Santa Clauses. Children are taught they are real and give nice gifts. Would it not be better if families would come together, have a nice meal together and then talk about the real first Christmas?

A year ago I was in I-W service and my wife and I spent the day in town with a family. At the place they had a tree, a santa claus, and close by was a manger scene. They were professing Christians and the man was concerned to do what was right. I guess he was never taught that it was wrong to celebrate Christmas in this way.

"This also know that in the last days, perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof; from such turn away" (2 Timothy 3:1-5).

Perilous times are here now. There is violence everywhere, thousands died in earthquakes in South America, and hundreds of thousands died as the result of a cyclone and tidal wave in Asia. People are being killed in the armies, on highways, in robberies, in airplane crashes, etc.

Men are covetous, boasters and proud. My dictionary says that pride means "to esteem oneself." In other words when we praise ourselves, or think highly of ourselves, we are proud.

In Luke 17:10, Jesus said that if we have done all we can we are still unprofitable servants, doing only what is our duty.

We can see where many children are disobedient in this mixed up world. Some may say, "Parents don't always know the best." This may be true, but if we have Christian parents, then about 99% of the times, they are right.

Unthankful. Can we be thankful if we are complaining about such things as bills, our work, heat or cold or when little things go wrong?

Unholy. Are we holy if we are ashamed of Christ, if we don't give thanks before a meal just because there are ungodly people present? Are we holy if we use that which defileth our bodies?

Without natural affection. Do we try to make church members

or members of the family believe that we love them and then talk about them behind their backs. If so, we do not have natural affections.

False Accusers. Sometimes we accuse someone of something and we do not know for sure that he did it. Maybe someone told us and yet it might not be true. We should know it is so before we spread it around and then not say it unless there is a good reason.

Despisers of those who are good. I used to think when I saw someone do something he shouldn't, I'll just be quiet for he will just despise me for saying something anyhow. But in the last verse of the fourth chapter of James it says if we know to do good and do it not, it is sin. Sometimes when people want to leave off from sin and serve Christ and keep His Word then there will be some people who mock and despise them. But who are these people that despise those who want to do what is right? I've seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, young people (and older ones, too) speaking words I'd not want to write on this paper and doing things which I know they wouldn't want to be found doing when Jesus comes. These same people aren't interested when someone is talking about religion. But when people get together talking dirty or saying ugly things

about other people they edge closer and laugh with the crowd. Acting this way makes them despisers of those that are good. I guess they don't realize how serious the life of a Christian is supposed to be.

Heady. Do we not too often seek after our own will, rather than doing as others would want us to do?

High-minded. If a person does not do something because it looks too little to him, he is high-minded.

Lovers of Pleasure. There are many types of pleasures being sought after such as sports and the lust of the eyes. Two women were visiting in a home and were looking at some children's clothes the lady had. One of the women said, "I have to watch myself because my husband is choicy with what I put on our little girl."

The other woman told her, "Oh, husbands can get used to that."

The one woman was pleasing herself by dressing her children as she wished and was disobeying the Bible in not being subject to her husband.

We are to turn away from people who profess to be Christians but do not do what the Scriptures tell us, thus denying the power thereof.

- Name withheld, Pennsylvania

It's amazing how different something appears when it's the other person doing it instead of yourself.

IT WAS MONDAY morning and Ada Esh came into the house. She had just finished doing the milk pails. "Mother, guess what I heard yesterday."

"What was it, Ada?"

"One of the girls said that rich lady in Rowville would like to have an Amish girl to work for her." She tugged at her handkerchief to hide her excitement.

"Well, what about it?" Mother asked in a matter-of-fact way.

"Well, I - I just thought maybe I could go. It would help us out money wise, instead of working around the neighborhood all the time."

"Ada! You know that is not the way we do it," Mother rebuked her sternly.

Just then Father came in from getting the mail. He had overheard the conversation. As he sat down on a rocking chair he remarked, "It seems the bills are coming in faster than we can pay them."

Ada came into the living room and said, "I was just telling Mother that the lady over in Rowville -"

"Yes, I heard what you said," Father replied as he scanned the Budget ads. "We could use the money, but - I don't know whether it would be the right thing to do. We'll see what Mother says about it."

"I don't know what to say," Mother answered. "I don't think it's a good idea to have her work in town."

"Oh, I guess she can get a job in the neighborhood," Father replied.

Ada spoke up again, "But I just get \$10.00 a week around here and I have to work so hard all the time, too."

Just then Mother looked out the window. "Father, a car is coming in the lane," she said.

The car drove up close to the house and stopped. Ada

MARCH, 1971



**EVERYONE
IS
MONEY
HUNGRY**

-- By M. E. Hershberger

and her mother hurriedly straightened up the house, picking up the things the school children had left lay in the morning in their hurry to go to school.

The car door opened and a neatly dressed lady stepped out with a big purse under her arm with straps going over her shoulder.

Knock, knock, came the sound from the front door.

"Hello," said Mother as she opened the door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Esh," said the lady. "I am Mrs.

Squire from Rowville. We're in need of an Amish girl to work for us. It's house work and nothing very hard. We were told to come here, that perhaps you would have a daughter who could work for us."

Inside the kitchen window Ada was looking out, bubbling with excitement when she heard what the lady was saying.

"Come in and sit down," Mother said, "while I talk it over with my husband."

As Mrs. Squire entered the room, Mother said, "Mrs. Squire, this is our daughter Ada. The other children are in school."

"Good morning, Ada," said Mrs. Squire in a friendly way.

"Here, take this chair while you wait," Ada said.

Mother went into the living room where her husband was reading the Budget. "What do you think about it? Do you think we ought to let Ada go to work in town?"

"Well, Ada is a pretty mature girl," Father said. "If she were like some girls, I wouldn't think of letting her go. But we do need the money, and no Amish have asked for her lately. Let's find out what the lady would pay."

"This is my husband, John," Mother said.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Squire.

"Hello," said Father, and then he continued. "So you are looking for a girl to help you? How long would you need her and what would you pay?"

"We can use her any time and for a long time. She wouldn't have very much to do, just be there and take care of the house. The other girl we had, we paid \$30.00 for a 5½ day week. We would pay the same for your daughter if she is dependable."

"I think Ada would be dependable," Mother said, "but we couldn't spare her on Saturdays. We need her at home one day a week."

"We could arrange it all right on five days a week," Mrs. Squire said.

"What about weddings and funerals?" Father said.

"The other girl I had took those days off and your daughter could have them off, too."

"We'll talk this over and let you know in a few days," Father said.

"Thank you so kindly for your consideration," Mrs. Squire said as she went out the door.

"Father, why didn't you tell her 'yes' right away?" Ada asked.

"To make a decision like this we want to pray about it and sleep over it first. We need the money, but we are not sure it is the right thing to do. If you are working in town, then you can't help our neighbors who need help, and besides, it might not be a very good influence for you."

"I would like the job, I think," said Ada, "and I would try to be careful. I wouldn't have to do everything like they do."

The next morning a buggy drove into the lane. It was Joe Zook, a neighbor who lived four miles away. On entering the house, he greeted Mrs. Esh. "I — I was just wondering," he started in with some hesitation, "if you could help us out a few days. Our little Danny is sick with pneumonia and we can't hardly find anyone. It seems the girls are rather scarce in our neighborhood."

Ada was disappointed on hearing these words but Mother answered, "I will see what John says. Here he comes now."

After they had exchanged greetings and chatted a few moments, Mother said, "Their little boy is sick and they

can't find anyone to help them. Can Ada go?"

John did not answer right away. He was in deep thought. In town, Ada could get \$30.00 a week, but at Joe Zooks she would only get ten. Maybe he could charge more for working at Joe Zooks, but no, he couldn't do that. They were just getting started and had bought their farm a few years ago and were pretty deep in debt. And besides, no one would think of charging a brother in the church thirty dollars a week.

John looked at his wife and said, "Whatever you say is all right with me."

Mrs. Esh turned to Joe Zook and said, "Yes, Ada can help you until the boy is better. When shall she come?"

"She may come this afternoon," Joe answered. Then he started home with a lighter heart, for now he could tell his wife that he had found help at last.

But Ada was not pleased. She had much sooner gone to Mrs. Squire's to work. Several days passed and the boy still wasn't well. Ada's thoughts were on the job in town. "Will the boy never get well?" she thought to herself.

It was the middle of the next week before Ada was finished with her job at the Zooks. The next morning Mother said, "Here, Ada, take this card to the mailbox."

Ada went eagerly for she saw it was addressed to Mrs. Squire. She read the card:

Dear Mrs. Squire:

We decided to let Ada work for you starting Monday morning. You may pick her up at 7:30.

Yours truly, Mrs. John Esh.

Early Monday morning Mrs. Squire came to pick Ada up. She was full of excitement. Soon it was time to get dinner ready.

"What would you like for lunch?" asked Mrs. Squire.

"Whatever you are used to is all right with me," Ada answered.

"I generally heat up a T. V. dinner and then sit in front of the T. V. and watch at the same time. In the evening we have a full meal when Mr. Squire is at home."

Tuesday came, then Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Ada liked her work at Mrs. Squire's, for she was very kind to her and Ada even had quite a bit of spare time that she would use for reading or doing whatever she liked.

On Friday evening Mrs. Squire took her home. The school children all came out to meet their sister who had been away all week.

"You did a good job," said Mrs. Squire. "So I am paying you \$30.00 for five days' work. I'll see you again Monday morning."

Ada ran toward the house, waving her money. She was glad to be home again. That evening at the supper table everyone wanted to talk at the same time. Father, Mother, Ada, Ella, Verna, and the little brothers, Joe and Andy, everyone was at home.

"Easy," said Father, "only one question at a time."

So Ada told everything about the week's work, everything except about the T. V. She had a guilty conscience about it. She wanted to keep the image high so that she could keep on working at the Squires.

Week after week passed and soon it was six months she had been working for the Squires. The Esh family looked forward to the pay checks. For, after all, thirty dollars a week came in handy, especially when they thought about the fact that if Ada were working for their neighbors she would only be getting ten.

Occasionally an Amish family would inquire about a hired girl but the usual reply was, "Well, we promised

this lady in town and if she quits a few weeks, she would lose her job. Maybe you'll have to look around for some-one else."

Ada had been going with a boy friend for some time and as winter approached they began to make plans for a wedding. Ada did not mention anything to Mrs. Squire about it, but one day Mrs. Squire said, "Ada, you seem so different lately. I believe you are thinking of getting married."

"What makes you think anything like that?" Ada asked with a smile.

"Well, you've been telling me a little about this boy friend at times, and I can see you are acting different. I know you Amish don't think highly of T. V. and I notice the last while you don't watch it at all like you used to at first. Now tomorrow is your twenty-first birthday so I feel something is going to happen soon."

"Well, I am getting older," Ada smiled at Mrs. Squire. "It could be that you are right."

Soon Ada's wedding day was a thing of the past. She had married a very nice boy. The following summer they moved onto a farm which they rented. The next few years were busy ones for Ada and her husband. Finally the time came when they needed some help. "We will inquire around," said Ada. "Surely we can find a hired girl somewhere."

They went from one place to another, until they were almost afraid to go anywhere else. But it was all of no avail.

Finally as they turned to go toward home Ada was sad. She said to her husband, "I just can't understand it why the Amish don't help each other any more. It seems everyone is money-hungry these days, just working for those high wages."



AS

OTHERS

SEE

US

-by Elizabeth Miller

A FEW WEEKS AGO I was in town one day. After making some purchases in the dimestore, I remembered that I needed a pair of chore boots, so I started up the street toward the Economy Shoe Store. Just as I got to the door a lady walked in ahead of me.

I wasn't in the store very long until I found what I needed. Along one side of the store was a table marked "Sale", and on it were all kinds of shoes and boots. I picked out a pair of tall boots that had my size and carried them to the front of the store. There was only one clerk in the store at the time and she was busy waiting on the lady who had come in just ahead of me, so I sat down in one of the seats to wait.

The other lady wanted a pair of snow boots. "Oh, aren't they love ... lee!" she squealed delightedly as the clerk handed her a pair of brown boots. She felt them all over and then held them out at arm's length to study them. A slight frown crossed her face. "They're simply beautiful, but I don't know if I'd like them for myself," she said. "Show me what else you've got."

Before long, the floor surrounding the lady plus several seats and the counter were covered with boot boxes. Boots were scattered around — brown ones, black ones, smoked gray ones, tan ones. Some had buckles, some had zippers, and others were the slip-on type. Each type was thoroughly studied and admired, then put aside as the customer looked hopefully at the clerk. "What other kinds do you have?"

Finally the clerk assured the lady that these were the

only kinds of snow boots in the store. Then the woman started trying them on. I marveled at the clerk's patience as she helped the lady into the boots and then stood and studied them in front of the floor mirror — from the front, from the side, and with the aid of a second mirror, from the back.

"Are you sure this is a size five? I always wear fives, and this one feels big."

"Oh, this pair will never do; it looks too much like a stove pipe."

"I can't buy this pair. They're too much like Mrs. Franklin's."

"Feel in here; this lining seems to be loose."

"Let me try another pair exactly like these. This one has a wrinkle that bothers my toe."

"Now if you had this boot in brown, I'd take it. I like this type in that color."

These were only a few of the remarks the lady made in the next twenty minutes. I found the incident amusing and since I wasn't in a hurry, I enjoyed watching the scene. It was fun trying to guess what would be wrong with the next pair. But as time went on I kept glancing at the clock. I was to meet the people I had come to town with at the grocery store in less than half an hour and I wanted to go to a few more stores. Restlessly I squirmed in my seat.

The clerk may have noticed my uneasiness, or she may have sensed that it might take her other customer a while yet. She excused herself and came over to me. "Have you found what you need?" she asked.

"Yes, I'd like these boots," I answered, handing them to her.

A few minutes later I had paid for the boots and left the store. I went to the drug store and on to the hardware. Just as I was walking down the street I thought of the woman in the shoe store and wondered if she was still there. Maybe I still had time to walk past the store and see. My curiosity got the best of me, and that's just what I did. I went up to the next corner, crossed the street and walked past the shoe store. I was just in time to see the lady come out of the store. She was carrying several parcels, but I'm pretty sure none of them was large enough to contain a pair of snow boots.

I chuckled to myself, but then sobered as I remembered a similar incident a few years earlier. This one, however, was not amusing at all. It made my cheeks blush with shame.

The second incident didn't take place in a shoe store; it

took place in an optometrist's office. I had had my eyes examined and was sent into a second room to be fitted with a new frame for my glasses. The doctor in charge of this room was also having a hard time with a customer, who happened to be a teen-aged Amish girl accompanied by her mother. I wasn't in the room long until I sensed what the trouble was. It wasn't really a matter of making up their minds, for it was plain that both the mother and the daughter had already done that and very much so. The problem was they didn't have their hearts set on the same frame.

Doctor Brown didn't have the patience the clerk in the shoe store had. It was late in the afternoon and perhaps these weren't the only difficult customers he had dealt with that day. Maybe he didn't feel well, or this had been an extra frustrating day. All I know is that he didn't try very hard to hide his disgust. At long last the mother and daughter compromised and chose a different frame, not quite as plain as the one the mother had wanted, and not quite as fancy as the one the daughter had chosen.

"Whew," sighed the doctor as they left the office. "I've had more trouble with your people, trying to please the girls and their mothers at the same time. And here we try especially hard to keep frames on hand that the Amish want, only to have them come in and spend a whole hour debating which frame they want. I've said, 'Amish girls are having a race to see who can get away with the fanciest frame.' He went on to tell me of incidents when girls came in and selected a frame and had them fitted, only to bring them back a few days later asking to exchange them for a plainer pair. "It's nothing to spend a whole hour with a young Amish lady and her mother in here, waiting for them to make up their minds." Then he laughed gruffly. "I'd love to hear some of the lectures those girls get when they're outside. Many a mother has left this office with that wait-until-we-get-home look."

I couldn't appreciate hearing this man's opinion of our people, but I didn't try to make any excuses or explanations. For what could I say?

Oh, I could have told him that not all Amish people are like the ones who had left his office a few minutes earlier. But I'm sure he was aware of this fact already. So all I could do was remain silent as I made a rather hasty decision as to which frame I wanted.

Both the lady in the shoe store and the mother and daughter in the optometrist's office took up nearly an hour of another person's time because they couldn't make up their minds. Yet, I found the one incident amusing and the other humiliating. The reason is the people who were involved. I'm sure we've all seen cartoons of a shoe salesman trying to please a lady customer. It is a standing joke in the world. In other words, the scene I witnessed in the shoe store was an extreme of the expected.

But the two Amish women in the optometrist's office — that's something different. The world knows us to be a religious folk and they expect more from us than they do from the general public. So the scene the Amish women had made was an extreme of the unexpected.

Occasionally I, too, need some time to make up my mind before I know whether I really want to buy a certain item or which of several items I want. But to waste a merchant's time and then decide I don't want to buy anything after all is something I want to avoid. For when I go to town and deal with the merchants and doctors there, I am making a direct contact with the outside public. What these people think of the Amish might well depend on how I act at such times. ■■

Eating Worms In The Dark

I talked with a man who said he had gone to a theater with several friends. While watching the movie, they were eating chestnuts. The movie was appealing to the eyes and satisfying to the flesh and the chestnuts tasted good. But when the movie was over and they got out on the streets into the light, they discovered they had been eating worms with their chestnuts. "Never again will I eat chestnuts in the theater," the man said.

Let us stop and consider where the problem really was. The man that sold the chestnuts was blind to the fact that he was selling worms. The people that were eating chestnuts were blind to the fact that they were eating worms. The chestnuts could not help it that they had worms and the worms could not help it they were in the chestnuts. They were only fulfilling their work on earth. Who, then was at fault?

It seems to me that if the people had been where the light is, they would have seen the worms. The Bible tells us in John 3:19: "And this is the condemnation that light is come into the world. And men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."

The worm is the devil, the chestnuts are the instruments through which he works. The darkness is the blindness which overshadows those who serve the devil. The light is the Word of God.

Friends, we must examine the things we meet in this life in the light of God's word before we accept them into the church. Otherwise we may be eating worms in the darkness.

These people were very thankful when they came to the light for it revealed to them the worms in the chestnuts. Likewise do we rejoice when the Word of God reveals to us the worms of sin in our lives and the Holy Spirit helps us clean them out.

1 John 2:15: "Love not the world neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." The word "world" is not referring to the people but rather the things that pertain to this earth. He goes on to say, "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life is not of the Father but is of the world."

This can mean the things we take pride in in our lives such as our farms, our horses, or our houses. It can mean such things as decorations, china ware or pictures on the shelves which are decorations and do not meet the needs of the family.

We may think there is nothing wrong with having a few nice items around. But the Bible says in Col. 3:17: "And whatsoever you do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him."

Can we honestly believe that we can have such superfluous items, even if they are small to the honor of God, and not for our own honor, pride or satisfaction? We need to search our hearts in the light of God's Word. We may find that what we were eating in the dark was really full of worms instead of being wholesome food.

- S. M. L., Pennsylvania

FAMILY LIFE



Der Grösste Prize

„The north wind doth blow
And we shall have snow,
Then what will poor robin do?“

Der Sammy hebt seine Hand über sein Maul es er nicht laut lacht über sein Freund, der Jost Gingerich. Der Jost steht vornchein in die Schul-Stube, schräg-hüftig mit eine Hand in seinem Sack.

Es war nach dem letzten Necess. Der Teacher hat gesagt er gibt ein schön Buch zu dem wo die beste Story schreiben kann. Die Story sollte sein wegen etwas im Frühjahr und soll anfangen mit ein Poem oder ein Spruch.

Der Sammy war froh daß er in die Sext-Grade ist und in die groß Stube es er probieren kann das Buch kriegen. Der Teacher hat das Buch gewiesen, er waren schöne Vögel-ten drin.

„Ich weiß es ich nicht die best Story haben will,“ sagt der Jost zum Sammy; „aber ich will's doch probieren.“

„Ich kann auch nicht gut schreiben, ich will es nicht kriegen,“ antwortete der Sammy.

„Du kannst gut schreiben, du bist besser als ich,“ sagt der Jost.

„Nein, nein,“ halt der Sammy an, doch hat er große Hoffnung für der Prize. Als er aber der Jost hört seine Story ablesen lächelt es ihn weil der Jost so unbekümmert las und keinen Eindruck ließ mit seiner Stimme.

Der Jost liest also an:

„He'll sit in the barn
And keep himself warm.
That's what poor Robin will do.
Poor thing!“

Nun geht er weiter und sagt von dem Amschel (robin).

Wo er fertig war fragt der Teacher der Sammy sein Bruder Amos für seine Story lesen. Der Sammy wunderte was der Amos geschrieben hat. Er gleicht nicht Stories schreiben. Er fängt an zu lesen:

„March comes in like a lion
And goes out like a lamb . . .“

Nun sagt er was das meint.

Wo er fertig war dann haben zwei Mädchen ihre Stories abgelesen. Sie schrieben von die Blumen und die Gärten im Frühjahr. Ich hab geglaubt, denkt der Sammy, das ist was die Mädchen schreiben dawege.

Nächst war der Larry Trover seine Schwester Gertie. Sie kann schön lesen mit guten Eindruck (impression). Sie fängt an:

„Easter is a sweet reminder
Of hope and faith and love . . .
It comes to us at springtime,
Bringing blessings from above . . .“

Der Sammy fühlt nicht so ruhig wo er sie hört lesen. Er wünschte er hätte an Ostern gedacht. Die Gertie und der Larry waren beide gut am Stories schreiben.

Die Kinder waren excited denn sie alle wünschen für das Vogelbuch. Aber es war nicht lang bis der Teacher sagt: „Es ist Zeit für Heim gehen. Wir warten bis später für die andere hören.“

Der Sammy steckt seine Story in sein english Buch und tut es in sein Desk. Er war ein wenig verdrossen es er sein Story nicht lesen konnte. Es dünkt ihn noch lang bis der nächste Tag nach dem letzten Necess. Er wunderte was der Larry geschrieben hat.

Der Sammy steht auf mit die andere Kinder und kriegt sein Essenküble und sein Hut und Wamas und geht die Tür hinaus.

Wo sie auf dem Heimweg waren fragt er sein Bruder Andy, „Was ist deine Story dawege?“

„Hast du mir gesagt was du geschrieben hast dawege?“ sagt der Andy zurück!

„Nein, ich wollte es auch nicht sagen,“ antwortete der Sammy als er sein Essen-Küble schwingt an sich herum.

„Fürwas hast du dann haben wollen daß ich dir's sage?“ spricht der Andy wieder: Er sieht der Sammy sauer an.

Der Sammy lächelte ein wenig. „Weil ich gehofft hab es ihr es sagt.“ „Wel ich bin froh es ich mein Story gelesen habe und das Abend ab von mir,“ sagt der Amos, denn er war am hordchen was seine Brüder sagen.

„Denkst du kriegst da Prize? fragt der Andy, aber er weiß daß der Amos weit von das Best war.

Der Amos schmeißt sein Kopf zurück und lacht laut.

„Was ist so lächerlich?“ fragt der Sammy, als wann er es nicht wußte. Der Amos lacht wieder. „Ich bin ein Bauer, und nicht ein Schreiber,“ antwortete er.

Der ganze Abend denkt der Sammy an das schöne Vogelbuch. Wann ich es krieg dann werden ich und der Andy im Busch gehen mit das Buch und lernen von die Vögel, was sie tun, und alles.“ Als er so denkt probiert er pfeifen wie ein Baltimore Oriole.

„Stop auf deine Gabel lahnen und helf mir Hen nunter schmeißen,“ zankte der Andy zum Sammy als er Hen nunter schiebt in das Henloch.

Als er dem Andy helft schaffen, denkt er wie er seine Story ablesen wird. Ich kann schon hören die Kinder ein Fuss machen wann ich mol mein Story lese, gehen seine Gedanken. Ich weiß es sie es gleichen werden. Er lächelte zu sich selber als an dies denkt.

„Wann du mol fertig bist Hen nunter schmeißen dann sollst du mir helfen Haver fassen,“ ruft der Vater.

Wo er und sein Vater am Haver-Kasten waren dann hebt der Sammy ein Sack auf und der Vater schöpfte Haver ein. Der Sammy gleicht mit sein Vater schaffen.

„Dat,“ fängt der Sammy an: „Der Teacher hat gesagt es wer die beste Story schreiben kann wegen dem Frühjahr kriegt ein Vogelbuch.“

„Wegen was hast du geschrieben?“ fragt er als er ein Schaufel Haver im Sack schöpft.

„Ah — er,“ fängt der Sammy an, dann schweigt er leise: „Vater sage nichts zu die andere aber ich habe geschrieben wegen ein Hummel, und ich weiß gerade wie ich's lesen werde es ich das Vogelbuch krieg.“

„Eben so, wie weisst du es du besser schreiben kannst und lesen es die andere?“

„Ich were Eindruck brauchen im lesen wie der Teacher's haben will.“

„Ist der Jost, der Larry und die Mädchen nicht auch gut in diesem?“

Der Sammy sein Mut ist wenig gefallen. „Der Jost

nicht — und, er, ah — ich hoffe nicht der Larry.“

„Denkst du nicht er wäre so froh als du für das Buch haben?“ fragt der Vater als er mehr Hauer im Sack schöpft.

„Well, jooo, aber ich, es — ich hoffe doch nicht es er's kriegt.“

„Wann er's aber kriegt kannst du nicht froh sein für ihn?“

Froh sein wann der Larry es kriegt, wann ich es so gerne haben will? denkt der Sammy. Er weiß nicht was zu antworten.

„Sammy,“ hielt der Vater an: „Du solltest froh sein wann der Larry das Buch kriegt, und auch wenn einige von die andere es kriegen; doch kannst du selbst auch hart probieren es zu kriegen, aber wir sollten immer froh sein wenn jemand sonst ein prize bekommt.“

Der Sammy denkt als wieder: „Wie kann ich froh sein wenn der Larry es kriegt? Ich weiß es er lacht über mich wann er der Prize kriegt. Er ist mißgönnisch.“

Wo der Sammy nichts antwortete sagt der Vater noch weiter: „Das ist die goldene Regel, Sammy, es wir tun zu andere wie wir hoffen es sie tun zu uns. Das meint auch nicht nur gegen unsere beste Freund sondern gegen alle Menschen.“

Der Sammy schnauft hart und sagt nichts. Er konnte sich nicht fassen zu denken daß er froh wäre wenn der Larry der Prize kriegen würde.

Der kommende Tag nach dem letzten Recess war die Excitement hoch, denn es war Zeit für die übrigen Kinder ihre Stories lesen. Der Sammy sieht daß der Larry auch bald nicht warten kann für seine Zeit zu lesen.

Mose sein Turn war erst. Er sieht vorneans als wenn er sure wäre fürs gewinnen. Er fängt an:

„See the kites go sailing high,

High, high, high up in the sky . . .“

Er motioned mit seine Hand als er schwärzt von die Kites. Der Sammy weiß daß er hart probieren muß für besser sein als der Mose.

Wo er fertig war haben etliche Mädchen ihre Stories abgelesen. „Larry nächst,“ sagt der Teacher.

Der Larry hebt sein Kopf hoch als er forne läuft. Er steht mit seine Brust naus geschoben. Er war gut am Stories schreiben und wußte daß er eine gute chance hat für das Buch gewinnen. Der Sammy sieht ihn an, und höret klar alle Worte. In sein Herz war eine große furcht es der Larry Troher das Buch gewinnen wird. Die Ermahnung von seinem Vater kommt ihm immer vor: „Du sollst froh sein für andere wo das Buch gewinnen.“ Aber wie kann ich froh sein, denkt der Sammy.

Wo der Larry fertig war sagten die Kinder: „Dooh“ und „Aaaaah“ denn seine Story war sehr gut. Der Larry lächelt als er sein Sitz nimmt. Aber der Sammy hat noch große Hoffnung es er es gewinnen kann. Er hoffte der Teacher tut ihn nächst fragen.

Der Andy, Amos und der Joht sitzen spisch auf ihren Sitz als der Teacher ruft: „Sammy!“

Dem Sammy seine krollige schwarze Haar gehen auf und ab als er aus sein Desk ging. Er sieht über die Schul-Stube, als er probiert gerade stehen wie der Larry hat. „Ich darf keine Mistakes machen,“ denkt er.

Er hebt sein Papier vornegin und der andere Arm hand steif an seine Seite. Dann fängt er an:

„Doooooh, yonnnu beeca — nutful bumble bee . . .“

Die Kinder hingen an zu lachen. „Ist der Larry am spotten,“ denkt der Sammy; aber er probiert hart nichts an-

lassen, als er weiter liest:

„Dooont yonnnu bumble yoursel at meec.

Therrrr is nooo honey inside my heecad —“

Dann hörte er der Larry bald laut lachen. Der Schwik ist auf dem Sammy seine Sterne kommen. Er acht an:

„Gooo and bumble the flooo . . . werrrrr insteabt . . .“

Doooo, yonnnu beca — nnnntiful bumble beccc!“

Nun waren etliche von die Kinder laut am lachen. Der Teacher hebt sein Finger zu die Lippen und probiert sie still machen.

Der Sammy ging weiter am reden von die Hummel und wie froh er ist für sie zu sehen im Frühjahr, alsdann muß er keine Sprache mehr anhaben. Aber er konnte bald nicht mehr lesen, denn es dünkt ihn so warm, und seine Hand will sich nicht mehr stille heben. Er schluckt hart, es dünkt ihn seine Story ist sehr lang. Er war froh wo es Zeit war sein Sitz zu nehmen.

Er horchte für some „Doohs“ und „Aaaaahs“ von die Kinder zu hören, aber es waren keine. Alles daß er hört war das Lachen. Er probiert mit die Kinder lachen so es sie nicht vernehmen wie er fühlt innerlich. Nun weiß ich es der Larry das Buch kriegt, denkt er.

Wo die lekt Story gelesen war bei eins von die eight-grade Mädchen hat der Sammy es kaum gehört, denn er war am hören sein Vater sagen: Wann du nicht der Prize kriegst dann sollst du doch froh sein für der wo es erlangt hat.

Er sieht auf dem Teacher sein Desk das Buch liegen. Ach, wie ist es doch so schön, ging durch seine Gedanken. Wann ich es krieg will ich die andere Kinder es auch geben zu lesen. Ich will —

Dem Teacher seine Stimme bricht hinein in seine Gedanken. „Wär meinet ihr es die beste Story hatte?“ fragt er. Der Sammy sein Herz verfehlt ein Klopff. Er darf nicht denken.

Eins von die Mädchen hebt die Hand auf und sagt: „Der Larry.“

„Ich auch,“ spricht ein anderes.

Der Joht schüttelt sein Kopf. „Nein, der Sammy,“ sagt er.

„Ich sag die Vertie,“ sagt der Mose.

„Der Larry,“ sagt ein anderer.

Der Sammy seine Hoffnung war schnell am verfallen.

Als eins nach dem andern aus rief, tun die andere Kinder als die Köpfe schütteln oder knucken und die Hände schluckern bis sie bald alle am schwächen waren auf einmal.

„Dies tut nicht,“ sagt der Teacher als er in ein freundlicher Weg sein Stecken hart auf sein Desk klopfte für die Kinder stille zu machen. Wo sie alle stille waren dann sagt er: „Wir nehmen ein Vote. Ein jeglicher tut ein Namen auf ein Papier schreiben. Es ist hoch Zeit Heim zu gehen, so wenn ihr hinaus geht schmeißt eure Vote in diese Box.“ Nun kriegt er eine Box aus seinem Desk und sagt weiter: „Am Morgen will ich sagen wer das Buch gewonnen hat.“ „Aaaaaawww,“ jagen die Kinder miteinander, verdrießlich.

„Denket drüber,“ vermahnt der Teacher, „und wer ihr meint daß beste story hat, so schreibt sein Name auf eurem Papier.“

Der Sammy kriegt geschwind ein klein Papier und Pen und wollte ein Namen schreiben. Aber wer soll ich schreiben, denkt er. Er wünschte er darf sein eignen Namen schreiben, denn er wollte so gerne das Buch haben. Er schüttelte sein Kopf, nein, ich darf das nicht tun.

Der Sammy kratzt sein Kopf und denkt. „Der Larry hat

der best Story g'hat aber ich will net vote für ihn. Ich will vote für der Host Gingerich."

Dann aber denkt er an was der teacher gesagt hat das sie solle vote für wer sie meine daß der beste story hat. Er denkt auch von was der Vater sagte wegen frohe sein für der Larry wenn er es kriegt. Er meint er kann es nicht tun aber dann meint er, „Ach well, wenn der Larry es kriegt so kriegt er es. Er wirds doch kriegen eb ich vote für ihn oder net.“ Dann nahm er sein Papier und schriebe „Larry Troher“ drauf.

Der kommende Morgen hat es der Sammy nicht lang genommen für seine Chores tun und sich bereiten in die Schule zu gehen. „Ich glaub es du mehr Votes hast es der Larry,“ sagt der Andy auf dem Weg zur Schule.

„Es hat bald gelaut wie ein tic,“ antwortete der Amos.

„Was denkst du, Sammy?“ Andere Morgen war der Sammy langsam auf dem Weg zur Schule, aber dieser Morgen hat der Amos bald nicht aufhalten können mit ihm.

„Ich weiß nicht,“ antwortete der Sammy mit wenig Mut.

„Dem Larry seine war gut,“ spricht der Andy, „aber die Kinder haben deine mehr geglickt, sie haben so gelacht.“ Er probiert dem Sammy Trost geben.

„Ich glaub es etliche am spotten waren,“ sagt der Sammy ernstlich.

„Nein,“ antwortete der Amos. „Sie haben gelacht wegen dein Poem und deine Impression am lesen.“

Der Sammy sieht der Amos an. „Meinst du, du hast auch gelacht?“

„Der Amos hat, und ich habe auch,“ lachte der Andy.

Dann sagte der Sammy mit mehr Ernst: „Der Teacher hat gesagt, wir sollen impression (Eindruck) geben.“

Editorielles —

Alle Christen hören gerne
Von dem Reich der Herrlichkeit,
Denn sie meinen schon von ferne,
Daß es ihnen sei bereit';
Aber wenn sie hören sagen,
Daß man Christi Kreuz muß tragen,
Wenn man will sein Jünger sein,
O, so stimmen wenig ein.

Liebtlich ist es anzuhören :
Ihr Beladne, kommt zu mir;
Aber das sind harte Lehren:
Geht ein zur engen Thür.
Hört man Hosanna singen,
Lautet's gut; läßt aber klingen:
Kreuz'ge! ist's ein andret Ton,
Und ein Jeder läuft davon.

Obiges Gedicht war wohl schon manche Jahr zurück aufgelegt. Wir stellen die Frage: Ist es besser geworden mit die Christen heutiges Tags? Tun mehr einstimmen als es sind zu solcher Zeit? Wir würden wohl sagen: „Nein.“

Mit der Welt wird es nicht besser. Der Apostel sagt: „Mit den bösen Menschen aber und verführerischen wird's je länger je ärger, verführen und werden verführt.“ 2. Tim. 3, 13.

In unserm Gedicht aber, heißt es Christen, nicht böse und verführische Menschen. Es heißt sie hören gerne von dem Reich der Herrlichkeit. Wir wollen aber ein wenig halten, und über diese Sache denken. Sind alle Menschen die sich Christen nennen lassen frei von Böse und verführisch? Ich fürchte, wir müssen sagen: „nein.“ Die Schrift sagt auch von solche, die da haben ein Schein von einem gottseligen Leben, aber seine Kraft verleugnen sie. Da ich jetzt über diesem Vers lese, achte ich, es sagt: „eines gottseligen Wesens,“ anstatt von „Leben.“ Es wäre aber wohl eins und dasselbige, nicht viel unterschied in der Meinung. Und der Apostel fügt auch hinzu: „Und solche meide.“

Dies ist eine wichtige Sache. Wir fürchten manche junge Seelen verlassen die amische Gemeinde wo sie auf und angenommen haben, verachten das Gebot, „Ehre Vater und Mutter,“ seid „gehorsam euren Eltern in dem Herrn“ und so weiter. Manche können keine gründliche Ursach geben

wo die heim Gemeinde neben Gottes Wort arbeitet. Vielleicht sind sie hinkommen wie es oben heißt: „daß man Christi Kreuz muß tragen,“ und wollten nur ein wenig mehr Freiheit haben.

Unter solche gibt es auch einige die heim kommen und wollen noch andere Schafe aus dem Stalle stehlen, machen die Eltern viel Herzeleid, und könnte doch alles verhütet gewesen sein wenn sie nur sich hätten können zufrieden stellen mit was sie angenommen hatten, und versprochen in ihrem Taufes-Bund.

Wir fürchten es gibt bei solche Fällen manche schwere Uebertretung, viele Seelen die schwere Verantwortung haben wollen an jenem Gerichtstag. Wir haben es schon gehört wo einige auf ihrem Todesbett es noch bekennen haben daß es ein Fehlschritt war, ob sie noch Buße tun konnten und Vergebung erlangen wissen wir nicht; das müssen wir Gott überlassen.

O wie schade ist es wenn manche gerne von dem Reich der Herrlichkeit hören, und meinen von ferne es sei ihnen bereit; aber wenn es heißt das Kreuz zu tragen und Christi Jünger sein, so wenig einstimmen. Wenn es heißt das Kreuz zu tragen und durch die enge Tür eingehen dann so viele nur davon laufen.

O ihr viel geliebte Seelen, jetzt ist noch die angenehme Zeit, jetzt ist noch der Tag des Heils. Wir wollen doch nicht verstockt sein in unsere Herzen und die teure Gnadenzeit verjäumen.

Die viele Secten zu derer Zeit sind so wie Schritt-Steine (stepping-stones) von einer Gemeinde zur andere, und das ist was der Feind will. Er will die arme Seelen weismachen sie können etwas geben für eine Ursache wo sie sich am verbessern sind; aber an der nämliche Zeit wenn sie in sich selber einkehren könnten, tief in ihre Herzen eingraben und an die Wurzel kommen, die gründliche Ursache am Tag zu geben wäre es ihre Natur mehr zu gefallen. Mehr Freiheit, mehr von die weltliche Sachen zu gebrauchen. Wenn wir nur mehr diesen Geist dämpfen könnten, uns herunter halten zu die Niedrigen und unsere Sachen mehr in einem einfachen Wege zu tun. Das ist aber nicht was der Feind will. „Ein wenig dies, und ein wenig das, und doch dabei der Altwann was. Dies ist eine Pest und böse Seich, und gehört in das finstere Reich.“

Lacht uns wachen und beten, denn wir wissen nicht wann unser Herr kommen wird.

„Ja, er hat so gesagt,“ bricht der Amos ein, „aber er hat bald nicht halten können von lachen selber.“

Dies gibt dem Sammy mehr Trost und Mut.

Bald alle von die Kinder waren früh in die Schul, denn alle waren g'wunderich wer das Buch gewonnen hat.

„Wel, ich denk wir gehen an und sagen wer das Buch gewonnen hat,“ jagt der Teacher weiter. Er sieht über die Kinder und schmilzt. „Ich bin froh es ihr alle so ein interest genommen habt in diesem. Die Stories waren alle gut. Der Larry Troyer hat aber die meiste Votes.“

Der Sammy klappt seine Hände zusammen mit die andere Kinder so es sie nicht seine Verdrossenheit sehen. Innerlich war er am wünschen er möchte nicht der Tag zubringen in die Schul. Doch wollte er nicht haben es die Kinder sehen es ihn so hart geht für der Prize verlieren.

Da es stille ward sagte der Teacher noch weiter: „Es war schier ein Tie. Der Larry hat nur ein vote mehr g'hat als der Sammy.“

Der Sammy probiert studieren aber seine Gedanken waren an das Buch und auf der Larry.

Am Mittag ging der Larry und redete zu der Teacher allein. Der Sammy wunderte was der Larry will mit dem Teacher. Ueber ein weile ruft der Teacher der Sammy zu sich und sagte, „Der Larry sagt er will daß du das Vogel-buch hast. Er sagt er hat voted für sich selbst aber er meint dein Story war der Beste. Er will sein Vote change und dann hast du ein mehr vote als er hat.“

Der Sammy ward verstaunt. „Aber, nah. Der Larry hat die Beste Story g'habt. Ich hab voted für ihn. Es ist sein Buch.“

„Die Zwei Stories waren recht gute,“ sagt der Teacher, „aber du hast jetzt der Prize gewonnen.“ Er laugt das Buch zu der Sammy.

Als der Sammy und der Larry zu ihre Siken gingen sagte der Larry, „Und du hast g'meint mein Story war der best? Ich hab g'denkt du wirft vote für dich selbst und no hab ich so g'du. Ich schäme mich aber jetzt deswegen für es ist really dein Buch.“

„Aber du kannst es doch lesen,“ sagt der Sammy.

Glöckchen macht eine Reise.

Dieses ist eine Geschichte, wie eine Schneeflocke eine Reise macht. Sie will uns alles erzählen, was sie gesehen hat.

Ich war mit meinen Geschwistern in einer Wolke. Dann wurde es immer kälter, und ich kam langsam auf die Erde. Ich sah viele Häuser und Bäume. Es sah ganz hübsch aus.

Ich wußte nicht, wo ich mich hinsetzen wollte. Ich wollte nicht auf den Boden sitzen, sonst würden die Kinder aus mir einen Schneemann bauen. Dann setzte ich mich auf das Fenster. Da konnte ich in die Stube schauen. Dort waren viele Kinder. Sie sangen schöne Weihnachtslieder von der Geburt Jesu. Abends las der Vater aus die Bibel von Jesu Kindlein. Dann sang die Familie gemeinsam das Lied: „Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht.“ Jedes Kind bekam ein kleines Geschenk. Die Kinder bedankten sich und gingen schlafen.

Der nächste Tag war Weihnachten. Dann kam die Frau Sonne, und ich fühlte mich so schlecht, bald wurde ich Wasser. Der gute Rebel kam und nahm mich wieder mit in die Wolken.

Linda Miller.

Seelen Speis

Aus Evangelium Johannes

1. Gott war das Licht in Jesus Christ
Das in die Welt gekommen ist.
2. Das Wasser machte er zu Wein;
Sein Eifer macht den Tempel rein.
3. Nikodemus erlangt die Wieder-Geburt Lehr;
Johannes Zeugnis gab ihm die Ehr.
4. Durch gehaßt Samaria geht seine Reis,
An Jakob's Brunnen hat er Lebenspreis.
5. Am Teich macht er den Kranken gesund,
Darnach sagt er von die groß kommende Stund.
6. Er speist viel Volk mit wenig Brot und Fisch,
Er sagt vom wahren Geistes-Tisch.
7. Er predigte das Wort im Tempel hin
Und niemand legte die Hand an ihm.
8. Das Weib im Ehebruch ward g'lassen allein
Und niemand strafte sie mit ein Stein.
9. Er machte sehend den gebornen Blind,
Andere es sehend blieben in ihre Sünd.
10. Er ist die Tür und Hirt zum Stall;
Die Schafe hören seine Stimm und Schall.
11. Der tote Lazarus hörte wo er lag
Wie andere tun am jüngsten Tag.
12. Mit Salbung, Lob und Rühmen seine Tat
Macht er den Eingang in der Könige Stadt.
13. Ein Beispiel hat er uns gegeben
Sein Wort zu halten bringt das Leben.
14. Viel Wohnung sind in des Vater's Haus
Und Frieden gibt er reichlich aus.
15. Der Weinstock selbst ist Gottes Sohn,
Die Lieb' und Glauben ist Frucht davon.
16. Der Sohn wird uns sein Tröster senden,
Wenn wir uns von der Welt abwenden.
17. Er betet für seine Jünger hier,
Daß wir eingehen zur engen Tür.
18. Im Garten fing sein Leiden an,
Aus Liebe hat er das getan.
19. Sie flochten ihm ein' Dornenkron
und quälten zum Tod des Menschensohn.
20. Das Testament steht in voller Kraft
Für mancherlei es Frieden schafft.
21. Er erschien die Seinen am Tiberias Meer,
Und höret Simon Petrus sein treulich'n Umkehr.

Levi J. Zimmerman
Nr. 1, New Holland, Pa.

Ein guter Rat.

Viel wissen, wenig sagen,
Nicht Antwort geben auf alle Fragen,
Ein jeden lassen wer er ist,
So wirst du bleiben wer du bist.

J. S. C.

THE

DeSTRuCTION of JeRuSaLeM

by Elmo Stoll

THE TRAVELLER TO ROME today may well stop and stare for a moment at a monument which stands on the Sacred Way by the Forum of Rome. But the tourist who is unfamiliar with its history, will soon move on, for the structure is not outstanding in size or appearance. Yet this monument, called the Arch of Titus, was built in memory of one of the most unusual and tragic happenings in the history of mankind -- the destruction of Jerusalem.

At the time the monument was built, the Romans were fast becoming a world power. At first thought, it doesn't make sense that the emperor of the powerful Roman Empire would bother building a monument to commemorate the conquest of a single Jewish city. Yet that is just what he did, and how it came to happen is a story worth knowing. It is especially interesting to us plain people who each year hear our ministers read aloud the 24th chapter of Matthew, in which Jesus foretold in remarkable detail the events which were to take place almost thirty years later.

One day as Jesus was leaving the temple, his disciples turned and pointed proudly at the gleaming marble of the temple stones. They were impressed by the dazzling grandeur of the building. What a shock when Jesus, instead of admiring the beauty of the temple, said sadly, "There shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down" (Matt. 24:2). The disciples were stunned by the words and found it impossible to believe that Jesus really meant what he was saying. Yet many of them would live to see the prophecy fulfilled to the very letter.

It is hard for anyone to read the story of the destruction of Jerusalem without receiving one impression above all others -- that it must have been decreed as a special punishment of God. The strange combination of events that led to the final overthrow of the city contains too many questions that are impossible to answer from any other standpoint than that God was sending a terrible punishment upon his people for the rejection of his Son.

Already during the time of Christ, Judea and Galilee seethed with political unrest. The Jews were a stubbornly proud people who found submission to a foreign government very humbling. Grudgingly they paid their taxes to Rome, and always there were hotheaded rebels who roamed the land, looking for a following, eager to stir up riots and rebellions. Every loyal Jew cherished constantly God's promise of a Messiah who would come to sit on David's throne and throw off the galling yoke of the hated Romans. It was a dream kept alive generation after generation by the oft-repeated tales of valor which surrounded

their heroes of the past such as Gideon, Samson and David.

Yet for all their national pride, most of the rulers of the Jews strongly opposed the attempts to revolt for two reasons. First, they knew the revolts could end only in failure, and would accomplish nothing but suffering and bloodshed. Second, life under Roman rule wasn't really too bad. They had to pay taxes, it is true, but those taxes were reasonable. The Romans believed in fairness and justice, and enforced law and order in all their provinces. They built roads and highways that encouraged commerce. And they had even granted the Jews special privileges -- they were allowed to continue their temple worship and other religious practices.

So when in A.D. 68 a few young Jerusalem rebels started to stir up unrest, it seemed little different from the many other revolts the Romans had always quickly crushed before. The older Jews and responsible leaders were anxious to avoid any new clashes with the Romans. They sent messages to the people, encouraging them to remain peaceful. They might have succeeded in keeping things under control if it hadn't been for Florus, who was the most wicked of all the governors of Judea. Florus knew that many complaints had been carried against him to Nero, the emperor, and he feared he would soon be punished for his corrupt government. Now he was glad to hear that the Jews were making trouble. He hoped the revolt would become serious. Then the emperor's attention would be drawn to the Jews, and he would be angry with them, and might well forget about Florus's misdeeds.

There were so many flare-ups and skirmishes that it is hard to point to any one incident as the start of the revolt, though Josephus, prominent Jewish historian, claims the start was when some of the younger persons in charge of the temple service took a notion they would no longer accept any sacrifices for Gentiles. The Jewish rulers became alarmed at the suggestion, since they knew it would surely cause ill will among the Romans. They called a meeting to persuade the rebels to change their minds.

But the meeting was a complete failure. The leading rebels didn't even show up -- they were too busy stirring up the people. When the responsible men of the city saw that they couldn't stop the threatening rebellion, they hurriedly sent word to Florus and Agrippa, and asked them to come and put down the rebellion before it got out of hand. This was great news for Florus, and he gleefully did nothing, hoping the rebellion would flourish. But Agrippa was properly alarmed and sent three thousand horsemen to the assistance of Jerusalem. With the coming of Agrippa's soldiers, the men loyal to Rome seized control of the upper city

and the rebels held the lower city. For seven days the battle continued between the rebels and Agrippa's soldiers -- Agrippa's men being "superior in skill, but the rebels superior in boldness."

With the aid of some robber bands who had joined them, the rebels managed to chase the soldiers right out of the city. They promptly burned the house of Ananias, the high priest, as well as the palaces of Agrippa and Bernice. Then they burned the public buildings where the court records were kept. The purpose of this was to burn the contracts belonging to their creditors so no one would be forced to pay their debts. In this way the rebels hoped to gain the support of the multitudes of poor people.

The cry of the rebels was that they wanted their freedom, but events soon proved that they brought more lawlessness than

The rebels said they wanted freedom, but they brought more lawlessness than liberty.

liberty. Dictators and tyrants rose up as leaders of the rebels and immediately proved themselves greater oppressors than any rulers of Rome. The leaders of the Jewish rebels were undisciplined, cruel, and selfish men who were ruthlessly power hungry. One of them named Manahem, succeeded in catching the high priest Ananias and killing him. He became so proud and puffed up about this feat that in the words of Josephus, he became "barbarously cruel." So in turn, the people rebelled against Manahem and had him tortured and killed.

By this time, Florus, thinking the rebellion could use a little more speed, killed all the Jews in Cesarea -- more than twenty thousand in all. This senseless action had just the effect he desired -- the news spread rapidly and all the Jews that heard it were outraged. Everywhere bands of men prepared for battle and began making raids on Roman cities, which in turn caused the Romans to fight back.

Perhaps the most unforgivable insult that occurred against the Romans took place when a company of Roman soldiers found themselves trapped. They were ready to fight it out, but then agreed to lay down their weapons and go away if their lives were spared. The Jewish rebels agreed to the terms, but as soon as the Romans were leaving completely defenseless, they fell on them and killed them all except the captain. They saved him alive when he promised to turn Jew and be circumcised. When this happened, the moderate men of the city were more alarmed than ever. Now the Romans would be sure to come and take revenge, and the innocent would suffer with the guilty.

Things were now serious enough that Cestius, the Roman ruler in nearby Syria, came with an army against Jerusalem. He lay siege against the city. The rebels were terribly frightened when they saw the strength of the Roman army, and were ready to surrender. At this, those within the city who had had more than enough of the rebels, opened the city gates to let Cestius and his army in.

But when they got the gates open, they discovered that Cestius had given up the siege and for some inexplicable reason, was leaving with his army. Had he stayed, the revolt might have ended that very day. Instead the rebels took heart and chased after the retreating army and killed many of them. They returned to the city in jubilant triumph. After his humbling defeat, Cestius promptly sent word to Nero asking for more forces.

Now, while the Romans were gathering an army large enough to crush the rebellion, many people fled from the city of Jerusalem. Many of the people who left were Christians, for they recognized that Jesus had warned them of this very time "And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh. The let them which are in Judea flee to the mountains; and let them which are in the midst of it depart out; and let not them that are in the countries enter thereinto. For these be the days of vengeance, that all things which are written may be fulfilled" (Luke 21: 20-22).

There were other signs, too, a great number of clear and unmistakable signs that some great disaster was at hand. For a whole year a star resembling a sword had hung over the city of Jerusalem. Then one evening during the feast of the unleavened bread a sign occurred at the temple which some

interpreted as a good sign and others as a fearful warning. The eastern gate of the temple, which was made of brass and so heavy that it took all the strength of twenty men to open it, was seen to open by itself. It had been securely closed and bolted shut. Some immediately declared it a sign that God was opening to them the gate of happiness, but the wiser among them realized that the security of the temple was being flung wide open. A few days after the temple gate opened by itself, there appeared a sign that was even more frightening. Just before the sunset a host of chariots and troops of soldiers in their armour were seen milling around in the clouds. They seemed to completely surround the city, and struck fear into the hearts of all who saw them.

But of all the signs, the one that lasted the longest was the cry of a single man. Four years earlier he had come to worship at the temple when he had suddenly begun to cry out, "A voice from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four winds, a voice against Jerusalem and the holy house, a voice against the bridegrooms and the brides, and a voice against this whole people!" Day and night, summer and winter, he walked about the city, crying out the same words over and over again. At the time he started crying out like this, Jerusalem was still at peace and greatly prospering. Many of the people resented his gloomy words. They caught the man and beat him, but he didn't say a word in his own defense, only kept repeating his line. They hauled him off to the Roman governor, who flogged him until "his bones were laid bare." Still the man didn't weep, and he made no request for himself. He did, however, change his words, which was hardly much comfort to his listeners. With each stroke of the rods he cried out, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem!" When asked who he was, he had only one answer, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem!"

Finally he was dismissed as a madman. And so he continued uttering the same hopeless cry, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem." He refused to say a bad word to those who mistreated him or a good word to those who fed him. His one and only message was, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem." The only change was that his cry always became louder during the yearly festivals.

When Nero received the message from Cestius telling about the Jews' revolt, he feared that if it were allowed to continue, other nations would try it, too, and his whole empire might crumble. He sent the most valiant man he had -- an experienced warrior, Vespasian. Vespasian began at Galilee and advanced steadily toward Jerusalem, gaining control of each city as he went. Then Nero died and Vespasian hurried back to Rome to become the emperor and left his son, Titus, in charge of the siege against Jerusalem.

Now as the last remaining Christians poured out of the city like rats out of a sinking ship, thousands of devout Jews were entering the doomed city to keep the yearly passover feast. Thus the siege of the city was about to begin at the worst

Christians poured out of the doomed city like rats from a sinking ship.

possible time, when the city was packed with Jews from every land come to keep the annual feast.

As Titus moved toward Jerusalem, the zealots and rebellions gathered in the city ahead of him -- their last stronghold. All together there were more than 2 1/2 million people in the city.

As the siege began, the inner state of the city became one of open lawlessness, with the rebels taking the lead. Everywhere plundering and murdering raged while helpless citizen and pass-over pilgrims huddled in fear and hoped the Romans would soon gain control.

Conditions were just as corrupt religiously. The rebels set up a mock system of temple worship, ordaining by lot a line of priests. The lot fell on Phannias to be high priest, a man not thought too highly of by Josephus, who writes, "He was a man not only unworthy of high priesthood, but that did not well know what the high priesthood was, such a mere rustic was he." This was going too far for many of the people, and they in turn rebelled against the others, and the city was filled with civil warfare, factions, splits and parties.

Ambitious leaders now became involved in a power struggle to lead the revolt. Three chief rebels fought fiercely for control -- Eleazar, John, and Simon. They each held a section of the city, and fought madly against each other, destroying, killing,

There were a great number of clear and unmistakable signs that some terrible disaster was at hand.

The rebels fought like the madmen they were, with no order or plan, but in the end, training, skill, and order won out against wild fury.

and looting. They burned each other's storehouses of food. There was enough food in the city at the time the siege began to last a considerable time, but it was this reckless waste of supplies that was to reduce the city so quickly to a state of famine. The rebels were so savage and senseless in their looting and killing that as one historian wrote, "The rebels destroyed the city, and the Romans destroyed the rebels."

The people of the city were in such a desperate state of fright and distress that they wished fervently to be ruled once again by the Romans. But everyone was frightened to speak a word against the rebels, for although they could agree on nothing else, all the rebels were agreed to kill anyone who wished for peace with Rome. All escape from the city was shut off and the gates guarded.

While the Romans were camping around the city and building up banks in preparation to attack the walls, the rebels suddenly came to their senses. They saw that instead of building walls against each other, they should be strengthening their fortifications against the Romans. So they united and rushed immediately out without wasting any more time. They surprised the Romans, who were not armed for battle, not having suspected that the Jews would be so bold as to rush out upon them. The rebels fought like the madmen they were, with no order or plan. The very force and complete disorder of their attack drove the Romans back for awhile, but in the end, training, skill, and order won out against wild fury. The rebels that escaped alive hastened back into the city, feeling elated at the shock they had given the Romans.

Titus resumed his work against the city. The unity the rebels had achieved was short-lived. Once again they started fighting with each other. John overcame Elieazar's men, and reduced the number of factions to two.

Very lenient by nature, Titus tried hard to persuade the people in the city to surrender. He told them it was for their own good, but the rebels would hear nothing of it. Again and again Titus did his best to save the city and the lives of the people in it, but the rebels only interpreted his reluctance to destroy them as a sign of weakness. They felt secure within the three thick walls of Jerusalem.

Seeing that there remained nothing else for them to do, Titus set up his engines of war and battering rams and began his assault against the outer and stronger wall. He soon had the outer wall broken through. But the rebels weren't worried, there were still two walls between them and the Romans. Before long Titus had broken the second wall through, also. Titus hated to destroy the city more than he had to, so he didn't level the second wall, as was customary for the conquering army to do. Instead he once more sent messages to the rebels, asking them to surrender peacefully, and save the city and themselves. They took this to mean that Titus was despairing of ever entering the city. They rushed out boldly and chased the Roman soldiers back and regained possession of the second wall. So Titus had to take the wall again, and this time he destroyed the wall completely so he wouldn't have to take it again.

Within the city, condition were constantly becoming more desperate. The famine was becoming so severe that people were dying in increasing numbers every day. The rebels stole what food there was and had plenty to eat while the rest of the people starved.

After the second wall was destroyed, Titus decided to wait a bit and see if the rebels would give up of their own accord once they ran out of food and supplies. He wished to spare the city as much as possible. In an effort to impress the rebels by the strength of the Romans, Titus put his army into battle array and displayed his forces in full sight of the city. The air shone with polished steel and flashing weapons. The people within the city saw and understood. Even the rebels were thoroughly frightened, and would have given up the city, but they figured their crimes against the people were so great already that there was no hope the Romans would ever pardon them. They decided they would rather die in war than give themselves up to the Romans.

Titus sent Josephus to the wall to entreat the people to surrender, since he was a Jew, and he thought they would surely listen to their countryman. Josephus reminded them of the complete folly of their present course since the wall that was still standing around the city was weaker than the two that were already broken down. He also reminded them that even if the wall were too strong to be broken, famine would soon wipe out the city. Josephus told them that because of their wickedness, God was no longer on their side, but was fighting for the Romans who were righteous in comparison. As proof that God had forsaken them, he reminded them of the queer behaviour

of the pool of Siloam. While the rebels had held the pool, it had nearly dried up so that there was a great scarcity of water. But as soon as the Romans had captured control of the pool, it began flowing stronger than ever before, providing them with plenty of water.

At the words of Josephus, many of the people would gladly have escaped, had it been possible. But it was dangerous to even think about it, for the rebels took more pains to keep anyone from escaping than they took to prevent the Romans from entering. If they suspected anyone of wishing to escape, they killed him without a trial.

The Romans seemed to have the city almost within their grasp, yet the final capture of it eluded them. By now the rebels were so desperate that they resorted to unbelievably reckless acts. They knew they would have to die anyhow, so all they cared about was to take as many Romans with them as possible. A large number of the rebels grabbed torches and rushed out of the city. They threw themselves with such force and suddenness upon the soldiers that they could not be stopped. They broke the ranks of the Romans and set fire to the engines of war and battering rams that were being used to break down the wall. The attack caught the Romans by surprise. In the few moments it took them to get organized, the fire caught and flamed up. The Romans tried to snatch away the burning equipment, but the rebels reached through the flames and held on to red-hot iron so that the engines could not be rescued.

This was a terrible loss to the Romans, for not only their equipment was burned, but the banks also which they had cast up against the city. Months of labor was lost in one hour, and worse yet, there was no building material left to cast up new banks. The Romans were so discouraged they were about to give up ever taking the city in the usual way.

Many of the soldiers were in favor of making a direct run on the city and taking it by sheer force. Titus hesitated to do this, as he was unwilling to sacrifice the lives of so many men. Instead he decided to build a wall around the city so that absolutely no food could be sneaked in and wait for them to starve out.

The famine increased as the last remaining trickle of food was shut off. The city was in indescribable misery. Everywhere lay bodies as whole families died and no one was left to bury them. At first the rebels had ordered that the money

The famine increased as the last remaining trickle of food was shut off. The city was in indescribable misery.

from the temple treasury be used to bury the dead, but the number of bodies became so great that burial was impossible. So the rebels commanded that the bodies be dumped over the wall into the valley below. As Titus saw the great number of dead that was every morning cast over the wall, he was stricken with horror at the ghastly sight. With a groan he spread out his hands to heaven and called God to witness that this was not his doings.

By now it appeared quite certain that the rebels would never give up the city voluntarily, so Titus once again began to work to crumble the wall and take the city by force, so as to save as many of the people as possible.

Made bold by the hopelessness of their plight, some people jumped from the top of the walls, and those few who survived, escaped to the Romans. Some also escaped by windows in the wall and secret openings. But many of those who escaped met a horrible fate outside the walls. Some Arabians and Syrians had discovered that many of the Jews swallowed gold before escaping in order to hide it from the rebels. So they watched for escaping persons and cut them open in the hope of finding gold inside them.

When Titus heard what was going on, he did all he could to stop it, but it still continued in secret. No wonder Josephus was made to exclaim, "In reality it was God who condemned the whole nation, and turned every course that was taken for their preservation to their destruction."

All this while the hopeless cry of the "madman" had been

Every morning the bodies of the dead were cast over the city walls into the valley below.

heard as he wandered about the city, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem, Woe, woe to Jerusalem." Now as he was walking on top of the wall, he cried out with his utmost force, "Woe, woe to the city again, and to the people and to the holy house." Just as he added, "Woe, woe to myself also," a large stone from one of the Roman war engines hurled through the air and killed him instantly. Thus he died, after having continued his crying for seven years and five months without growing either tired or hoarse.

At last Titus broke down the remaining wall, and entered the city. But even so the rebels were hard to capture. They fled to the temple and there they were able to hold off the Romans. In the close quarters of the city, Titus found it hard to do much with a large army, so he was at a disadvantage.

Titus was anxious to save the temple. Over and over he begged the rebels to surrender so he would not need to destroy the temple, but they laughed at him. He promised to forgive them, but they took his coaxings as a sign of fear and they openly mocked his promises of forgiveness.

Still Titus was determined to save the temple, and he ordered his men not to burn it. But his soldiers were so hateful against the rebels that he could not hold them back. They disobeyed orders and put a torch to the temple. It burned to the ground and the rebels perished in the flames. The fierce heat of the fire melted the temple gold so that it ran into the cracks between the stones of the walls. Later the soldiers pried the stones apart to gather the gold, and thus fulfilled the prophecy of Jesus "that not a stone should remain upon

the other."

As we look back to the terrible suffering at the destruction of Jerusalem we can understand better why Jesus turned to the women who stood weeping as he was led to the cross and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children" (Luke 23:28).

All the Christians who fled from Jerusalem were safe because they believed the warning Jesus had given twenty-five years before. At the time Jesus spoke the prophecy that Jerusalem would be destroyed, it was hard to believe for it was a city of prosperity and plenty. Very likely as the years passed and nothing happened to Jerusalem, some people forgot the words of Jesus. But when the hour came for his words to be fulfilled, their forgetfulness proved to be a tragic mistake.

When Jesus prophesied the destruction of Jerusalem, he also spoke of the end of the world. The two events are so alike that often it is hard to tell when he is talking of one or the other, or both.

That is why the destruction of Jerusalem is important to us. It is more than a historical fact -- it is a symbol of a time to come. In A.D. 70 God judged the Jews for the rejection of his Son. Someday he will judge the rest of the world for the same thing. Not all the Jews were guilty -- the Christians believed and fled from the city when there was still time. In the same way, today each of us has the opportunity to flee the wickedness of a doomed world before it is forever too late. The rebels are bent on destroying themselves, but we don't need to be caught within the walls when the siege begins. ■■

FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

We Are Representatives

A sad thing happened in South Vietnam a couple of weeks ago. Some American soldiers stopped their truck along a busy city street. A swarm of young beggars quickly crowded around the vehicle, and a moment later one of the boys ran off with a fire extinguisher.

The soldiers lost their tempers. For fifteen minutes they searched for the thief, their anger rising. As they drove past a high school, a fifteen-year-old student sat perched on a fence, reading — waiting for classes to begin. One of the frustrated soldiers raised his rifle and shot the boy through the head.

At once all South Vietnam was in an uproar. The Americans were in the country to help them, but this made no difference. Students paraded up and down city streets carrying signs of, "Bad Yankee, go home!" and "Kill the Americans." The angry demonstrators even stuffed a dummy and labeled it, "President Nixon". Then they burned the president in a public square.

I was of course dismayed when I read the news. But what impressed me most was not the cruelty. It was not even the needless shooting of an innocent boy, nor even the anger of the mobs. What impressed me was that the crime had been committed by only one soldier, yet the whole United States got the blame.

Had some native criminal come along the street and recklessly shot the young student, a small part of the city would have been shocked, no doubt. But there would have been no mob, no outrage, no marching, and no mass hatred. The point is simply this — an American soldier is more than an individual. He is a representative of his country.

According to the map, Vietnam is thousands of miles away. That country and its misery are on the opposite

side of the globe from Lancaster and LaGrange and Kalona from Milverton and Sarasota and Guaimaca.

I might as well be honest about it and admit that I'm glad Vietnam is so far away. I wouldn't fancy living with my family in Vietnam, especially now that the Americans are so unpopular.

But ... one moment, please. How smug dare we be? Are soldiers the only ones who are symbols of something bigger than themselves? Are they the only representatives a country has?

For one thing, I've lived in Honduras long enough to know that a man from another country is a foreigner. As such, he is very much a representative of his homeland. His actions do more than build or wreck his own reputation — the reputation of his home country is at stake too.

And I have learned that because of this some countries have better reputations than others. When the Amish came to Honduras two years ago, the natives took it for granted that they were "americanos". But the word soon spread that the men with beards weren't Americans after all — they were from Canada. (Indeed, most of the first settlers were Canadian citizens.)

Later, other families have come — directly from the United States. They are verily "americanos". In the meantime, though, we have learned enough about the reputation of Americans in this country that we would just as soon have the natives continue to consider us as a Canadian group.

Why? What have the Americans done to spoil their name?

Well, it seems most of the foreigners that come to Latin America are Americans, and a money-hungry, forceful people. I can imagine a native describing a typical white man in these words, "He is a big-shot know-it-all chasing

a fortune, who doesn't mind pushing us around to get it."

Perhaps it's just a small country's resentment at being pressured by the big rich Americans. If so, you can't blame them too much.

But what about the Peace Corps and other attempts of the U.S.A. to help these undeveloped countries? Well, it takes more than good intentions to make a good name. The soldiers in Vietnam and the Peace Corps in Central America probably match each other as failures.

An Amish brother recently spent the night in a Tegucigalpa boardinghouse. Some time after midnight he was awakened by loud talking and laughter in an adjoining room where a group of Peace Corps fellows had just come in from a night of celebrating. One man was overheard to say, "I'd be more careful of my conduct if our reputation weren't already spoiled so badly. As it is, we might as well have our fun."

And Canadians? They're in a different class, and even the government favors them. I have had a number of natives tell me that Canadians are better than Americans. Having lived with both, I doubt very much if there is any great difference in their characters. It's just that there aren't as many Canadians, and they've stayed at home better.

In either case, by far the majority of Americans and Canadians have never even visited foreign countries, much less lived there. But their reputation is made by the few who do go. As a representative of his homeland, the man who goes abroad throws around a lot of weight.

Representatives of Christ and the Church

Yes, a citizen is a representative of his country. Even though we are Christians, we are not exempted from earthly citizenship—we were born in some land or other, and by reason of that birth we are automatically citizens.

But there is a greater citizenship. The children of God are those people who have been born again—and by reason of this second birth, they are first of all citizens of heaven; on earth they are mere pilgrims and strangers.

The Apostle Paul wrote to the Ephesian Christians about this heavenly citizenship. He said, "Now therefore ye are . . . fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God."

This second citizenship brings grave responsibilities to those of us who claim it. Not the least important is the fact that we are representatives—representatives of Christ and His Church. Our conduct either glorifies God or disgraces Him.

No Christian lives to himself. This is particularly true in our plain churches where our clothes and appearance make us easy to identify. Each one of us is an important representative; through us God is honored, or He is blasphemed.

As we work or worship, shop or travel day by day, people are watching us. "Are these people really different?" they wonder. They are likely to judge us as a group and not as individuals—which is just the way it should be!

Let us suppose a dozen Amish families move into a new area. Levi Mast is one of them. He comes home from town one evening to discover that the feed mill has made a mistake in his purchase that day, and has failed to charge him for five bags of cottonseed meal. If he says nothing, no one will ever know the difference. But Levi goes to the mill the next morning and tells them what happened. He

pays for the cottonseed.

What do the mill employees say to each other? They might remark, "That Levi Mast is an honest man", but it is more likely they will say, "Hmm-m, these are good people that have moved into our community. We're glad they came."

On the other hand, if the Amish build their own school and then some of the lads get into mischief—sneak the neighbor's watermelons, or throw stones at their dogs, or are rowdy on Sunday evenings—what do the people think? (Remember that our children are an extension of the church, even though they are not yet members.)

Or suppose a young man goes into 1W service. Then he is really in a critical place as a representative of the faith. By asking for a C.O. status he has publicly announced that he is a conscientious objector to war. If it turns out that war is the only thing he is conscientiously opposed to—if he drinks and smokes and dances and has a merry old worldly time—what does his confession against war amount to?

The 1W is a representative of the church, so it is the church's reputation that suffers when he is untrue. And more—the reputation of Jesus Christ suffers too. If people can't respect a man, they are not likely to respect the Christ he professes to believe in.

This is true for all of us, and not just for 1W's. We who seek to dress modestly and to be separated unto God—each one of us is a representative of our group. If any of us is dishonest or unfair or selfish, the world that is watching will mark it down to the church's account.

If our sons and daughters are not trained in the way they should go, they will bring shame upon the church by their actions. If we as brethren can't get along with each other, but are bickering and biting and quarreling, there will be eyes watching and ears listening; they will lose respect for both us and for what we represent.

An American soldier brought down the wrath of a foreign nation upon the United States when he impulsively shot a schoolboy. A life was lost. How pathetic!

But have we stopped to think that our conduct as Christians has even more at stake? If we are not true to the God whose representatives we are, the cost will be greater than the loss of lives. The price will be in souls.

- Guaimaca, Honduras

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What

Will

Bring

Betty

Back?

HOW
I WISHED
THE FLOOR
WOULD OPEN
UNDER ME AND
LET ME DROP DOWN
OUT OF SIGHT. I DIDN'T
WANT TO CRY, BUT I COULDN'T
HELP IT.

I STOOD WITH MY hands on my chest. I wanted to scream but not a sound would come. No, no, no. I looked at my sister again. "She's kidding," I thought. "She has to be kidding."

But no, she wasn't dressed for church and it was time to go. Her voice was earnest as she told me, "I'm going away. You be good and behave yourself. I'm not going to church and when you come home, I will be gone."

"Oh, Betty, Betty." I wanted to scream. I wanted to shake her and ask her, why, why, why does it have to be like this.

I was just sixteen and we had so much fun together. I had to promise not to tell anyone before she told me. Oh, why had I promised? How could I have known she had something like that in mind. Suddenly I felt sick. I didn't want to go to church. I couldn't face my friends.

In a few weeks I was to take my baptismal vows. I dared not stay at home now. Stay at home and what? Watch my sister go away? No, I'd better go to church. I couldn't stand it to stay at home and see her leave. Why did she have to act like this?

The folks had left already and the boys were waiting impatiently as I climbed into the buggy. "Where's Betty?" asked one of the boys.

"Betty's not going," I told them and they looked at me so startled.

Church was not far that morning but oh, how I wished it were clear across the settlement so I would have more time to pull myself together.

When I walked in, the girls asked, "Where's Betty? Why didn't Betty come? You mean Betty's not here?" How I wished she were but I only shrugged my shoulders and turned my back as I pulled off my wraps.

"Are you sick? You really look sick," one of the girls said. I rubbed my cheeks to try and make them get some color. Soon the ministers filed in shaking each hand

solemnly with a "Good morning."

Soon we all joined the others in the church room and I sighed with relief that I had gotten that far. I bowed my head for I felt that all eyes were staring at me. Something kept telling me, "They know! They know, they all know you are trying to hide something terrible." I knew it, too, and I prayed for strength.

Finally the singing began and we joined the ministers in a separate room where we took our instructions. "We are now on our seventeenth article," the bishop said. "It is about shunning those who are expelled." I bowed my head for he seemed to be looking straight at me.

When he started to explain the article, my eyes filled with tears. I tried to blink them back, but soon they began to fall. Slowly at first, and then faster. I put my handkerchief to my eyes.

"Oh, Betty, Betty. Will I have to do with you what this article is asking of me? Oh, why, oh, why?" I struggled to pull myself together for I could feel that my friends were glancing at me sideways. The ministers were looking at me sternly. What were they thinking? Oh, if only they knew.

I didn't want to cry, but why did this have to happen on Sunday and why did we have to have this article on this particular Sunday? I could never shun my own sister. The thought seemed terrible. Heartless. Everyone was against me, Betty, the ministers, even my friends. Oh, how I wished the floor would open up under me and let me drop down out of sight. I gritted my teeth and bit my lips. I didn't want to cry, but I couldn't help it.

Soon the instructions were over and we returned to the church room. A cool drink of water and the fresh air helped me some. My handkerchief I stuffed into my coat pocket for it was so wet I could have wrung it out. Luckily I found another one.

As we went to our seats I kept my head bowed so they

could not see my red and swollen eyes. Everything was still against me, I felt. The sermon sounded like the ministers knew all about Betty. Everything they said made me cry again. The parable of the prodigal son was the last straw. I just couldn't stand it.

Soon my friend at my side whispered, "Let's go outside." A dear friend she was. She waited while I braced myself a bit more. Then we went outside and there stood Mom.

She motioned my friend on, and then she exclaimed, "What is the matter with you? And why isn't Betty here?"

I wished someone else could do it but I knew I had to tell her. "Betty's leaving," I faltered. "She's — she's ran away!"

Mom almost collapsed but it seemed a big weight was off my shoulders. Then my thoughts went to Dad. What will Daddy say? I had told Mom but I wouldn't have to break the news to Dad!

Suddenly my thoughts went back to the seventeenth article that we had memorized during the past two weeks and which the ministers had explained this morning. Words that had meant nothing to me before suddenly seemed clear with new meaning, "... dasz der Sünder beschämet in sich schlage, and in seinen Gewiffen zu seiner Besserung möge überzeugt werden." (... That the sinner may be made ashamed, and may by his guilty conscience be driven to repentance.)

I still felt sad and grief-stricken by the step my sister had taken, but I no longer seemed alone in the world trying to bring her back. Maybe the ministers, and my friends weren't against me after all. For even that seventeenth article, that had seemed harsh before, might help to bring my sister back. ■■

A NEW KEY

"Aunt," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock peoples hearts, and make them willing."

"What is the key?" asked her Aunt.

"It is Please," said the child, "If I say to one of the big girls at school, Please show me how to solve a problem, she says, 'oh yes, and helps me.'"

"If I ask Sarah, 'Please do this for me,' she will take her hands out of the suds and do it. And if I say, 'Please Aunt,' you look up, and smile just like mother, and that is the best of all."

"Do you know why this works?" asked Aunt. "It is because you are speaking in a kind and gentle way. The Bible tells us that we should be kind and gentle and when we are, God gives people kind and gentle feelings towards us," Auntie explained.

Have you learned to use this key? If you have not been using it, I hope you will begin now. There is often more power in "Please" than in "You shall" or "You must." Try it, "Please."

"Please"

Hearts like doors, can open with ease,

To very, very little keys,

And don't forget that they are these,

"I thank you," and "If you Please."

Then let us watch these little things

And so respect each other;

That not a word, or look, or tone,

May wound a friend or brother.

-Selected by Elden T. Yoder

(The following was selected and sent in by a mother who experienced the suffering and death of a child during the past year.)



The Bitter Cup

God is the wisest and best physician, for He understands exactly what is wrong with the soul. He never selects "the wrong bottle," and never gives us a drop too much.

Do you fear that He will give you poison in His cup of chastisement? Do you try to avoid the cup which He has prepared and try to push it from you? The cup which God gives you, shall you not drink it?

God often comes to us and finds that we are in need of spiritual medication. Perhaps we have indulged in sin, or have eaten some forbidden fruit. He may find that our appetite is gone and our pulse is very low.

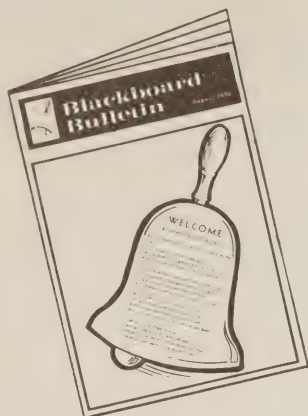
Perhaps we ask God for more strength and patience and hope. He takes us at our own word and wants to make us purer, better, stronger and more Christ-like. The very first thing our Heavenly Father does is to mix for us a cup of bitter disappointments or afflictions. Instead of relieving us, God seems to be striking us down. Instead of giving us more joy and hope, He seems to be blighting them like Jonah's gourd.

Dear reader, if this is the way that God is treating you now, if He has given you a bitter cup, then drink it. Faith in God is trusting Him whatever comes. Faith is knowing that God will go into the laboratory and mix for you just what you need. He knows what He is doing, and just what your soul requires. It may be bitter, but the disease is worse by far. I call you now to witness all the trusting souls who have accepted in a humble spirit that which God has given them. They prayed for meekness, patience, heavenly mindedness — they all were in that cup, that bitter cup. If the cup had not been drank, the coveted blessings would have all been lost. Had God not dealt with them precisely as He did, the dread disease would have raged on, perhaps the soul would then have suffered death.

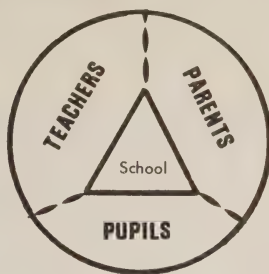
Dear friends, do not push back that tear-filled cup of sorrow which your heavenly Father offers you. The cup is etched with these sweet words, "He whom I love, I chasten, all things work together for the good for those who love Me." Will you still refuse to drink it? Oh, what blessings God can give us in afflictions!

A young man who was tortured with a fatal illness said, "When this, my body is afflicted with the sorest pain, I find that comfort is the nearest in my soul. When Christ did suffer, He had none but enemies with Him, they gave Him vinegar and gall to drink. But when I thirst, I have the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. The greatest love is in the bottom of the cup which He has given me. Shall I not drink it even though it's bitter to the taste?"

The suffering youth had found the truth, that in the bottom of the cup were many blessings. He had to drink the entire cup before he found the greatest blessings at the bottom. Depend on it, dear brother, that many of the purest joys in Christian faith cannot be found except we go through fiery trials. The anchor of our faith is never tested as it is by hurricanes. Patience never shines as bright as in the midnight of adversity. Courage never shows so plainly as when death on his "pale horse" comes bearing down on us o'er battlefields strewn with defeat. There is a hope of patience, joy in tribulations and a sense



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No, the BLACKBOARD BULLETIN isn't just a teachers' magazine. If you will take a few seconds to study the above symbol, you will discover that it really has three people in mind: teachers, parents, and pupils. And as its central thread it has "School".

Perhaps you aren't aware that the BULLETIN added a pupils' section a year ago. Each month there is a story, a song to learn, a page of children's writing called "From Pupils' Pencils", and a page on which Cousin Carrie talks to grade school pupils.

In November the BULLETIN had a contest in which school children were invited to write autumn poems. The winners were printed on the "From Pupils' Pencils" page. In February there was another invitation given to the children; this time they were asked to write true stories about an unusual pet. On the following page are three of the seven winning stories.



BLACKBOARD BULLETIN • AYLMEER • ONTARIO • CANADA

(Bitter Cup, continued from p.23)

of Jesus' presence which we cannot reach as long as we are living in a state of outward ease and in prosperity. God esteems of priceless value, all these blessings which are found within His cup. He prepares for us just what we need. He gives us sorrow to bring you the blessings in their beauty and full power.

God so esteemed the faith of Abraham, he proved it with a flashing knife across the throat of his only son. He so esteemed the patience in the heart of Job, he stripped him of his wealth, but in the end He left him as the richest man in all the earth. What a cup of many sorrows did He mix for His apostles, yet the apostle gratefully acknowledged that the trial of faith is much more precious than the silver and the gold, though tried by fire.

Be not surprised, dear friend, to see that God prepares for you a bitter cup. He knows you need it. Disappointment and bereavement aren't meant to be sweet like sugar in your cup. The best of medicines, like tonic, must be bitter but they help your appetite and put vigor in your system. A spiritual cup of wormwood has turned out to be an everlasting gain to many a soul. Bereavements often are full-brimming cups of tears but they have been more healing than the sweetest "balms" of Gilead. God always has some special purpose when He mixes up a cup of trials

for His children. He wants to cure the sickness of the soul and save it from eternal death.

Let us be very careful not to choose a cup ourselves and think that we must have it. Children would often choose sweets like candy instead of medicine if they had their choice. Yet one can bring them sickness and the other health.

God sometimes let's us have our own, selfish way. He let rebellious Israel have their way when they grew tired of manna sent from Heaven, and they lusted for the quails. He sent the food that they had asked for and while the flesh was yet in their teeth the plague broke out, and they were smitten sore. So many a Christian lusted for what turns out to be a plague for him. I have known many Christians who have chosen for themselves a cup of great worldly prosperity, and it made them drunk. For there was Satan's sorcery in the cup, their heads grew dizzy, and they were lifted up with pride. They grew so greedy for the filthy lucre, fond of fashion's follies, self-indulgent and neglectful of the things they should have done. Prosperity spoiled them like it's ruined many thousands in our churches. Ah, if they had but seen what was in the cup of worldly prosperity, they might well have cried, "Oh, Father, now I pray thee, let this cup but pass from me!"

- Selected by Mrs. E. B., Pennsylvania

FAMILY LIFE

FROM PUPILS' PENCILS

MY PET SNAIL
-by Naomi Blank

I first became acquainted with my unusual pet one rainy morning on my way to school. There it was on the road, a small lifeless looking creature in a light brown shell. It was a fascinating curlicue and very pretty in a strange way.

I placed my new-found snail in my desk and as the day proceeded we became better acquainted. It emerged from its shell and explored the interior of my desk, gliding with tiny wavelike motions — straight up and over an edge, upside down, this way and that — no obstacle was too great. It finally rested in the dark recesses of my desk.

School was over for the day and I started for home, not forgetting my little friend. When I reached home I put the little snail in a glass bowl into which I first put some fresh earth. By adding blades of grass and water, I attempted to make the surroundings as natural as possible.

There it dwelt, coming out whenever I chose to admire it and watch it glide on my hand. Sometimes I placed it on a pencil and watched it slither around on it.

I had many interesting times with my snail. It seemed to enjoy the excursions, too. But after a time it would decide that it had enough and withdraw into the shell. Then I would return the tiny creature to the glass bowl and wonder, was I looking in or was it looking out? — grade 8, age 13
Narvon, Pennsylvania

OUR UNUSUAL PET
-by Nancy L. Esh

In our lawn we have a martin house. Every summer we get a

couple pairs of purple martins. They pay their rent by catching flies and mosquitos, also by their cheery chirping voices.

Then one day we saw a martin down in our lawn and of course we went down to see what was wrong. We saw that it had a broken wing and couldn't fly. So we brought it in and put it in a box. Soon it became a real pet and we called him "Marty."

Now we knew that Marty had to have something to eat so we caught some flies. At first he just didn't eat. Then after a day or so Marty started to eat. He also started to jump out of his box and became very lively. He just stayed around the kitchen and was not satisfied in his box anymore.

Every day we caught flies for Marty in every minute we had to spare. One day we decided to count how many flies he eats and there were around 500. When we tapped on the floor he came running and he knew it was feeding time. Sometimes we would scatter them all around and he'd come and peck at one, cock his head, and run over to the next one.

Then one day we were very surprised. He jumped up on the sink! He usually liked to sit on a shelf in front of the sink and watch me wash dishes. Sometimes he'd peck my toes when I was washing dishes.

One morning Marty didn't seem quite as lively as usual and by noon he was suffering a lot. Then soon he died. We think we caught and fed him flies that had eaten fly bait. And that was the end of our dear pet Marty. He had never learned to fly after his accident.

— age 13, grade 8
Gordonville, Pennsylvania

MY PET
-by Henry Lehman

On Mother's Day in the year 1970 we had quite an excitement. The day before my three older brothers were down by the buggy shed making gates. In the middle of the afternoon they came in and told us there was a beautiful blue parakeet out on the road.

We tried and tried to catch it, but it just flew from one tree to the other. We set a cage out and also opened all the windows and doors in the house, but it didn't fly in.

It was beginning to get dark when I saw the parakeet sitting in a tree. I ran to the barn to get some oats and went up the tree to catch it. It was within my reach when I slipped and caught myself on a limb. That scared it away, so I gave up.

The next morning when I went out I couldn't see the bird. Soon I heard my mother calling me. When I came to her I saw the parakeet sitting on the garden fence. I went over to the fence to catch it. I reached in my pocket and got some oats I still had from the night before.

I went slowly toward the bird with my hand out. The parakeet came and flew on my left shoulder. It came down my arm to my hand and got an oat seed and flew over on the fence. When it had eaten the seed it came back to my hand. Every time I reached out to catch the bird, quick as a wink it flew away.

Next I lay on the ground and it came hopping and ate from my hand until I tried to catch it. Then it flew to the grape vines. So once more I went after it with my hand out, talking to the bird. It was chirping and didn't seem afraid at all.

I laid my hand on the vines so it would eat from my hand. When it came over I pinched its foot against the vine. With my other hand I grabbed it and started talking to it so it wouldn't be so afraid. I took it into the house and we put it in a cage.

If we let it out now, it comes and sits on our hands and seems very contented. My five-year-old brother likes to lie on the floor and sing. Then our bird comes and rubs its head against his nose.

It is a big pastime. She knows her name is Molly.

— age 12, grade 6
Middlebury, Indiana

-By Mary Elizabeth Yoder

Amish Settlers and The Civil War

An account of the bravery shown by those

who did not take

sides and fight.

It was the time of the Civil War, one hundred years ago, in the land bordering on the Mason-Dixon line and the western tip of Maryland. Daniel Beachy, the Amish bishop in that region, and his people had heard rumors of the war in the East and South, and they knew the danger of being caught in destructive border skirmishes.

A quiet and peace-loving people, Daniel and his followers prepared for such an emergency, not by loading their muskets, but by planning escape routes for their families and hide-outs for the livestock. Daniel's wife, Elizabeth, packed a set of clothing for each of their eight children in a bed sheet, which she planned to hide in a nearby cave if the need arose. This took more than a trip to town to buy extra clothing. It meant countless hours of spinning, weaving, knitting, and sewing by hand.

It turned out that no actual battles were fought in their part of the Alleghenies, near the village of Aurora, West Virginia. But to the north of them lay the B & O Railroad, coveted by the Confederates. And through their area passed the main turnpike (now U. S. Route 50), also a prized possession.

Daniel Beachy realized early in the war that this land could well become an easy target for the Confederate raiders. As bishop of the Gortner-Aurora congregation, he went about encouraging his flock to put their trust in God, but not to ignore any warnings that might reach them.

From their farm nestled in a valley just northwest of Aurora, the Beachys saw many troops of both Union and Confederate soldiers marching on the turnpike. In fact, one troop of Union soldiers, apparently stationed to guard the pike, camped for several weeks on the Beachy farm. Although they were of a friendly nature, the soldiers did take some of the Beachys' supplies. When the troops left, the young Beachys swarmed the camp site and enjoyed some hardtack candy the soldiers had left behind.

The time passed peacefully for the Amish until Crist Petersheim, a neighbor of the Beachys and a member of his church, was captured by the gray coats (Southerners). Mrs. Petersheim, having no clue as to what had become of her husband, spent a week of anxiety alone with six small children. After forcing Mr. Petersheim to haul supplies for them with his team and wagon for a week, the soldiers permitted him to return to his home.

To add to this, in March, 1863, the Federal Conscription Act was passed, which made no provision for conscientious objectors. News of this law reached into the larger Amish settlement in northern Garrett County, Maryland, and Somerset County, Pennsylvania. The law did permit, however, the hiring of substitutes or the payment of a \$300 tax instead of subscription.

How did the Amish respond to this law? Records show that the Amish Mennonite churches of Garrett and Somerset counties raised a sum of \$16,000 to pay the taxes of their drafted members. Apparently drafted men reported personally to headquarters and paid these dues. But this

was all a part of the wartime and they took it in stride.

Daniel Beachy apparently escaped being drafted, but his brother-in-law, John V. Tice of Bittinger, Maryland, was called. He left his wife (Daniel's sister) alone with three small children to care for the farm when he went to fulfill his obligations. No word was heard from him until he returned during the night three weeks later. Aroused from sleep Mother Tice rushed out of bed to open the door for him. Then, overcome with joy, she dropped helpless to the floor and John half-carried her back to bed.

In spite of impending dangers the Gortner-Aurora Amish continued to hold church services every two weeks in their scattered homes. Always aware of the danger of being captured, Bishop Beachy regularly made the long trips about this community by horseback to minister to his flock.

THEN CAME THE RAID led by General William Jones in the spring of 1863. Jones's primary purpose was to destroy the bridges on the turnpike and cripple the B & O Railroad. His second objective was to collect horses, cattle, and supplies. He was forced to do this by the sea blockade which had caused serious shortage of many items in the South. Wild inflation made the price of a pair of shoes to soar to \$400 and a barrel of flour sold for \$1,000.

Unlike the destructive raid which General Sheridan led into the South, General Jones's orders were to seize cattle, horses and supplies indiscriminately but to respect other private property at all times. So the Amish escaped the destructive loss that some communities suffered.

But the uncertainties and horrors of war did tax the nerves of the Amish people. Anxiety erased some of the sparkle from Daniel Beachy's courageous eyes. And, it is said that an elderly Amishman became emotionally disturbed, supposedly from worry. Seeing danger in everything, he insisted that his sons should restack a pile of logs which lay with ends facing his home, lest they explode like cannons and shoot his family.

On April 26, 1863, a beautiful Sunday morning after days of heavy rains, Daniel Beachy mounted his dainty mare, Baldy, and set out for Gortner to preach at the Joseph Slabach farm. Riding along the turnpike he was joined by two of his members, Crist Petersheim and Peter Schrock. As the three men traveled eastward they met Confederate soldiers straggling along the muddy road. Just west of the Maryland state line they rode squarely into the main force of General Jones's army.

The men drew their horses up on the road bank to let the soldiers pass. But a trooper, evidently in a jovial mood, approached Mr. Beachy, jerked off his hat, and clapped his

own officer's cap on him. At the same time he put Beachy's broad-brimmed hat on his own head. After a round of loud guffaws about the joke, he again changed hats as well as his manner, gruffly demanding that Mr. Beachy dismount and give up his horse.

Daniel remained calmly seated. His blue eyes were fearless as he replied, "Sir, I cannot give up my horse. I need it for farming."

The trooper stopped in disbelief at this man who refused to obey his orders. Clearing his throat, he said roughly, "Sir, if you don't get off that horse, I'll put you off." Profanity rattled about like hailstones as he began to unbuckle the saddle girths.

Still Mr. Beachy remained seated and Crist Petersheim spoke up. "Sir, we are on our way to church, and this man is our preacher. How shall he get there if you take his horse?"

Instantly the trooper stopped, glancing about uneasily for the officer in command. "Why didn't you tell me sooner?" Quickly rebuckling the saddle girths, he sent the men on their way.

Urging their horses into a brisk trot they hastened on to the Maryland state line and turned north on the Oakland Road, which was clear. Arriving at the Slabach farm (now the Simon Swartzentruber farm), Daniel Beachy and a fellow minister held a short church and prayer service.

After church they learned that Colonel Harman with a detachment of 1,000 men had captured the Union troops on guard at Oakland and had invaded the town. The soldiers were now destroying bridges, crippling the railroad, and scouring the countryside for cattle, horses, and supplies.

Men hurriedly drove their cattle and horses into hiding. Daniel Beachy and his companions retreated to a deep woods and stayed under cover until dusk, when they set out through the forest for their homes. They forded treacherous streams, swollen by heavy rains. Finally Daniel tied his horse in the forest near his home and walked home carrying the heavy saddle.

MEANWHILE, Elizabeth Beachy, at home with her eight children, was alarmed at the sight of hundreds of soldiers carrying the Confederate flag, marching westward on the turnpike. But where was her husband? Quickly she went to the loft and got several pieces of cured meat. Taking them out in front of the house, she dropped them into a hole between some rocks and covered them with sticks and stones. Then she instructed her two older sons, ten and thirteen years old, to drive the cattle and horses back of the barn, beyond the lime quarry and into the forest. They left only one old horse in the stable.

While the soldiers stopped in Aurora to raid David Ridenhour's store of everything eatable or wearable, the boys made a fast getaway with the livestock. Mother Beachy's alarm grew as a group of the men in gray turned in at the Beachy lane. Horrible stories about Confederate raids raced through her mind. With frightened children clinging to her skirts, she clasped the baby, Lena, to her breast and watched them approach. But the men went past the little one-room log house and rode on to the stable.

The soldiers wanted cattle and horses and forage for their horses. They fed their horses and left, taking the Beachy's old horse and leaving a worn-out horse in its stead. Three times during the day small groups of soldiers came in to the farm to feed their horses, each time exchanging a worn-out horse for one that had rested in the stable. The horse which they left there at last was worth-

less.

As the long afternoon wore on and Daniel did not return, Elizabeth Beachy became more uneasy. At twilight, when the coast was clear of soldiers, she slipped back to the forest with the boys to help milk the cows. Returning to the house she took care of the milk, washed up, smoothed her brown hair under her white covering, and tried to eat a bit of the supper that twelve-year-old Mary had prepared.

When the dishes were washed and the moon had climbed high above Backbone Mountain, she sent the older children to bed in the loft. Mechanically she tucked two small girls into the trundle bed, put the six-month-old into the cradle, and rocked her to sleep. Then she sank into a chair to wait and pray for her husband. Weariness overtook her and she dozed.

Suddenly she awoke with a start. Clutching wildly at her throat she listened. "Soldiers," she gasped, "and they are surely coming to the house." In the light of the candle she glanced at the children, asleep in the corner of the room. Desperate, she sprang up and pushed a heavy wooden chest against the door.

The loud clatter as Daniel Beachy dropped the saddle on the porch terrified her. Then Daniel spoke her name. A strange weakness overtook her. No longer spurred on by fear she could not move the chest, but had to call her sons from the loft to come help let their father in.

DURING THIS TIME, the Jacob Swartzentruber family, who had moved from Pennsylvania to Red-house, Maryland, became the victims of numerous raids. We do not know today the exact date of the one which forced them to move back to Pennsylvania, but probably it was this same Jones's raiding party on April 26, 1863. At dawn the Swartzentrubers were routed from sleep by hundreds of starving soldiers, demanding food. When the bread supply was exhausted, they ordered Mrs. Swartzentruber to make buckwheat cakes. The starving rebels crowded into the kitchen eating the batter from the bowl, or pouring it directly onto the stove and devouring the half-baked cakes. They swarmed around the spring like thirsty cattle and drank up all the water. They raided the pantry and cellar of all that was eatable. Some jerked a setting hen from her nest and ate her eggs, raw, unhatched chicks and all. Others milked the cows and slaughtered one, roasting the meat over open fires on the lawn.

When the soldiers left, they took bedding, clothing, Mr. Swartzentruber's watch, and all that could be carried along. They drove their cattle and horses ahead of them. (Undoubtedly these were among the 1,000 cattle and 1,200 horses that General Jones reported having sent South after his raid.) This was a hard blow to the Swartzentrubers who had lost their first two infants in death in the preceding two years.

When the congregation shepherded by Daniel Beachy heard of their plight, it came to their rescue. An aunt who lived there took them into her home until arrangements could be made to move them back to Pennsylvania.

Even after these episodes the little Amish colony refused to be dismayed. Bishop Daniel Beachy continued to lead his flock in love and unity. Every two weeks they gathered to hear his admonitions.

Although lines of anxiety did show in Elizabeth Beachy's kindly face, her hands were never idle. In spite of her many duties she found time to be neighborly. Committing herself into God's care, she walked miles to carry a nourishing dish or offer a helping hand to a sick neighbor.

And besides the anxiety of the war, there were the family

crises that they went through together. Unaided by a doctor, Daniel and Elizabeth had ushered three new babies into their home during this time. And, their three-month-old Susie had been laid to rest beside her little brother in the graveyard on the hillside.

Undoubtedly the Beachys were among those who rejoiced when the end of the war was announced. No longer would Father need to be on the lookout for raiders as he went

about his work. No longer would Mother need to defy danger to make her neighborly calls.

Today as one drives through the settlement at Gortner there are no scars to show what took place there a century ago. And old Backbone Mountain is mute to what happened here in his shadow. But the Amish descendants tell us these fragments of the past. ■■

CHILDREN'S SECTION

THE

EASY

WAY OUT

by Elmo Stoll



AS HE WALKED TO SCHOOL, Aden Chupp kept his head down to protect his face from the biting wind. He was glad now that his mother had insisted he wrap his older sister's muffler around his neck. He hadn't wanted to wear a muffler like a girl — it seemed sissy, but now he was glad for it. With the wind blowing, and the temperature close to zero, extra clothing felt good. Besides, he had started for school early, and would probably get there before anyone else. None of the other boys would see that he wore a muffler to school.

Aden hurried into the schoolyard, anxious to get out of the wind. He stopped in surprise. The door of the schoolhouse was open. Whoever closed it the evening before must not have noticed that it wasn't latched properly, and the wind had blown it open during the night. Snow covered the floor of the cloakroom. But Aden saw with relief that fortunately the door from the cloakroom into the classroom was tightly closed. At least the classroom would be warm.

With fingers numb from the cold, Aden unbuckled his overshoes. He took them off and placed them along the west wall beneath the large cupboard in which the teacher stored supplies. Next Aden hurriedly took off the muffler and stuffed it into his coat pocket. It was too big to go into the pocket. It hung out, and the other boys would see it. He would have to find a better place for it. He thought of putting it inside the cupboard, but then decided it wasn't safe. The teacher would likely open it, find the muffler, think it was lost, and would take it in front of the class and ask whose it was. Then he would be embarrassed for sure.

He decided to get a chair, stand on it and toss the muffler on top of the tall cupboard. It was unlikely anyone would notice it there. But before he tossed it on top, he decided to open the cupboard and check first, just in case there was a likely spot to put it inside where it would be easier to get

in the evening.

Aden opened the left door of the cupboard. The first thing he saw was the cardboard box with the teacher's new magnifying glass. Good thing he hadn't decided to put his muffler in the cupboard, he thought to himself. The teacher was sure to get the magnifying glass out, for she had just brought it to school the day before. She had allowed the pupils to have it during the noon hour if they were careful with it. One of the pupils was almost sure to ask for it again today. Quickly Aden closed the cupboard, tossed his muffler on top, and hurried into the classroom.

The classroom was nice and warm. A teakettle on top of the stove was steaming slowly. Ben Johnny's Alvin must have been here early in the morning and fired up. And it probably had been him who hadn't closed the outside door properly. Maybe he was in a hurry.

None of the other pupils had come yet. Aden stood at the stove and warmed his hands. Then he thought of the new magnifying glass. He hadn't had a chance to have it much the day before, with all the pupils taking turns. Maybe he could get it now and look at some things. It was a good glass, very powerful, and must have cost quite a bit of money. Aden was sure the teacher wouldn't mind if he looked at some things with it, as long as he was careful. And he was in the fifth grade, big enough that he should be able to handle a magnifying glass without breaking it, surely.

Even though he told himself the teacher wouldn't mind, Aden thought it might be just as good if no one saw him with the glass. He walked to the window and checked first to see if any of the other pupils were coming. The road was empty. No one was in sight.

Aden hurried out to the cloakroom. Brrrr, it was still cold in there. Maybe he should get the broom and sweep the snow out the door and leave the classroom door open so it would warm up the cloakroom. But he hated to let the classroom cool off. He would leave that decision up to the teacher when she came. Carefully he took the magnifying glass box from the cupboard and carried it into the classroom. He put the box on a desk top and gently lifted the glass from it. The metal handle was cold in his hand. He held the glass over his hand, amazed at the wrinkles in his skin. Then he looked at his fingertips, studying the pattern of fine lines. He remembered that the teacher had told them yesterday that everyone's fingers had a different pattern of lines and that was how the police often identified criminals. They took their fingerprints. It was almost hard to believe. So many people in the world and all had different fingerprints. He held the glass closer to his fingers for a better look. Still he couldn't see very clearly. Then he saw what was wrong. The glass was

fogging up. It had been cold outside and when he brought it into the warm room, it fogged up. He started to rub it off with his fingers, then realized that he might smudge the clear glass and he didn't want to do that. He decided to hold it over the stove and warm it up that way, and then the fog would go off.

He walked to the stove and held the glass over the top. Steam came from the teakettle. Aden held the glass in the steam, as that would probably clear it up faster.

There was a funny snapping sound. Aden jerked the glass away. But it was too late. In one sickening glance Aden saw what had happened. His face paled. A big crack ran crookily right across the middle of the round glass.

Suddenly Aden felt frightened — terribly frightened by what he had done. If only he could undo it. But it was so final. The crack was there — there to stay.

Guiltily Aden went to the window and looked up the road in either direction to see if anyone was in sight. Lydia Schlabach and Ruth Shetler were coming. They were almost at the corner of the schoolyard. He had to do something and do it quick. He had only a few minutes to make up his mind.

He grabbed the glass and jammed it back into the box, and hurried with it to the cloakroom. With shaking fingers he thrust it back on the shelf in the cupboard. He ran back into the classroom and stood at the stove, trying to get his breath. He wanted to look calm, wanted to act as if nothing had happened. But there was a big weight inside him that made him feel sick. If only he ...

The outside door of the school opened. Aden heard the girls exclaim at the snow on the floor. He felt guilty, even about that, as if that, too, had been his fault. His mind was racing desperately, trying to think of what he was going to do about the cracked glass. What would he say if the teacher asked him if he had done it? Maybe he should tell her before she found it. Yes, of course, he should. But, no, he couldn't. He could never bring himself to do that. He knew that already. It would be too hard. He could never force himself to confess what he had done.

Ruth and Lydia came into the classroom. "Good, it's warm in here," they exclaimed. "Hey, Aden," Lydia called. "How come there is snow in the cloakroom and it's so cold in there?"

Even the way the girls said it sounded as if they were

blaming him.

"Guess because it blew in," Aden said. He felt jumpy. He tried to laugh but he was sure it sounded put-on. "The door was open when I came, that's all I know."

"Come on, Ruth, let's sweep it out before the teacher comes. No sense in everybody tracking through it," Lydia said, as she grabbed a broom.

Aden went to his desk and got out a book and pretended to be reading. But no, that wasn't a good idea. He had to act normal. He never read other mornings. If he did this morning, somebody would guess that something was wrong. He went back to the stove and pretended to be warming his hands again. On a cold morning like this, surely that was normal.

Only his hands weren't cold. They felt warm. They felt hot. His face felt hot, too. In fact, his face burned. He was sure it was red. Probably the teacher would take one look and guess he had cracked the magnifying glass. "No, no," he scolded himself. He was being silly. He would act real calm and nobody would ever know he had done it. How could they? He wouldn't tell, and no one else saw him. Well, no person, at least.

He felt more miserable than ever. But why did he need to feel so guilty. He hadn't done it on purpose. Accidents happen to everyone. He hadn't done anything so wrong.

Aden soon saw that he was right. He had been silly to let guilt make him feel so jumpy. The teacher came. She was her usual friendly self. The other boys laughed and talked like always. None of them looked at him, pointed a finger and said accusingly, "You. You cracked the glass." Of course not, they couldn't. They didn't know. They would never find out. The teacher would discover the crack sometime, but maybe not until she had it out of the box awhile and then she would think she had cracked it herself. Or that whoever had it last the day before had done it.

School started, but it was hard for Aden to keep his mind on his studies. Doubts kept bothering him. Maybe it would have been better to tell the teacher and have it off his mind. Maybe he still should. There was still time. But, no, he didn't like to think about it. It was too hard.

He dreaded seeing noon hour come. Dreaded to think that someone would ask for the magnifying glass and the teacher would get it, and then he would be in trouble.

Sure enough, it was still cold at noon, and nobody felt like going outside to play in zero weather. One of the girls mentioned the magnifying glass and the teacher said one of them could run and fetch it.

Aden was still eating his lunch. For his dessert, Mom had put in a piece of chocolate cake and a small Gerber jar of peaches. As the girls ran to get the glass, Aden fought to remain calm. He suddenly wasn't hungry at all. He forced himself to continue eating slowly. The cake was so dry, it stuck in his throat. He swallowed, but nothing went down.

Now the girls were huddled around the teacher's desk and she was taking the top off the box. Aden put a slice of peach in his mouth. Surely it wouldn't be so dry. He could swallow it. He had to. Had to keep eating. Had to ...

"Now I want you to be careful with this glass," the teacher was saying. "Don't drop it or it will ..."

"Ohhh," one of the girls gasped. "Teacher, it's cracked!"

There was a short silence. "When did this happen?"

"I don't know."

"Wasn't me, that's sure."

(continued on next page.)

God's Many Voices

God speaks in many voices
Throughout the passing year.
He chooses many varied ways
To tell us He is near.
If we will listen closely,
We'll hear Him in the roar
Of thunder shattering the night
Or ocean meeting shore,
When robins welcome springtime,
Or crisp autumn breezes blow,
When all of earth is whispering
Tucked in its bed of snow.
It's God whose voice we're hearing.
His is the sound, the song.
We sense Him close beside us;
We hear Him all day long.

- Claire Brackman Saalbach

"Nor me. I didn't even know it was cracked."
"Well, somebody knows something about this," the teacher said sternly. "Were you girls playing with the glass this morning and dropped it?"

"No."

"We didn't have it, did we?" All the girls looked at each other, shaking their heads and denying that they knew anything about the mishap.

"Now, listen, this glass couldn't crack itself."

The girls giggled nervously and looked at each other.

"It could have been one of the boys."

By now all the boys were listening to what was going on at the front of the room.

"Did one of you boys drop this glass and crack it?" The teacher's eyes were stern as she held the magnifying glass for them to see.

A few of the boys said they didn't do it, and the others shook their heads.

Aden squirmed in his seat.

The teacher saw that she wasn't getting anywhere. Aden thought she looked a little disappointed, a little aggravated, and a little puzzled.

Everyone waited in silence. It made all the pupils feel guilty to think that one of them was guilty and wouldn't admit it.

The teacher decided on a different approach. "Who was the last to have the glass yesterday?" The teacher went on to question the girls thoroughly, but everyone claimed innocence. She turned the cracked glass over, and looked at it for a long time. "I don't care so much for the glass," she said finally. "It isn't that important. But it makes me feel bad to think that one of you is lying."

She studied the glass again, giving time for her words to take effect. The room was so quiet it seemed that no one even breathed. When she looked up again, she said slowly, "We're going to leave the matter for now. But sometime during the afternoon I hope whoever did it will tell me. I know that you will feel a lot better that way."

"Teacher," Lydia Schlabach suggested. "Maybe someone had the glass this morning before school started."

The teacher looked up at her sharply. "Why do you say that? Did you see anyone with it?"

"No," Lydia said. "I just thought that it could have happened this morning instead of yesterday."

Aden shivered in his seat. His hands shook. He was finished with his lunch, and he busied himself with putting his things back into the lunch bucket.

"Well, who was here first this morning?" the teacher asked.

Aden felt the blood rush to his face.

"When we came," Lydia said, "no one was here but Aden."

A BOY'S PRAYER

O God,

Give me clean hands, clean words, and clean thoughts.
Help me to stand for the hard right against the easy wrong.
Save me from habits that harm.

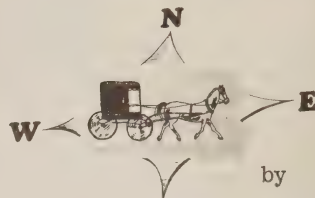
Teach me to work as hard and play as fair in Thy sight
Alone as if the whole world saw.

Forgive me when I am unkind, and help me to forgive
Those who are unkind to me.

Keep me ready to help others at some cost to myself,
Send me chances to do a little good every day,
And so grow more like Christ.

—From a Calendar.

THE MIDNIGHT TEST



PRICE \$3.25 S Elmo Stoll

This story is about Amish young people — the people they meet, the temptations they face, it is for ages 10 and up, but is especially suited for 7th and 8th graders.
Hardbound. 232 pages.

"Were you the first one here, Aden?"

"Yes." Aden put his hands behind the lunch bucket, lest the teacher see them tremble.

"Did you drop the magnifying glass?"

Aden shook his head. He found his voice. "No," he said. His voice sounded strained. "No," he said again, louder this time. "No, I didn't."

The teacher seemed satisfied that it wasn't him. "Well," she said, "someone did, and as I said before, I want it confessed by tonight after school."

Nothing more was said about the cracked glass during the noon hour. Aden could scarcely believe that he had gotten out of it so easily. He had just told the teacher the truth. She had asked if he had dropped it and he told her he hadn't. She couldn't blame him for that. No one could. It seemed like good sensible reasoning, and Aden felt better about it than he had all day.

But his relief didn't last long. Soon he began to wonder what the teacher planned to do if no one came to confess by the end of the day. He tried to concentrate on his lessons and forget the matter. But he couldn't. He kept telling himself that he hadn't lied out of it, but somehow, the oftener he said it to himself, the less convincing it sounded. He had made the teacher believe he hadn't cracked the glass. If that wasn't a lie, what was it?

The more Aden studied about it, the more miserable he became. How he wished that he had told the teacher first thing in the morning. Even if she scolded, it would have been a dozen times easier than having to go through all this. He had thought he couldn't confess to the teacher in the morning, thought it was too hard, but how easy it seemed now, if only he had the chance to do it over again. But it was too late.

Or was it? One thing sure, it was getting later all the time.

Aden knew he had to have his English assignment finished by class time. He simply had to stop thinking about the cracked glass and get to work. He was supposed to think up a list of 25 pairs of antonyms, words that meant the

opposite of each other. He still had six to go. Cracked and uncracked. No, he didn't want to use that, though they certainly were opposites if any words ever were. Hard. What was the opposite of hard? Easy was the first thing he thought of. Or was soft the opposite of hard? Late. What was the opposite of late? Early?

His head ached. Why did he have to keep thinking of words he didn't want to think of? Should he write down late and early as one of the pairs he needed? Late. Was it really too late to confess to the teacher? He had taken the easy way out this morning, and now it was too late. No, he hadn't either taken the easy way. Just the opposite. He knew it now. He had taken the hard way and thought it was the easy way. It was almost time for English class. Confess and lie. Were those opposites. Of course they were, but he didn't dare use them. The teacher would guess at once that he was the guilty one. Guilty. Guilty? What was the opposite of guilty? Innocent. Guilty and innocent. A fine pair of antonyms, but he couldn't use those either.

What could he use? Why couldn't he think? Any word, every word threatened to betray him, to tell on him. At last he scribbled down some words. Even if he had them wrong, it would be better than nothing.

Aden got a poor grade on his antonyms. He knew he would. He could think of so many opposites and didn't

dare write them down. What a lot of trouble that crazy cracked glass had gotten him into. A whole day of misery. One whole day? What made him think tomorrow would be any better? Or the next day? If only he had confessed in the morning, it would have been over in a few minutes. This way it could go on for days.

A guilty conscience was an unhandy thing to live with. It stayed right with you, sat on the seat beside you and stared in your face all day long. It ate with you, worked with you, slept with you. Aden knew he had to do something about it. He didn't want to start another day like this one had been.

As the time neared for school to dismiss, Aden knew what he had to do. He had to tell the teacher that he had gotten the magnifying glass without her permission and had cracked it, in spite of his intentions to be careful. And what was going to be a lot harder, he had to tell her that he had lied to her at noon, for he knew now that that was what it was. He had made her believe he was innocent and he was guilty. He was afraid he would break out crying so he couldn't talk, but he knew he had to tell her one way or the other. He had to stay after school and get rid of this heavy weight inside him that made him sick and feverish. And the next time he did something wrong, Aden hoped he would know enough not to take the easy way out. ■■

Happy Birthday, Grandmother

by Martha Helmuth

Six-year-old Edna stood at the kitchen window watching the snow whirl before the high winds. The wind moaned as it passed through the large pine tree in the front yard, whistled as it blew over the aluminum storm windows, and made the large stove in the living room say, "Whoo-o-e-e-e-oooo." As she peered through the whirling snow she could see her father and big brother John on the road with a team of horses, pulling some stranger's car out of a big snow drift. She turned to look at the bird feeder that hung in the lilac bush. It was empty. Even the birds thought it was too cold and windy to be out. Edna wondered where all the birds were and if they were warm enough.

Last week Edna had the flu and couldn't go outside and now she had to stay inside because of the cold and stormy weather. This was the second day eight-year-old Irene and the ten-year-old twins, Danny and Fannie, couldn't go to school because of the snow. Yesterday it had been fun because they had all played together. For a while they had played school and Fannie had been the teacher. How Edna had enjoyed that! She had been a first grader and Fannie had helped her print and count and say the A-B-C's. Edna loved to play school and could hardly wait until next year when she too could go to school. But today the others were tired of playing school or other games that Edna could play. Besides, she was tired of staying inside so long. She wished she could go outside again.

"Mother, may I go outside for just a little bit?" Edna asked. "No, Edna, it's too cold and windy," Mother answered. "I'm afraid you'll get sick again."

"Well, what can I do then?" Irene and Fannie don't want to play with me and I'm so tired of staying inside," Edna lamented.

"Why can't we play school again?"

"No," answered Fannie. "You'd play school all the time and I get tired of it."

"I get tired of playing school all the time too," Danny added.

"I don't want to play school either," Irene added, "because Fannie always thinks she has to be the teacher if we do."

"Well, I'm the oldest," retorted Fannie, "Why shouldn't I be the teacher?"

"That doesn't mean that you always have to be the teacher," returned Edna.

"Hush, girls," Mother said. "I think I know what you can do."

"What?" asked the children.

"Do you know whose birthday is today?" she asked them. The children thought a few minutes. "Is it yours?" Edna asked.

"No, Edna, Mother's birthday is in the summer," replied Fannie. "Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes, now I remember!" exclaimed Edna.

"Oh, I know. Grandmother's!" exclaimed Irene.

"That's right," answered Mother. "Why don't you all make something for her birthday? That would give you something to do and I'm sure it would make her happy, too."

"What could we make?" Danny wanted to know.

"Oh, we'll think of something," Mother replied. "You should go over to see her a while today anyway. You could take the gifts you make and perhaps sing some of the songs you learned in school for her. She hasn't been out for a long time either."

Grandmother lived in the little house just next to theirs and they only needed to go out on the porch and then into her house to see her.

"I'm going to see if we have enough of those loops to make pot holders," Irene suggested. "If we do, I'm going to make some of those for her."

"But what could I make?" Danny asked.

"I think Dad built a fire in the shop and will work out there today," Mother replied. "Perhaps he would help you make a bird feeder for her. You could hang it in that bush outside her living room window and keep food in it for the birds. Then she could watch them from her window."

"That's a good idea!" he exclaimed. He looked out the window. "I think they have the man's car out of the drift now. Maybe I can go out right away and say something to Dad." He got his coat and cap down from the hook and got ready to go out.

"I want to make something too," Edna said.

"Oh, you're too little," replied Fannie "you can't make anything nice."

"Well, I could try to make something if you'd help me," insisted Edna with tears in her eyes. She loved her Grandmother and didn't want to be left out of things.

"Don't cry, Edna," Mother comforted her. "I think we'll have something for you, too." She turned to Fannie. "Fannie, you need some practice sewing. I think you could hem another

tea towel and give that to Grandmother."

"Oh mother!" exclaimed Fannie. "I can't sew nice. I don't want to make something like that for her."

"I know you've had some trouble with hemming the towels as you're just learning to sew," returned her mother, "but if you do your best, I'm sure Grandmother will like it anyway."

"Do I have to Mother? Can't you think of something nicer to make?" persisted Fannie. She had tried to sew the day before and had become quite discouraged before the lesson was over.

"Don't you want to make something for Grandmother?" Mother asked.

"Yes, I want to make something, but can't you think of something else?" Fannie asked again.

"No, I think you'd better just make a tea towel. If you keep on trying, it will become easier for you," Mother replied. She turned to Edna. "And now I have an idea for you, Edna."

"Oh, good!" Edna said happily. "Tell me what it is."

"I'll give you a nice sheet of paper and you can make a birthday greeting for her," Mother replied.

Edna look disappointed. "I can't make a greeting. I don't know how."

"Yes, Edna, you can. I'll help you a little," Mother assured her. "Let me get Fannie started on her sewing first then I'll see what I can find for you."

As she turned to open the bottom drawer of the chest, Irene came from the bedroom. "Did you find the loops you were looking for?" Mother asked her.

"I think I found enough brown and white ones to make one pot holder," Irene answered. "Will one pot holder be enough?"

"Yes, I think so," Mother replied as she picked up a piece of white cloth from the drawer. "Fannie, there are still two pieces here to make tea towels. Why don't you sew both of them? Then you can pick out the one that looks the best to give to Grandmother."

"All right, Mother. I'll try," agreed Fannie reluctantly.

Mother opened the sewing machine and threaded the needle and helped Fannie get started. Then she went over to the desk and got out a plain white sheet of paper and gave it to Edna.

Edna held it in her hand and looked puzzled. "But, Mother, I can't make a nice greeting. I don't know how. Don't you have a pretty one in your box that I can give?" she asked Mother.

"Yes, I do have some in a box, but if you give one of those, it won't be something that you made," Mother explained.

"Just draw a picture on this paper and color it. Then we'll help you write 'Happy Birthday' on it."

Edna smiled. She did like to draw and color pictures. She could do that, but would Grandmother like a greeting like that?

Mother gave Edna a pencil and some crayons and soon she was busy at her small table, drawing and coloring her picture.

"Well, I think you'll get along by yourselves for a while," Mother told the girls. "I'm going over to see Grandmother for a little bit and see if everything is all right over there. I'll be back before long."

"Don't tell her what we are doing," Irene told her mother.

Mother smiled. "Don't worry. I won't spoil the surprise for you."

The girls worked quietly on their projects for some time. After a while Edna looked up. "I wonder when Mother is coming back. I'm finished with my picture. She told me she would help me print 'Happy Birthday' on my greeting." She got up and looked out the window to see if she was coming.

Fannie looked up from her sewing. "You can print. Why don't you just go ahead and print it yourself?" She glanced knowingly at Irene.

Edna hesitated. "But I can't print nice enough," she answered with doubt in her voice. She wrinkled her brow as she stood looking at her picture.

"Just go on and print it. I'll spell it for you," Fannie encouraged Edna. She turned and gave Irene a mischievous grin. Irene was struggling with the last loop in her pot holder and kept looking at it, smiling.

Reluctantly Edna sat down at her table. "All right, but don't spell it too fast," She picked up her pencil and looked at Fannie.

Slowly Fannie spelled it for her, "H-A-P-P-Y B-I-R-T-H-D-A-Y," while Edna slowly and carefully printed it across the top of her paper.

Edna looked at it for a while. Then she turned to Fannie. "Is it all right if I print 'I love you' on it too?"

"I think it would be all right," said Fannie. "Do you want me to spell that too?"

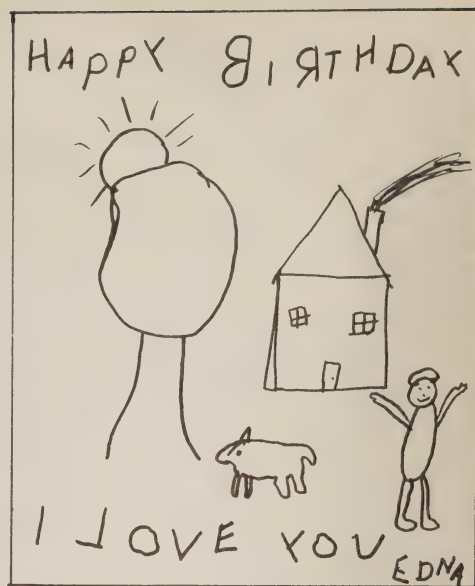
Edna nodded her head.

"All right. I L-O-V-E-Y-O-U," spelled Fannie.

"Are you done now?" Irene asked. "I have my pot holder done."

Edna nodded her head. "I'm done too."

"May we see it?" asked Fannie as she and Irene got up to look at it. Shyly Edna handed it to the girls.



The girls looked at it and started laughing. "What a funny greeting!" Fannie remarked.

"Look at those funny letters," Irene added with a giggle. "I wonder if Grandmother can read it."

"I guess you should have waited until Mother could help you," Edna burst into tears. She reached for the paper. "Let me have that!" she demanded.

Still laughing, Fannie held the paper out of her reach. Just then the door opened and there stood Mother.

"What's wrong here!" she asked the girls.

Edna only cried while Fannie and Irene looked at each other. Mother walked over and took the paper from Fannie's hand.

"What have you girls been doing?" she asked again.

"They are making fun of my greeting," Edna told her between sobs.

"Well, it's such a funny greeting," Fannie defended herself.

Mother looked at the girls sternly. "I think this is done well for someone who doesn't go to school yet. Besides, you know better than to laugh at something someone else has made."

The girls looked embarrassed.

"Fannie," Mother went on, "did you hear me laughing at your tea towels yesterday?"

Fannie gasped. Mother laugh at her tea towels? No, she knew Mother wouldn't do anything like that.

"Those were your first tea towels and this is some of Edna's first printing," Mother explained. "There really isn't very much difference. As you grow older and get more practice, both of you will do better."

Fannie squirmed on the couch, trying to hold back the tears.

"I'm afraid you don't understand why we want to make something for Grandmother. It's not to see who can make the nicest gift. It's only one way to show our love for Grandmother and to help pass the time for her."

Mother looked at the girls. Fannie was picking at some loose threads on the worn couch.

Mother glanced at the clock. "It's time we started dinner, girls. Are you finished with your towels, Fannie?" she asked.

"Almost," answered Fannie as she walked back to the sewing machine.

"You may go on and finish them while Edna and Irene help me get dinner," Mother instructed. "Edna, you may set the table."

Everyone got busy again and soon dinner was ready.

When Father and the boys came in for dinner, Danny had the bird feeder with him. In a few places the nails showed where he had tried to nail the parts of the roof together and some of the edges were rather rough, but otherwise it wasn't too bad.

The girls told Father about the gifts they had made.

As they were eating dinner, Father suggested, "This afternoon we'll all go visit Grandmother for a while. You children may take your gifts along and give them to her."

As soon as the dishes were done, they all put on their coats and went over the Grandmother's house, each of the children carrying the gift he had made.

As they walked into her kitchen, they began to sing 'Happy Birthday' for her.

After they had sung it, they put their coats on the table and

joined Grandmother in the living room.

Danny walked up to her and gave her the bird feeder he had made. "We'll put it in that bush out there," he said as he pointed out the window, "and I'll try and keep it filled with food for the birds. Then you can watch them eat it from in here."

"Thank you, Danny," smiled Grandmother. "Did you make it yourself?"

Danny looked at Father. "Dad helped me," he answered. "This is real nice," Grandmother told him. "I will enjoy watching the birds on these long winter days."

Irene and Fannie gave Grandmother their gifts too.

"Thank you, girls, for this pot holder and towel." She looked at Fannie. "Is this one of the towels you were making yesterday?"

"No, I made this one today," Fannie answered. "I'm not very good at sewing yet and it doesn't look very nice."

"Oh, I think this is very nice," Grandmother answered. "It may not look like your mother's would, but I like it anyway. Besides, I remember how your mother's first towels looked. They looked just like these."

Fannie looked at her mother in astonishment. It had never occurred to her that Mother didn't always sew like she does now.

Mother smiled. "That's right. I had to learn too." She looked at Edna. "Where's your present?"

Shyly Edna walked up to Grandmother and gave her the greeting she had made. Grandmother unfolded it and read the message then she smiled "Why, thank you, Edna. I love you too." ■■



Disobedience In The Desert

Now that the tabernacle was finished and God's presence had come down to dwell among the Israelites, all the people were pleased. But not many days passed until a very sad thing happened.

God had said that Aaron and his sons should be the ones to take care of the tabernacle. It was their work to kill the animals and offer the sacrifices each day, just as God had instructed. Aaron was the highpriest, and his sons were to be priests and help him.

Aaron's two oldest sons, Nadab and Abihu, did something one day that God had strictly told them not to do. When the first sacrifice was offered at the tabernacle, God sent fire down from heaven to light it. He had then told Aaron and his sons that it was holy fire, and they were never to let it go out, or use any other fire at the altar. They were to light the lampstand in the holy place with it, and each time take some of this fire to light the large brazen altar in the outer courtyard. But Nadab and Abihu did not bother to take the fire from the holy place as God commanded. Instead one day they used other fire to kindle the sacrifice. Instantly there was a blinding flash which struck them down, and they both died.

Moses commanded some men to carry them out and bury them outside the camp right away. Moses said to Aaron, "This is what God said would happen. He said he would show that those who come before Him must be holy."

Aaron said nothing.

Then Moses said to Aaron and his two younger sons, "Don't mourn at their death or express sorrow. If you do, you will bring death upon yourselves also."

It is hard to understand why Nadab and Abihu were not more careful to obey God's commandments. Maybe they thought it wasn't so important. Some people think there may be another reason why Aaron's sons did what they did. They may have been drinking, and not have been completely sober. The reason for believing this is because the first thing God said to Aaron after the two were struck dead was to warn him against strong drink. God said, "When you or your sons enter the tabernacle, you are forbidden to drink any wine or strong drink. This is a rule that lasts for you and your children into all generations. If you disobey it, you will die. For you must be sober so that you can tell the difference between what is holy and what isn't."

The Israelites stayed at Sinai for a while after that. Finally the time came for them to move onward in their journey to the promised land. The cloud which had hung over the tabernacle lifted and the people got ready to go.

For three days they journeyed over the desert. Then the

people began to be dissatisfied again and started to complain. The Lord was angry with them and sent a fire that burned up the outskirts of the camp. Frightened, the people cried out to Moses. Moses prayed to God and the fire died out. They named the place Taberah, which means "burning."

God was leading his people in a wonderful way through the desert, with great patience and many miracles and signs and wonders. Each morning He sent a fresh supply of manna as food for the thousands and thousands of people. But soon they were discontented once more. This time they were complaining because they didn't have meat.

"If we only had meat," they cried. "Oh, if we only had meat. Why, back in Egypt we had all the fish we wanted for nothing, with a lot of other good food -- cucumbers, melons, leeks, onions, and garlic. But out here in the desert we're just plain starving. All we ever see is this old manna."

There was a great sound of loud weeping throughout the entire camp. It seemed that everybody was feeling sorry for themselves when they should have been so thankful for the wonderful way God was taking care of them. Manna was a perfect food, it gave them all the strength and nourishment they needed, and it was not at all true that they were starving.

Moses heard the people weeping and complaining as they sat at their tent doors and cried like spoiled children. Moses knew the Lord would be angered again by the unreasonable actions of the people. Moses, who usually was so meek and patient, now became very upset.

"Oh, Lord, why do you treat me so badly," Moses asked God. "What did you have against me that you loaded me down with all these people? Am I their father that I'm expected to carry them like babies to the promised land? Where can I possibly get meat to give to all these people? They keep demanding 'Give us meat, give us meat.' If this is going to go on much longer, than please do me the favor of killing me, so I won't need to face this complaining any longer."

God felt so sorry for Moses. He saw that he did indeed have too much of a load to carry, for the people were so hard to please, and so quick to complain. God said to Moses, "Call together seventy elders, and bring them to the tabernacle. I will take some of the spirit that is on you and will put it on them, so they can help you carry the heavy load. I will no longer ask you to carry it alone."

Moses called the elders and had them stand around the tabernacle. God came down and talked with them there. He took some of the spirit that was on Moses and put it on the elders. At once they began to prophesy, speaking about God's power and works. Now it happened that for some reason, two of the seventy elders, Eldad and Medad, were not at the tabernacle. They were still in the camp. But God's spirit came on them also, and they too began to prophesy, speaking about heavenly things just as the elders at the tabernacle were doing.

A young man heard them speaking like this and knew it was something unusual. He ran to the tabernacle to tell Moses. "Eldad and Medad are prophesying in the camp!"

When Joshua, who was with Moses as his helper, heard this, he said to Moses, "Moses, my lord, stop them."

But Moses said, "You don't need to be jealous for my part. I would just be glad if all of God's people were prophets. I wish God would put his spirit on them all."

"Tell the people to get ready, for tomorrow they're going to get meat," God said to Moses. "I heard them wishing for meat, crying and saying, 'Oh, how well off we were in Egypt! Tell them, Therefore I will give you meat, and you will eat it, not for one day, for two days, or five, or ten, or twenty days, but for a whole month -- until it comes out of your noses and you hate the sight of it. For you have despised God by wailing, 'Why did we ever leave Egypt?'"

But Moses could hardly believe it was possible to find so much meat. He said, "These people include six hundred thousand soldiers, yet you say, 'I will give them meat to eat for a whole month.' Can enough sheep and cattle ever be butchered for them? Or if all the fish in the ocean were caught, would it be enough?"

The Lord answered, "Do you think this is too hard for me? You will see whether or not it is."

God caused a strong wind to blow, which brought a great mass of quail into the camp. Quails were fluttering around all over, and the Israelites rushed out and started catching them as fast as they could. How the greedy people grabbed them up, and still they were fluttering everywhere. All that day the people gathered in quail. They didn't stop at evening. They worked all night and until evening the next day before they finally stopped. Those who had caught the least had seventy-five bushels of quail, and the others had much more than this. They spread the quail out in the sun to dry the meat so it wouldn't spoil.

At last they had enough meat to satisfy them. But even while the meat was still in their teeth, God's anger rose up against the people. He sent a dreadful sickness among them and thousands of them died. So many greedy people died and were buried there that the place came to be known as Kibroth-hataavah, which means "Graves of greed."

- E. S.



A Housewife's Thoughts

So much to do, and yet so short the day'
Scarce time to rest, or even read and pray
And yet I long to rest my weary feet—
To grow some flowers and smell their perfume sweet.
To write a poem with which to praise our King—
To visit ill and aged and help to sing.
But dishes should be cleaned and floors be scrubbed,
Clothes mended too, and ironed, after being tubbed.

So time flies by, my longings lie undone
Yet God sends hope and courage, one by one;
"My child, just now this is your work—your power.
This is your calling, this your golden hour.
The pure face of each child—what sweeter flower than this?
Upturned to you so trustingly, to love and kiss?
Implant into each heart, true faith and love—
Such flowers will bloom anew in heaven above.
And like a lovely poem of rhythm and align.
Their lives thus well begun, be true and fine.

Sing your songs at home, and they who hear,
In turn will also praise their Lord, forever dear.
See to your household well, to your companion too—
He looks to you for courage and trusts you to be true.
So soon the nest is empty—the fledglings will have flown.
With time to spare to grow those flowers—or write a poem,
To visit sick and aged and sing your song.
Or help a weary traveler, whose way was wrong.

For first, you too must learn to be a godly wife;
This is the way to heaven and to a fuller life.
A life without a cross is never quite complete.
And taking it on willingly but makes the journey sweet."
Then Lord, forgive my wayward heart,
And foolish wishes, too—
One step at a time, I see it now,
Leads upward—and to you.

-Katie (King) Byler

We often hear the expression, "What will they think of next?" I guess the answer to this question, at this time, would be — an automatic babysitter. It was exhibited at Hamburg, West Germany. When the baby becomes rest-

less an electronic alarm switches on an electric motor which in turn starts gently rocking the cradle. At the same time, the controls switch on a nightlight and turn on a recorded lullaby. After three minutes the apparatus turns itself off automatically. This is something different from the cradle we used to have. We had to crank it and then it automatically rocked back and forth. Its music was a "squeak-squeak" which probably helped to lull the baby to sleep.

FAMILY GIFTS TOO BIG TO WRAP UP

All year long we mothers receive gifts or blessings that can't be wrapped up. I decided to put down a few of mine on black and white. Perhaps thinking of what we already have will lessen the desire for wrapped up gifts we don't have.

— Overhearing the children playing and another playmate saying, "You're not nice!" to which mine replied, "Mommie and Daddy think we are!"

— The time the twins thanked me three times for a 29¢ coloring book.

— When the two-year-old threw up at night and Daddy got up and helped me clean the mess.

— When the five-year-old wiped dishes for the third time in a day and said, "Mommie, we really have a happy family, work together and love each other."

— When the strawberry crop was a failure and we had to spend \$20.00 to buy some but the tomatoes did exceptionally well and we sold \$20.00 worth.

— The surprise I had when I came home in the evening and found a new floor in the kitchen.

— For the privilege of being with and working with others and seeing their desire to serve God and do what is right.

— For the God-given air we breathe, strength for each new day, and a mind and body able to do the tedious little tasks which are ever present, unnoticed if done but very obvious if left undone.

- Mrs. D.S., Wisconsin

"Four Year Olds"

Their eyes are bright, their ears are keen
They will recite what's heard or seen.
And since they share what time unfolds
Grown ups beware of four year olds.

Too young for tact are children small
Your every act they'll tell to all
With voices strong to friends about
If you've done wrong, they'll blurt it out.

They haven't learned what they should hide
They're not concerned with shame or pride
But this is true they can't keep still
Reflections be, those youngsters will.

Back in the old days young couples waited till they saved a nest egg before they married. Of course, as I recollect, a poor man could never have gained a spouse if he had waited. Nowadays people buy everything on credit. We might have better Christians though if newly-weds used

soap boxes instead of unpaid-for-furniture. A hard bed with peace of mind is better than overstuffed cushions and unpaid bills.
- Selected

I just read "No Decayed Teeth" in January '71 issue. Here is a recipe I would like to share with the readers. It is nutritious and asks for wheat germ, bone meal and molasses. I add some brewer's yeast if I have any on hand. We think the carrot cake recipe that was printed in Family Life is one of the best cakes we've ever had.

GINGER CREAMS

2/3 cup shortening	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup molasses	1/2 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon soda	2 teaspoon bone meal (powdered)
1 1/4 cups brown sugar	1 cup hot water
1/2 teaspoon salt	1 cup raisins, nuts if wanted
1 teaspoon ginger	5 1/2 cups flour or 4 1/2 cups flour and 1 cup wheat germ

-Mrs. M. G., Missouri

Quick Butterscotch Cookies

2 cups brown sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup shortening	1 tablespoon soda
2 eggs, well beaten	1 tablespoon cream-of-tartar
4 1/2 cups flour	

Cream sugar and shortening. Add well beaten eggs, flavoring, and dry ingredients. Shape 1 1/2 inches in diameter. Bake in moderate oven. Add nuts if desired.
-Ruby (14) and Marie (13) Schwartz, Berne, Indiana

Corn Meal Rolls

1/3 cup corn meal	2 cups milk
1/2 cup sugar	2 eggs, beaten
1 teaspoon salt	1 package yeast
1/2 cup melted shortening 1/4 cup lukewarm water	
4 cups flour	

Combine corn meal, sugar, salt, fat and milk in double boiler; cook until thick stirring often.
Cool to lukewarm; add eggs and yeast dissolved in water; beat well, let rise in greased bowl 2 hours. Add flour to form soft dough. Knead lightly, let rise in greased bowl 1 hour. Knead, roll out, cut with biscuit cutter. Brush with fat, crease, fold like Parkerhouse rolls. Place on oiled sheet, let rise 1 hour. Bake at 375° for 15 minutes. Yield 3 dozen.
This makes a very soft dough. The rolls may be made in different shapes. Use flour generously when handling and shaping them.
-Martha Farmwald, Nappanee, Indiana

Take of each vegetable according to family size—potatoes, carrots (cut small), and peas. Cook each separately till almost soft. Take a can of chicken, drain off liquid and make a thin gravy (not too thick). Cut chicken off the bone and pour potatoes, carrots, peas and cut up chicken into roaster or casserole and pour the seasoned gravy over the top of it. Mix slightly. Make a biscuit dough, and drop the dough on top of the mixture. Put into oven till biscuits are done. This makes a delicious meal.
- Mrs. E. H., Md.

THE TRAVELING SMILE

I smiled at my husband
As he hurried to the shop.
He smiled at a housewife
Who was shaking out a mop.
She smiled at a postman
As he trudged a weary pace.
He walked into the food store
And the grocer joined the race.
He smiled at a driver
Who smiled at a clerk
Who smiled at a salesman
Who was on his way to work,
Who went to the cabinet shop
On his happy, smiling way,
And smiled at the boss-man
Who raised my husband's pay!
That made my husband smile
And the outcome you can see.
He, when the day was over,
Brought my smile back to me!
- Selected by A. M., Iowa

Woman was created from the rib of man.
She was not made from his head to top him,
Nor out of his feet to be trampled upon.
But out of his side, to be next to him,
Under his arm, to be protected,
And near his heart, to be loved.
Sent in by Mrs. R. Y., Ohio

Some Mothers Write

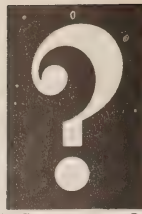
One nice spring morning we were going down the road and our son said, "Look, there's a pretty bird with a red flag!" It was a red-winged blackbird.
-Hochstetler, Indiana

Time sure flies when one is busy. I've had days when time crawled slowly, when I was younger and then, too, since I'm married. I wonder now, "Where are all those minutes of those long days and nights?" I'm well now and have children to care for. I know those long days were good for me. Hope I'll remember what they tried to teach me, and not to spend time on useless things, but to spend it wisely. Hope as I grow older to grow in wisdom to know what is the most important.
- A. S., Pa.

Thoughts from
My Rocking Chair



Experience is
the name every-
one gives to
his mistakes.



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

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Question:

Sometime ago I saw that an article about going for a meal when someone has a new baby. In this area it is customary to take a gift along for the baby and I think this too can be overdone. Sometimes a person gets so many little dresses or suits which are outgrown in such a short time. It all seems so useless. Must I wear clothing on my children I'd rather not have them wear just because it was a gift?

— Pennsylvania

??

IN-LAW TROUBLES

Living with in-laws involves many problems. There are many things which must be forgiven and forgotten. We must all be careful what we say and do—the young folks and the grandparents. I believe it is best for each to strive to strictly mind our own business. What is of no concern to us avoid. If they want to talk, be interested, but don't make a habit of asking questions. A word of advice is welcome sometimes. Too much can be very confusing. Neither should the young folks think they always know better than the parents.

There have been times when in-laws have stood up for their daughter (or vice versa) when small problems arose. By doing this they are standing broadly between a young husband and his wife. This breaks the sweet union which marriage should hold. This is sad indeed if the marriage would have been a happy one otherwise. In such a case I believe it were better for the parents to refrain from talking, and depend on prayer to straighten out things.

Sometimes problems pile up. These are the times when I would like to live way back in the mountains where nobody sees or cares what I'm doing.

There are times when we look forward to Sunday. We go to church to grasp something, a bit of comfort, a bit of help, something to think on and help us through the next week.

Maybe in-law trouble is the kind of chastisement God sees best for me. Here is a clipping which I like to read and reread: "The present circumstance which presses so hard against you is the best shaped tool in the Father's hand to chisel you for eternity. Trust Him then. Do not push away the instrument lest you lose its work."

Let us remember our in-laws' good points. Let us dwell on these and forget their mistakes. Here is a verse that has helped me over more than one mountain. Memorize it and say it over to yourself dozens of times a day. "If there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." (I wish to remain anonymous)

Having had the experience living with in-laws in the dawdy-house, I can now think of many ways I could have made life a little brighter for them.

We taught our children to always ask to go to Grand-

pa's. This way Grandpas seemed to appreciate them more. We didn't let them run over when Grandpas had visitors, for they were hard of hearing. There were many other days when they were glad to have the children come over.

We also tried not to speak against them so that the children would be bitter towards them.

When we went visiting and came home, we often went over and told them the happenings of the day. At times it wasn't much but they were glad for news being they were not able to go away. Grandpa was sickly but still glad to hear if the cows were fresh or about the little pigs. His eyes would brighten to hear that the road mare had another colt.

When they were no longer able to care for themselves I tried to be cheerful so they didn't feel they were a burden on us, even if my basket of ironing was undone and the mending pile about to tumble over.

I know that some day I, too, may be in the dawdy-house. I wanted to care for my in-laws as I hope some day to be cared for—if necessity arises.

The ones that don't live at home at times talk about the faults of those living with the grandparents. (We were not faultless.) This puts evil thoughts into the parents' minds and can cause a lot of trouble. We have experienced this and our path has not always been rosy.

-One who knows

The article on living with the in-laws greatly interested me, as my husband had almost made me believe as if I was the only one who complained about this issue. He seems to think I'm at an advantage as we each have our separate homes, only a very short distance from each other, but it was not the way I had wanted it to be.

My husband's parents are faultless when it comes to borrowing any articles as I'm always sure of having it returned. Yet the longing is there to be alone as a family as there is no privacy in lawn or garden, except in the house.

Also I had always looked forward to working together on the farm, but my husband and his father do all this and I'm not needed. This has hurt deeply and made me despondent at times. Our children are growing up and what a pleasure it would be to work together as a family.

Perhaps we should hear from the husbands of the daughter-in-law.

-Another daughter-in-law

I think it does anyone good to know they are not alone with these problems. The longing to live in the bush where no one would be critically watching you day after day hit home so hard. We've had twenty-five years of experience. Not with in-laws but with someone whose children had all left for more liberal churches with no desire for farming, or living with a step-mother.

No one but the Lord, who cares for us, knows what some women go through when raising a family with the feeling of that critical eye ever near. However, in these years I have come to the same conclusion time and again that with much prayer and His help we can only say, "God forgive them for they know not what they do."

-Longing for the bush

You're not alone but maybe sometime you will be as I. There are many others who live with Grandma, and I can say I've been thankful that the Lord gave me strength to endure it. I wouldn't take anything for pay for the

lessons it taught me. We had a large family and I also borrowed from her sometimes, and I believe I forgot to return just as often as she did, although it was never much.

Yes, I often wished I could be alone once, and the time came all too soon. Dodies are gone, and the family's gone on their own, and my partner's gone, so yes, I'm alone.

Now there are still things I don't like as well as there were then, so feel thankful you can do something for Grandma. What I done for others is the greatest enjoyment I ever had. The best advice I can give is to walk prayerfully and the Lord will help you.

"Happiness multiplies as we divide it with others."

-Once a daughter-in-law, now Grandma

I was a daughter-in-law living with both mother and father-in-law for quite a number of years, and I feel I have learned many a lesson. Some not so pleasant but many very good ones in my young married life. I feel the many blessings outnumbered the unpleasant things, I experienced while living with, and taking care of the in-laws.

If you feel you are mistreated or misused look up to a Higher Power, who can make all things right.

We now live in the dawdy-house ourselves and I feel we received many blessings to have our son and daughter-in-law living with us. We both feel we would be at a great loss, should they want to move somewhere else.

-Mrs. H. H., Indiana

Living with in-laws isn't the easiest, neither is it the hardest problem we have met. Several rules to remember. Don't pay attention what your in-laws do but watch yourselves that you don't offend them. Don't pay attention if they forget to return something they borrowed but ask yourself if you return everything you borrow. Above all, thank God you can live with your partner's parents.

— One who lives with his in-laws

No, you are not alone with having problems, but yours seems like a very small one. Do you love your in-laws? Little things like a postcard and a little sugar won't mean anything once you don't have them anymore. Then you'll remember their thoughtfulness and all the kind deeds they did for you. I found myself being more selfish with the in-laws than my own parents but that's not the way it should be. Love them the same for they are your husband's parents.

I am very thankful and glad for in-laws and neighbors for we often borrow a little sugar and can tops or the like.

-Mrs. Martin., Pennsylvania

I speak from experience, having lived with close relatives before my marriage. I know the many trials and heartaches my mother had. How well do I know how the home atmosphere can become strained and tense in such cases.

Yet, these relatives must have a home; when infirm they must be cared for. They need to be wanted, and dread being a burden to others. And how well for us when such a one is laid to rest, if there is no remorse gnawing at our conscience, — remembering our impatience at things we thought childish, when it was easier to snap at them rather than giving them a loving answer.

All who have opened their homes and hearts to a lonely

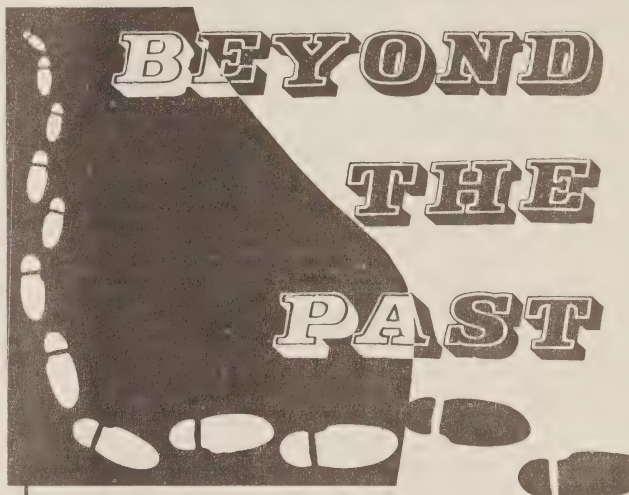
one will never be sorry if they try to treat them as they would be treated themselves. 'Tis true, it takes a great deal of patience and particularly if an elderly person is no longer mentally responsible.

It's so much better to try to pass off annoyances than to darkly brood over them. If there are things we can't forget, forgive or tolerate we must try in a nice way to come to an understanding with the concerned party.

We may think "I'd never be so bossy," and "I'd be glad to mind my own business," but little do we know how we will be, should we live to be old.

God will give us strength for each trial if we sincerely ask Him. What is done for the least, is done for Him.

-A Granddaughter



Reuben and Rosanna were a young married couple who longed for children. When, after eight years, they had none of their own, they began to think about adopting one. But there were so many questions that bothered them and demanded to be answered. Was it right for an unwed mother to give her child away? But even if it wasn't right, surely that didn't make it wrong for Reuben and Rosanna to give the poor little baby a home of love and care. Or did it?

This is a story that is warmly human and true-to-life, a story filled with the conflicting emotions we all meet with in a world where love is mixed with hate, joy is followed by sorrow, and where well-meant efforts are at times rewarded with misunderstanding and suffering. You will want to reach each chapter of this moving account of a boy's desperate search to find meaning in life, and to escape the haunting shadows of shame lurking in his past.

The first installment of this book-length continued story appeared in the February issue of YOUNG COMPANION.

We still have some copies of this issue, and will start your subscription with it as long as they last. But be sure and mention that you would like the February issue.

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YOUNG COMPANION

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A Shut-In Prays

Because, dear Lord, I may not go today
Out in the world of men; since their high-way
Is closed today to me, I come to Thee,
Thou who hast been so very good to me.
I pray for those I may not otherwise touch
From this, my house of pain, yet whom I much
Long to relieve of burdens, weight of care,
For these today I lift a shut-in's prayer!

Because, dear Lord, their way is rough and steep,
And some are sore perplexed, and some do weep,
I come to ask that Thou wilt show the way
And give Thy rod and staff to be their stay.
Especially, dear Lord, for these I ask,
Who have no strength to meet their daily task;
And then for all the weary on the road,
Give them fresh courage, ease their weighted load!

As for myself, Lord, may I not complain
Though long the hours, and sometimes hard the pain.
For all my comforts may I thankful be
And for the living, constant thought of Thee.
Lord, use me here, Thy shut-in, let me be —
A link connecting human need and Thee,
Forgetting self in having, thus, a share
In meeting others' need by way of prayer.

— Ruth Winant Wheeler

...GIVE OF YOURSELF

An elderly grandmother once bemoaned her lot, "— they go their own way and don't tell me anything."

She was speaking of her son and his wife who lived in the large house beside her own— on the home farm. The grandmother was often alone and not well, and she was lonely. The daughter-in-law had a family. Her life was filled with so many things to be done. Little did she realize how she could have brightened the life of the old grandmother by occasionally relating the day's happenings. But the young mother thought grandmother lacked nothing. Was she not well provided for? Didn't they bring her groceries and other things from the store? Didn't they give her the necessary garden things? Didn't they see to it that she got to church whenever health permitted? Didn't they do her heavy work— wash her clothes, carry in coal, carry out ashes? Yes, grandmother was well cared for.

When there was something to be done, the daughter-

in-law would hurriedly do it then rush home to care for other pressing duties of her household. Because of this lack of thoughtfulness the old mother sadly sat reminiscing about the days of the past.

As it is with the grandmother so it is with the shut-ins. Friends can bring them many gifts. They can go and visit them— and leave again, without leaving their footprints imprinted upon the hearts.

When friends visit the shut-in it is but natural to ask, "Do you have any pain?"... "Can you sleep and eat well?"... "Do you get much company?"

This shows concern and it is kind of the visitor to take a personal interest in the one that isn't well. But the visit that means the most to the shut-in is when the visitor can give more of himself. If he can say something that will draw their minds away from their "little corner"— away from themselves. If he can do this, his visit will be worthwhile.

The little happenings of every day— bring that to the shut-in; the new spiritual thought may help strengthen the one indoors; or have you gone on a recent trip, share this with the ailing friend so he may feel he had gone with you; or even if you have just taken a walk in the woods, take the shut-in with you (in thought).

This is what the shut-in is in need of— someone to bring him refreshing thoughts to enlarge his small world. A visitor that can do this is like a fountain to the ailing's soul.

The grandmother, too, needed a part of another one's life to cheer her days. She needed the little happenings of others to bring her mind from the past to the present— to help her enjoy the life that is today.

The next time you go visit one that is indoors give of yourself. It will not cost you anything. And as you bless the life of another you bring blessings upon your own life also.

Never soldier in fierce conflict
Could a higher honor bring
Than the shut-in who's performing
Secret service for the King.

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions-----

In reading the answers about sinus sufferers, I was surprised no one mentioned vitamin C. Whenever I worked in dust such as haying or threshing till the next day I would have a sinus headache that lasted for 3 or 4 days. Now whenever I work in dust I take about 3 tablets at supper and 3 at bedtime. Then till the next morn I feel better again. I use tablets that are 300 mgs. of vitamin C.

— Enos Burkholder, Pennsylvania

"WILD HAIR" IN EYES

A friend of mine had what we call "wild hair" of the eye. Not knowing that she had this or that it was contagious, I used her washcloth and contacted the disease, too. It caused me enough misery that I didn't get much sleep for several nights. Pulling the infected hairs brought only temporary relief. The eye doctor said this is the wrong thing to do and it would only spread the disease. He instructed us to bathe our eyes with a boric acid solution. Mother also advised me to use Johnson's Baby Castile soap to wash my face. These two remedies cleared up my eyes and I've had no trouble since.

—M., Indiana

God gave unto each season

A rare charm all its own—

A glory that is unsurpassed

By works that man has done.

SPRING awakes the earth again—

Brings song into the trees,

Wild flowers in ev'ry crag, on hill

Sweet fragrance in the breeze.

SUMMER has its barefoot boys

Roaming the meadows green.

Then shade trees are a haven to

The man who sweats and gleans.



AUTUMN wears a crown of gold

And a dress of gorgeous hues;

It gathers in the harvest yields—

The busy farmer's dues.

WINTER brings a welcome rest

To the farmer and his beast;

The cellar's full, the barn o'erflows—

God gives us the increase.

-Sarah M. Weaver

THE LIFE OF A TREE



Several hundred years ago the people did not realize that trees have a circulation system somewhat like a human and that they also breathe in air. A certain botanist named Joseph Priestley conducted an experiment in 1772 which proved very baffling. He took two large glass jars. In one of them he put a flower plant and in the other one he put a mouse. He sealed both jars tightly so no air could get in or out, and yet they had light. After a few days both the mouse and the plant died. Next he took a mouse and a flower plant and sealed them both into the same jar. They both lived and remained healthy as long as the food and water lasted. He set out to find out the reason why the mouse and the plant could survive together but not separately.

Ordinarily when we speak of living things we think of people, or animals or birds. We know that these have complicated systems of living and breathing and taking in food. Trees and plants are usually considered as simple objects which come forth without any definite pattern. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

At this time of the year the maple sap is running. Most people realize that there must be some kind of miracle in the maple tree which

makes it possible to get a delicious syrup out of a common tree. The maple tree is exceptional only in the fact that it has more sap and the sap contains more sugar than the sap of other trees. It is hard to understand how or why a tree starts activities during the first days of spring while the ground is still frozen and covered with snow. There is something in the tree which makes the sap rise at a rapid rate during the daytime and sends it down again into the roots at night.

The trunk of a tree consists of three main parts, the heartwood in the center, the sapwood in the outer portions of the trunk, and the bark. The heartwood is dead and it serves only to make the tree strong and erect. This explains why a tree may be rotted out in the middle and still be healthy.

The sapwood is softer and here is where the sap passes up and down the trunk. When a maple tree is tapped, holes are bored into the sapwood. There is no use in boring a hole deeper into the heartwood for there is no sap in the middle of the tree.

The bark of the tree serves as a protection against insects and injury. It also keeps the tree from drying out. The inner part of the bark contains a circulation system and carries foods from the leaves to the different parts of the trees.

Between the bark and the sapwood is a soft layer called the cambium which is the growth part of the tree. During the summer this cambium layer expands and makes a new ring of sapwood. During the winter it is dormant, which causes the yearly rings which may be seen on the stump of a tree which has been cut.

Most people think the sap and the plant foods pass at random through the tree to where they are needed, but this is not true. Just as the human body has arteries, veins and capillaries, each one for its own purpose, so the tree has its special channels where each fluid passes through.

In the morning and during the daytime, sap passes from the roots of a tree upward. This sap carries the raw materials such as nitrates, phosphates, potash and other plant foods. This sap passes through the sapwood and into the branches and from there into the leaves where it is needed. At night or when the sun goes down the sap returns to the roots again the same way it came where it stays for another day.

The leaves are tiny food factories, each one breathes in air and manufactures food which is needed by the tree. The simple elements, the raw materials which are picked up from the soil, are combined with carbon dioxide from the air to make such complex substances as sugar, starch, proteins and fats.

Scientists have not yet been able to discover how the plant changes the raw materials into food for the plant and for animals and humans. They

know there must be chlorophyll, the green matter in the leaf and the sun must shine on the chlorophyll. Scientists have spent much time and energy trying to make the green chlorophyll but so far they have not been successful. Should they ever discover the secret, they may be able to make synthetic proteins, fats and starches in the same way plants do. But perhaps this secret, like the secret of life itself is beyond the grasp of mortal man.

Each leaf has tiny openings on the underside through which it takes in air. When the sun shines on the chlorophyll, the carbon dioxide mixes with the raw materials and sugars, proteins and fats are manufactured. The sugar is changed into starch and stored in the leaf. At night when there is no sunlight available the starch is changed into sugar and carried to different parts of the tree where it is needed. This plant food is not passed through the sapwood but goes through the system in the inner part of the bark.

This circulation system through the inner part of the bark is necessary for the life of the plant. This is the reason why a tree which has been girdled by rabbits dies. Girdling with an axe is also an effective way of killing a tree. Although the sap will flow upward through the trunk in the spring, and the leaves will come out, the needed plant food can not be passed to different parts of the tree as needed. The tree will die during the first summer.

When a tree is girdled by rabbits, the girdled area can be bridged with grafts to tide the tree over until the bark can grow back again.

When grafting is done, it is necessary that the inner bark from the graft comes in contact with the inner bark of the tree. Otherwise the foods can not pass on to the graft and it will die.

The sugars, starches, proteins and fats which are manufactured are stored until needed by the plant or used for animal or human food. Thus all life on earth is dependent on plants for food and plants are dependent on the sun in order to survive.

Not only do plants furnish food but they also play a very important part in the life of humans and animals in furnishing oxygen. In the manufacturing of food, the leaf produces more oxygen than is needed. This excess oxygen is thrown off into the air and each year an estimated 400 billion tons of oxygen are released. People breathe the air and use the oxygen and return carbon dioxide into the air. Plants must have carbon dioxide while humans and animals must have oxygen. This explains why the mouse and the plant could live together but could not live separately.

If the plant life on earth were ever diminished to the point that not enough oxygen were manufactured to supply the needs of humans and animals, the consequences could be disastrous.

Return Addresses:

In Canada—Family Life
Aylmer, Ontario

In U. S. A. —Family Life
LaGrange, Ind. 46761

FAMILY LIFE

APRIL 1971



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letters to the editors



HELP FOR THOSE WHO NEED IT

I enjoyed the story about helping those who need it (Feb. issue). We, ourselves, are now scarcely through those years of needing frequent hired help. I was not altogether aware of the fact which this mother stated, about some places where girls don't like to work. I think perhaps we were such a place.

We learned to trust and to thank God for the help we did get. Sometimes the helpers were not willing but they were ashamed to walk out on us when they saw how badly we needed help. For this kind of help it is much harder to show appreciation than for the girls that did their work wholeheartedly. An unwilling worker is so much like a machine, which is hard and cold.

I am glad that some people feel they have received a blessing by working at places where they would rather not. It seems as if dirty floors, smudgy windows, stacks of dishes, romping children, darkened walls, and heaps of unmended clothing have become a part of our household. I work almost full time on such jobs and I believe I will miss them greatly if ever they are gone.

- A Mother from Missouri.

The hired girl stories brought back a lot of memories to me as I, too worked out at quite a few places. I always liked the places best where there were little children. You could just tell which of the women had worked out before they were married and which hadn't. I think it is good for both girls and boys to work out some at different places so if they ever need help they will appreciate it more.

- S. W. Hartville, Ohio

Here's a word of encouragement to the hired girls. I was one for ten years. I always worked for Amish people and I have never regretted it. Sometimes I longed for a chance to do something great. But I didn't think of the verse which says, "verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matt. 26:40). What nobler task could we wish for?

I believe that what I learned among people who believe in taking care of what they have goes farther in dollars and cents than to be among people who strive to have everything up in style. You work harder for what you get and you are more likely to stick to it. The old saying is "Easy come, easy go."

- V.E.M., Kalona, Iowa.

PEOPLE CAN TELL

I read the article "C.O.s or Draft Dodgers" and found it quite touching. I hadn't thought of it that way before but how true it is. Now I have something to do as this same thing can arise for me and I believe people can tell whether I'm sincere or not. I had to think when I read the article as to what I have been doing since I am here at a hospital, and whether or not I am here as a true conscientious objector. It's something to try to live up to, not just for the sake of the C.O.s, but for my own sake in eternity also. I only hope that when my two years are up that I'll be able to look back without regrets.

- E.R.S., Denver, Colorado.

PREENING THEIR FEATHERS

About the story of Chee, the barn swallow, I wonder if we don't have a lot of people in our so-called plain churches that do a lot of "preening their feathers?" This would include such things as standing in front of a mirror to see how nice they can make themselves look.

- Susie Weaver, Hartville, Ohio.

MANY QUESTIONS UNANSWERED

I agree with you on the subject of "Life after Death" (Feb. issue). We have many Jehovah's Witnesses coming around with their false doctrine that the earth will be heaven sometime in the future. According to the Scriptures and the

Martyrs' Mirror it will be just the opposite. On page 407, article 32 we find that those whose names are not written in the Book of Life are written in the earth and this world will be deprived of all good gifts. The sun, moon and stars shall lose their brightness and all the light and glory shall be turned into darkness and the waters and streams shall be turned to burning pitch and sulfur.

However, your article still left many questions unanswered. Many people do not stop to consider what life is as long as they are young and healthy, and their life extends to the tip of the fingers and the end of their toes. But when death comes into our midst, we start asking questions.

Why is it that the body does not weigh an ounce less or more the minute life has left the body? Life does not take up any space. It is like an electric wire in that it is the same size and weight whether or not electricity is flowing through it.

Where is the soul located in the body, in the brain or in the heart? The Scriptures speak more about the heart being right with God. The question has also been asked, when does the soul leave the body? It is not always when the heart stops for doctors have started some hearts again.

Of course, I agree with you that the most important thing is that we are ready and prepared when the time comes.

- Amos B. Martin, Ephrata, Pennsylvania.

I found the article, "Life After Death" very interesting as it concerns us all. In Luke 15:4, Jesus starts a parable and again in verse 8. If the latter part of Luke 16 is not a parable then the story of the prodigal son is also likely to be a real happening.

The words came to my mind when Jesus said, "In that day ye shall ask me nothing for your joy shall be full." With this promise, I do not think we need to worry how it will be, because it is not yet revealed unto us. See Romans 8:18. What our concern is, is to come inside the door. Luke 13:24.

- John Gingrich, Drayton, Ontario.

The article on "Life after Death" is both touching and encouraging. Although some of the things that happen to people between death and the judgement have always been a bit doubtful, I found this article interesting and the writer explained it so clearly.

- A young Mother, New Holland, Pennsylvania.

There does seem to be some evidence in the Bible that hell may be in the middle of the earth, (see Numbers 16.) The recent earthquake in California reminded me of this account in Numbers. "Be ye therefore ready also, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not" (Luke 12:40).

- M. F., Pennsylvania

I read the article with interest and in the part "Do our loved ones know what we are doing?" You refer to Saul bringing back Samuel, or rather the witch doing it for Saul. I have often wondered about this incident for if God had left Saul, why would He permit Samuel to council him yet? Matthew Henry, in his commentary, pages 432 and 433 writes that as Saul disguised himself from the witch of Endor, so Satan disguised himself as Samuel. Satan discovered Saul, but Saul could not discover Satan. Such is the disadvantage we labour under in wrestling with the rulers of the darkness of this world. They know us, while we are too often ignorant of their wiles and devices. Saul complains to this spirit that God has departed from him. If this spirit had really been

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Samuel's, no doubt he would have told Saul to repent. But instead of this, it told him of his destruction thus driving him to despair and self-murder.

- Elvin Martin, Indiana.

You have been contradicting yourself, I think, when you infer that spiritualists and fortune-tellers can not really communicate with the dead and then later you say that Samuel was called up at Saul's request. Also that Moses and Elias appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration. Then you go on to say that there is a great gulf between the righteous and the wicked which they cannot cross. Therefore you think it is unlikely that they return to earth, which I also agree with you.

For my part, I do not believe that Samuel appeared unto Saul, but that Satan came in the pretense of Samuel. I also believe that the Holy Ghost came to Christ on the mount in the form of Moses and Elias for the sake of humanity.

There are other things, too, in the article which could be argued about but we do not want to do that. There are more important things than these which pertain to life after death in which we do not differ. However I would like to make mention that I do not believe that the followers of Satan will go to hell ahead of their leader.

- I. R. M., Elmira, Ontario.

Answer. The happening between Saul and Samuel is one that is hard to understand. If it really was Samuel that appeared to Saul, then we know it was by the power of God and not through the power of the witch of Endor for the Bible tells us she was surprised and afraid when she saw Samuel. We believe it was within God's power to bring back Samuel and also to bring back Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration. It would also have been within God's power to let the rich man in hell return to warn his brethren, but God did not choose to do so. Apparently the rich man did not have any power of his own to return, nor could any spiritualists or fortune-tellers have ever brought him back.

NURSING HOMES AT HOME

The article on nursing homes was of interest to me (Feb. issue). We have always been taught to take care of our own. We had two families right in our neighborhood who had both parents to care for, one for over ten years. I know they are glad now that they took care of them as they did. They are respected by others for taking care of their parents as they did.

- M. H. S., Dayton, Virginia

FROM A MENNONITE POINT OF VIEW

We enjoy **Family Life** although we are of the Mennonite faith. I, for myself think highly of the plain Amish people which live in our community but I also notice that some are drifting. When you see some of their young girls with tight dresses, flesh colored stockings and white sneakers, it makes you feel sad inside. When we see such things we know that someone is grieved, probably their parents, and surely the Lord.

We have a drifting away, too, among both our young and our older Mennonite people. I wonder if some of this comes through sending our children to the public schools? The Lord has given us these children to raise and what do we do? We send them out into the world to be educated, to high schools where they teach them what they want to. Is it a wonder our boys don't want hair cut and even last year's pants aren't too tight, and their voices are loud and vile. Some people feel it costs too much to send our children to our own schools. But what will it cost us if we lose our children? If only more parents and grandparents could see how much harm is being done. It should be our continual prayer that our children will not go lost.

Not long ago I was following a high school bus and it stopped to let off some pupils. Among them was a girl with a tight short skirt, flesh colored hose and hair hanging down. It never occurred to me that it was anyone I would know, but when I saw the familiar face, I knew I had someone else to pray for. Mothers, sometime we will have to give account for these things.

I also read with interest the article on the head covering in the February issue. It made me wonder how much, or how

little a girl should wear a covering. When you see 15 and 16-year-old girls in church with their hair hanging down their backs and no covering, it makes you wonder, don't they pray? Maybe if we would start younger to put coverings on our girls, these things would not be seen.

- A Mennonite Mother, New Holland, Pennsylvania.

REIST'S ACTIONS INEXCUSABLE

Concerning the article on shunning (Feb. issue) it is sad to see how such clear commandments are ignored by many Christians. Also how the Scriptures are misapplied to defend themselves. In the case of Hans Reist, the Dortrecht Confession was in effect for 61 years already which made his actions all the more inexcusable. What hurts now is when some people drift away from churches where the Dortrecht Confession is kept, to other churches where it isn't. Reist had drifted from the Bible truths as held by the Anabaptists and fortified himself with half-truths.

- P. B., Liverpool, Pennsylvania.

A NAME FOR THE BABY

Perhaps the reason you do not receive more comments on articles is because most people feel like we do, we enjoy the papers but do not expect to agree perfectly with everything in it.

When I heartily disagreed with "Naming The Baby," (Fireside Chats, Dec.) I was ashamed to write about it when I realized that I hadn't once expressed my appreciation for the exceptionally good articles (in my opinion) by that author. The truth is, I always look forward to "Fireside Chats," they are deep, thought-inspiring and challenging. But I thought the above named article did not measure up as it was shallow and a tiny bit bigoted. We have no right to idolize any human being or church.

I hope you receive just the right balance of praise and criticism to aid you in your work.

- Mrs. A. B., East Earl, Pennsylvania.

I was glad for the article about strange names, as I've relatives who give their children those nice sounding names, too. How will these children react to their names? Will they feel their parents didn't love them enough to give them a more respectable name? Will these names be suitable and fitting when the children are older?

We have at times been rebuked for some of our children's strange Bible names. But we would sooner give them one we liked rather than one we didn't like because we had to. My dad had a pet nickname for all of us, but no one used that name but him. We used to think he couldn't pronounce our real names. It gave us a glorious feeling when we would hear him use our real names.

- Indiana.

USING REAL NAMES

Anonymous names or changing names was something I could never understand. But then I began to realize it would be embarrassing to children to see their real names in a story in **Family Life**. It seems there are less true stories than used to be. "Old Faithful" in the February issue was a good one.

I have often wondered why the readers (including myself) don't send in more true happenings. First, I know my children wouldn't like their names printed in a paper read by so many. And to give other names does not seem altogether right to me, although I have no objections in others doing it. Maybe this would be better than so many made-up stories even if they do have a good lesson. We enjoy all three papers even if we do think that maybe **Family Life** isn't quite like it was at first. We enjoy "Yesterdays and Years" and hope you can find other communities to write about.

- Mrs. E. Y., Ontario

BAD MAN IN THE WOODS

You mentioned about the letter which was supposed to have been received by an Amish bishop from the government (January issue). One of our members got such a letter and he had copies made and brought them along to church. Our bishop was away at the time and one of the ministers read it off before the congregation.

Right away I thought of the Madsburg letter my wife had when we got married. So I up and told them what I thought of

it and I see your opinion is the same as mine. No one else said a word but later one brother came and gave me credit and said some of the others just snickered.

I also remember of my folks saying that a man went into the woods and grew fast to a stump and I think they believed it. They said it was a bad man and when we were naughty, they told us such stories to scare us into being good.

- Florida.

MORE BOOKWORMS NEEDED

I just wondered how many parents said, "Mary, Johnny, Katie, did you read the story about the bookworms in *Family Life*? (January issue). Then I thought, I wonder how many teachers have had pupils that they would have been only too glad if they had been bookworms? My teacher used to say she can always know who her bookworms are because they understand what they read better and also made better marks.

- M. Burkholder, Fleetwood, Pennsylvania.

Answer - The article was not intended to discourage reading, merely to discourage excessive reading.

HAY ON THE TABLE

I was a bit amused by your disappointment in not receiving comments on the articles. I know they require effort, but anything worthwhile always does. I once heard of a housewife who had to cook for a number of farm hands and she always did her job well, but she never received any notice or compliments. The result was that one day the men were greeted with some nice green hay piled on their plates at dinner time. She explained that since they never noticed what was on the menu anyhow, she had figured maybe they wouldn't notice the change for it was much less time-consuming and cheaper, too.

I hope the "cooks" at Pathway will keep on serving us what they have been.

- P. B., Liverpool, Pennsylvania

FORTY MILLERS ON THE DEE

I got wonderful results from my request for a copy of the poem "The Miller On The Dee." I received about 40 letters and nearly all of them contained the poem. Thanks to the many who went to the trouble to send it to me.

- Elam Reiff, Leola, Pennsylvania.

THE YELLOW CAT AGAIN

The yellow cat did it. Its expression was so sour. Some are really disappointed that such a big thing would appear on a supposedly plain paper. Maybe you are getting low in the barrel, as they say, so I have tried to fix up something for the *Family Life* cover.

- Mrs. L. S., Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania.

We were amused at the comments on the big yellow cat. We didn't think it looked exactly right either but not so with our one-year-old. She spotted the cat while someone was reading the inside and ever since she brightens up when she sees it. So truly, that issue had something for every member of the family!

The little ones were enthused to see another Sammy story and they were delighted at the outcome of it.

The older girls are disappointed that the "True and False" quizzes stopped. They liked to see how many they could catch me with. I appreciated the chance to do some explaining to them, even if I had to do some searching myself.

- Mrs. Allen A. Bontrager, Kokomo, Indiana.

DOESN'T LIKE THE FINE PRINT

I think it's almost impossible that another year has gone by and it's time to renew. I enjoy *Family Life*, all except the fine print for I must use a reading glass, as my eyes are bad. I have cataracts on my eyes and I have not decided whether I should operate or not as my age is 89½. As I am crippled with arthritis, I can't do much, only sit and make woolen rugs for a pastime and sell them.

- Mrs. Fanniel L. Stutzman, Oakland, Maryland.

Answer - We're sorry about the fine print in the last issue as we did not like it either. We hope you will like this one better.

WORLD WIDE WINDOW



PORNOGRAPHY BY MAIL

Several large companies are using the U.S. mails to send out obscene, filthy, and lewd sex literature. It comes in a plain wrapper and if the one who gets it wants to keep it, he must send in the money to the company.

Sometimes the literature and pictures are sent to children and if they even look through the nude pictures they may get a perverted impression and perhaps see things which they cannot forget for a long time even if they want to.

The U.S. postoffice has now made it possible for those who are opposed to such things, to not be bothered with receiving it. All you need to do is go to the postoffice and ask for a form to fill out so you will not get the pornography. If you fill out this form, your name will be put on a list in Washington, D.C. and you will not receive the dirty literature.

The postoffice reported that so far, only 6,000 people had filled out the forms and they are taking this as a sign that few people are opposed to such material.

We would urge each of our readers to do this at the earliest date possible so that you will not be bothered with the literature and also so the government will know that there are still people opposed to this kind of stuff. ■■

Where is Christ?

"Where is Christ?" I've heard it said.
What though He died, He is not dead.
He died on the cross of Calvary
That those who sinned could be set free.

But three days later He arose
And ascended to Heaven, every one knows.
Still you say He's in your heart
And that from Him you'll never part.

You say He's by you night and day;
He takes your hand and leads the way.
Through joy and sorrow, pain and woe
He will always with you go.

You say that Christ is everywhere
To comfort man when in despair,
And that He'd live my heart within
If I'd confess all worldly sin.

But, oh, my God, how great Thou art!
I fear I don't know where to start.
Forgive my all, dear Jesus Christ,
And come to live within my life.

Where is Christ? I'll have you know
He's in my heart, never to go.
He's by my side both day and night
And He helps me do what is right.

M. Z. Sauder (13), Narvon Pennsylvania

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

1 BAKED BREAD

It's surprising what a wife can do if she has a husband to encourage her and help her along. My husband was trying to get me to bake bread. I picked a day I felt no one would come and took a deep breath before I started. I even sent the children out of the kitchen so I could concentrate. My head was a whirl as I tried to remember pointers and advice I had picked up from other "bakers."

Suppertime came and the bread was ready for the table. My husband pretended to sharpen the knife before trying to cut into the loaf. Only thing in my favor was that it looked and smelled like bread. At least I didn't have to tell the family what it was supposed to be.

Just at that moment the barking of the dog announced that company was here. I felt trapped. The aroma of freshly baked bread was so heavy on the air that there was no use in trying to hide my experiment.

Soon my brother and his wife came walking in. "Oh, I didn't know you could bake bread," my sister-in-law exclaimed.

Just then my husband spoke up and said, "What, you didn't? Why, my wife can do anything!"

Then he cut off a slice with the bread knife and held it out to them and said, "Here, try some. It's really chewy!"

I wished he would quit his teasing. I told them I wasn't going to foot any doctor's bills and that if they couldn't chew it, they could lump it.

It was some time before I tried it again but now it's been seven years I have been baking bread. It's not as chewy as it

was at first, but I am still tempted to keep a boughten loaf on hand in case of company.

If it hadn't been for my husband's encouragement, I think he and the rest of the family would still be eating store-bought bread.

- M. E., Indiana.

WHERE IS MY HAMMER?

We have a large family and we try to teach our children not to blame others for things they didn't do. Blaming others who are innocent is an easy thing for children to do.

Then one day I couldn't find my very best hammer. I looked everywhere I could think of but I could not find it.

Months passed and still my hammer did not make its appearance. We often gather in the community to repair or put up buildings. The thought came to me that someone had stolen my hammer although I could not think of anyone who would do such a thing. But as time passed and the hammer did not show up, I was convinced that someone had stolen it.

Haymaking came and one side of the barn was almost full. I went into the haymow to spread the hay. There high on the beam lay my hammer - exactly where I had left it the year before while putting in hay. As the hay went down, the hammer could not be seen.

I, myself, learned a lesson - the lesson I had tried to teach my children not to blame others for things they didn't do.

- D. Y., Ohio.



This issue of FAMILY LIFE has only 36 pages. Because of the new kind of print we are using on part of the magazine, we have been able to reduce the number of pages and still furnish our readers with the same amount of material. Eventually we hope to use this type altogether.

If you find it unhandy to read, it's probably because it's unfamiliar. Once you get used to the new kind of type, we believe you will like it better than the old kind.

David Luthy, the editor of Yesterdays & Years and Children's Section of FAMILY LIFE has taken a new and very important step in family living. On March 18th he and Mary Stoll were united in marriage and they have now set up housekeeping.

Occasionally we get a book order for which we do not have the correct name and address. At present we have a number of parcels which were returned for one reason or another. If you send

in an order or a subscription and you do not hear from us in a reasonable length of time, say four weeks, then write and tell us about it. Also find out from your bank whether the check has been cashed or not.

If you live on a rural route and have a box number, please be sure to include it. Your postmaster does not have to deliver second class mail, such as books or magazines, if there is no box number included. Recently we had a number of magazines returned with instructions to include the box number on future mailings.

Our writers here at Pathway usually furnish more than half of the material for FAMILY LIFE. However, we are planning something special for the May issue. Due to the fact that we have received an unusual amount of contributions the last while, we expect to be using some of these and give our regular writers a chance to have a breathing spell.

NOTICE: In the future, anyone who has any comments to make on the German section, would you please make your comments either in German or in Pennsylvania Dutch. Thank You.

Was It On Friday?

According to the calendar, Good Friday or the day of the Crucifixion comes on April 9th, this year. But is the calendar correct? Anyone who brings up such a question might be considered sacrilegious (one who violates sacred things), and a trouble maker. But if we go to the Scriptures we have reason to believe that it happened on Wednesday.

Let us consider the following scriptures; Mark 8:31; "And he began to teach them that the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

Matthew 27:63, "Saying, Sir, We remember that the deceiver said, while he was yet alive after three days I will rise again."

Read also 1 Corinthians 15:4. From these Scrip-

tures we can see that Christ was in His tomb before His resurrection for three days and three nights.

Mary and Magdalene and others witnessed the tomb unsealed and the angel said, "He is risen, He is not here." This was on the first day of the week, which we call Sunday. According to these Scriptures, it would appear that the crucifixion took place on Wednesday. The three days would be Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Would it be wrong if we would observe the Crucifixion on Wednesday? In another sense of the word, it might be considered, the same as Christmas or Easter, that we should celebrate in the spirit and not with material things. Would it matter, then which day we observed? Christ said that they who worship Him should worship Him in Spirit and in Truth.

-Amos B. Martin, Ephrata, Pennsylvania

I HAVE NO CHILDREN

I am a young mother and our house rings with merry voices and childish laughter. However, I have no children. God has given us on loan, two precious souls to nurture and cherish for a period of time to fit them for the Kingdom.

If these were **MY** children, I would love them so much I could not bear to punish them. I would overlook their childish tantrums and if they should strike me while angry, I would smile indulgently. But because these children belong to the Lord, and I am His servant, I will punish them when necessary. Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and can His servants do less? Also, because His word warns that children should obey and respect their parents (Eph. 6:1) I will not permit a child to strike at me jokingly, much less in anger.

If these were **MY** children I would want to dress them up attractively to draw attention to the natural beauty which God has blessed them with. However, because these are God's children and His word refers often to the dress of immoral women, (Prov. 7:10). I will dress them modestly when they are small, so that as they reach the age of accountability, they will not be strangers to God's standard of dress. First of all I will hold forth this standard in my own life, (1 Tim. 2:9) because God has blessed me with hands to sew and I cannot blame my dress standard on others.

If these children belonged to **ME** I would want to send them to the best schools, have them read all the current best sellers, regardless of content, and in every way fit them to obtain good jobs and live a life of ease. But since these are God's children, and I have died to self, if the Lord tarries till they are of school age I will send them to a Christian Day school to help fit them for

eternity, and trust God to lead them when school years are past.

If these were **MY** children as they enter their teen years, I would provide them with all the "extras," a car, radio, T.V., and the latest fashionable clothes, so that they would be invited to the best places, date the most prominent people and in general "live it up" before settling down to earn a living. But since these are God's children, I will, with His help, admonish them and teach them by word and by example that God commands us to abstain from the unequal yoke. Also, together we will read and strive to obey Titus, chapter 2, for this is God's order for our life. At no time will I give the impression that the teen years are for foolishness and seeking pleasure, but rather for seeking God's will for our adult life. I will try to impress upon them that "What a man sows, that must he also reap."

If these were **MY** children and I followed my own selfish desires for their life I would share with them as much as possible in enjoying the worldly pleasures and in seeking after such. I would also spend with them an endless eternity in the torments of hell and I would be largely responsible as their mother for influencing them in that direction. After it is too late we would see that a life lived for self and things done for the glory of man have their reward in eternal suffering.

However, because these are God's children, and I have renounced self and seek to obey my husband as he obeys God, we, through the grace of God and the keeping power of our Lord Jesus Christ, will share the joys of Heaven throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity, to Him be all honor, praise, and glory.

— A Mother from Pennsylvania.

Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

Time To Settle Up

A half-dozen men stood leisurely in the shade at the north side of the barn. One was chewing at a toothpick, another had a long stem of hay dangling from his mouth. Several were just young men, the rest were older. They had gathered around Ben, who had a reputation in the community for always having an interesting story.

"Yeah," said Ben, "most people don't want to believe it, but it's a fact. There's more deer in Colorado than in any other state."

"Aaaaah, that's not true," several of the other men said in disbelief.

"Sure is," Ben insisted. "That's why I go out there hunting every fall. Some think Pennsylvania's so great, but I'd choose Colorado any day."

"Yes, but don't forget that not everybody's got plenty of money to go that far, the way you have," one of the men said good-naturedly.

"That's what I say," another put in. "The rest of us can't afford to travel all over the U.S."

Ben smiled to himself. "No," he said. "I don't travel that much. Colorado's still a long way from all over the U.S. Why, I hadn't realized how big the U.S. is myself until two years ago when our Johnny went out West. I tell you, it's a big country. He said he drove miles and miles. Had put on around fifteen thousand miles when he got back home."

The others whistled, impressed by the distance.

Ben shook his head. "No, I haven't been around so very far. Always thought I would enjoy seeing the West sometime, though. According to the pictures Johnny brought back to show us, there's really some sightseeing out there. But don't know if I'll ever make it out. I'm not as young as I used to be. Johnny, now, doesn't seem to mind the travelling a bit. He's been out there several times since. This fall he and another boy drove all the way out to California without stopping, except to eat a bite." Ben chuckled to himself. "I guess they stopped once for something besides eating. A cop stopped them for speeding."

"How fast were they going?"

Ben laughed again. "Around 95, I think. They claimed they averaged a little better than 80 miles an hour from the time they left here until they arrived out there. That's what you call making good time."

"Where's Johnny now and what's he doing?" one of the men asked.

"He's at home with us," Ben said. "He works at the Sash and Window Shop since December."

"He's still got his car, then?"

"Yes," said Ben. Then he added quickly, "But he knows we don't want him to have it. He talks of putting it away, too. I think he will. Johnny's not a bad boy at heart. You know. Boys will be boys. I believe he'll settle down one of these times."

As one of the men walked away from the group, he was thinking about those last words of Ben's. So Ben didn't think his Johnny was a bad boy at heart. What an unusual son, indeed. For the Bible says that all of us are "bad boys" at heart. It says that "the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth" (Gen. 8:21). Which are we going to believe — fond parents who claim their children aren't really "bad at heart," or God's Word which declares all outside the grace of God have hearts that are extremely bad — hearts

that are "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17:9)?

According to the Bible, then, we can only conclude that Ben was mistaken about the condition of his son's heart — seriously mistaken. Yet Ben has a lot of company, for he made a very common mistake. He felt that his son wasn't really too bad and that all he needed was to "settle down," and he would be all right. But Johnny needed something more drastic than just "settling down." He needed to do what everyone needs to do sometime or other, not just "settle down," but "settle up" with God. In plain words, Johnny needed to see his sinful condition, be truly sorry with a godly repentance, and come to God with tears and sighing so that God could give him a new heart. Then Johnny would be a different Johnny, for by God's grace he would be living a new life — not a patched-up, settled down one, but a regenerated and transformed life in Christ.

It's a dangerous thing to pressure someone into "settling down" without insisting that he also "settle up." For it is quite possible for a young person to decide, when he gets tired of being nagged by the church and parents, that okay, he'll conform. He may be ready to get married anyhow, and stay at home. So he agrees to drop his "wild life," whatever that may include in his particular community. And relatives and parents, looking only on the outside, draw a sigh of relief — too soon. For too often such a person has not really experienced an inner change. He has not really given himself up, surrendered and dedicated his life to God. What he does is not out of conviction. There is no depth to his spiritual life. He does not think to go aside for personal prayer. He does not cherish a tender conscience and a daily walk with God. The Bible doesn't interest him.

He is still living for self. He stays reasonably well within the bounds of the church rules, but his interests are elsewhere. His values are wrong. He gets more out of jokes and shady stories that he does out of a worthwhile conversation. If the hunting season gets shortened several days, it worries him more than that some unscriptural practice is creeping into the church.

As a "settled down" member, he may be more harm to the church than when he was "wild." For never having truly seen the sinfulness of his own life, he is helpless to see the seriousness of others living as he did. Since his own deeds never appeared so wrong, he now defends and makes excuses for others who live the same way. "Oh, they're just young once." "I didn't always do as I should've when I was young, either." "He'll settle down when he's older." "He comes from a good family, he'll turn out all right." "Boys will be boys."

Such "settled down" members bring up their children with the same reasoning as they applied to their own lives, that it isn't really all that bad to sow a little wild oats. There is always time to settle down later. Young people can't be expected to live like old.

Thus the sowing-wild-oats-and-settling-down-later pattern becomes expected of young people — it is almost a family tradition, and the parents may become more alarmed if their children don't follow it than if they do. But no matter how accepted such reasoning and behavior has become in some communities, it is unscriptural. It is a blight on the church. It is unfair to young people, who often find out to their sorrow that they must reap what they have sown. We need to awaken to the spiritual harm this type of reasoning has done, and will continue to do unless it is stopped.

The Bible demands a standard of holiness from all of us, young and old alike. "Let everyone that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity" (2 Tim. 2:19). Life is too short to waste any part of it in sin, let alone the best part of it — our young years, when our character is being molded and our habits formed.

Ben had made a bad mistake himself. He "settled down" but forgot to "settle up." That was why he didn't think his son Johnny was doing too bad, and why he wasn't really grieved at his sinful life. That is also why he even enjoyed telling stories about his son — how far he could drive, and how fast. Ben was quite satisfied with the hope that his son would "settle down" sometime, for that was all he himself had ever done, just "settled down" and not "settled up."

"Settling down" may sound well and good. But if it is not scriptural can we believe that God is satisfied with it? And if God is not satisfied with it can we dare to be? ■■

Name _____
Withheld _____

MOCKERY—

**No
Laughing
Matter**

I WAS VERY WELL pleased when Mother said I could go with my oldest sister to the grocery store, before returning home from school. The store was located in the same little village as our schoolhouse. But we seldom passed the store for the schoolhouse was standing on the border of the town toward home.

As we walked along the sidewalk with a group of girls we noticed that the larger school boys were standing in front of a house, instead of going on home. There was loud talk and laughter. As we neared them I saw a middle-aged woman on the porch. The boys were teasing her heartlessly. When she answered, it would bring forth more gusts of laughter.

We soon noticed that something was wrong. The woman was angry. She made quite a frightening picture for a first grader, with her disheveled hair, distorted face and shaking fist. "That's just old Flora," exclaimed one of the little girls from town. "She's crazy and the boys like to tease her."

I could see nothing funny about this. More and more children had gathered in front of the little home to see what Flora would do.

"Your cat isn't worth anything," taunted one of the boys as he took a few steps toward her porch.

The other boys laughed and threw in their few words. Flora screeched and screamed in her high-pitched voice. At last in desperation she flung out, "I'm going to get my butcher knife and I'll get you!"

As she went into the house the crowd of school children soon disappeared.

The town children went on their way as if nothing had happened, but I was shaking with fear inside. What would Flora do? Would she carry out her threat? Suppose she would come after us children. She was so much taller than we, she would soon overtake us.

My sister didn't show any sign of fear, so I didn't tell her of my inward feelings. Often after that day as we walked through the woodlot on our way home from school, fear would grip me. I would be afraid Flora would be sitting behind a stump or standing behind a tree with a knife in her hand.

Now as I think back I wonder how many had made her life miserable because of their cruelty in teasing and mocking. Even if she was retarded and had a terrible temper, this was no excuse for making her angry. But to the people

she was just Flora, and she provided a lot of fun for the neighborhood pranksters.

It was not long afterwards that we moved to another county — quite a distance away. We attended a large country schoolhouse and we were the only Amish. Children were not used to seeing anyone with long dresses, bonnets and "mundlin." Nevertheless, there was no mockery. They accepted us as we were.

Before we arrived the teachers had prepared the children to take us in. They explained to their pupils that children would be coming to school who were taught differently than they. Then they told how we would be dressed, too. They asked the boys and girls to play with us, the newcomers, and the children obeyed.

We appreciated their kindness but later an English boy named Harold attended who had had polio. Harold was tall and gangly, and everything but good-looking. His arm was held at an awkward position and from his thick lips saliva often dripped down.

He was in the fourth grade, and it wasn't long until he became the target of the unruly boys. He was often provoked. At times a group of boys would gang up on him and push him around the schoolroom. He was taller than they and would put up quite a struggle to defend himself.

Harold did not seem to have a happy life. I'm sure he wanted to be like others but this was denied him. Being different and partly crippled was a heavy load to bear in itself, but with the taunts and teasing it aggravated his burden so much more.

Again later in life I was in a town during the summer. Some children of school age were walking on the sidewalk. I saw a dwarf approaching — coming towards them. Again there was the abuse — because he was different.

I'm sure many of these children who were mocking others came from Christian homes. Maybe their parents didn't realize they mocked others. Too, maybe the children didn't receive the admonition at home as they should have. Maybe they weren't taught that the wages of mockery is heavy, and that the mockers (the scornful) are not merciful, and are without understanding. They seek after wisdom, but they find it not (Proverbs 14:6).

I knew one father who drilled into his children what a great sin mockery is. He warned them, "If I ever find out that any of you have mocked others, you will get a spanking no matter how big you are." Over and over he would

tell them how he hated mocking, and what the consequences would be should they do anything like that.

It was quite different with Elmer Schrock and their family. They didn't want their children to be classed as "mockers," but little realized that they themselves laid the groundwork for such deeds.

Elmer was a good farmer and a hard worker. He was honest and so was trusted as far as money deals went. But one day a kind friend was there helping Mrs. Schrock can chicken. Elmer plucked the feathers. While working they noticed that Elias Raber drove past in the hack. Elias was a heavy set man. "Dot geht da havva sock!" called out one of the children.

"Maem, da havva sock geht fabei," repeated one of the others.

Elmer Schrock and his wife laughed. "Hush," she said, "don't talk so loud or he will hear you."

The friend looked perplexed. The remark was not funny to her. "I didn't know they called Elias 'da havva sock,'" she said, wishing for an explanation.

"Oh, that was Elmer's dumb talk," explained the mother, showing her amusement. "He once said 'Elias is here with his big havva sock' and now the children call him that."

"Are you sure the children won't carry it to school and the nickname may stay?" the friend asked, feeling sorry for Elias who was very much innocent.

"Could be that they do, for they have all kinds of nicknames in school anyway," Elmer quickly excused himself. "And besides they just do it in fun." He lightly dismissed the subject.

The friend quietly continued in her work, but she was wondering how soon she would say or do something that would make her the object of the Schrocks' joking and laughing. Somehow she felt uneasy and was glad when it was time to go home.

Many a seed of mockery is sown into a child's heart by careless parents. When a child hears the parents telling and laughing about a man who is awkward — or about a man who doesn't speak plain or has some other infirmity that marks him as different, it belittles these persons in the child's eyes. The child will consider such talk as smart and in this way he learns to disrespect others — and his acts toward these people may be no less than cruel.

Jesus said, "He that despises you, despises me." So it is when we do good to others we do it as unto HIM. And when people mock others it can be the same as mocking Jesus (Prov. 17:5).

Again we read that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. If we sow the seed of mockery, we can expect nothing else but that a reaping day will come. Children may suffer some disability or imperfection because of mockery — suffering from their own, or for their parents' sin.

Like the boy who laughed at redheads; later when he married, several of his children had red hair.

One man made sport of a habit that his sister had. Later one of his own children acquired this habit.

Little Annie had polio. She walked with a limp. Mabel, another school girl, poked fun at her. Years later I learned that Mabel had a disease which caused her to walk very similar to Annie.

Incident after incident could be named in which people paid dearly for making fun of another's misfortune.

In schools or homes where mocking is prevalent, the people go to great extremes to try to avoid being laughed at.

An example was Jackie Byler. He was ashamed to wear April, 1971

a pair of shoes that his father bought for him. The family couldn't afford to have everything like many of the others, but the father was pleased that he could get these at such a bargain. It meant that his son would have good shoes for the winter.

But Jackie rebelled — because no one else wore shoes like this. "I won't wear those shoes!" he cried. "The other children will laugh at me."

"How do you know they'll laugh at you?" asked the grieving but sympathetic father.

"I know they will for they laughed at Simon because he had a patch on his pants, and they laughed at Maryann because she had to wear heavy black knit stockings. They laugh at anyone who is different." The boy brought his arm across his eyes and wiped the tears on his sleeve.

The father pondered a moment as he stroked his beard. He wasn't that easily persuaded. "If you are so concerned about not being laughed at, then you must be in the group that pokes fun at others."

The boy sobered down a little and peered up at his father. "N — no, I don't. It — it's the others," he stammered.

But his father was wise. He knew that those who make fun of others have a great fear of being laughed at. The father knew that people are quick to suspect, and see, in others the same sin that they themselves are guilty of. His son was not excused.

The Bible records much mockery and its punishments. None of the people who mocked Noah were able to enter into the ark. Their fate was the same as any of the other ungodly people.

Shem laughed at his father, Noah, not long after the flood. This brought a curse upon Shem's son.

And we don't read far in the Bible until we come to Ishmael, Abraham's son, and we learn that he was a mocker and because of this was driven from home — he and his mother.

Job felt the cruelty of the mockers, but in the end he, and not the mockers, received the blessings.

I'm sure the little children who called out to Elisha, "Go up, bald head! Go up, bald head!" did not mock him more than some children are known to mock others in our day. When Elisha was mocked two bears came out of the woods and tore forty-two of the children.

These were little children and maybe didn't know what a great sin they were committing. We can believe there were brothers and sisters in that group, and maybe several of one family were killed. Undoubtedly the parents were grieved, but the Bible does not record whether the parents repented of not having taught their children against mockery.

Today when children mock they may not have two bears coming out of the woods to punish them, but the Bible says a judgement awaits such (Proverbs 19:29). Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right (Proverbs 20:11).

The Bible tells of "der stolzenspott," and that is what it is. For people who mock count themselves so much better than the one they are deriding. If parents could look ahead and see the punishment that this sin brings with it a greater effort would be made to teach their children otherwise.

Jeff Yoder* and his wife believed strongly in the proverb about training a child in the way he should go. They tried their best to train their children to be staunch, true, and to love everybody. When the parents came into contact with a person that was different, they voiced their concern for him, and sought ways of bringing cheer into the person's life.

The "queer" Mrs. Wiggons who lived close by the Yoders

often met with this kindness. Jeff's wife would send their children to the Wiggons' home with something special to eat. "Ask Mrs. Wiggons if there's anything you can do for her," the mother would at times say as she sent the children to the old woman's home. "Tell her you can help her for an hour and a half, then you come home again."

We can believe Mrs. Wiggons often thanked God for having such good neighbors. While some of the other neighbors ridiculed the "queer" old lady and didn't want to have anything to do with her, the Yoder children learned to accept her and to be kind to her.

Parents can plant kindness into a child's heart by teaching him to consider the feelings of another. When they see a less fortunate child (retarded or handicapped), they can have their child give a small gift, or think of some way that their children can help the poor child along. In the same way they can teach them to help old people.

Children who learn to respect others, regardless of race or creed, will not be the school children who yell at trucks passing by. They will not be the children who make it hard for the school teacher.

A child should be taught that mockers are not true friends — nor good company. David the Psalmist wrote that people are blessed who do not sit "wo die spötter sitzen" (Psalms 1:1). And Jeremiah wrote that he doesn't sit in the assembly of the mockers (Jer. 15:17). ■■

The Promised Inheritance

A certain King promised his children a great inheritance if only they were obedient and kept his laws. The inheritance was so great that none of them could earn it, all they would need to do would be to keep his laws and receive the inheritance as a gift.

In the same land lived a wicked prince and when he learned of the inheritance the King promised his children, he became very jealous. Although he knew he could never get any of the inheritance, he decided to do everything in his power to keep these children from getting it. The only way the wicked prince would be able to do this would be to get the King's children to disobey the King's commands.

The King had warned his children of the curse which would come upon them if they disobeyed his laws. The King dwelt at a place where he could watch his children, yet they could not see him. Before he left, he blessed them and said they should be fruitful and multiply.

Now the wicked prince was very successful in causing the children to disobey the King. When the King saw that his children were disobedient he had great compassion on them and although he caused a curse to come upon them, he promised them a way by which all their descendants could have a part in the promised inheritance.

Again the wicked prince was successful in deceiving many of these descendants. This he did in a very cunning and crafty way. In the course of time the children's descendants grew great in number. At different times the King sent messengers to speak to His children, so they would know what he wanted them to do. At times the King himself spoke to his children. Those who were not deceived by the wicked prince looked eagerly forward to receiving their part of the promised inheritance.

The King promised his children that he would send his

Son to live and dwell among them and show them how to live so they could receive the promised inheritance. At the appointed time the Son came and lived among the children for awhile and then he returned again to the Father and they became as one.

By this time the descendants of the King's children were very great in number. Some obeyed the King's laws but others allowed themselves to be deceived by the wicked prince. Those who were deceived by the wicked prince became his servants and persuaded others to become his servants. This pleased the wicked prince very much.

Before the King's Son left the children, he told them that sometime he would return and then they should have the promised inheritance. He also told them what they should do during this time, and these things were all written down in a book.

The wicked prince knew all this and that he would not have much time to deceive the children of the King so he set about with much zeal in his work of deceiving the children. Working through his servants, he confused many into believing that they would have to earn their inheritance. The King was displeased with this and sent messengers telling his children they should live according to his laws as they were written down in the book.

But many of the children said they could not understand the laws in the book, but they believed that if they lived the way their fathers had, then all would be well.

Others of the wicked prince's servants said that if they would only forsake the ways of their fathers, then all would be well.

Still others said that since the inheritance was a gift, all they would need to do would be to say they believed it and then the inheritance would be theirs, no matter how they lived.

But again and again the King sent messengers saying that his children should keep his laws as he had given them in the book so that they could receive the inheritance he had promised them. He also said they should be watching and waiting for the return of his Son.

"Now learn a parable of the fig tree; When his branch is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, ye know that the summer is nigh. So likewise ye, when ye see all these things, know that it is near, even at the door" (Matt. 24:32-33).

- M. F., Pennsylvania



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FIRESIDE CHATS

JOSEPH STOLL

How Not To Tell Time

Let me tell you a little story.

Jonestown, Missouri was a little crossroads village. It was as sleepy all week as most towns are on Sunday morning. At the time of our story, there was a cluster of homes around a business district of two general stores, a drug store, a feed mill, a barber, and a restaurant.

At the edge of Jonestown Mr. Gil Henderson had worked himself up a business of building buggies. He employed fifteen men, and was the nearest thing to a factory that Jonestown could boast of. To add measure to his status as the town's foremost go-getter, Henderson had fixed up a steam whistle which he blew punctually at 12:00 o'clock noon every day of the year.

In those days there were only two radios in town (the buggy man had one of them) so everybody in Jonestown set his watch by Henderson's whistle. If he missed hearing it, there was a second choice -- the big clock in the town tower. Old Jeremiah Hodges would have it ticking right on schedule, give or take a minute or two. The council had bought the town's other radio especially for Jeremiah so Jonestown could have official time.

The old clock was almost a story in itself. Years earlier, the town's founder, Mr. J. P. Jones, had entertained high hopes for the future of the place, and being blessed with more money than most men, he donated a great clock. He figured it would stand for many years as a memorial to his name.

Jeremiah Hodges had been hired to take care of the clock.

Old Jeremiah was a retired brick-layer, and for many years he climbed the dusty steps each morning and wound the crank to make the clock run. But along about the time of our story, Jeremiah passed away.

The mantle fell on his younger brother Henry. Henry was quite deaf and beyond that, a bit simple, but everybody figured he was just the man to take Jeremiah's place. He was certainly capable of winding the big clock, oiling it, and resetting it when it got to going too fast or too slow.

But not long after Henry took over the management of the clock, the villagers ran into difficulties. Everything went fine as long as they stayed at home, but as sure as they set out for the big city and had an appointment to meet, they arrived twenty minutes or a half hour late.

Was Henry being careless? People began to wonder. The best way to check was to see what the town clock said when the whistle blew at Henderson's shop. They looked, but there was no problem. At the very moment the hands of the old clock pointed straight up, the throaty whistle echoed out through the village and out over the surrounding countryside.

There was nothing wrong with the clock! Henderson's whistle proved it. The only possible explanation was that the city people were mixed up in their time. City people couldn't be depended on anyway. Everybody in Jonestown knew that much...

So the old clock kept right on telling time. And things kept right on getting worse. As the weeks passed, they got much worse. What finally upset the Jonestowners was the April night the buggy shop workers started home in the dark. Their calendars said it was the thirteenth of the month, and their watches said it was five o'clock. Never in the history of Jonestown had the sun set in April before five o'clock.

As the story goes, the townspeople became alarmed. But it is to their credit that they never seriously thought it was the sun. The mayor and his councilmen called a meeting, convinced that something had gone terribly wrong with the

town's time.

The mayor was the chairman, and he began the investigation by questioning Henry about his clock-keeping habits. Had he been winding the clock regularly? Most certainly. Oiling it? Definitely. One by one, Henry answered the questions perfectly, and the people got more perplexed.

At last the mayor said, "Henry, you do reset the clock when it's off a couple of minutes, don't you? Seems I remember Jeremiah saying he had to tinker with it several times a week, to keep it running just right."

Henry scratched his bald head. "Yep," he said, "I know Jeremiah did that, but ever since I'm taking care of the clock, it's kept perfect time. I haven't had to reset it once."

"Amazing!" mused the mayor. "You sure you're hearing right when the radio...?"

"The radio?" Henry interrupted. "Nah, I thought you knew my ears can't make sense out of that jabber. But I can sure hear the shop whistle. So I've been setting the clock by that, same as I always have."

The mayor who happened to be Mr. Gil Henderson himself that year, got very red in the face. "But...but...didn't you know my radio's been broke down these three months, and I was setting my whistle by your clock!"

The town meeting broke up then, but not before a new man was appointed to care for the clock -- a man who could hear well enough to make out the official time when it was announced on the radio each morning.

The Grandchildren Clock

Now why should I be telling you about Jonestown, Missouri? I know you're getting curious. Well, I somehow find that story more than amusing; I like it mainly for its lesson. The way Henry Hodges and Mr. Henderson kept the town clock and the town whistle going is a lot like the way some churches are operated.

The people of Jonestown had a real mix-up with their clocks. In our age of confusion, it seems many churches are having their troubles too -- losing hold of the tested and tried values of the Bible, and grabbing after false philosophies.

We might say that God is the great Timegiver, in fact, the Timemaker. But just as the town clock in Jonestown got away from official time, so it is possible for church groups to get away from God's perfect will.

There are several ways of getting our time wrong, and it seems to me there could be different ways for churches to get confused about God's will, too.

Let's look at some of them.

The first common error is to start a clock running and let it go indefinitely without resetting. This is what Henry Hodges did with the old town clock. As far as he could tell, the clock was running each day just like it had the day before, so why should he change it?

No clock in the world is so accurate that it can be allowed to run on and on, year after year, without occasional resetting. And churches, being made of humans, are very much the same. Unless the members are aware that a church must be checked by the Bible from time to time, and reset when necessary, their course will be a downhill coasting, a drifting. It just won't keep on being the church it should be without being regulated.

There is a genuine problem of passing the Ideals from one generation to the next. It is not enough to set the forces in motion and expect the momentum to carry the church along. It is not enough to have good outward standards and figure that will take care of it.

Now there is nothing wrong with holding our godly ancestors in reverence; it would be sinful not to. We should

respect their faith highly, and seek to follow in their footsteps.

At the same time we must realize that they were human, too, just as we are human. We must realize that they weren't perfect. We must know that the Bible is given to us to read and study and learn from. We cannot get to heaven on an inherited faith. Our Christianity must become a personal experience.

Otherwise, our respect for the forefathers becomes a dangerous thing. It is dangerous because of their humanness, and doubly dangerous because of our humanness. --we are likely to misinterpret what they believed.

Even as a clock needs to be reset, so no church can continue generation after generation without some revising of its standards -- adding new points as they become necessary and dropping old ones that are no longer meaningful. The issues of the day must be judged in the light of new problems and pressures. In this way church discipline doesn't become a stagnant, hand-me-down system so unbending that truth suffers.

We can well be cautious of change, but there is the opposite danger of holding on to a point after it has lost its value, or of letting a custom through long use become a church tradition that has no meaning at all.

But the greatest danger of a copyist type of church is when error sneaks in, and is then carried forward in the name of faith. Sadly enough, there are churches that approve immoral practices, dirty habits, and unscriptural doctrine-- all mistakenly in the name of their forefathers, who without doubt would be shocked to tears to see what has happened.

Both churches and clocks can be started right, and end up being wrong.

Twentieth Century Time

There is another way a church can drift from God's will -- from right time. We might call this second common error, and it happens to be the opposite of the first one. It is a matter of losing confidence in the old ways and accepting every new thing as it comes along. In clock talk we might state it this way: They are people who have no use for the old Grandfather clocks that have been ticking for centuries, but go wild for sporty new wristwatches and handsome chime clocks, which add color to life and apparently still tell time!

The danger isn't hard to detect. The old handmade clocks are very well built, and the flashy new watches are often cheap products. Such people end up buying a whole series of watches and still do not have a time piece they can depend on.

When church members become ashamed of the faith their godly grandparents had and start looking for a more modern, more popular faith, they're on dangerous ground. And the matter is a lot more serious than a cheap watch that doesn't keep time.

Like a cheap watch, the streamlined churches of today have sparkle and glitter. There is a great lip service to God and many social activities in the name of Christ. Many Biblical principles, however, are argued away as nonessential -- such principles as the prayer covering, the holy kiss, non-conformity to the world, self-denial, stewardship, the unequal yoke with unbelievers--and so on and on.

All the proper words in praying, and a preaching that tickles the ears, yet a faith that lacks power! No crossbearing and no discipleship, no dedication to God or separation from the world, no real change of heart! Such is a church in name only, a clock where the hands go round without telling time.

Woe unto you, ye compromisers and liberal-minded, it were better if ye had never known the truth.

What Time Does Your Clock Say?

A third common error in clockkeeping and churchkeeping, it seems, is to value human opinion more highly than it should be valued. Mr. Henderson did this when he blew his whistle by Henry's clock, and Henry made the same mistake by setting his clock with Henderson's whistle.

In some churches it works something like this: Church A has a controversy about practicing the holy kiss as a greeting between brethren. Most of the members admit this is a Biblical command that has been lost somewhere along the line. But they are afraid to do something about it because

the neighboring district are not in favor. The matter is decided pretty well on what people will think, rather than on whether the practice is right or wrong.

Strangely enough, it is also human nature for a group to think they're right because someone else is wrong! Church B is a plain church that has many fine virtues, and yet has some bad faults. Church C is a more liberal group that has lost many of the virtues held by Church B but has corrected some of the faults. Church B feels smug and satisfied, knowing it doesn't have the worldliness so evident among Church C's members. Church C, meanwhile, looks at Church B and sees only the faults, then consoles itself that God is quite pleased they are free of such things.

The comparing game is a bad one. The apostle Paul warned against it in his day. "...but they measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise."

Not all the comparing is done between churches. Christians live in a society of non-Christians, and the standards of the world can easily have an eroding effect on the standards of the churches. The influence becomes very strong when church members begin to cast their eyes abroad, and covet the praise the approval of the world.

As an example of what happens, consider the length of women's dresses. Just about everyone agrees that long, loose-fitting dresses are more modest than short tight ones are, yet strangely enough, even among the plain churches there is a tendency for dresses to get shorter and shorter if for any length of time the world has short dresses.

And also strange, those people who adopt the shorter dresses don't seem to realize what is happening, simply because they are comparing themselves with the world instead of with the modest dress suggested by the Bible. Just recently a lady who was formerly Amish but is now with a liberal church, told my wife, "Oh, but I do think my dresses are long. Whenever I look at my neighbors, I am very self-conscious because I have dresses so much longer than they have." And yet her knees were only half covered.

This is the error of comparing, and I have caught myself being guilty of it right this moment! Actually, we have the short dress problem in many of our Amish churches right today. We've got to quit comparing ourselves with those who have still shorter dresses, and wake up to the fact that we are drifting too. If we don't, the years rolling by are likely to see the hemlines come up and up, trailing like a caboose behind the world.

God is the only Timemaker, and it just doesn't do to believe all that man's clocks say.

"I'll Take Sun Time..."

I remember a discussion some years ago. A young brother objected to the church having an Ordnung -- a set of standards enforced by discipline. This brother was not opposed to plain clothes or a separated life -- he was objecting to the church's right to define what was plain or modest or proper. Any such rulings he called manmade rules.

"I believe in the New Testament," he said, "and I agree with its teachings. That's all the standards a church has a right to set up."

I think this young man recognized a danger -- the danger of human error in pushing through rules that have no Scriptural reason for existing. Such rules would indeed be manmade rules.

But on the whole, I fear the young brother was badly mistaken.

The ministers and other members of the church to which he belonged also believed in the New Testament and wanted to follow its teachings. They, however, realized one thing the young man didn't. They realized that the Bible teaches many truths in the form of principles, rather than by specific examples.

The Bible doesn't say, "Thou shalt not make thyself a Christmas tree." It doesn't say, "Thou shalt not fill thy lungs with tobacco smoke," or "Thy wife shall not wear a miniskirt."

The Bible doesn't command such things in so many words. (If it had, our forefathers wouldn't have known what it was all about!) Naturally, the evils of our modern day aren't mentioned by name in the Bible, but the principles are there, and God expects us to apply these principles to our lives.

But why can't each individual in the church do this without

having a church rule to "make" him do it? Why, you ask? It's very simple. There are several reasons, but before we go into them, let's look at another story about time:

Back long ago, even longer than the Jonestown time trouble, a family by the name of Weaver moved onto a big farm. The three grown sons and the father were all anxious to get the farming organized--to be a busy and orderly family that got things done on schedule.

So, one of the first mornings Father assigned tasks to his sons, "Hans, you work in the vineyard today. Simon, you help me with the hay, and Peter, you see about the cattle."

Before he left, Hans called out, "What time will we have dinner?"

"Be home by noon," came the answer.

"Certainly, but how will each of us know when it's twelve o'clock?" asked Hans.

"That's easy," said Dad. "We all believe in sun time, don't we?"

"Yes."

"Then come home when the sun says twelve."

The Weaver sons went to work. At 11:30 Peter came home; at 12:00 o'clock Hans came hurrying in; but Dad and Simon didn't make it till 12:15.

Each one of the Weavers believed fully in sun time, yet there was a problem of interpretation.

It seems to me this is much the way it is in the church. Everyone believes in the Bible, but if the understanding of it is entirely left up to individual members, however sincere and honest they may be, there will be only confusion and a lack of unity. We might as well face it -- there are different stages of spiritual enlightenment among the members of a church. This may result from age or teaching or talent or from other reasons. One person may have had an unhappy experience with a certain temptation, so he considers that temptation a grave danger to the church. Another member will have escaped that danger, but experienced a different one.

Such experiences can strengthen a church immensely if they are pooled to form a group conscience -- the wisdom and convictions of the total group spelled out in a basic set of church standards. That is what an Ordnung is. Surely there is less likelihood of error when a group decides something than when an individual decides it.

Coming back to the Weaver family and their trouble with sun time, no doubt within a year or two some members of the family gained a fair mastery of measuring sun time, even with the eye. And here and there around the farm they set up posts so that when the shadow of one fell directly across the other, it was high noon. This knowledge and skill was put to good use and went a long way toward establishing order and discipline in the Weaver home.

Similarly, within the church it is necessary for brethren to counsel together, make use of the experience and wisdom of the older members (and of previous generations), study the Bible and then decide what the church's duty consists of. Somehow, the church must define a lot of things that are not clearly written in the Bible and interpret how the principles laid out in the Scriptures apply in our day.

It's a fine thing to know what time it is. That's why we have clocks. But as we have discovered, even clocks can't always be trusted. Timepieces can be wrong too, especially when men set their watches by one another's clocks, or let the clock keep its own time. The people of Jonestown learned this when their tower clock got two time zones behind.

The surest thing is sun time, yet here again there is a problem, for sun time is frequently difficult to read.

We have been trying to say that clocks and churches are alike, so let this be the closing thought:

"If a church wisely remembers to use the wisdom of men for what it is worth, yet not for more than it is worth, that church may achieve its goal of fulfilling God's will on earth."

-Guaimaca, Honduras

To look around is to be distressed.
To look within is to be depressed.
To look to God is to be blessed.

The Christian Home

There is no institution upon earth as pure, as simple, as satisfying as a Christian home. He who builds such a home builds well. Making for himself a shelter, a stronghold and a tower, against which all the tides of life may come and find his habitation impregnable.

A Christian home is a shelter for the home folks from the storms of life. When storm clouds rise, and the winds of adversity rage, he who has a Christian home turns his footsteps thither, enters in and is safe.

A Christian home is like a lighthouse tower from whose windows the beacons flash warning to the storm tossed sailors on the sea of life. Many a weary wanderer who has lost his way and hears the breakers roaring on before is guided safely past the rocks because of the lights that shine out from Christian homes. If by chance one of its own homefolks should wander away, the lights from the windows of home may help to guide the wanderer back again.

A Christian home is like a fortress to which its inmates run, and closing the gates defy the worst their enemies can do. The walls are firm and their weapons are strong so that evil and ungodliness must stay on the outside no matter how loudly they clamor to come in.

The Christian home is the foundation to freedom. Rob a nation of its christian homes, take away their influence and soon the nation returns to the carnage and strife of barbarians.

A Christian home is the happiest, most heavenly place on earth. It matters not if the house is a place or cottage; whether the home folks are learned or unlearned--race, color, nationality, are all the same. Christ enthroned, the home made Christian and the results are the same. He who builds a Christian home builds well.

-Selected

THE STRENGTH OF THE NATION IS NO STRONGER THAN THE HOMES, OF WHICH IT IS COMPOSED. WHEN THE FAMILIES ARE TORN DOWN, THE MORAL LIFE DECAYS. WHEN MORALS DECAY, THE STRENGTH OF THE NATION IS UNDERMINED.

FOR A GLIMPSE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED DURING THE PAST 100 YEARS, PLEASE TURN THE PAGE.

The American Family in the Past Century

By David Wagler

Some astounding facts have recently been published about the condition in which the average American family finds itself today. *Time* magazine, in an article entitled "The American Family, Future Uncertain," (December 28, 1970) quotes modern day researchers to bring out the fact that America's families are in trouble so deep as to threaten the future of the nation. The article points out some of the causes which led up to the present day predicament but does not offer any sensible solutions.

It is not my intention in this writing to try to solve the problems of the nation. The ills of society are far too complicated for us to offer a solution other than the Biblical message of the church to the world, "Repent and believe." The role and problems of the church are so different from those of the government or society at large that the two cannot be considered in the same category.

In the past, however, it seems God has allowed those nations to prosper which have based their laws and conduct on the Ten Commandments and the moral law of Moses. (Many civilizations have come and gone since these laws were given to the Israelites, but they have become as a moral code of ethics to the civilized nations of the world.)

When the Israelites came into Caanan, they were surrounded by heathen nations with grossly perverted moral practices. For instance, the Moabites had feast days for their gods on which the Moabite maidens prostituted themselves publicly. They believed this was necessary in order to insure continued fertility. But the prophet Amos declared that all who engage in such activities profane the name of the Lord (Amos 2:7).

As far back in history as we can go we find that those nations which have become obsessed with sensual pleasures and living in luxury did not long survive. We would do well to take a hard look at present conditions in America and the world to see how far today's civilizations have deteriorated.

Of course, it is true that the plain churches have had better success in keeping up the old fashioned family and community living. But since the society around us is crowding in on every side, we would do well to give close attention to the conditions which brought on the breakdown in morals around us so that we can better avoid the same pitfalls. There is little sense in congratulating ourselves on the fact that divorce is unknown among us so long as those on the borders of our churches are dabbling in the very things that have brought about the breakdown in the morals of the nation.

Let us take a peek into the last 100 years to see if we can discover some of the developments which have brought about such a change in the pattern of family living. Of course it is hard to say just how much or how little effect each new development had on the lives of the people. However, we are safe in assuming there were definite causes, and by this time many of the causes can be pretty well pinpointed.

1870-1900

A hundred years ago the average American family lived a quiet and simple life. More people lived on farms than in cities. Families were largely self-supporting. One or two trips to town every year were sufficient to get whatever

supplies were needed.

But things were beginning to change. Cities were growing by leaps and bounds. Between 1870 and 1900, Philadelphia jumped from half a million people to a million. Detroit went from 79,500 to 285,000 and Los Angeles from 5,700 to 102,000. The age of invention was beginning, bringing mass production and larger and more factories. Even farmers were buying and using machinery to do their work, which took away the jobs of many of the farm hands.

Iron had been used for centuries, but only during this period was steel developed. Since steel was stronger and much easier to handle, it was soon widely used for machinery, buildings, and bridges.

Transportation received a boost when the first major bridge was built in 1874 - the Eads Bridge across the Mississippi River. A few years later the Brooklyn Bridge was completed which was still bigger and was hailed as the major accomplishment of the century.

It was also during this period that the first trans-continental railroad was completed, reaching from New York City to San Francisco. As transportation became available, the country was changing from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation.

Theaters were just coming into existence but since there was nothing like a movie, the shows, (which were mostly comics) were acted out each time by performers.

One thing which had its beginning in this period and later mushroomed into major significance was the newspaper comic strip. Joseph Pulitzer was an outstanding newspaper man with an eye for the unusual. He had a special talent for getting and keeping subscribers. In 1883, he went to New York City and bought a newspaper which had only 15,000 subscribers and was losing \$40,000 a year. In his efforts to reach his goal of a million subscribers, he was one of the first newspapermen to use the tactics of screaming headlines and sensational stories, (not always true) to get publicity. In a Sunday edition in 1895, he featured a made-up story (complete with pictures) of a French explorer who was reported to have discovered a race of savages with well-developed tails. He hailed this as the missing link!

It was Pulitzer who in 1894 introduced the first page of comics ever carried in a newspaper. The first "funny pictures" were mostly jokes, and relatively harmless compared to what the business developed into later.

1900-1910

Nothing significant happened during the first ten years of the twentieth century to disrupt the life of the average American family. The McGuffey's Readers, commonly called the Golden Rule books were still in general use in the public schools. They contained many good solid stories implanting in the children the values of thrift, honesty, and virtue.

The equal rights movement for women had not yet begun at that time. Men were considered the head of the household and the head of things in general. Women were expected to fill their place in the home. They were not expected to be found alone on the streets, in some states an unescorted woman might by law be refused a meal in a restaurant or a

room in a hotel. They were not expected to drink or smoke. The court records of New York City show that in 1904 a woman was fined for smoking a cigarette in public.

The automobile had made its appearance but in 1900 there were only 8,000 of them in the country. All of them were awkward, frail, balky contraptions and one writer said they "shook and trembled and clattered, spat oil, fire, smoke, and smell." They were also so costly that only the very rich could afford them. They were considered strictly the rich man's toy and rich men flaunted them by driving through towns at reckless speeds of up to 10 miles an hour.

1910-1920

As the cities continued to grow, more and more people left the farm. By 1910 less than a third of the families were on the farm.

As the cities grew, so did the job opportunities and so did the working women. In 1870 there were only 2,000 working women in the United States. But by 1910, the number had grown to 7,500.

From biblical times it had always been considered that woman's place is in the household, taking care of the family. But suddenly women were demanding equal rights, not only to work but to vote, to drink, and to smoke.

One afternoon in May, 1910, an army of women paraded down Fifth Avenue in New York City with placards, demanding equal rights. Similar and larger parades were carried out in 1914 and 1915, which finally won them the right to vote in 1919.

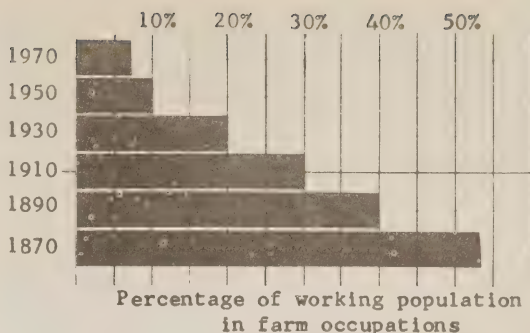
It was also during this period that women, much to the dismay of their elders, began to bob their hair and drive automobiles.

Dresses became shorter until they no longer covered the ankles. One clergyman lamented, "Never in history were the modes so abhorrently indecent as they are today."

MOVIES - In 1910, Hollywood was a quiet little country village, no different from any of the other little California towns. But on the other side of the continent events were taking place which would soon change the life of the town. Thomas Edison had invented the motion picture camera twenty years earlier and held a monopoly on the business. Edison's company was located in New York City, which was then the motion picture capital of the country.

Many smaller, independent companies tried to get into the business but they soon ran into a lot of trouble, including foul play. These smaller companies then flocked to California and started shooting their pictures in Hollywood. These strangers set up their cameras on street corners, blocked traffic, and scared young and old with their strange costumes and antics. The local residents called these strange people "movies" and wished they would go away. But they never did. Within a few years, the pictures they produced were called movies instead of the people.

At first the names of the actresses were kept secret for it was considered a shame to be engaged in such a business. But within a few years some of the actors and actresses were receiving fabulous salaries and their names were being used openly to draw crowds. By 1916 it was reported that some of the top stars were receiving seven times as much money in



a year as the president of the United States.

The motion picture business was growing so fast that by 1916 it was the fifth largest industry in the country. Two million people a day were spending from a nickel to a quarter to see the latest films.

What did these two million people learn from the pictures they saw?

The entertainment they got was mostly comics with a sprinkling of mystery, westerns and love stories. At that time the movies were silent for the talkies were not invented till later. Compared to the shows of today, the films of that period would no doubt be classed as very tame and uninteresting. If the average love story of today would have been shown at that time, very probably an angry public would have torn down the theater.

Although not as dangerous as it was later, the theater was spreading itself over the land and getting a tenacious grip on its followers. Millions of fans were worshipping the movie queens and trying to do as they do and think as they think. Whether they realized it or not, the multitudes were following the fashions of Hollywood and accepting its values as their own.

THE MODEL T FORD - In 1908, a vehicle appeared which within a few years would change the face of America - the Model T. Ford. Up to that time, all the automobiles on the market were clumsy, expensive, and impractical. But when Henry Ford's queer looking machine came out, it soon proved itself equal to the muddiest and roughest roads. It was sturdily constructed, yet so simple that any mechanic with a few tools could take it apart and see what needed fixing. If necessary, the Model T could also be used for doing such chores as pumping water, grinding feed, or plowing a field.

Henry Ford installed an assembly line in his factory, the first assembly line in the world. By 1914 he was turning out 800 cars a day and a few years later, 1,500. Because of this mass production, he was able to cut the selling price of the Model T from \$850 in 1908 to \$360 in 1916.

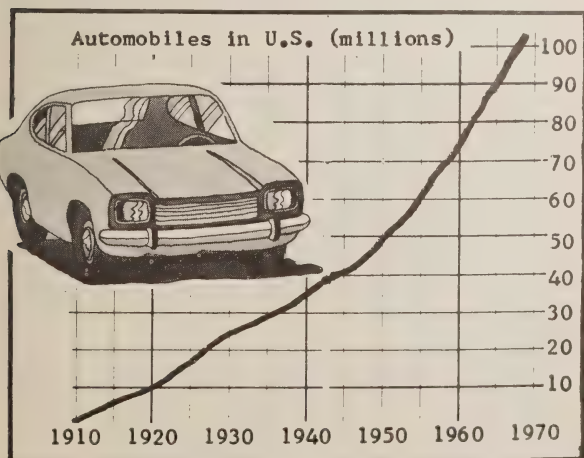
Ford was an idealist, he held high standards and believed in honesty and hard work. He believed that if alcohol, divorce, luxurious living, jazz music, modern dancing and big cities could all be eliminated, the world would be a lot better off. He was confident that by furnishing a better means of transportation, he was making an outstanding contribution to the welfare of the country. His line of thinking was that with a better means of transportation, more people would be satisfied on the farms and in small towns. We now know that his well-meant invention had the opposite effect. If he could have foreseen the influence which the automobile would have on the average family in the future, he might have burned his factory to the ground.

1920-1930

During this period the morals of the nation were undergoing a revolution. By some, it was classed as the "first youth rebellion." Although it was milder than the ones which followed later on, it did set the pattern.

Young people suddenly began questioning their parents' authority. The young set was hard-boiled, heavy drinking, and ready for adventure. The girls' skirts were shorter, they bobbed their hair, and wore such things as silk stockings and fake jewelry.

The colleges were at the center of the upheaval and the students, as a rule were arrogant, irreverent, and rebellious. More and more of the boys had their own automobiles and



they were using them for more than transportation. Following the pattern of the Hollywood stars, they tried to act romantic and defiant.

The writings of Sigmund Freud were now being taught in the colleges. If it was true, as Freud taught, that man was really only an animal, then what would be wrong with acting like an animal?

Dancing came to be a national pastime. College dances were wild affairs. The "cut-in" dance was a favorite in which twice as many men were invited as girls. The extra boys were expected to "cut-in" at regular intervals. The "nice girls" were frequently humiliated by having to dance all evening with the same man. But if a girl had a trim figure, could talk smoothly and relate a few off-color jokes, she was cut-in on frequently. Of course, such a system would encourage girls to dress and talk flippantly in public and behave accordingly.

A Baptist writer made the comment: "The present situation causes grave concern on the part of all who have the ideals at heart of purity and home life and the stability of the American civilization."

THE RADIO - Before 1920, the radio business consisted of a few amateurs and hobbyists who listened with earphones to barely audible crystal sets.

But with the invention of the vacuum tube in 1920, the radio was off to a real start. In that year, two million dollars worth of radios were sold. By 1929 the figure stood at 600 million.

The inventors of the radio believed that it would be an influence for good, a worthwhile public service. For the first several years, no advertising was allowed. It was feared that if the sponsors gained control of the programs, it might soon be a bad influence to the listeners. In 1922 a real estate company sponsored a program. It did not advertise any real estate but simply mentioned the fact that it had sponsored the program. Once the gate was opened, other companies jumped in. Soon many different companies were advertising their products, but the liquor and tobacco companies dominated the market.

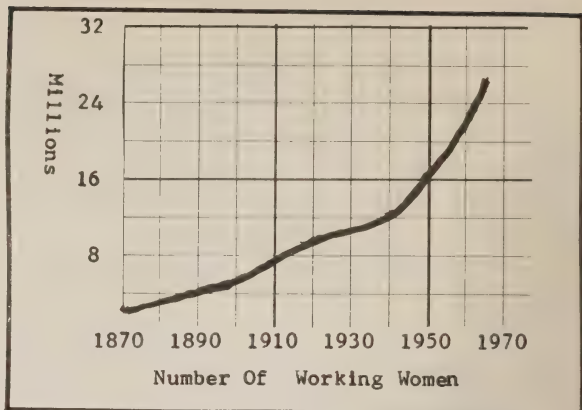
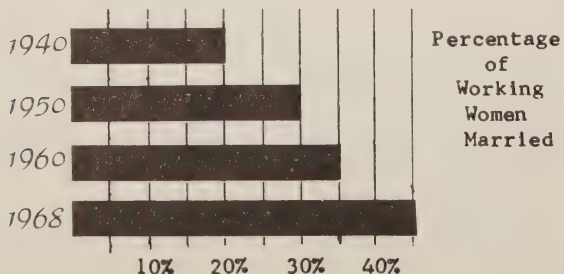
With the coming of radio, the thinking and moral values of a few people at the top were brought into the homes of the nation, into the living rooms, the dining rooms, the kitchens, an even into the barns. Previous to this time the ministers, the teachers, and the community leaders were responsible for molding the opinions of the masses. Suddenly the radio was taking over a small share of it, and like the camel in the tent, it was destined to take over a larger and larger share. This would be bound to have an influence for better or for worse on the family. Unfortunately, the way it turned out, it was not for the better.

MOVIES - The motion picture industry was increasing by leaps and bounds, and exerting more influence on the minds of millions of theater goers. The young people were imitating the capers of the stars in the Hollywood shows. More emphasis was put on sex and girls were watching and studying the sex appeals of such unscrupulous flirts as Theda Bara and Clara Bow. Men tried to imitate Rudolph Valentino.

The first films were silent, but in 1927 came the talkies with added drawing power. By 1930, 90 million people were going to the movies every week. What these people saw did not serve to increase the peace and contentment in the homes of the nation.

LIQUOR AND PROHIBITION - The increase in consumption of alcoholic beverages alarmed many people and when women began to drink it proved to be the last straw. So many people were demanding that something be done about it, that a vote on prohibition was taken. The eighteenth amendment was passed and came into effect in 1920.

But it became apparent that many who voted for



prohibition wanted other people to stop drinking but didn't want to stop themselves. Liquor was available from bootleggers to almost anyone who wanted it. A still was found on the Texas farm of Senator Morris Sheppard, author of the eighteenth amendment. It was turning out 130 gallons of "moonshine" a day.

The prohibition movement was intended as a noble experiment but it ended in confusion. Too many people had too little respect for the law and by the time it was over, they had still less.

THE COURTS - In 1924, a 14-year old boy, named Bobby Franks was murdered. Two millionaire's sons, Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb were arrested and confessed to the murder. They said they had killed the boy for the thrill of it. One of the murderers said, "It's no crime to use a human being in the interest of scientific research. It's no more than impaling a beetle on a pin."

Both of them would probably have been sentenced and executed had it not been for the work of Clarence Darrow, a "free thinker, agnostic, and social philosopher." He defended the two young men, basing his arguments on the writings of Sigmund Freud and tried to prove that the two men could not be held responsible for their actions. He succeeded in keeping them out of the electric chair. not on the basis that human life is sacred but that they were only doing what their college teachings had led them to do. The murderers got life imprisonment and Darrow got \$30,000 above his usual fees.

Later in the same year another noteworthy trial was held, this time in Dayton, Tennessee. The state had just passed a law forbidding anyone to teach evolution in any public school or college in the state of Tennessee. John T. Scopes, a high school professor was charged with violating this law. Scopes freely admitted that he had done so, therefore there was no justifiable reason for the hearing which followed.

William Jennings Bryan, who had three times run for the presidency of the United States was the prosecuting attorney. Bryan was a self-styled fundamentalist and a "defender of the faith." He attempted to prove to the court that the Bible account of the creation was correct. Unfortunately, what he did not realize was that creation, like the new birth, and other Christian fundamentals can not be proven to the satisfaction of atheists.

Clarence Darrow, the hero of the afore-mentioned murder trial was the chief defense lawyer. By putting an avalanche of cleverly worded questions to Bryan, Darrow was able to confuse him to the point that he contradicted himself openly.

Darrow was a follower of Darwin, the father of evolution, and he held the teachings of the Bible as a collection of ancient myths and stories. Before the court, he made fun of the Bible and held it in derision. The general opinion of the press was that Darrow had proven the story of creation to be false. He did untold damage as the general line of thinking was that if the creation story can not be believed, then how can anyone depend on the rest of the Bible.

The truth was that Darrow was a brilliant and clever lawyer who used whatever methods he could to win his point. Had he so desired, and especially with the information which is at hand today, he could have proven equally convincingly that the theory of evolution is false.

The Tennessee trial was broadcast over the radio and

given wide publicity in the press. Later on a movie was made of it. With the leading minds of the nation engaged in peddling this kind of teachings, is there any wonder that the young people of the times began to question the Bible and the hand of God in general? This critical attitude toward the Bible is common today, but fifty years ago it was just beginning to be heard.

Henry Menchen, one of the most prolific writers and widely read newspaper commentators of the times, was present at the Tennessee trial. He did much to hold up Darrow as a national hero. His type of thinking can perhaps be best explained by quoting some of the remarks he made. Talking about religious teachings for young people, he said, "Run a boy through a Presbyterian Sunday school and you will have to police him for the rest of his life, for once he slips, he is ready for anything."

Although we do not know much about Presbyterian Sunday schools, the years since Menchen made this statement have proven that the boy who gets no religious teaching at all can require a tremendous amount of policing.

By working through the courts and through the newspapers and over the radio, respectable men such as Darrow and Menchen were able to plant seeds of doubt into the minds of people, especially young people. It would take a generation for these seeds to sprout, grow up, and mature and bring forth their evil fruits. But like weeds, each generation would bring forth a larger crop and the end is not yet in sight.

1930-1940

The thirties are remembered as the hard times, the depression years. The average family was concerned first of all to have something to eat. As is usually the case, the lean years do not bring as much moral breakdown as the years of plenty. Of course the seeds which had been planted earlier were growing and each generation was going a step further.

The radio was having more and more influence on the lives of the common people. To show how taken in the public was by its radio heroes, it was said during this period every evening between 7:00 and 7:15 many streets were deserted, telephone usage was down to half, and thieves had an easy time of it. Where was everybody? In front of their radios listening to the jokes of Amos 'n Andy!

1940-1950

As the thirties were taken up in fighting hard times, so the next decade found the world engaged in another kind of life and death struggle. The second World War was being fought and because of the emphasis on sacrifice and the all-out war effort, there was less time for leisure and pleasure seeking. Also at that time, no one was sure as to which side was going to win. This would naturally have a tendency to make people more serious.

The decade of the forties had the highest marriage rate in history. Incidentally, the years from 1944 to 1947 also had the highest divorce rates in history when figured on a per thousand population basis. The effect of these war-time marriages would be felt more in the late fifties when there would be a larger number of grown children.

The forties spawned a new class of people known as "teenagers." Previous to this, children between the ages of puberty and maturity were considered young adults or adolescents. Suddenly, however, the name of "teenager" set them apart in a class of their own and gave them more respectability and authority than they ever had before. They began to dress alike, act alike, and think alike. Instead of taking the examples of elder people as their goals, they began to do what seemed right to themselves. Manufacturers began to turn out teenage clothing and fashion fads. Soon there were books on the market and columns in newspapers especially for teenagers. These might have served a useful purpose had they been based on sound moral values, which unfortunately was seldom the case.

A novelty which sky-rocketed into prominence during the forties was the juke-box. They were found at any restaurant and as many as five billion nickels a year were pushed down the slots to hear the records play. Unfortunately a small but perhaps significant part of these nickels was supplied by the youth of the plain people in order to learn new hill-billy or cowboy songs.

Perhaps the greatest radio idol of the forties was Frank Sinatra. He was a frail and innocent looking young man who had a voice that was able to work up the mobs of young girls

into a frenzy. As a result of his radio and movie appearances, and his records, his income leapt to more than a million dollars a year. The years since have proven that Sinatra's innocent looks were false for his morals were of the lowest kind.

During this period penicillin was discovered. Doctors soon found that the new drug worked miracles in curing venereal diseases. It was hailed as a major breakthrough but unfortunately too many people took it as a license to practice immorality.

1950-1960

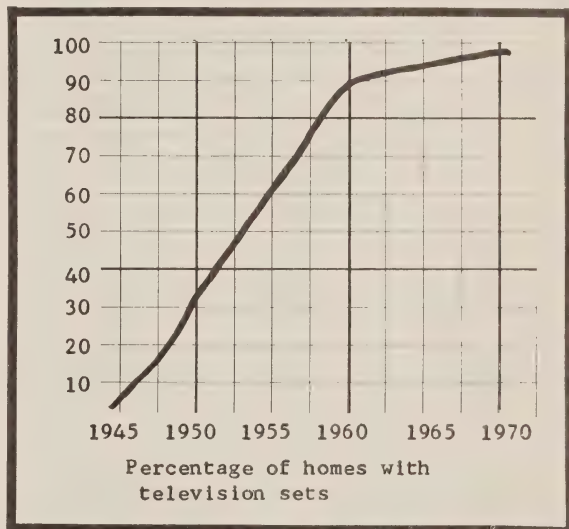
TELEVISION - Like a lull after a storm, the fifties brought a one-eyed monster into the living rooms of American homes which has refused to leave. Television was at first used chiefly for news and political activities, but quickly degenerated into a free-for-all entertainment machine where practically nothing is barred.

Fred Allen, a well-known news commentator once made the remark that television is the triumph of equipment over people and that the minds and the hearts of the people who control it are about the size of a flea!

Another commentator said that in television and radio "the real opiate of the people has been discovered." An opiate is something to dull, deaden or put someone to sleep.

And put them to sleep it did, both literally and figuratively. By 1959 the average American family was sitting before the one-eyed monster six hours a day seven days a week. It was a common practice to install one in the bedroom and watch it until they fell asleep.

It was said that television was the third most time con-



suming activity. The average family spent more time only at sleeping and working than at watching television.

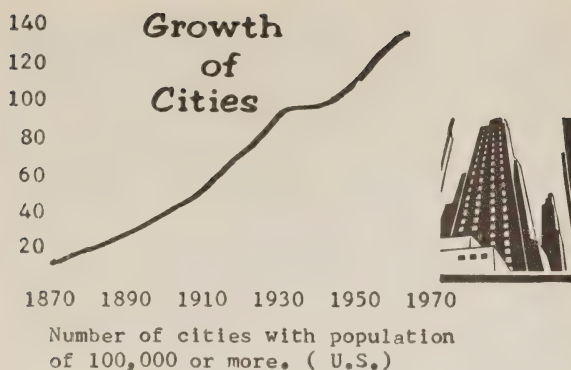
And what did they see during their forty-two hours a week? We will not go into detail here but suffice it to say that such a conglomeration of sex, comedy, mystery, violence and nonsense as were offered to the public could not but help having some effect on the morals of the nation.

FADS AND FASHIONS - As usual, fashions were changing both up and down. The sack and other single tube models of dresses came and went. Girls came out with poodle hair-dos and boys wore the ducktail.

One of the shocks of fashion came when pink, which had before this always been reserved for ladies wear, suddenly appeared in thousands of men's shirts, ties, and hat-bands. Since that time, homemade pink shirts have appeared among even the supposedly simple clothing of the plain people.

Liquor consumption rose sharply during the fifties. Cocktail parties came into style and the sale of gin rose from 6 million gallons in 1950 to 19 million in 1960. During the same period the sale of vodka rose from one-tenth million to 9 million and aspirin tablets increased from 12 million pounds to 18 million.

People began to do more reading and the demand for cheap paperbacks increased. Giant presses were set up



which turned out 12,000 copies an hour and these sold for as low as 25 cents each. By 1958 a total of 350 million books were sold a year.

Had these books been of value, the country might have benefitted. However since about 99 percent were pure trash, the harm can only be estimated.

In the medical field, doctors came out with "the pill" which was not a good influence as far as morality was concerned.

THE BEATNIKS The forerunners of the hippie movement was a group of West Coast Bohemians who called themselves "the beat generation" or for short, "beatniks." Most of them had beards but wore their hair short. The girls wore no lipstick but painted their eyebrows dark. They had their own dialect and used such words as "dig," "chick," "bug," "spade," and "bread" which meant money. They used marijuana which they called "pot" and both sexes lived in flats which they called "pads." Usually the apartment contained no more than a hotplate, a mattress, a few musical instruments, and some books. Many of the first beatniks were inclined to be mystics and believed in a Buddhist monk called Zen. A spokesman for the group said "we are not dangerous" and insisted, "We love everything, Billy Graham, the big Ten, Rock and Roll, apple pie, Zen, Eisenhower, we dig it all. We're at the head of a new religion."

From 1955 to 1960, the beatniks spread throughout the country. They showed up in different forms but finally were absorbed into various movements. Although not as widespread as the hippie movement, it did set a pattern for throwing off the yoke of restraint. The beatniks showed that they could do as they wanted to, and live as they pleased regardless of what anyone else thought. Their movement led the young people of the country another step away from the moral values as taught in the Bible.

ROCK AND ROLL - During the summer of 1956, a new singer appeared one evening on a national television show. His name was Elvis Presley, a 21-year-old truck driver from Memphis, Tennessee. The first strokes across his electric guitar brought out a bellowing sound, and with his voice he kept shouting his song. His body trembled as he went through a series of bumps, grinds, and shimmies which shocked most of his audience. At the end of the performance, Ed Sullivan, the manager of the show, pronounced him as "unfit for a family audience."

That would probably have been the end of Elvis Presley's singing career and he might have returned to his truck driving had it not been for one thing. Many families were watching Ed Sullivan's show that night and included in these families were many girls. They had been overwhelmed by the performance, they thought it was "out of this world" (which it no doubt was) and they demanded more.

Following his television appearance, Presley made a number of records, singing silly love songs. The first three sold over a million copies each.

This was the beginning of a new teen-age religion called Rock and Roll. Later that year, the same Ed Sullivan, when he saw that Presley was what the people wanted (even if according to his own words, he was not fit for a family audience) backed down and hired Presley to appear on his show for three nights at \$50,000 a night. But so repulsive were

Presley's obscene capers that Sullivan ordered his television cameras to get him "only from the waist up."

Apparently the cameras did not succeed in hiding everything for many complaints soon came in. A New York newspaper remarked that Presley had no business "acting like a sex maniac in public before millions of impressionable kids."

Regardless of what his antics were doing to the morals of a nation, Presley was soon wearing a \$10,000 gold thread suit and driving, instead of his truck, a fleet of Cadillacs. In a short time, a dozen or so other singers were trying to imitate Presley while the mobs of teen-agers drank in everything they could get hold of.

THE MOVIES - With the coming of television, the movies began a fight for survival. If people could see a show at home in their own living room, there was little point in going to spend money at a theater. During this period a number of movie magazines made their appearance, most of them sponsored by the movie industry to stimulate interest in theater going. False impressions were given to try to paint appealing pictures of the movie stars. Tough glamour queens, who had little desire to fix a meal for anyone, were played up as home-loving girls, anxious to get into the kitchen and prepare a dinner. Hard-driving bachelors who were determined to squeeze out the last dollar possible from their contracts, were pictured as the nice friendly boy next door.

Perhaps the leading movie star of this period was Marilyn Monroe, who put up a bold front to give a happy appearance. But those who knew her, said she was a frustrated, confused girl all her life. Her career ended in suicide.

1960-1970

What has happened during the past ten years is common knowledge. The appearance of the "Beatles" in 1963 touched off some reactions never before witnessed. Girls shrieked and fainted when the four loud-mouthed, long-haired, irreverent youths from Liverpool, England put on their obscene performances. So drunken were they with their own fame that at numerous times they blurted out their own opinion of themselves, saying they were "more popular than Jesus Christ." It was plain to see that their statement was true, at least among their own hordes of worshippers, who had given themselves over, body and soul to idolizing these four blasphemous youths.

Numerous other groups tried to follow the footsteps of the Beatles but fortunately with less success. Their theme songs were silly little lyrics like "All you need is Love," or "Life is Groovy."

The hippie movement spread amazingly fast and several large get-togethers were staged called "love-ins." Probably the biggest one of these was at Woodstock, New York during the summer of 1969. Around 400,000 of these people with funny or no clothing gathered on a 600 acre dairy farm for three days to talk, sing, dance, clap hands, drink beer, smoke "pot" or take "trips" with drugs.

The whole hippie movement was designed to show that the youth of today do not have to conform to the accepted patterns of the society around them. Although they speak and sing of love, what they really mean is the right to do as they please. The result is moral degeneracy, squalor, irresponsibility, and drugs.

THE END PRODUCT

In our glance backwards over the past century we have touched on the influences which some of the changes have exerted on society at large. Now let us take a look at the condition in which the average American family finds itself today, and what the leaders of society have to say about it.

Referring again to the article in *Time* magazine, it is stated that up until a short time ago, it was considered the duty of the family to instruct the children in moral values. The schools also helped along and the churches furnished religious teachings. But now this has all been changed. Parents either feel no responsibility in teaching their children true values or they are helpless to do so.

In the lives of many people, the churches no longer play any significant part. In many public schools, the teachers are denied the use of the rod. High school and college students have become rebellious and refuse to submit themselves to authority. In other words, the modern idea of permissiveness has robbed today's growing children of urgently needed discipline by taking away the rights and

responsibilities of parents, teachers, and ministers.

Most of us, as plain people, who have lived our entire lives in our compact communities, surrounded by our families, our relatives and the church, have no idea what life is like for the average family in America today. Quoting again from *Time* magazine, the American family of today has evolved into a "nuclear family." It consists of a father, a mother and their children and is usually located hundreds of miles away from the home of the nearest relative.

A hundred years ago, it was more of an extended or kinship family. In those days the parents and their children were surrounded by relatives, in-laws, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, grandparents and cousins. If the relatives did not live within the same household, they were next door or down the street or on the next farm. But with the coming of the automobile and the modern highways systems, Americans have become more mobile and the kinfolks have been left behind.

But even the ones who might be expected to be able to give advice, the sociologists and the family experts have no practical solutions to the problem. A minister by the name of Sam Keen, recently wrote a book on the subject and says we must take the attitude that the family is a center of changing activities. "It should be thought of as a gypsy caravan...it is continually moving and each member goes out to forage for food and then catches up with it again."

If the modern family is like a gypsy caravan then it must be something altogether different from the family which the Bible tells us about. Such a line of reasoning apparently comes from wishful thinking and trying to make themselves believe that all is well.

But it takes more than wishful thinking to make unpleasant things go away. Divorce rates are a good barometer as to the health of the nation's families and the statistics do not look good. In 1910, which seems to have been the downturn in the morality scale, there was one divorce for every 11 marriages. The year 1946, as an aftermath of the war, had the highest number of divorces, but it also had the highest number of marriages. In that year the divorce rate rose to one in every 3.8 marriages. But in 1968, the last year for which figures are available, the rate was one divorce for every 3½ marriages.

Divorce rates for marriages made during the past several years are noticeably higher than the average. Indications are that if the present trend continues there may within the next decade or two be one divorce for every two marriages.

THE SCOURGE OF VD

For centuries, venereal disease was considered as a judgement from God on nations and individuals which fall into moral decay. But when in 1943 it was discovered that penicillin cured both syphilis and gonorrhea, it was hailed as a great medical breakthrough. As late as 1966, medical books were asserting that more than 99 percent of the cases of venereal disease could be cured with penicillin.

In 1965 VD started on an upsurge and has been on the increase ever since. Dr. Gordon Bates of Toronto, Canada's leading specialist on VD recently issued a warning that venereal disease is now in epidemic proportion in North America.

Dr. Bates, who is general director of the Health League of Canada recently said, "When penicillin came into widespread use in the treatment of syphilis and gonorrhea

we thought we had the problem licked. This resulted in free and easy 'multiple exposures.' But six or seven years ago reports began coming in from all over the world. The rate was going up and now it has assumed epidemic proportions.

"It was found that penicillin worked the first time. The second time it worked also but the third time it didn't work as well. The fourth time it didn't work at all. The situation is getting worse everywhere."

He went on to say that of all the diseases which the doctors must notify the health department, gonorrhea is now the most prevalent.

Dr. Bates believes that doctors who treat cases of VD should preach morality. "The medical profession must preach morality. It's part of their job."

Maybe Dr. Bates statement will awaken many of the modern day churches whose ministers ought to be preaching the Bible, but are too often engaged in promoting questionable young peoples' activities. The Bible calls immorality a sin, which is under eternal condemnation. If immorality is as widespread as it appears today, then the very foundation of the family is being undermined. Will the young generation which is wallowing itself in passion and disease, be fit to inherit the obligations of the nations parenthood? We hope the picture is not as dark as it seems and that only a small part of the nation's young people are involved. But judging from the outbreak of VD, it must be more than just a small part.

HOW DID IT COME ABOUT?

In our review of the last century we have touched on some of the things and some of the people we felt had the greatest influence in bringing about the lowering of morality. Many more people could have been named.

Also many more things might have been mentioned. As far back as history records, nations have had to contend with such things as extravagant and wanton living, drunkenness, prostitution, crime, rebellion, etc. But during the past hundred years there have been changes which have made it possible for immorality to spread and eat its way into the very core of society, the family.

THE BIG THREE

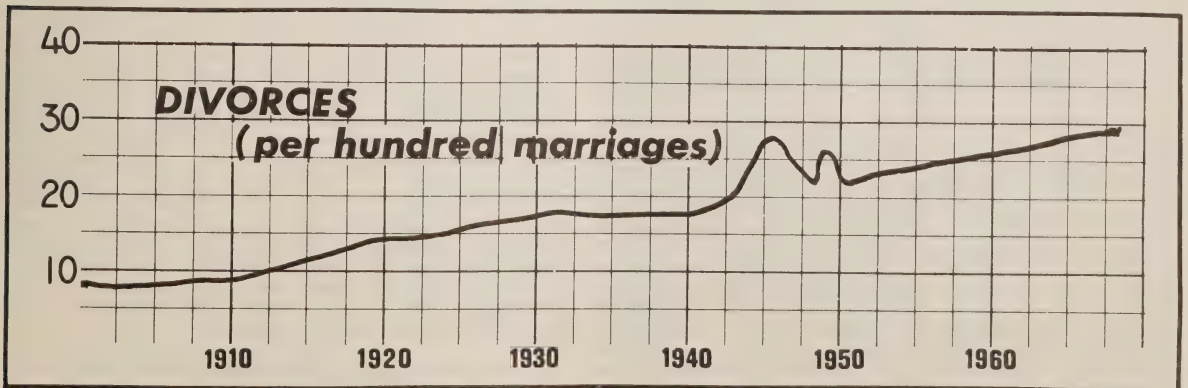
Of course many factors have contributed to the change. But since 1910 there have been three main items which have had more than ordinary influence on the families of the nation. These are the automobile, the theater, and television. The radio might be considered a little brother as it was the forerunner of television.

Without the automobile, the theater would never have come into importance. Since most people lived on farms a hundred years ago, with no faster transportation than by horseback, it is doubtful that enough customers would have shown up to make the movie profitable.

The coming of the auto also hastened the movement from farm to city. It was one of the chief contributing factors in the growth of the cities.

Without the theater, radio and television, the talented (?) celebrities would not have had the opportunity to undermine the morals of the masses. Sinatra would still have had his one-in-a-million voice but his audience would have been counted in hundreds instead of millions.

Elvis Presley would still play his guitar, shout his silly songs, and cut his caers, but without television, he would



very likely still be driving a truck to earn his living.

The four long haired boys who called themselves the Beatles might still have done their dirty work but without the support of the movies and record companies, they would hardly ever have crossed the ocean.

No one single person or thing could have brought about all these changes. But a combination of things and people working together can do a lot to upset the basic patterns and accepted values.

CAN WE ESCAPE THE LEAVEN?

Within the plain churches, the family and the institution of marriage is not threatened as it is in the large society about us. Yet we can not say that we are not influenced by the changes in the world. Every year many individuals and even some congregations are led away lured by the love of this world and the glitter of false promises.

Because of a priceless heritage of biblical non-conformity, the plain churches have been able to withstand some of the main sources of evil influence so prevalent in the world today. But we must realize that we are not fighting against

flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places (Eph. 6:12). It is not enough that we rest on the fact that we are free of divorce. We must realize that the powers of darkness are at work trying to undermine the family and the church in subtle ways.

Among the plain people, there may not be much temptation to go to a theater, or bring home a television set for the living room, or buy a new car. But we are faced with many pressures to conform to the ways of the world in thoughts and actions. We can rest assured that anything that builds up the strength of the family, builds up the church. And anything that tears down the family, tears down the church.

More than ever before is it necessary that we put on the whole armour of God so that we can stand in the day of evil. We should take heed that we are not found on the borderline, perhaps fast asleep when the Bible tells us we should be awake and watching.

If we don't want to end up where the world is, let's be careful not to travel the same road that took it there. ■■

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

Part 1: The Settlement's Early Years

By Henry J. Yoder

The Old Order Amish settlement in Custer County, Oklahoma began with the opening of the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indian reservation for settlement in 1892. The opening of this vast tract of land was in the form of a run. Altogether in Oklahoma history there were 5 such land runs, but this was the largest as for the size of the tract of land. But it in no way compared with the first Oklahoma run of 1889 or with the famous Cherokee Strip run, for this was a very barren tract of land. Most of the land was 50 to 150 miles from the nearest trading centres of El Reno and Kingfisher. Also, settlers over most of the territory had to ford the sometimes treacherous South Canadian River. As a result, part of the territory in the land run of 1892 was not settled for at least 10 years.

The opening of this territory was at 12 o'clock noon on April 19, 1892. The homesteading requirements were that the first person 21 years or older to drive his stake on any 160 acres and be the first to then file it in the land office had the rights to it. A year's time was given for him to move onto his claim. He had to live on it for at least 6 months each year for the next 5 years, put up a residence (usually a dugout), plow some sod, build fences — thus proving that he wanted it for a home. At the end of the 5 years, he needed 2 witnesses that the above requirements had been complied with, and he would receive a deed from the government.

Because of the already - mentioned long distances to any trading centers and many other hardships, very few people having any amount of wealth cared to undertake such a venture. The result was that the area in general was settled by poor people. Some hardships which these pioneers faced were drought, floods, blizzards, Indian scares (false alarms only) practically no medical facilities, plagues of diphtheria, typhoid fever, smallpox, crop failures, sandstorms, and unwelcome intruders such as snakes and centipedes. All these together would make a chapter in history itself. There were also instances of people coming back from the distant markets and finding the river flooded. They would have to camp a week or more on the other side until the waters subsided. Also there were several instances when wagon loads of grain being taken to market were lost in the treacherous quicksands of the river. Once a steam threshing rig was lost to the quicksands in attempting to ford the river. Outlaws, which were prevalent in nearly all frontier territories, also caused many anxious moments for the settlers. Many things arose to discourage the settlers, and



The Amish Settlement in Custer County, Oklahoma 1892-1960

many just left, selling their land rights for whatever they could get. There are a few instances where the rights were sold for \$50 or traded for a horse and saddle or team and wagon. These same farms today would sell for nearly \$100,000.

Indeed, it took much courage for the first settlers to move so far away from the centers of civilization, out into a vast territory of tall prairie grass as far as the eye could see, with the ever present danger of prairie fires posing a constant threat. Into this uninviting-looking area 3 Old Order Amish families braved the hardships to establish homestead claims. They were the Mose K. Yoder family, their oldest son Rudy and family and the B. B. Miller family. All moved into the Oklahoma territory from Kansas in 1892. In the next 6 years other families moved in: Joseph C. Bontrager, Jacob E. Miller, John J. E. Miller, and David Nisley. These all came from Reno County, Kansas. The William C. Lantz family (Amish-Mennonites) also joined the group in its early years.

Up until 1898 there was no resident minister and no church had been organized in Custer County. But in that year a

minister, Jacob Yoder, and his family moved in and the church was officially organized under Bishop Christian E. Bontrager of Partridge, Kansas (and possibly under Bishop Jonas D. Bontrager of Haven, Kansas). After a few years, the bishop charge was entirely turned over to the latter until the arrival of Bishop Tobias T. Yoder from Oregon in 1902. In the year 1906 or 1907 Bishop Sam W. Bender and Minister John A. Miller arrived from the now extinct Vandallia, Illinois Amish settlement. After their arrival the church was divided into north and south districts with Bishop Yoder in charge of the north and Bishop Bender the south.

It is somewhat a matter of question just when the first church service was held for the Amish in Custer County. One account gives it that it was in 1898 conducted by Bishop Jonas D. Bontrager of Haven, Kansas. But one of Minister Jacob Yoder's daughters said they had church services for her father when the family first visited there in 1897. But the writer remembers overhearing a conversation of older brethren many years ago in which it was related that Bishop Christian Bontrager of Kansas and Bishop David S. Kauffman of Indiana were present in 1895 or 1896, and it was presumed that they conducted a communion service for the few members. The story went that Mose K. Yoder met the bishops at Elreno and brought them home with team and wagon a distance of 55 or 60 miles. On Monday morning when they wanted to return home, Mose took them out to the store and post office owned by a man named Weatherford (from whom the present town gets its name). Mr. Weatherford ran a mail hack to Elreno and back twice a week and also hauled passengers. He was known as a man who would take advantage of a person if he had an opportunity, and he proved it when he demanded \$10 each which was a very high sum for those days. When he saw their reluctance in paying such a price, he became angry and drove off without them. Mose then took them home again and early the next morning his son John started to take them to Kingfisher (60 miles

distant) with team and wagon. After they had traveled quite a ways, they came to a main trail leading toward Kingfisher. Soon they caught a ride with a ranch buckboard (supply wagon) from the west part of the Oklahoma Territory going after a load of supplies. The two bishops got to their destination by 9 P.M. and boarded a train out of Kingfisher yet before midnight.

It was a great boon to the settlement when in 1898 the Rock Island Railroad built its tracks to the new town of Weatherford only 10 miles away. Also by 1902 both the Orient and Frisco Railroads had laid their tracks through the new town of Thomas on the other side of the settlement.

The early settlers often had a difficult time in providing a living for their families as they were poor to begin with and the freshly turned prairie sod usually did not produce well for the first few years — thus there was practically no income and it was hard to get by. One household item which nearly all the settlers had was a small hand-operated grist mill, in some instances only a little coffee grinder. They considered themselves fortunate if they had wheat, corn, or Kaffir corn to grind for flour. Sometimes bread made from Kaffir corn flour was the only bread they had for months. At best they endured many hardships, but among these settlers was a real friendly spirit of neighborliness. Wherever there was a need, all would rally to the need as much as possible. Later on when people were more able financially, that spirit of friendliness was not so evident anymore. Joni A. Yoder, who lived in Custer County for more than 50 years, testifies to this in his booklet: "...But after the people got in better circumstances they were more for themselves, the Amish and Mennonites as well as the others. You could feel some of that early, deep friendliness more or less wore off as the need for help grew less."

Custer County, Oklahoma then as now was a wheat farming area. One of the highlights of these years-gone-by for us boys was threshing time on the prairies. After a busy season of about 10 days of harvesting, the large threshing rigs would begin making their rounds. The shrill sound of the steam whistle seemed to instill into the heart of every boy the desire to some day be able to mount one of those big steam engines and be the engineer himself. But now for 45 years practically no steam engines have been used. No threshing machines are used anymore. Today many custom threshers come through the area with three or five 20' machines, each cutting 6 or more acres per hour, and harvesting is soon over.

No account of the area would be complete without mentioning the great variety of weather on the high plains. There were many hot, dry summers and we think of the huge snow blizzards of years-gone-by, with snow blowing off the bare wheat fields onto the roads blocking nearly all the east-west ones. In some winters there were several such blizzards, especially the winters of 1918-1920. It was in the middle of a severe blizzard during World War I, while the Spanish influenza was raging, that a non-Mennonite of the area, Mrs. John Schultz, died. All roads were blocked with snow and the woman's body could not be taken to the funeral home. Her pastor was not able to come for a funeral service in the home, so a Mennonite deacon a few miles away was asked. After trying to get through with a team and getting stuck, he unharnessed one horse and made his way on horseback through the fields. A simple funeral service was conducted in the presence of several neighbor families, after which the body was taken by an open sled over the frozen drifts and through the fields to the Amish cemetery where she was buried. It was 18 below zero weather that day, which incidentally was the coldest official record for the area to this date. (In the last 20 years it has very seldom snowed enough to drift roads.)

Every community of many years duration has its tragic happenings. Custer County is no exception. A number of children and adults have met a tragic end. Perhaps the most touching of all happened in 1913 to the Mose N. Mast family. Mrs. Mast was heating oil to oil the board floors when the oil on the stove became so heated that it commenced to burn. She attempted to carry it out when the screen door closed against her, throwing the burning oil over her. She rushed to the water tank but was so severely burned that she died a few days later. She left behind a husband and 7 young children. At the time of the accident the five-month-old baby was asleep upstairs; little five-year-old Mary (who later became the writer's life companion) rushed upstairs and

A BUDGET Letter Dated 1907

Thomas, Custer Co., Oklahoma

Apr. 27—Health is good in this vicinity at present. Nice weather; we had a very good rain last Monday, which was needed, as it had been getting quite dry, but now things can grow again.

The outlook for oats and wheat is rather discouraging. The prospects never were better here for a heavy crop until 5 or 6 weeks ago, when the green bugs infested the oats and have completely destroyed it already; lots of fields look as bare as newly plowed ground, and the wheat is damaged so bad that unless the bugs leave soon it will be a total loss, as some fields are completely ruined already. Some people say they are starting in the corn too, and if they do the results will be rather serious in this part of the country, not only in Oklahoma but Colorado, Texas, Missouri and southern part of Kansas are also suffering a loss.

We had quite a hard frost yesterday morning and also had a snow storm on April 20th. We had ripe strawberries under the snow.

John C. Swarey and Noah G. Stoltzfus with their families moved here from Belleville, Pa. lately and are living in Moses T. Yoder's house. Mr. Stoltzfus is working for the writer.

—E. F. Bontrager

The Custer County Ministry 1897-1960

1899 - David Nissley was ordained minister.
1903 - Shem Schlabach was ordained deacon.
1905 - Abraham Nissley was ordained minister.
1915 - Benedict T. Yoder was ordained minister.
1916 - John A. Yoder was ordained minister.
1928 - Joseph J. Yoder was ordained deacon.
1929 - Joel P. Beachy was ordained deacon.
1930 - Ira A. Nissley was ordained bishop.
1933 - Mose W. Yoder was ordained minister.
1938 - Clarence Wingard was ordained minister.
1938 - David A. Miller was ordained minister.
1941 - John A. Yoder was ordained bishop.
1951 - Jonas B. Yoder was ordained minister.
1953 - David A. Miller was ordained bishop.

Others who served in the ministry but were ordained elsewhere:

Ministers: Jacob Yoder, John A. Miller, Ananias B. Miller, John C. Schlabach.

Bishops: Tobias T. Yoder, Samuel W. Bender.

rescued the baby. The house and all its contents burned to the ground.

There are approximately 190 graves in the Amish cemetery with around 150 of them being from Old Order Amish families. The Pleasant View Mennonite Church of Hydro at first was an Amish-Mennonite congregation and had its meeting house across from the Old Order Amish cemetery. So some of these people were buried there in the early years until the meeting house was moved to its present location. There are also a number of non-Amish people buried in the cemetery, such as the Mrs. John Schultz mentioned earlier.

The Amish church in Custer County was at its peak in membership in 1931 when there were 147 members, divided between two districts. The Old Order Amish church became extinct in 1960 when the last member moved away. Earlier in 1958 Bishop John A. Yoder, Minister Jonas B. Yoder, and Deacon Joel P. Beachy moved to Anderson County, Kansas. The members which remained in Custer County with Bishop David Miller affiliated with the Beachy denomination.

Part II: Memories of the Oklahoma Indians

by Joni A. Yoder

We did not settle in Oklahoma until 1904, and by that time the Indians had already made quite a change as far as their civilization was concerned. But when we arrived they still lived in teepees. I can not recollect of one Indian family living in a house. And I was told that when the government started building houses for them, they would put up their teepees to live in instead of living in the houses that were built for them. (But at this time you don't see any teepees any more.)

When we came to Oklahoma the Indians still lived in colonies or camps. I remember seeing them moving from one campsite to another in large groups, in wagons, horseback — a string of Indians a mile long. They usually lived along a creek in the nice months, but in the winter they camped in a deep canyon or low place where they could get behind the wind.

At the opening of the Oklahoma Territory for settlement by white people, the Indians were allowed to pick ¼ section of land (160 acres) ahead of the opening according to his own liking. Children, women, and all had this privilege. Most of them picked their land along some stream.

The government tried very hard to help the Indians get

started farming and would buy them work horses, harnesses, wagons, and tools and even seed. But their way of life was so deeply rooted in them that it was hard to get them to take on the new way of life. They did not know how to take care of their work horses, and these would soon die. And often when they got free wheat seed to sow they would sell the wheat for what they could get out of it, as they were always hard up. They did not know the value of money.

The government gave the Indians a handout every-so-often in the early days, and may yet, but I am unable to say for sure if they do. Some Indians would work through the harvest and do other work at times. But you never could depend on them to show up again tomorrow. One way to get them to come back was not to pay them at the end of the day, but wait until you were through with them. If you paid them, it was apt they wouldn't show up again until all that was spent. And in later years they got to drinking and went from bad to worse. They would drink anything which had a little alcohol in it. And, of course, at times this would lead to fights.

We had a family not too far from us whose last name was Drunkard. One day he got drunk, and he and his father-in-law had an argument. The father-in-law went home and locked the doors and closed the windows. But the son-in-law came to the house to fight him and broke a window. When he started to crawl inside the window, the old man hit him over the head with an axe and killed him. I was at the funeral as I was well acquainted with the one that was killed.

I want to tell of one instance I had in dealing with one Indian family that lived in our school district. I was clerk of the school board and it was my duty to go over the district and register all the children. So I got well acquainted with this family as well as with others. But this family was to me an outstanding Indian family. He would borrow my tools at times and return them, and I got along real good with him. So one day I was in town and he came to me and asked for money to buy groceries, saying they were out of food and his wife was sick. I would have gladly helped him, but I was going on borrowed money at that time and told him so. He asked me if I could not go to the grocery store and stand good for what he needed as he had a government check coming in a few weeks. So we went over to the store and I told the manager to let him have what he needed as I would stand good for it. While the Indian was getting his groceries, the manager came to me and said the Indian would never pay me back for them. And it turned out just that way. You just could not depend on them. I have made a rather dark picture of the Indians, but there were a few you could trust.

About the only people that I know of that tried to help the Indians in a spiritual way were the General Conference Mennonites. They built a church 3 miles west from where I lived and sent a missionary. At one time they had ordained an Indian by the name of Heap-o-Birds. And the funeral of the Indian named Drunkard, which I mentioned, was held in that church. But there have not been any services there as far as I know for years.

The Indians had queer names. Some of them had a first and last name such as Ralph Drunkard, but most of them went by just one name: Old Crow, Left Hand, Big Eagle, Judge Beaver, Arm Strong, Brave Bear, Yellow Eagle, White Cow, Black Owl, Antelope, Spotted Calf, and probably many more that I knew but have slipped my mind.

I presume the Indians live a more sanitary life than they did 60 years ago. When we first settled there, the Indians would gather up dead livestock and butcher it. A law was passed that said if you let them have a dead animal, you were subject to a fine. I remember well one winter I had a hog that died. The ground was frozen so I dragged the hog back in the pasture ½ mile away from the buildings, thinking the coyotes would eat it up. Then along came the Indian named Drunkard (who later got killed) with greyhounds to hunt jack rabbits. He found this hog which had been back there a week or so and asked if he could take it home to feed to his dogs. I told him how long the hog had been dead, but said he could have it. He went home and his mother and sister came after the hog. I told this to some of my neighbors and to my surprise they said the Indians ate the hog. I don't think they would do anything like that any more. Well, I could go on and write many more instances like how they butchered a beef and ate the entrails raw while working the beef up. But I think I have written enough to give an idea what the Indians were like that lived in Custer County, Oklahoma in the early years. ■■



Die Grille (cricket) und die Ameise (Ant)

Die Grille kam bei strenger Kälte zu ihrer Nachbarin, der Ameise. „Frau Nachbarin,“ sagte sie: „Leihe mir doch ein wenig Speise, denn ich habe Hunger und nichts zu essen.“ „Hast du nicht Speise gesammelt für den Winter?“ fragte die Ameise. „Ich hatte keine Zeit dazu,“ war die Antwort. „Keine Zeit, Frau Grille? Was hast du denn im Sommer zu tun gehabt?“ „Ich habe gesungen und musiziert,“ erwiderte die Grille. „Nur gut,“ ließ sich jetzt die Ameise vernehmen. „So kannst du im Winter tanzen. Wer nicht arbeitet, soll auch nicht essen.“

Johannes Wilhelm Ludwig Gleim.

Ein Stimmlein fein
Im Herzen mein,
Leis zu mir spricht:
Kind tu das nicht!

Das Stimmlein fein
Was wird es sein, —
Gott selber spricht
Im Herzen mein!

Das Stimmlein fein
Im Herzen mein,
Läßt mich nicht ruhn:
Das sollst du tun!

Volksgut
Von Linda Miller.

„Gott gebe euch viel Gnade und Frieden durch die Erkenntnis Gottes und Jesu Christi, unsers Herrn! Nachdem allerlei seiner göttlichen Kraft, was zum Leben und göttlichen Wandel dieneth, uns geschenkt ist durch die Erkenntnis des, der uns berufen hat durch seine Herrlichkeit und Tugend. Durch welche uns die teuern und allergrößten Verheißungen geschenkt sind, nämlich daß ihr dadurch theilhaftig werdet der göttlichen Natur, so ihr fliehet die vergängliche Lust der Welt: so wendet allen euren Fleiß daran, und reichet dar in eurem Glauben Tugend, und in der Tugend Erkenntnis . . .“ 2. Petri 1, 2—5.

Wenn wir die vergängliche Lust der Welt entfliehen, und Lust haben unser Bund beleben wie wir versprochen haben, nämlich: Jesum Christum allein dienen dann werden folgende Dichter Worte unsere Gedanken von dem sündlichen Leben in die Herrlichkeit Gottes einführen.

Das Leben flieht im Strom der Zeit
Und eilt ins Meer der Ewigkeit.
Es eilt dahin bei Tag und Nacht,
Es flucht als wie vom Sturm gejagt
Ein jeder Tag, ein jedes Jahr
Bringt näher uns der toten Vahr,

Dann folgt die lange Ewigkeit:
Sind wir, sind wir, dazu bereit?

Wir sehen doch an jedem Ort
Den einen hier, den andern dort,
In Krankheit und in letzter Not
Oft plötzlich hingerafft vom Tod.
Wie mancher dieser Lieben viel
Vom Tod gefällt und ist am Ziel!
Dann folgt die lange Ewigkeit
Sind wir, sind wir, dazu bereit?

So schnell kann das auch uns gescheh'n;
Wir können ehe wir uns verzieh'n
Vom Tod ereilet, ach, so bald
Im Sarge liegen stumm und kalt.
Und alles, das uns hier so lieb
Im Todeskampf dahinten blieb.
Dann folgt die lange Ewigkeit:
Sind wir, sind wir, dazu bereit?

Nach denk wer selig werden will
Das Leben ist kein Kinderspiel,
So furchtbar ernst ist diese Zeit,
So köstlich ist das schöne Heut:
Denn Morgen ist, ob Heute rot
So manches Menschenkind doch tot.
Dann folgt die lange Ewigkeit:
Sind wir, sind wir, dazu bereit?

Noch Heute, weil der Heiland winkt,
Noch eh' die Gnadensonne sinkt
Heut, weil Er bittend vor dir steht
Noch eh' Er traurig weiter geht,
Sink vor Ihm nieder, liebes Herz
Mit allem deinem Sündenschmerz,
Es folgt die lange Ewigkeit:
Sind wir, sind wir, dazu bereit?

Bist du bereit, O Spiel nicht lang
Mit deiner Seel, wird dir nicht bang?
Es gilt für alle Ewigkeit
Einst Freuden oder Herzeleid.
Die Gnadenzeit eilt rasch dahin
Bald trägt man dich zum Friedhof hin,
Dann folgt die lange Ewigkeit:
Sind wir, sind wir, dazu bereit?

(Ausgewählt)

Demut hat mich lieb gemacht,
Lieb hat mich zur Ehr gebracht,
Ehre hat mir Reichthum geben,
Reichthum tät nach Hoffahrt streben,
Hoffahrt stürzt ins Elend nieder,
Elend bringt mir Demut wieder.

J. S. G.

Ihr Christen seht, daß ihr aussegt,
Was sich in euch von Sünden
Und alten Sauerteig noch regt,
Nichts muß sich des mehr finden;
Daß ihr ein neuer Teig mögt sein
Der ungefäuert sei und rein,
Ein Teig der Gott gefalle.

Habt doch darauf genaue acht,
Daß ihr euch wohl probieret,
Wie ihr's vor Gott in Allem macht,
Und euren Wandel führet.
Ein wenig Sauerteig gar leicht
Den ganzen Teig fortan durchschleicht,
Daß er wird ganz durchfäuert.

Also es mit den Sünden ist:
Wo eine herrschend bleibet,
Da bleibt auch, was zu jeder Frist
Zum Bösen ferner treibet;
Das Osterlamm im neuen Bund
Erfordert, daß des Herzens Grund
Ganz rein von Allem werde.

Wer Ostern halten will, der muß
Dabei nicht unterlassen
Die bitteren Salze wahrer Buß:
Er muß das Böse haßen,
Daß Christus, unser Osterlamm,
Für uns geschlacht't am Kreuzestamm
Ihn durch sein Blut rein mache.

Drum laßt uns nicht im Sauerteig
Der Bosheit Ostern essen,
Noch auch der Schalkheit mancherlei,
Die so tief eingeseßen;
Vielmehr laßt uns die Osterzeit
Im süßen Teig der Lauterkeit
Und Wahrheit christlich halten.

Herr Jesu, Osterlamm, verleihe
Uns deine Ostergaben,
Den Frieden, und daß wir dabei
Ein reines Herze haben!
Gieb, daß in uns Dein heilig's Wort
Der Sünden Sauerteig hinfort
Je mehr und mehr aussege.

Das wahre Osterfest.

„Darum laßt uns Ostern halten, nicht im alten Sauerteig, auch nicht im Sauerteig der Bosheit und Schalkheit, sondern in dem Süßteig der Lauterkeit und der Wahrheit.“
1 Kor. 5, 8.

Osterzeit ist nicht ein Fest zu sehen wie viel Eier man essen kann. Ich habe einst ein Mann hören sagen, er hätte 12 Eier gegessen auf Oster Morgen. Das möchte vielleicht Freßsen gewesen sein. Das wäre nicht das Osterlamm wovon Christus und Paulus gesprochen haben. Wo Christus seine Jünger sagte wie sie hingehen sollen, ein Ort zu suchen

wo Er das Osterlamm essen möge mit seine Jünger, und dasselbst es bereiten glaube ich nicht daß Er an Eier gedankt hatte.

O ihr viel geliebte Seelen! Laßt uns an etwas sonst denken am Ostermorgen als Eier essen. Laßt uns denken wie Christus auferstanden ist aus dem Grabe, und wie Paulus sagt: „Gleichwie Christus ist auferweckt von den Toten durch die Herrlichkeit des Vaters, also sollen auch wir in einem neuen Leben wandeln.“ Das neue Leben in Christo ist doch ganz etwas anders als wie das natürliche Essen und Trinken. „Denn das Reich Gottes ist nicht Essen und Trinken, sondern Gerechtigkeit, Friede und Freude in dem heiligen Geist wer darinnen Christo dienet der ist Gott gefällig und den Menschen wert.“ Laßt uns die Sache zu Herzen nehmen. Wenn wir Christo dienen wollen, Gott gefällig sein, und den Menschen wert, das ist kein KindergeSpiel. Wir wollen uns doch nicht vergaffen in einem zeitlichen Wohlleben und der Himmel verfehlen.

Bis dieses vor die Leser kommt tut die Osterzeit sich nahen, und gewöhnlich wird Bereitschaft gemacht um das Mahl der Liebe zu halten. Gros gemein halten, wie wir sagen. Nun haben wir einen großen Arbeitstag vorhanden. Jesus hatte auch eine schwere Sache vorhanden da Er seinem Leiden entgegen gegangen ist. Er ist wohl müde und matt geworden, aber Er hat nicht aufgehört, Er kämpfte bis zum Tod, ja, zum Tod am Kreuz. Darum hat Ihn Gott erhöht, und Ihm einen Namen gegeben der über alle Namen ist, daß im Name Jesu Christi sich beugen sollen alle derer Kniee, die im Himmel und auf Erden und unter der Erde sind, und alle Zungen bekennen sollen, daß Jesus Christus der Herr sei zur Ehre Gottes, des Vaters. Christus war gehorsam bis zum Tod. O wie viel von uns können sagen daß wir immer gehorsam waren in die Gemeinde? Müßen wir nicht alle sagen, wir haben manchmal Fehler gemacht, und haben viel Ursach um Geduld anzuhalten bei Gott.

Wenn wir nun zusammen kommen dies Frühjahr das heilige Abendmahl wieder zu halten, laßt uns Mut fassen und Ernst dazu haben; Daran denken warum wir es tun dann werden wir nicht so bald müde daß wir draußen an der Schenke sitzen wollen lange Zeiten. Wir machen uns hinein wo der Gottesdienst gehalten wird; wir haben Lust dazu die holdselige Worte einzusammeln, die sein sollen wie der Regen und Schnee der vom Himmel fällt und nicht wieder leer dahin kommt. Nun will der Herr daß sein Wort auch der Zweck ausführt hier auf Erden so wie Er es haben will, es soll nicht wieder leer zu Ihm kommen. Weh uns, wenn wir sein Wort nicht lassen zu unsere Ohren eingehen und Frucht bringen.

Das Gedicht wo wir gebraucht haben als Einleitung zu diesem Editoriel sagt so deutlich wie wir der Sauerteig der Sünde aussegen sollen und ein neuer Teig werden, laßt uns dieses wohl in acht nehmen wenn wir zum Abendmahl des Herrn treten.

Eine kleine Erzählung das Kinder erfreuet.

Der Hahn.

Der Hahn ist ein Vogel, er hat zwei Flügel, zwei Beine und einen Schnabel. Sein Kamm ist breit und rot, und seine Federn am Schwanz sind wie eine Sichel.

Der Hahn weckt gar oft die Leute zur Arbeit auf. Ehe es Tag ist, ruft er schon aus vollem Halse: Kikeriki, Kikeriki! Erwählt.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

TWO

COOPED-UP

BOYS

—By DAVID LUTHY



Roy Weaver tossed in his bed. Was Dad calling him to get up? He blinked his eyes as if his blinking could dispell the darkness from his bedroom.

"Roy, R-O-Y," called a persistent voice from beneath the bedroom's register. "Time to chore."

"Uh...huh," answered Roy sleepily.

"Let me hear your feet touch the floor," called Mr. Weaver. "I don't want you falling back to sleep when I go out to the barn."

There was a light sound on the floor above Mr. Weaver's head. Roy stood up and the floor creaked lightly. Then he sat back down on the edge of the bed. The covers felt so warm. He wished he could crawl back under them. But he mustered up energy and stood again and began to dress.

"Why's it so dark this morning?" Roy asked himself. "Maybe Dad's alarm went off early." He reached for his shirt which hung on the chair by the bedroom window. As he picked it up, Roy looked out the window and saw a very faint light. "Usually I can see Dad's lantern shining brightly," thought Roy. "But this morning it looks so hazy." Then as if fog lifted from his still sleepy eyes, Roy knew why. "It's snowing. It's really coming down. Great. Now I can go sledding on Jerry Yoder's hill this afternoon. That's just what the sled run needed - a fresh coat of snow."

During the morning chores Roy's mind concentrated on his plans for that afternoon. Now that a nice snow had fallen, he wanted to go sledding with his school pals. "It's Saturday and we can sled all afternoon," thought Roy. "And maybe Irvin can come home with me and stay overnight."

"Put some oats in by Dolly," said Mr. Weaver, breaking Roy's train of thought.

Roy heard that his father spoke to him, but his mind had been elsewhere. "Do what, Dad?"

"Put some oats in by Dolly," chuckled Mr. Weaver. "Aren't you quite awake yet? That's the third time I've repeated something for you this morning." He smiled as he lifted some hay into the horse's manger.

"Oh, I was just thinking about the snow outside."

"What about it?"

"Well, I thought maybe I could go sledding on Yoder's hill this afternoon, if you say I can."

"I guess you can," said Mr. Weaver. "There isn't much to

do this afternoon. But first you should fill the hay chute. We don't want to have to throw any down tomorrow. And maybe you could clean out Rex's stall. Then I see no reason why you can't go to Yod..." But Mr. Weaver broke his sentence off without finishing it. "Wait a minute Roy. I must not be quite awake yet either. I just remembered that your mother told me last evening she wants to go to her sister Mary's this afternoon. And she thinks you should go along to visit Harley."

Roy couldn't believe what he had just heard. Suddenly in a few words his father had burst the bubble of his dream for the afternoon. "Go with Mom and visit Harley," he fumed within himself. "Why do we have to go today? Why didn't she want to go last Saturday when there wasn't a good sled run? Why doesn't Dad drive her over? Why? Why? Why?" Roy's mind was swimming with "whys."

It was soon time to go in for breakfast. Roy hoped that when he opened the barn door he would see the snow coming down harder. "Then maybe Mom won't want to go," he told himself. "And I can go sledding after all." But when he pushed the barn door open, Roy could see immediately that instead of falling heavier, the snow was barely falling anymore. He kicked at the layer of snow in disgust.

The small beagle puppy jumped playfully at Roy's hand as he passed the doghouse near the barn. But Roy pushed the dog aside. Some milk splashed over the side of the bucket he was carrying. "Aw, go ahead and splash. I don't care." He gave the door to the milkhouse a jerk, and the door banged against the side of the small building.

"Breakfast," called Roy's sister from the house door. "Come on Roy, everybody's washed and waiting."

"Let'em wait," mumbled Roy under his breath. "It's always me that's got to do stuff around here."

When Roy entered the kitchen he smelled cocoa. That was his favorite winter drink. That is, it usually was, but this morning it didn't mean very much to him. He slouched into the empty chair beside his brother, Bennie and bowed his head with the rest of the family. Roy thought of praying that it might snow again so he could go sledding, but he didn't know if that was right to pray for or not. And before he had decided, he heard his father clearing his throat and he lifted his head with the others.

"Oh I'm so glad it stopped snowing," said Mrs. Weaver as she lifted the dish of eggs from the counter and placed it on the table. "Mary would be so disappointed if we don't come."

"No one cares if I'm disappointed that I can't go sledding," thought Roy to himself.

"And it will mean so much to Harley to see Roy," added Mother.

"Isn't Harley every going to get better?" asked eight-year-old Bennie.

"No one knows," said Mother. "We all hope and pray so, but the doctors only give him a 50-50 chance to ever walk again."

"What's that mean?" asked Bennie.

"That means maybe he will and maybe he won't," answered Mr. Weaver.

For the first time in an hour Roy's mind focused on someone other than himself. He thought of Harley, his cousin, lying in bed all day, unable to walk since his accident. But then his thoughts returned to himself and his desire to go sledding. "Could Dad drive you over?" he asked his mother.

"He could, but it would be nicer if you would," smiled Mrs.

WE THANK THEE



For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh and sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.



For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

Weaver. "Harley is more lonesome for company than Aunt Mary is."

"But couldn't we go next Saturday?"

"Why next Saturday?" wondered Mrs. Weaver.

"I was planning on going sledding this afternoon since there is a new coat of snow."

Mrs. Weaver didn't have time to answer, for her husband spoke up. "You've been sledding many times this winter at school and at home. Your cousin Harley has been in bed every day this winter. Try and put yourself in his place and you would be glad even to go for a buggy ride."

Roy knew there was no use arguing. His father had said how he felt, and that was that. He would go to his cousin Harley's but that didn't mean he had to enjoy himself.

The buggy ride that afternoon was a quiet one. Roy, who

was usually talkative, was silent except when his mother occasionally asked him a question. The drive took them an hour. Roy was glad when he saw the familiar grove of catalpa trees which bordered the farm where they were going. He felt trapped inside the buggy with his mother. He kept thinking she looked hurt. "Well, I didn't do anything," Roy comforted himself. "I'm going along, ain't I?"

"There's Harley by the front window," exclaimed Mrs. Weaver as the buggy turned into the lane. "They must have moved his hospital bed out into the living room. Wave to him, Roy. He'll be glad to see you are along."

Roy made a half-hearted sweep with his hand. He wondered if Harley had even seen it, but then he saw Harley's hand waving back and forth repeatedly. The friendliness of it stung Roy.

The horse was unhitched and given a drink. It was only a matter of minutes before Roy and his mother were in the warm kitchen.

"You came," smiled Aunt Mary. "I so hoped you would. But when I saw the snow this morning I thought maybe it would keep you from coming. But it really wasn't for me that I wished so hard that you would come." Aunt Mary lowered her voice. "It was for Harley's sake. He lies there by the window and watches people go by and he can't join them." It was all that Aunt Mary could do to keep back her tears.

"Now, Mary," comforted her sister. "I've heard that Harley is real brave about his condition. Most people think it is harder on you than on him."

"Yes, Harley is brave about it all," said Aunt Mary. "Just yesterday I had to think..."

Roy felt out of place with the women in the kitchen. He quickly removed his boots and hung up his hat and coat and went into the living room.

"Hi, Roy," greeted Harley. "Come here to the window and look what I see."

Roy stood beside his cousin's bed and stared out the window. He didn't see anything unusual. "What do you see?" he asked.

"The mail man's car," answered Harley. "He's just leaving Miller's box. Now listen as he comes to ours."

"Toot-tootle-toot-toot-TOOT-TOOT," sounded the car's horn.

"The mail man honks that way every day to say hello to me," smiled Harley. "See, now he's waving." Harley returned an eager wave, and Roy found himself swept up into waving too.

"Well," said Harley, turning from the window and looking at his cousin, "what do you want to do? I have a new game on top of the bureau, or there are some old ones on the shelf above the coat hooks."

Roy went to the bureau and picked up the new game. "GALLOP," he said out loud. "This looks interesting. How do you play it?"

Harley took the game from Roy and opened the box. "This is the board and these are the horses. We each get three horses. We spin this spinner to see how many spaces we can move. Each spin you can move one of your three horses. There are five winners: first place gets 25 points, second place 20 points and down to fifth place which is worth 5 points. So it isn't the player's first horse which makes him a winner, but how many total points he gets."

"That sounds interesting," said Roy, folding the game out on

Be Careful What You Say

In speaking of a person's faults
Pray don't forget your own,
Remember those in houses of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.

If we have nothing else to do
Than talk of those who sin
'Tis better to begin at home
And from that point begin.

Some may have faults — who does not?
The old as well as young,
Perhaps we may for aught we know
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you a better plan
And find it works full well
To try my own defects to cure
'Ere others' faults I tell.

And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me
Let the faults of others go.

Then let us all when we begin
To slander friend or foe
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.

the table beside Harley's bed.

For the next hour the two boys played with the game. Roy became so involved in it that he laughed and talked like his usual self. Soon Aunt Mary came with a bag of marshmallows. "Roy, maybe you would like to open the stove door and toast some marshmallows," she said. "I'll bring some hot cocoa in, too."

"That sounds good," smiled Roy. "We need a break in our game. Then maybe I'll do better. Harley is winning more than I am."

"I'm not surprised," said Aunt Mary. "He must be an expert by now; he has played that game so often. It's his favorite. I don't know what helps him pass the time more quickly than that game."

Harley nodded. "I sure do like it. I play it by myself, acting as if there are two of us playing. I am Player A and the other is Player B. But today I like the game even more because I have a real player to play with."

Roy's face reddened slightly.

"I'll get the cocoa," said Aunt Mary. "Do you boys want some water to water your horses before you begin playing again?"

The boys laughed and looked at the plastic horses on the gameboard.

"I wish we had a game like this at school," said Roy. "Being cooped up inside the schoolhouse with the same old games all winter isn't much fun. And..." But Roy stopped speaking. What was he saying? He was complaining being cooped up at school, but here was Harley cooped up in bed and hadn't complained to Roy at all.

"You can take the game to school," said Harley. "That would be something to make the noon hour more fun."

Roy wished he had bit his tongue off instead of having let it ask for Harley's game. Now Harley was offering it to him.

"No, Harley, I-I shouldn't have said that."

Harley looked surprised. "Said what? Don't you really want the game at school?"

Now Roy had really gotten himself into something which he didn't know how to get out of. "Oh, we'd enjoy it, but you don't have to loan it to us."

"I want to though," said Harley. "The others will enjoy it just like we did today."

"But won't you miss it?" wondered Roy.

"Oh, maybe," said Harley. "But it isn't like it got burned up or something. Others will be enjoying it at school."

That was about too much for Roy. His thoughts went back to the moment his father had told him that he couldn't go sledding. The only person he had been concerned about was himself. But here lay Harley in bed, yet he wasn't thinking "me...me...me."

"Sure I'll take it to school," said Roy after a moment's silence. "And maybe we'll have a contest and the winner can come play you."

"That would be great," smiled Harley. "And maybe you can come along then too. Or maybe you'll be the winner."

"Oh, I want to come again before that," said Roy. ■■



SPRING:
Snowflakes fly fast
While the blizzards last
Along comes spring,
The birds begin to sing,
"Chirp, chirp, cheer,
Spring is here!"

SUMMER:
Here is summer time —
Gone are the trees that boys will climb.
We let the cows out to the fields
To eat the grass the warm earth yields,
And so as the summer quickly passes,
Along comes fall with books and classes.

— By a fifth grader;
— Kutztown, Pennsylvania

ALONG NATURE'S PATHS



THE MIGHTY MIDGET

By

Agnes Ranney

The sky is cloudless on a bright April morning. In the truck farms at the foot of the Cascade Mountains in western Oregon, small onions and beets and carrots and lettuce are coming up in long, straight rows. In the orchards, apple and pear and cherry trees are bursting into bloom.

On a limb of one of the apple trees, where the orchard ends and the woods begins, there seems to be a small rounded knot. It is covered with gray moss, and appears to be part of the tree itself. But between the apple blossoms peer a pair of very tiny bright eyes. For this is the nest of a hummingbird, and the little mother has just begun to brood her two bean-sized white eggs.

A few feet inside the nearby woods, her mate darts around a wild currant bush. He zips from one bright pink blossom to the next, sucking nectar from each flower with his long, tube-like tongue.

Suddenly a shadow passes across the orchard. High above, the figure of a red-tailed hawk is outlined against the blue. His keen eyes sweep the ground for the movement of a rabbit or squirrel or small bird. Down and down he sails, riding the air currents, dropping lower with each still-winged circle. The little male hummingbird forgets the wild currant blossoms to perch in a nearby hemlock.

Lower and lower drops the hawk. Perhaps he has not seen the nest at all. Perhaps he has spotted a field mouse. But the hummingbird is taking no chances. Suddenly there is an angry whirl of wings. Zip! Zip! Zip! A three-inch bit of feathered fury, he darts at the big hawk's head. In and out of the hawk's reach he whirs, the attacks of his needle-sharp beak coming from everywhere at once.

Startled and annoyed, the hawk flaps its wings and rises higher into the air. His little attacker is still with him. The hawk flies faster. He finally sails far away across the orchards, heading for a tall fir on a mountainside above the



Prayer For A Little Home

God send us a little home
To come back to when we roam.

Low walls and fluted tiles,
Wide windows, a view for miles.

Red firelight and deep chairs,
Small white beds upstairs.

Great talk in little nooks,
Dim colors, rows of books.

God send us a little ground,
Tall trees standing round.

Homely flowers in brown sod,
Overhead, thy stars, O God!
— Author Unknown

valley. At last the hummingbird leaves him. Soon the midget of the birds world is back at his currant bush, finishing his breakfast.

No living things are more fascinating than the birds, and perhaps the most intriguing of all are the smallest - the hummingbirds. There are over 300 kinds, all natives of the western hemisphere. In South America there are "giants" as long as eight inches, and some tiny ones that are only two inches from beak to tail. But the ones we are likely to see are the ruby-throated and the rufous, which are from three to three and a half inches long.

Only the ruby-throated lives east of the Mississippi. Its wings and back are green; its throat the bright ruby-red that gives this beautiful little hummingbird its name. In the western part of North America, the rufous is the most common. His name comes from the bright reddish-brown of his upper parts and his coppery-red throat.

When the wild currant blooms, in March or April, the rufous males arrive. They like quince blossoms, and later the plum and cherry blossoms. Soon the little greenish-brown females arrive, and mates are chosen. The two go together to select the site for the nest, but the mother bird does all the building.

Perhaps she will attach the nest to the tip of a branch of hemlock or fir, or to a low bush or an orchard tree. It will be no larger than half a hen's egg, and is carefully made of moss and plant down, woven together with spider webs and lined, perhaps, with pussy willow fluff. As a final touch, the bird decorates it with frilly tiny plants gathered from an old rail fence or an apple tree. The sharpest eyes are apt to mistake the nest for a knot on the branch.

The mother bird lays two tiny white eggs. From them hatch two very ugly little birds about the size of bees. They seem always hungry, gobbling the mixture of nectar and plant-lice the mother feeds them. As they grow and feather out, they begin to look more like the parents. But the males

will not have their bright plumage until the next spring.

When the days begin to grow short and the nights cool, the hummingbirds start back to their winter homes in southern Mexico or South America. Such little bundles of activity need large amounts of food in proportion to their weight; yet the hummingbirds can fly for hundreds of miles without stopping for food. In their trip south, they cover something like 2,500 miles, and travel as fast as fifty miles an hour.

You will want to watch for hummingbirds in your garden, and you can attract them by planting flowers they enjoy. Bright colors like red, orange and purple seem to be their favorites, and trumpet-shaped flowers seem to hold nectar in just the right way for them. A hummingbird feeder filled with colored, sweetened water will bring them close to your window, too. Early morning and twilight are good times to look for them, but you may see them any time of day. You will hold your breath as you watch this midget of the bird world, so dainty that it can hover in mid-air to sip nectar from the frailest flower, yet strong enough to fly thousands of miles, and brave enough to face its largest enemy. ■■



The Twelve Spies

How easily the Israelites forgot! It seemed that God had no sooner punished them for one wrong deed until they were disobeying him again. Now even Aaron and Miriam, Moses' own brother and sister who certainly should have known better, began to find fault with Moses and complain against him.

They found fault with Moses because he had married one of Jethro's daughters from the land of Midian. They felt he should have married someone from the Israelites.

But Moses' wife wasn't the real reason why Miriam and Aaron were complaining. The real reason was that they were jealous! They couldn't stand that Moses was the leader and was getting all the attention. They wanted some, too.

"Is Moses the only one God can speak through?" they complained one day. "Doesn't God speak through us also?"

The Lord heard what they were saying, and he was greatly displeased. Moses didn't say anything to defend himself for he was by far the meekest man in the whole world. But God could not let such complaining go on. The Lord called out to Moses and Aaron and Miriam, "Come out, you three to the tabernacle."

The three of them walked to the tabernacle. There God came down in a column of smoke. He stood at the door of the Holy Place and called to Aaron and Miriam. They came forward. God said to them, "Now listen. If there is a prophet among you, I speak to him in visions and dreams. But you know that isn't the way I speak to my servant Moses. I speak to him face to face, because I can trust him. Why then weren't you afraid to speak against my servant Moses?"

Then just as suddenly as it had come, the presence of the Lord had left again, and Aaron and Miriam were standing alone at the tabernacle.

When Aaron looked at Miriam, he saw with horror that God had sent a terrible punishment upon Miriam. Her skin was white all over, and covered with ugly scales and scabs. She had the dreaded, incurable disease -- leprosy. Miriam was a leper!

Aaron cried out to Moses and said, "Please don't hold against us what we did. Don't let Miriam be like this, with her flesh half eaten up."

Moses was ready to forgive Aaron and Miriam. In grief he prayed to God to forgive them and heal Miriam.

Once again the Lord was merciful and heard the prayer of Moses. He healed Miriam of her leprosy, but commanded that she had to stay outside the camp for seven days, since she had been unclean with leprosy. So the rest of the people had to wait at that place until the seven days were up and Miriam could travel on with them. They moved on until they

came to a place which was not too far from the land of Caanan.

Now God said to Moses, "Send out twelve men to spy out the land and see what it is like. Send one man from each of the twelve tribes."

So Moses chose twelve. All of them were important men and leaders in their tribes. The twelve spies walked though the land of Caanan. They saw the fertile plains and forested mountains. They walked through deep green pastures and waded streams that sparkled with fresh water. They saw fields of growing grain and flocks of fat sheep and cattle.

For forty days they walked up and down the land so that they would be able to tell what it was all like when they got back to the camp and reported to the people. The men had never seen such a rich land where there was so much food. Moses had told them to bring back some samples of the fruit growing in Caanan, so at a vineyard they broke off a large cluster of grapes. The cluster was so heavy that it was hard to carry. Finally they fastened it a pole and carried it between the shoulders of two men.

The twelve spies reached the camp of the Israelites one evening. All the people quickly assembled, for they were eager to hear about the land for which they had traveled all this distance across the hot desert. But the spies didn't all have the same thing to report. Ten of them said, "It is true that it is a rich land, flowing with milk and honey. There is plenty of food. See, here is how big one cluster of grapes is. But the people who live in the land are fierce, and they live inside cities with big strong walls."

At the news of the fierce men and the strong walled cities, all the people began to be afraid. But the two other spies, Joshua and Caleb, had a different report. They tried to quiet the people. "We ought to go up and take over the land," they encouraged "for we can certainly do so."

"No no " cried the ten spies. "We can't possibly take over the land. The people are too strong for us." The ten spies went through the camp, spreading this discouraging report and saying, "We saw giants in the land, huge men who were so tall they made us feel like tiny little grasshoppers. That is how little we must have looked to them, too."

At this all the people broke out with loud cries of hopeless misery. They were afraid of the giants. They were sure they could never get into the promised land. They felt they had left Egypt and come all this way for nothing. With big tears of self-pity running down their gloomy faces, they wept and wailed all night long.

The next morning they began grumbling against Moses and Aaron. They said, "We wish we had died in the land of Egypt, or that we were dead right now here in the desert. Why did God bring us out to have the giants murder us with their swords? Our wives and little ones will be stolen by the giants."

Then everyone wept some more. The camp was filled with the pitiful sound of thousands of people complaining and weeping bitterly.

Someone shouted, "Wouldn't it be better to return to Egypt?"

The cry caught on, and soon all the people were shouting, "Let's go back to Egypt. Let's appoint a leader and go back."

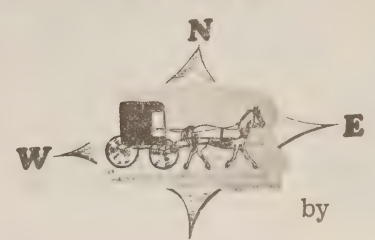
Moses and Aaron fell on their faces before the people. The two faithful spies, Joshua and Caleb, tore their clothes to show their distress and grief at the wicked way the people were behaving. They said to the people, "The land which we spied out is a rich land. If God helps us we can easily take it. God will give us that land, a land that is flowing with milk and honey. You don't need to be frightened of the people living there. We can easily drive them out. Whatever you do, don't rebel against God."

With an angry cry the people roared back, threatening to stone them.

There was a blinding flash. The glory of the Lord appeared at the tabernacle. All the people looked and saw it, and God spoke to Moses, "How long are these people going to despise me? How long are they going to refuse to believe me after all the signs and miracles I have done for them. I will send a terrible disease on them so that they will all die. Then I will make a great nation from your descendants."

But Moses said, "Would you want the Egyptians to hear something like that? You led this great multitude out from among them with your power. They know that these are your

THE
MIDNIGHT
TEST



by
PRICE \$3.25 S Elmo Stoll

This story is about Amish young people — the people they meet, the temptations they face, It is for ages 10 and up, but is especially suited for 7th and 8th graders. Hardbound. 232 pages.

people, for they have heard how you led them with a cloud by day and a fire by night. So now if you kill all these people, they will hear about it and will laugh and say, 'Their God wasn't big enough to get them into the land he had promised them. That's why he killed them all in the wilderness.' You have said that you are slow to get angry and rich in kindness, so please forgive these people again, just as you have before."

The Lord answered and said, "I will forgive them as you have asked. But they have put me to the test ten times already and failed to listen to my voice, as a punishment, not one of them will get into Caanan. Turn around tomorrow and lead them back into the desert."

Then God continued speaking to Moses and Aaron and said, "Tell the people that I heard them grumbling and wishing they could die in the desert instead of being killed by the giants. And that is exactly what will happen to all of you who are twenty or older must die in the desert. Not one of you will get into the promised land. But your children, who you said would be stolen by the giants, will get into the land you despised and will be thankful for it. Now turn around and face the desert. Forty days you were in the promised land, for forty years you will have to wander around in the desert. You must suffer one year for every day you were in the promised land. Of those who are over twenty, only Joshua and Caleb will be allowed to enter the land, for they did not doubt my power as the rest of you did. By wandering in the desert for forty years, you will realize how serious it is to complain against God."

The ten unfaithful spies, who had discouraged the rest of the people, were struck down by the Lord so that they died right there.

Now the rest of the people were sorry. They didn't want to go back to the desert to die after all. Now when they heard that God had said they must return to the desert, they were determined to go into the land of Caanan instead. Early the next morning they rushed out and started to get ready to go up to battle against the people in the land. "Here we are," they said to Moses. "We're ready to go up to the place the Lord spoke of."

But Moses said, "Why are you again determined to do just the opposite of what God said. You can't succeed. Don't go, because the Lord isn't with you, and you will just be beaten by your enemies."

But the people didn't listen. They rushed out to fight with the people of Caanan, but they were soon beaten back and many of them were killed.

— E. S.



A New Mother's Meditation

-Mrs. Clarence Sensenig,

I held his tiny hand in mine
And felt his hair so soft and fine.
His precious life had just begun,
Now we were meeting— Mother and son.

He filled me with a speechless awe,
Those bright little eyes, that well-formed jaw!
I smiled when I saw he favors his dad,
Could he really be ours, this wee young lad!

A bundle from heaven, an answered prayer,
Those were my thoughts as I held him there.
I was so happy and so full of joy
To think that he's our own dear baby boy.

But joyful thoughts were then replaced
With sobering thoughts of the task we faced.
Lord, make me humble, meek and mild,
That I might to Thee, give this darling child.

We are so weak in this world of sin;
Give us Thy help as we discipline.
Help us to teach him as part of Thy plan
To be honest and upright—a God-fearing man.
—Ephrata, Pennsylvania

A few readers wrote and said the recent articles of keeping a journal has persuaded them to begin keeping one. One of the readers has already decided to let us have a "peek" into her pages. She sent in the following:

"I walked into a grocery store to purchase a few things. The most beautiful music came over the loud speaker. For a moment I was awed by it and thought to myself, 'How can it be that a person should be denied such beauty?' Then it dawned on me as my thoughts turned to heaven, 'God loves me and He says no; I will put my trust in Him.'

"I went about my shopping and forgot all about the music. The vanities and lusts of this world are but for a

moment and then pass away forever."

I'm sure her journal will make good reading for future generations.

The warm weather will be with us soon. During the summer months many farmers separate their milk on Saturday evenings or Sunday mornings. It is then that the farmer has plenty of fresh butter and cream on the table.

When there is an over-supply of butter it can be salted and made into patties. Then laid in a strong brine, and kept in a cool place. The brine must be salty enough so that an egg can be floated on its surface. In this way butter can be kept quite a few months.

And when there is an over-abundance of cream it can be cold packed and kept until the winter months. First, cool the cream then seal it in pint or quart jars. Cold pack for 1 hour. This cream can be whipped and used same as fresh cream, and has a good flavor.

A friend would like to know what can be done for fruit flies. Even during the winter she has much trouble with them in the kitchen and in the pantry. When fruit is laid on the work table it draws a swarm of these flies within a few hours. Does someone have a solution for this?

Mrs. Enos Yoder writes that the corn mush recipe should have read, "Bring three cups of water to a boil. Mix the milk, salt and corn meal and add it to the boiling water." (Feb. F. L.)

Recipes are generally checked once or twice with the original copy before printing, but even then errors occur at times.

Put some wood ash on the ground where you planted radishes to keep away worms. Wood ashes and lime is also good for dusting cabbage.

Store your comfortors and winter clothes in garbage bags if you have no cedar chest. Close with wire twists on bread packs. Garbage bags are roomy, cheap, and mothproof.

Oh, the joys of springtime! Can there be a heart who is not gladdened by the miracle of spring? Hope, like the spring growth coming from within the earth, wells anew within our breast. As a child I was always gladdened by the return of spring and remembered thinking from hearing mothers talk, that they are only glad for spring so "the children can go out to play."

Now I am a mother, too, and can better understand why it sounded that way to me. They were just as glad to see the beauty as I was. —M. Burkholder, Pennsylvania

"I've been thinking since you published the "Pledge for husband and Wife" in the December issue that it should be followed by a more revealing bit of advice, so the young folks can read some of the practical hard facts between those pretty lines that sound so simple.

Even though I feel I have a better-than-average partner, there are some things that come as an unsettling jolt, and there is a growing awareness of "Well, that's how it is" as we live together in the everyday.

Being mature in the requirements of marriage is something you must grow into step by step and it doesn't happen without earnest effort on both the husband and wife's part.

There will be times when it seems you disagree on

everything, even the things you'd once agreed on.

Successful marriages are rarely made by what appears to be the ideal couple before marriage, or by so-called "love at first sight."

Some problems come up that no amount of human struggling or reason can solve. Only a solid faith in God can keep your "ship of matrimony" from going on the rocks.

Sometimes both have to give up love and companionship while one rocks a colicky baby and the other gives the rest of the children some much needed attention.

After marriage you may see that you weren't even in love before marriage. You only find out what it really can be afterwards. This is good insulation against those times when no one else could possibly love you, and your partner has to put up with you till you do better again.

-By one who has seen ten years of it.

Elam Reiff wishes to thank the friends who sent in copies of "The Miller on the Dee."

Delicious Lemon Cake

1 pkg. yellow cake mix 3/4 cup water
1 pkg. lemon jello 3/4 cup salad oil
4 eggs 1/2 cup lemon juice
2 cups powdered sugar

Mix dry jello with cake mix. Follow package directions for mixing cake. Using all but the last two ingredients. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes or as directed. Let cake stand in pan for about 20 minutes. Then using a fork, pierce holes all over the cake. Spoon the mixture of lemon juice and powdered sugar over the cake. If weaker lemon flavor is desired, dilute the lemon juice with water.

-Martha Helmuth, Aylmer, Ontario

Dutch Apple Pie

Crust: Mix 1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
1/3 cup melted butter
1/4 cup brown sugar

Line in bottom of pie shell.

Mix: 6 apples (sliced)
1/2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons flour
3 tablespoons milk

Pour in unbaked graham cracker crust, and bake at 400° for 40 to 45 minutes.

-M. W., Pennsylvania

CREAM PUFFS

1 1/2 packages active dry yeast
1/4 cup warm water
1/2 cup boiling water
1/2 cup shortening
1/3 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup milk
2 eggs, beaten
5 to 6 cups sifted flour

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Combine boiling water and shortening. Blend well. Add sugar and salt. Stir until lukewarm. Blend in yeast, milk, and eggs. Gradually stir in enough flour for easy handling. Knead until smooth. place in greased bowl; turn over to grease top. Cover. Let rise in a warm place until double (about 1 hour).

April, 1971

Turn dough onto floured surface. Roll to 1/2 inch thickness. Cut in strips, any size you prefer. Cover. Let rise until double (about 30 minutes). Deep fry in Crisco or other shortening (375°). Drain on absorbent paper. Slightly cool puffs. Dip in thin glaze made of confectioners sugar and a small amount of boiling water.

-Ruby Schwartz (14), Bern, Indiana

The Garden

The heart is a garden
Where thought flowers grow;
The thoughts that we think
Are the seeds that we sow.
Each kind loving thought
Bears a kind loving deed
While a tho't that is selfish
Is just like a weed.

We must watch what we think
The live long day
And pull out the weed thoughts
And throw them away.
And plant loving seed thoughts
So thick in a row;
Then there'll be no room
For weed thoughts to grow.
-Sent in by Mrs. A.J. Yoder
Hazelton, Iowa

Some Mothers Write

I want to thank the person who wrote about writing a journal. I never thought I would write any but it took just that to make me. And I look forward to writing in it. I never thought I'd enjoy it so much.

-A Pennsylvania Friend

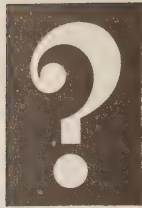
I am interested in the recipes you print and would like to see more space put in recipes. After all, a large part of a housewife's time is put in preparing food for her family. Am also interested in wholesome recipes such as using whole wheat and wheat flour. (I would be glad for such recipes, and for also new methods in preparing vegetables and fruit. — Aunt Becky)

-A mother from Virginia

We had a colt that should have been broken. One of the boys made the remark, "Maybe Uncle Ben could break Tidy (the colt)." "Well," said our 3 year old daughter "If Ben breaks it we'll have to fix her again." -Indiana



As long as we
think the other
person is always
wrong and we
are always
right, we won't
make much
progress
spiritually.
Aunt Becky



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

??

WHO CAN HELP JAKIE HAVE A HOME?

In our neighborhood lived a widower, we shall call him Jakie.

After his wife died, he lived alone for many years. He built himself a new house and fitted it with new furniture all over. But still he was lonesome. So he prayed to God in his loneliness and finally it so happened that he took a wife again.

But now he is very much concerned about his new house and his new furniture. The table and the worktable must be kept just as they were. Sometimes he shouts at his wife, "Oh, don't scratch up my table," or "Don't push that lamp over here, it will scratch up my table." He had asked for the lamp.

She tries to be very careful but still he is constantly reminding her, "Don't do this, Don't do that, don't, don't, don't."

If she does something a little differently than he was used to, he will say, "Why do you do so and so?"

Jakie's wife tries hard to please him but it is always the same story. Jakie says his wife is a good cook, but he complains when he gets heavier.

I feel so sorry for Jakie and his wife. What can we do to help them so they will have a happy and peaceful home instead of just a house?

- Name and address withheld

??

SCHOOL TAXES (answers)

In our community the parents pay school taxes or tuition. However, at regular intervals free-will offerings are taken in which everyone can participate. I wonder if the girl who complains about taxes has the right motive? My parents taught me to live within my income and help others willingly where needed. By giving to parochial schools we are not made poorer, but we should consider it a wonderful opportunity to help the parents who have large families. I never got top wages either but the good Lord has blessed me and by spending less for myself and thinking on others less fortunate, I find there is no room for self-pity.

-Not hard up, but thankful



TO HARD UP

You have stated facts and you are not the first one to be victim of circumstances. But please do not forget to be content with the blessings which God has promised, namely, food, raiment and shelter. In His Word he tells us if we have these to be content therewith. Experience tells me you are being tempted to feel mistreated.

I had a painful lesson. I thought if I work willingly and cheap then someday I will be rewarded.

The time, when I needed help, came when I was in early thirties. But alas, my would-be available relatives

had passed through my stage. There were so many reasons for not helping me. Their daughters went to English places and received thrice the amount of wages that I ever did. I had been taught to work for my own family and people of our church. Frail health and feeling unwanted cost my nerves.

We are just poor folks and yet I feel rich to have a mind and heart in a condition to pray. The responsibility is heavy to raise a family in these deceitful times. Prayer is a big need. I hope to be granted that small place in heaven near the throne but I must first accept willingly my small place here in all its crudeness and lack of polish.

- an unknown friend



APPRECIATES POEM

The poem "New Catalog Reverie" is very good.

I agree very much that our little "live flowers" should be first and most important to us. I've heard say that you can't have flowers and children. This, I believe, is a mis-statement. You can't (or shouldn't) expect to have the biggest, prettiest and most perfect ones, because sometimes a stem gets broken off here and a pot lands on the floor elsewhere, etc.

Our children have already asked why we don't have more flowers. I'm slowly striving to get more of the hardy type that come up and bloom without my having to plant them every year.



-M. Zimmerman, Pennsylvania

To the woman who wrote in about little girls wearing aprons, so that when they grow up they have learned obedience and not rebel against wearing capes and aprons also. I feel we are not giving the children a good start if we try to dress them as stylish as we can. What can we expect of them when they get older? We may then reap what we have sown, and much more. We need more articles like that one.

-Another concerned Mother



CHILD TRAINING

Wouldn't it be a good subject to write some articles on child training? I remember when I was young how our preachers used to warn the parents how necessary it is to begin training children young, and before they are born they should begin asking God for wisdom to train them. Seems to me we hear very little of this anymore. Children seem to have their own way even on mother's lap.

You hear parents say they love their children too much to paddle them. Read Proverbs 13:24. "He that spareth the rod hateth his son but he that loveth him chasteneth him." According to the Bible then, we hate them if we don't punish them. Let's take it to heart.

I used to think my parents and grandparents were too strict. I still thank God for such parents who had a concern and loved their children. Our parents told us how they were brought up. With every generation parents keep letting their children grow up more and more instead of bringing them up.

-A mother who spared not the rod



More About In-laws

Now I would like to say a few words to the one that wants living with in-laws discussed. I was reading in Luke Chapter 6 and came across verses 34, 35, 36, which read as follows: "And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? For sinners also lend to

sinners, to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest. Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful."

Also verse 38— "Give, and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again." These are the words of Jesus, so surely we ought to be able to take Him at his word and not let these little things bother us in the least, for He says our reward shall be great. But we humans would often appreciate the reward right now. May God in His mercy forgive us for wrong attitudes.

I am sure if this woman were living way back in the wilderness where no one would see and care what she does, she would be just too happy to have her mother-in-law come and live in the same house with her just to have someone around who cares and sees what she is doing.

I do not believe it was meant for in-laws to live together though. It says the man is to leave father and mother and cleave to his wife. But I do believe, if we have the mind of Christ, it should not be too much of a problem to have them living next door.

I. Martin, Pennsylvania

In my sewing machine drawer there is a little old-fashioned screwdriver with a wooden handle. I use it often but never with a clear conscience. It was my mother-in-law's screw driver that I borrowed once. Now she has gone across the Dark River and I can never return it to her again.

Soon after Mother came to live with us we built an addition to the home for her. I know just what you mean when you talk about wanting to live way back in the wilderness where nobody can see you. I had heard about a

place up on Lake Michigan that is called Beaver Island. In winter time it is all frozen in so that there can no boats come in or go out. I often wished to spend a whole winter there. It was my idea of Paradise. Just to get away alone.

After awhile Grandma became so childish that she was not able to care for herself. It happened that when my own parents were here on a Sunday my mother had a stroke in the afternoon. We put her in a bed in Grandma's room where she died one week later. It wasn't many months until my father came here to stay too. He lived in one room of the addition and my mother-in-law in the other. We had much of the "healthy hum of a happy family," but I occasionally wished to spend a winter at Beaver Island.

Grandma died.

Grandpa became a bed patient. For more than two years we'd have our family devotions in his room so he could be with us. Then within six months' time the last three of our boys got married, Grandpa passed away and we two were alone. Death is so final. There is no recalling them back to do something over. The only way you can forgive yourself for your impatience or misunderstanding, or (admit it!) your little meannesses, is if you have already practised the art of forgiveness to other people.

Our daughter and her family came to us. Now the shoe was on the other foot and we moved into the addition.

I have a feeling that if I follow Ephesians 4:32 and be "kind, tender-hearted, forgiving" when it would be so much easier to be quick, snappish, God can turn it to something beautiful. The years pass so quickly, even though it doesn't seem like it now.

My mother had an old favorite quotation:

There is healing in old trees,
Old trees a glamour hold;
Why not I as well as these
Grow lovely growing old?"

-A. H., Goshen, Indiana

The
Good
Samaritan

-by Lydia Smoker (age 11)

A certain man went traveling one day
On the Jerusalem to Jericho way,
He fell among thieves— their helpless prey—
And the poor man all alone there lay.

They robbed and wounded him, cared for him not;
They gave him no drink, yet the day was so hot!
They left him lying there sore and maimed,
And by chance a priest around the turn came.

"Oh, look at the man!" he might have said
"I have no time—he'll soon be dead."
The priest passed on to the other side
And went on his way through the country wide.

A Levite came to the place where he lay
And he thought, 'I'm too busy, I cannot stay.'
And, likewise, as the priest had done,
He passed him by and still trudged on.

But a certain Samaritan came that day
On the Jerusalem to Jericho way
And went to the poor man lying there,
Had compassion on him and gave him care.

Now, Christian friend, as you travel on
To the mansions above and your heavenly home
Be a good Samaritan wherever you can
And always give a helping hand.



THE STORY OF PHILIP M. KILMER-- and his brothers

-Mrs. Mary (Kilmer) Stutzman

There were nine children in our family. The first one to leave this life was the youngest, James E., who was only fifteen days old. Mary was the oldest, then Philip Martin, Jacob, Clarence, John, Ruth, and the two youngest boys, Joel and Paul.

Clarence Henry went to be with the Lord in 1941 when he was eighteen years old. He was on a wheel chair nine years. In 1947 Philip Martin went, too, after being four-teen years on the wheelchair. In 1956 Joel passed away, aged 25, and Paul in 1959 on Thanksgiving Day, aged 26 years.

Philip M., Clarence, Joel and Paul were all victims of muscular dystrophy. They were born with this disease, but they looked like normal children the first year or more of their lives. Gradually they became more helpless and deformed. At last they could only walk on their toes, but with much difficulty.

After they were on wheelchairs the ligaments in the legs drew together so they sat with their feet up on the chair. Philip M.'s feet were not drawn as much as the others so he used a foot stool. After Philip M.'s passing, the family began to spend their winters in Florida so many people remember Joel and Paul from seeing them there.

Mother started with arthritis in her hands in 1949. Gradually her joints stiffened up and she has been on the wheelchair since 1965. Jacob ran many errands for her as well as doing the hard work for Dad after Dad had a heart attack in 1964.

Mary, John and Ruth have been married the last twenty years and more, so Jacob was left at home to help with the invalids. He can not go out and earn his own living, but he has filled a large place and I know the Lord will make a way for him and will bless his labours of love. I believe there are promises in the Word for him and God is not slack concerning His promises. A few years from now we will stand in awe as we see how God worked it out and we will want to praise Him in eternity.

The years seem long sometimes now but when we look back then, it will be just like a vapor that melts into the air.

Philip M. painted the cards which we are using in this month's full page feature. He died in April of 1947—twenty four years ago.

Philip M. was coughing about a week before he died. He seemed to almost choke. The doctor said he had no strength to cough. He had been anointed by preacher Peter Cress.

One afternoon, a few days later, he said to his mother, "Get the family all home. I will not stay with you much longer."

"But you thought so before," his mother answered.

"But it was not like this time," he insisted.

Father and John were working away from home so we sent them word to come home. Soon we were all together. Father, Mother, Grandmother, John, Jacob, Ruth, Joel and Paul. Mary was in Ohio at the time.

Philip M. was reclining on the chair with the back down when he began to talk. He asked us to forgive him. We wondered, "What should we forgive you for?"

He answered, "For everything." Then he looked at the little boys and said, "Forgive me if I talked cross to you." After that he repeated the 23 Psalm and other Scripture and parts of songs and added, "Let us keep our hearts and minds tuned heavenward so that some glad day we may hear that welcome voice, 'Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord.'"

He repeated it three times. He was very weak but he kept speaking to the ones gathered around him. He also said, "Tell Mary I'll meet her again."

All of a sudden he exclaimed, "Oh, that beautiful shore! Oh, that beautiful shore! I see the angels and all kinds of beautiful colors." Then he laughed out loud.

The doctor came and examined him but Philip M. just kept on talking as if he didn't notice the doctor. At this time he didn't have to cough. After the doctor left he was put to bed and slept awhile.

After he awoke some of his young friends came with preacher Wesley Martin. He asked them to sing for him and said to the young boys that they could meet him if they confess their sins to God and receive forgiveness. Then he asked the family to sing "Meet Me There," and the Lord gave them grace to sing for him.

At midnight he started to cough again, and then he said, "Oh, Lord, have mercy! Lord help!" With that he was laid back on his pillow and fell peacefully asleep to awake in a better land.

(To be continued)

Mrs. Henry Kilmer passed away in the home of her daughter Mary on Feb. 8, 1971.

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions—

About two years ago Ezra Kanagy of Belleville, Pennsylvania, sent a request to the Budget for a remedy for "unruh" or "Charley horse." He received a good response. The answers he forwarded to us. Some of the remedies are worth trying. Cramps are very painful and I'm sure many of our readers would welcome relief for this.

Several of the letters advised to drink milk saying that cramps are caused by a lack of calcium. One woman wrote she received wonderful results by drinking a quart a day. Some said they received results by using vitamin B, while one advised taking 300 milligrams vitamin C along with 300 mgs. of Vitamin E, saying not to use white sugar and no white flour in the diet.

Other tried remedies were:

1. ... 1 teaspoon soda in water for quick relief.
2. ... the antispasmodic tincture recipe on page 274 of the Back to Eden book has given wonderful results. A half teaspoon of the mixture in a half glass of water was sufficient to give relief within a few minutes. The lobelia is used in powdered form. This tincture is also recommended for many other ailments—(croup, flu, etc.)—
3. ... tie a head scarf (or stocking) tightly above and below the pain.
4. ... eat from 4 to 8 soda crackers for quick relief.
5. ... grease the sole of your foot with olive oil.
6. ... soak the feet in as hot water as possible.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

REPOSE
FAITH
REPENTANCE

HAVE YOU CONSULTED THE GREAT PHYSICIAN?

TWO KINDS OF GROWTH

THE MEANING OF THE BLOOD IN EGYPT CALVARY OUR HEARTS AT THE COMMUNION TABLE

FAITHFUL
GOD'S BLESSING
VICTORY
SUPREMACY
CONTINUANCE
CHRIST IN ME

FAITHLESS
CHOOSE
OVERTHROW
DESTRUCTION
OBLIVION

MOUNT CERIZIM: THE PROMISE OF HEAVEN

MOUNT OF PERDITION AND ALL THAT IS TERRIBLE

FORSAKING

ALL Phil. 3:2
Gal. 2:20
TAKE MAT. 23:29
JIM 10 John 5:30

WHEN?
Now - 1 Cor. 2
Delay not.
Ps. 119:66.

WHERE?
At home - Luk. 24:47
In all the world
Mark 16:35.

WHY?
Jesus Commands
Go - Matt. 28:19.
Come - Acts 1:9.

HOW?
Go - Rom. 10:14.
Send me - Is. 6:7.
Pray - 1 Thim. 5:22.
Hear - Luke 10:10.

WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD, I WILL PASS OVER YOU

Philip Martin Wilson Dec. 1942

AS MOSES LIFTED UP THE SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS, EVEN SO MUST THE SON OF MAN BE LIFTED UP

© Philip Martin Wilson

**JESUS SALVATION Rom. 1:11
UNSEEN GIFT 2 Cor. 9:15
SUSTAINING GRACE Heb. 12:28
ETERNAL LIFE John 3:16
JUSTIFIED BY FAITH Rom. 5:1**

HE THAT ABIDEETH IN ME, AND I IN HIM, THE SAME BRINGETH FORTH MUCH FRUIT

Philip Martin Wilson Jan. 1947

ENTER IN AND BEGIN A LIFE OF SERVICE

**GOD'S WILL
FAITH
OBEDIENCE
SEPARATION
SIGHT
DISCERNANCE**

THE WORLD AROUND US

SUNLIGHT



Sunlight is one of the commonest things in the world and yet it is among the most difficult to understand. We are always glad to see the first days of warm sunshine in the spring for we know that this is what brings the earth back to life again. Without sunshine there would be no green grass, no plants and no food for animals or humans. Without sunshine, there would be no summer.

On the first hot day of spring, did it ever feel like the sun was bearing down on you? If it did, then you were really right. Scientists tell us that heat and light are really little streams of particles or rays that shoot out from the sun at the speed of 186,000 miles per second. They have also learned that these rays actually have weight.

Every day in the year, the earth receives a tremendous amount of heat and energy from the sun. Three-fourths of this is absorbed into the surface of the earth. The other fourth is picked up in the atmosphere. Clear, dry air picks up very little sunshine. But if there is dust,

water vapors or clouds in the air, then some of the sunshine is absorbed.

The earth does not pick up all the sunshine that strikes it. About half as much as it absorbs, is reflected back into space.

On a cold clear day in winter, the sun can shine through a window and it feels warm on the inside of the room. This may seem strange considering the fact that it passes through sub-zero temperatures on the outside. But it really is not as strange as it seems. Every day in summer, if we went up in an airplane for three miles high we would find freezing temperatures. If we went up 8 miles, we would find it is 60 below zero. Yet the sun shines through this cold air and warms the earth below.

The reason why the earth is colder in the winter than in the summer, is not because it is farther away, for it is actually closer to the sun. It is because the rays of the sun hit the earth at a slant during the winter time. If you will take a board and hold it directly towards the sun, it will warm up much faster than if you hold it at a slant.

Scientists say that all energy on the earth originally came directly or indirectly from the sun. They say the big coal fields were once lush green vegetation which decayed and was eventually covered. The petroleum fields might have been deposits of fish or other oily substances, which were covered and compressed possibly by the flood.

To get an idea of how much energy the earth gets from the sun let, us suppose that the sun were to quit shining and we wanted to make the same amount of heat from substances now on the earth. Scientists say that all our reserves of coal, petroleum, natural oil, peat, and timber would be used up in less than a year.

Sunshine is responsible for the weather on the earth. Without sunshine, there would be no winds and no weather. Sunlight draws up millions of tons of water each day from the earth into the atmosphere and deposits it again in the form of rain. Sunshine creates winds by warming some parts of the earth more than others. Windmills and waterwheels get their energy indirectly from the sun. The fuel for any kind of an engine also comes from the sun.

Sunlight is composed of different kinds of rays. The two main kinds are infra-red and ultra-violet. Infra-red is the ordinary kind of heat waves. This is the same kind of heat as is emitted from a stove or the human body. It travels through the air at the same speed as light until it strikes an object, and then it feels warm.

Ultra-violet rays are necessary for plant growth and also for the human body. Vitamin D. is the sunshine vitamin and if we have a lack of ultra-violet rays we may have a vitamin deficiency. If we have too much ultra-violet rays on the skin we become suntanned or sunburned. Ultra-violet rays will pass through clouds but they will not go through glass.

Sunlight, as it comes from the sun also contains a considerable amount of harmful rays such as X-rays, gamma, and cosmic rays. If these rays were permitted to reach the earth, in a short time there would be no living plant, animal, or human on the earth. But the One who created the sun, and the earth wisely arranged it so that practically all of these harmful rays are screened out in the upper atmosphere.

If man continues to tamper with the atmosphere by exploding such things as the atomic or the H-bomb, then sometime he may upset the balances of nature and allow more of these harmful rays to hit the earth. If ever this happens, it may easily bring death and destruction to large parts of the earth. ■■

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FAMILY LIFE

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letters to the editors



ONE BETTY CAME BACK

Family Life came today and since I am all alone, I read the most of it. The story "What will bring Betty Back" (March issue) has hit home so close to me that I just have to write a few lines. It made me think of when our own daughter did the same thing. I just silently prayed, "Lord if it's your will, you can bring her back. I'll leave it up to you for you know what is best."

The prayers were answered and she is back. I give all the thanks to God, but I want to try and be a better mother for I have failed along the way, too.

- name withheld.

MORE MONEY HUNGRY

I'm afraid that too many parents want the "Big Dollar" (See March issue) and don't realize how dangerous it is for their children to work in town. Satan is ready to try us out the first chance he gets and this is just the place he wants us, in town and under a worldly influence. Here he tries to tell us to watch T.V. or listen to the radio. At first we may feel guilty but soon we get used to it. There are boys who profess to be Amish but have cars and some idle time so they call on these girls who are staying in town. Then they go out for a drive to questionable places. Is that where we want to be found when Jesus comes? If not, then we'd better not go to such places. Another thing that can happen when the "man" has to pick you up or take you home is to try to get you to pay attention to silly talk. If he can get you to smile at an off-color joke then he is ready to go a little further.

Next he may tell you to take hold of the steering wheel and try to drive. You tell him that you can't drive but he insists that it isn't hard. Finally you decide to try and as soon as you take hold of the steering wheel, he takes his hands off the steering wheel and you are guiding alone. With both your hands on the wheel, he slips his arms around you and you realize that that is what he was after in the first place, and that you will have to do some fast thinking. This is when you start wishing desperately that you had stayed on your side of the car, or better yet at home with your parents. Then you move back fast, sooner risking a car wreck than what may happen if you don't.

Sometimes they will turn off on a side road saying, "Let's have a little fun." If you don't speak up quick or act fast, you are in for trouble.

Baby sitting is dangerous for people will find out that you are alone. One time I was working at a place and a peddler came and he saw the family was ready to go away. He came back later and I had no time to lock the door so I ran upstairs to my room and prayed. Soon he went away.

If mothers and fathers would know how dangerous it is for their children to work in town, I think they would try harder to keep them occupied at home or in the community.

- Ohio Hired Girl

SHUNNING OF APOSTATES

The article, "Shunning Of Apostates" states, "Jacob Amman, I am convinced, had sound Biblical truth on his side." I am a Mennonite, and can agree completely with this statement. Anyone can read Menno Simon's writings and find a sound Biblical basis for shunning.

Through my studies, I have come to realize that the Anabaptist view of Christianity is more a reality among some Amish than among most Mennonites. I expect such a statement might make most Mennonites shudder. Why? I guess the reason is that Mennonites think they are above the Amish. This is due in part to the following two reasons:

1. Because Amish change so slowly that Mennonites think they are stagnant. The Amish's strong discipline may have reduced their change to such an extent that the world has left them way behind. But this may not be a weakness. It may be a sign of strength (Read Romans 12:2).
2. Because the Amish do not have Sunday school, Mission

boards, etc.

But perhaps the Mennonites should stop to think if these institutions have Biblical basis. Let's face it, the New Testament church did not have Sunday Schools because her members were taught during the church assemblies. Neither did she have mission boards because each Christian carried out the Great Commission. If the church follows the New Testament methods, she will find some man-made institutions are not needed, nor are they necessarily signs of life.

I do hope the Mennonites will take a new look at the Amish. They may find that the Anabaptist view is very much alive among them. Mennonites should be thankful for such articles as the one on shunning. They should help us to see where we stand.

- L. M. H., Indiana.

A TOSSING-OUT PARTY

Concerning the wonderful article, "The Shunning Of Apostates" in the Feb. issue of **Family Life**, how can there be any question or argument, if the reader will lovingly and prayerfully read such passages as 2 John vs. 9-11?

I appreciate the magazine for it is not given over to worldly standards, I have just moved into a new modern mobile home with lovely furniture. Now I am in the Wooster area and through reading such articles I've truly been set free from all this bondage. Today I had a ball, tossing out all my make-up and worldly dresses! But what can I do now? Do I just walk away from my husband and home (Luke 14:26-27)? Or should I stay with him as long as he is willing to allow me to dress and go where I feel lead of the Holy Spirit?

I would like to burn the two T.V. sets, and all this junk, but they belong to my husband. I have renounced all these things so I can be unspotted from the world. I want to live this wonderful way for I feel it is Christ's plan for us.

- Ohio.

THAT SAFETY EMBLEM

I have always wanted to attend an Amish church services, a hymn singing and a wedding. We go up through Baltic to Berlin quite often and are pleased to see the safety emblems appear on your vehicles. I am sure we need every bit of precaution we can get on the highways. This can be seen at a good distance and it is for your protection. We would not purposely hurt or cripple any moving creature and we slow down even as we pass a farm house lest something dash out in front of us. One day our daughter stopped and removed a land turtle which was crossing the highway, afraid it might get hit.

I wonder if some of you men folks could tell us what to put on tree stumps to make them decay faster? Would you have a formula for mixing whitewash which you would share?

- Mr. and Mrs. Earl Berkshire, RR 2, Gurnsey, Ohio 43741

THE AIR SMELLS FRESHER

We found the article on the back cover of March issue concerning the important part that trees play in nature's scheme of life to be a very good and worthwhile one. As we get into a wooded area in the summer time, how much fresher the air smells, how much sweeter the birds sing, how much nearer to our Creator do we all feel! God has created these things for our enjoyment and well-being yes, even these things have a bearing on our health.

We would encourage more articles along similar lines of natural things being beneficial to our physical and spiritual well-being.

- J. H. Miller, Virginia.

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THE OLD IS STILL FITTING

Coming in from a laborous day I picked up an old **Family Life** dated November, 1968 and sat down to read. Soon I came across the Title, "Looking for A Teacher" and it reminded me of that time when we were looking for a teacher without success. When this article was published, I wrote a letter in answer and we had good results as we found a teacher.

But now again we are looking for a teacher for Sunnyside school.

A Board Member, Adin N. Zimmerman, RR 1, Millmont, Pa. 17845.

THE CUTTINGS GROW

In the article, "Life Of A Tree," I was surprised to read how the flower died when it was sealed into a glass jar. For this is my "never fail" method of starting cuttings. With about an inch of moist soil in the jar.

I put my cutting in and screw on the lid and place in a light where it will perspire. It easily takes root and grows when removed and transplanted.

-Ohio

ANSWER - Even though the method works for starting cuttings, this would not say it would work for a full grown plant.

WANT THINGS A LITTLE DIFFERENT

While reading "As others see us" (March Issue) it made me think of another incident that happened in a small country store in an Amish community. Some parents took their small children into a shoestore to get some shoes. The clerk came with wedges, square toes, pointed shoes, etc., until finally the mother asked, "Don't you have any shoes like they have on? Surely you know we prefer the plain ones!"

"Yes, mam," the clerk replied rather sharply, "we do know some of you prefer the plain, but let me tell you, most of the Amish want something a little different, a little prettier. You know, we have to satisfy our customers. The company sends us what we sell the most of and that, my dear lady is why the plain ones are harder to get. We don't hardly sell enough that they are worth bothering with. The same thing goes for the dry goods we sell in the store, too, it's too plain! Most of your people want something a little prettier and the plain materials are just gathering dust."

- An Onlooker, Indiana

HOT WINDS OF KANSAS

I read the article on the Kansas Prairie in Ford County and near Dodge City. I found out I knew most of the people mentioned in the article, years ago.

My father, David Beiler, moved out there in 1906 when I was only a young girl. My mother died before we moved and there were several other children. We moved out there from Arthur, Illinois on account of my father's health. The doctor said he had one bad lung and the best thing for him to do was to go west where the altitude was higher. So he did and he got restored to better health again.

I had an older brother who moved along. He was probably about 30 and was not married. He and Father built a house on a 160-acre farm which they bought about six miles down from Dodge City. It was not too far from the river.

I was out there last summer and went to see the house they built in 1906. It is still in nice shape, also had a cool drink of water from the well they put down at that time. Most of the buildings which were put up in those years are all torn down.

I also went to the cemetery and it is in not too good a condition. I could not find some of the people I knew were buried there at the time of the flue in the years from 1917 to 1919.

It was very warm and dry when we were there last summer. One man told me they had no rain for three months. But they were harvesting one of the biggest wheat crops they had in recent years.

About the year 1917 we had a field of corn on the farm known as the John Hostetler farm. The corn was maybe about 3 feet tall and we had 2 days of them so-called Kansas Hot Winds and the corn was so dry we could take it and rivel it up.

- K. T., North Carolina.

IS DAYLIGHT TIME CONFUSING?

Concerning daylight saving time (March issue) I don't feel it is confusing but it is a nuisance. Most states have daylight time by law from the last Sunday in April to the last Sunday

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in October. The rest of the year we can all have standard time. However, many Amish homes have 30 minutes faster than standard. The menfolks have standard time on the watch but the clock in the home is 30 minutes fast. This is confusing because the wife may be talking one time and the husband the other. I don't like daylight time but if we feel it is confusion, we have asked for all the confusion we've got.

- Levi J. Schrock.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

Several recent articles in **Family Life** on the Ten Commandments drew my attention. Jesus said in Matt. 5:17-18 that He didn't come to destroy the law and the prophets but to fulfill. Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or Tittle shall in no wise pass from the law until all shall be fulfilled. How could we know what sin is with nothing to define sin? Paul says in Romans 3:20, "By the law is the knowledge of sin." Also in Romans 7:7, "I had not known sin but for the law, for I had not known lust except the law had said, 'Thou shalt not covet.'"

1 John 3:4, "Whosoever committeth sin transgresses the law for sin is the transgression of the law."

- J. M., Virginia

When the Lord called Moses up to the Mt. Sinai, He told him to tell the children of Israel, "If ye will obey my voice indeed and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people for all the earth is mine." Then in the next chapter we read where He gave them the Ten Commandments.

The Gospels of Matthew, Luke and Mark, all three tell of one, a ruler, who came running to Jesus saying, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

Jesus said, "Keep the commandments."

When he asked which ones, Jesus referred him to the commandments given on Mt. Sinai such as Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, steal, or bear false witness. thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother, and added another one, Love thy neighbor as thyself.

We feel the Ten Commandments are all brought over into the New Testament: Thou shalt have no other gods before thee. (1 Cor. 8:6). Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or likeness (Romans 1:23). Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain (Matt. 5:24; James 5:12). Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy (Matt. 12:8; Mark 2:28). Honor thy father and thy mother (Matt. 15:3-7; Eph. 6:2-3). Thou shalt not kill (James 2:11; Rev. 13:10). Thou shalt not commit adultery (Eph. 5:3-5; 5:19). Thou shalt not steal (Eph. 4:28). Thou shalt not bear false witness (Eph. 4:25). Thou shalt not covet (Romans 7:7; 13:9).

Jesus said, "I am not come to destroy but to fulfill the law."

- Jesse D. Spicher, Belleville, Pa.

PRIDE

I believe that if parents would not be so much concerned about having an attractive face, then their children would not wish to adorn themselves so much, either. I have found this was true with myself in earlier years. Children will soon learn from their parents what they think a lot of. How vain to say, "Isn't that a pretty face?"

Nowhere in the Bible do we read that honor is due to a naturally beautiful face. If we are Christians, let us look for the traits in others that are worthy to be wished for and desired.

How much better it would be to say of someone, "I think she is such a considerate, kind and warm-hearted person." Aren't these the traits that Christ loves? Let us be satisfied with how we look for the Lord has made us thus and everything that He makes is good. If it is good enough for our Heavenly Father then it should also be good for us.

I believe the person with the naturally beautiful face is more tempted to feel proud of himself. We do not want to be guilty of this great sin. Therefore let us put off the old man and the vanities of this world. We should notice and admire the things in others that are truly worthy to be admired, namely the things that God loves. "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever" (1 John 2:16-17).

— E. B., Liverpool, Penna.

STILL SOME GOOD SAMARITANS

It was a beautiful spring morning with hardly enough breeze that you could feel it. Just the right kind of day to burn the branches and twigs from the bushes of last fall's trimming. The pile was rather high and I wanted to make sure it got burned. The yard out back was messy enough without that pile of rubbish. So I took a couple of old newspapers, fluffed them up and poked the pile full of them, and lit the match.

I soon saw the whole pile was in flames. My 4-year old and 1-year old daughters were in the yard so I told them to stay away while I go and fetch a broom just in case I needed it.

I walked slowly toward the house, but on coming out again I saw a few tongues of fire had started licking up the dry grass. With the broom I started beating as hard as I could. The more I beat, the faster the flames spread. My eyes were getting full of smoke and I realized the fire was out of control. But what should I do, I didn't want to call the fire company and have all the commotion around here.

Just then a car turned up our road and I thought maybe I'll get some help now. But it was a salesman and he was in his Sunday suit. After taking a good look, he went on down the road to a neighbors and that was the last I saw of him.

Why did I ever try to burn this when my husband was not around? This will never do, I am helpless. I prayed for help, and still didn't want to bother the fire company but I knew it would soon spread to the bush nearby.

Just then a pickup truck came up the road, and sure enough it turned our way. Two men got out and came over to where I was. "I need help," I said.

"Get some more brooms and we will help you," one of them said.

I gave them my broom and I went to get another broom and a snow shovel. They grabbed them and we all did some fast beating for the next few minutes. Soon everything was under control and my heart was back to normal, (almost).

"Thanks a lot," I told them, "you sure saved my day. What are your names?"

Neither answered but they both looked at each other and smiled.

"Well, if you won't tell me who you are, I will have to write you down as Good Samaritans," is all I could think of to say.

They just laughed and went and jumped in their pickup and headed back the same way they had come. I never saw them before and I never saw them since. How thankful I was that we still have some Good Samaritans left.

-Mrs. C. S. Zimmerman, Ephrata, Penna.

ARE WE GETTING BLAME OR CREDIT?

There was a man who worked hard for a living to support his family. One day in Autumn, he and his son went to his wood lot which was along the road on the far end of his farm to cut some wood for the coming winter. He had a new axe and when dinner time came he set his axe and saw beside a stump alongside the road. Then he and his son went home for dinner and to do some noon chores.

In the afternoon when he came back, the farmer and his son found the axe was gone. "Well, now where could our axe have got to?" the farmer said. "Hardly anybody travels this road except our neighbor."

So they went to the neighbors and asked if they had seen anything of the axe. "About an hour ago two tramps came along this road and they had a nearly new axe which they wanted to sell," the neighbor answered.

"I believe that is our axe," replied the farmer, "Come on, let's go and see if we can overtake them before they get too far."

After some time they overtook the two tramps who were sitting on a stump beside the road. They were friendly and one of them said, "Mister, would you like to buy an axe? We would sell it for \$3.50."

The farmer took the axe and looked it over and then he said, "I believe this is my axe for I have my initials stamped right here on the handle. You men stopped and picked it up

where I had left it beside the stump about two hours ago."

At first the men denied it but the farmer said, "No use denying it for I know my axe."

Finally the man who had the axe admitted it and said, "Yes, we found it alongside the road and we thought someone had lost it."

Then the other tramp, thinking that perhaps they would get into trouble over the axe spoke up, "Don't say 'we.'" You took the axe. You picked it up and carried it down the road. I have nothing in it."

But the other tramp answered, "Yes, that is true, but you remember well what you said when we were walking down the road. I told you I was going to sell the axe and get some money for it and then you told me 'we' were going to sell the axe and divide the money for you had seen the axe the same time I did."

When there is gain to be had then everyone wants part of it, but when it's blame then nobody wants to admit they had anything to do with it.

-Titus H. Nolt, East Earl, Pennsylvania.

FORGETFUL OR DISHONEST

"Well, what can I do for you today?" asked the man at the feed mill.

"I want 500 lbs. dairy concentrate and 100 lbs. salt," John answered, "and these two milk cans I would like to have filled with molasses. Could you have them ready by the time I run across the road to the implement store?"

When John came back everything was ready so he loaded his things, went to the office, paid his bill and went home. But the man who had filled the order had forgotten to include the molasses. After awhile he thought of it and went to the office and said, "John got 175 lbs. of molasses."

The man in the office was surprised, "He did? He paid for the dairy concentrate and the salt but he never said anything about molasses."

"He took the molasses, too," the feed man said.

"We'll have to bill him for it, then," the office man said. Later when John came in to straighten things out he pretended he had forgotten the molasses. However it was not two months later that he tried to pull another shady deal.

To look at John with his plain clothes and black hat, anyone would take him for a church member, and at one time he was. Because of his dishonest dealings as well as his involvement in some worldly kinds of amusement, he is no longer a member of the church. His actions since, do not help him anything, neither are they a light to the world. The sad part is that John is still wearing his plain clothes, which would be good if only his inside life would correspond with the same.

-M. W., Pennsylvania.

THEY SAW OUR LIGHT

Father and Mother were leaving for a few days visit in Indiana. It was in the fall and they gave us quite a bit of admonition before they went. "Be sure to take good care of the children. Don't let them run out without their coats and boots. Be careful with the fires. Do the chores well and get the milk ready in time for the milkman."

Surely they don't need to worry about us, we thought, for aren't we able to take the responsibilities for a few days at least.

The chores were done, supper was over and we were all ready to go to bed early. We soon found out that without our parents we did have a much greater responsibility. My sister Sarah said, "I will fix the fire for the night while you get the children ready for bed."

All went well and we were off for a good night's rest. We had often been alone for a few hours in the evening before. However, for some reason this was different, it seemed there was a burden on our shoulders. Was it because this was our first experience of taking over? Well anyway, we were confident we'd get along. We'd have to go through it

sometime anyway.

Suddenly I was awakened by a strange noise. It was in the early morning hours and I was too frightened to awaken my sister. I thought perhaps if I would keep still it will soon be over. "Knock, knock, knock" came the sound from the front door.

What should I do, what if the children should awaken? What could anyone want at that time of the night? After awhile I heard footsteps over the porch and I was somewhat relieved for I thought he was going away. But alas, he just went to the next door and knocked again. My sister awoke and we asked each other, "What shall we do?"

We decided that if no one answers, surely he will not stand out in the cold and knock all night. So we just kept quiet and hoped the smaller children would not wake up.

He continued to knock, walking from one door to the other. We very much wished for an older brother, but our oldest brother was only 15 and what could he help us?

We had often been warned not to open the door to strangers. But he just wouldn't give up. Finally we decided it must be someone who needed help. If he meant to harm us, he could have broken in already. We got up and tip-toed across the room and peeked out the window and we almost fell over for there stood a man with a gun!

We were very much frightened as we peeked out the window. He kept on pounding with the gunstock. But soon we were relieved to see a dog and a lantern on the porch. Then

we knew it was a hunter so we asked what he wanted.

"Is your husband at home?" he called. "I am a hunter and I am lost."

"Just a minute, please," we said as we went to waken our brother, Sam.

When Sam came down and went to the door, the man asked, "Can you tell me how to get to the Salt Creek Valley Farm?"

Sam pointed down the road and said, "It's about two miles down that way."

He thanked us and then he was off. We were very much relieved.

This was not the first time a lost hunter had come to our door late at night, but it was the first time we children were responsible for answering the door. We certainly were more thankful than ever when our parents returned home.

For a long time we were curious to know how these lost hunters always managed to find our home for they would come from a long way off. One evening Father was out choring and when he came in he said, "I think I have it solved how the lost hunters always find our house. That light in the upstairs bedroom shows through the window and can be seen way back in the woods."

I had to think, that is the way our light should be in our Christian life, too. People ought to be able to see it who are looking for the right way.

— Mrs. A. S., Holmesville, Ohio.

WORLD WIDE WINDOW



DON'T LET YOUR HEMP GO TO "POT"

As a result of the clamp-down of Mexican imports of marijuana, a crowd of people may be waiting to harvest the wild hemp weeds growing along the ditch banks of your community. Included in the crowd may be dope pushers, hippies, seventh grade students and well dressed adults out looking for domestic sources of the drug.

Law enforcement officials are trying to eradicate the weed so as to put an end to the drug abuse. A government official recently said, "With alcohol and cigarettes already extracting a toll from our population, we do not need a third agent of this kind in our society. There is no known beneficial use for marijuana in modern medicine and there are lots of detrimental effects from its use, especially among "marginal" personalities who are most likely to become regular users. In 1965, there were about 13,000 arrests in the U.S. involving the use of marijuana. By 1969 this figure has jumped to more than 95,000, and we are afraid the peak has not yet been reached."

Illinois has declared hemp a noxious weed and requires farmers to destroy any on their land. Federal laws forbid you to grow or process marijuana or knowingly allow it to grow on your property without a special permit.

During World War II, this hemp was cultivated as a source of fiber and some of the stands are hard to get rid of. In Kansas searchers found harvestable stands of hemp weed at the rate of five per square mile. These stands ranged from one to five acres in size. It can be killed by spraying, by pulling, by regular clipping or by cultivation.

Submitted by David E. Zimmerman, Pa.



Wild hemp may be growing on your farm

Beginning

The squirrel gathers nuts
One after the other;
And snowdrifts are piled
One flake on another.

An hour must begin
With one little minute;
And no bucket's filled
Till the last drop is in it.

Just so, every task
We start by beginning,
Till little by little
Completion we're winning.
- Ellen Morrison

A FAMILY OF MARTINS

by Chris J. Slabaugh

What is more exhilarating than to be awakened in the early hours of the morning by the cheerful song of the purple martin? Or after midnight on a moonlit summer night to hear the adult martins softly chirping and cooing to their young! What is more relaxing than to sit with the family in your own back yard after a hard day of sweat and toil and watch these interesting birds as they glide and fly around in the clear blue summer sky? Or listen to their cheerful song and watch them feed their young? What, after all, is so special about these birds?

There is probably no other bird in North America that more people desire to have around than the purple martin. It is the largest and most graceful of the swallow family. The joyous, bubbling, and cheerful chirping and songs of the martin is one reason why it is so endearing to all who have become acquainted with these birds. We, who have been blessed with their annual visits, can hardly wait for their return. Each spring as nature comes back to life after the long cold winter we look forward to the excitement of seeing the first purple martins. Even the martins themselves are exuberant, full of vigor and vitality in announcing their enthusiastic return.

Most bird authorities insist that the male martins arrive first to scout the area and determine the food supply and then go to guide the main flock back. However, in my experience, this is not necessarily true. Once a martin colony has been established, the same flocks will return to the same nests year after year providing there is housing and food supplies available.

Science has not been able to give a satisfactory explanation of the fascinating migrating habits of the purple martins. Each fall tens of thousands of these birds migrate all the way south to the steaming green jungles of Brazil for the winter. At the proper time they return again to the same state and the same community the following spring.

The purple martin is being recognized as one of our most beneficial birds, especially as a natural insect control. They feed almost entirely on flying insects, an adult martin can eat as many as 2,000 mosquitoes a day! The male martin weighs about 4 ounces and the female slightly less. It is astounding to think that sometimes **they eat almost their own weight in insects in a day.** When we stop and consider how many insects a colony of martins will consume, it almost staggers the imagination. I have seen them eating spittle bugs, moths, house flies, greenheads, stink bugs, dragonflies, and many other insects.

It is all the more rewarding and satisfying to build your own houses and watch the martins returning each year to expand the colony. Martin houses should be at least 25 feet apart, also the same distance away from tall trees or buildings. Purple martins like to have wide open spaces to fly, glide and soar. They are among the most graceful and skillful in flight among the birds. Martins like to have a pond, ditch or body of water within a mile of their home.

The inside measurements of each compartment in the martin house should be at least 6"x6"x6". The bigger the compartment, the better is your chance of attracting these birds. The entrance holes should be approximately 2 1/4" in diameter.

They like to have a glistening white house, the roof should

be some shade of green. Guard rails on the porches help prevent the young from falling to the ground.

The house should be mounted on a pole between 9 and 15 feet from the ground. If a wooden mounting pole is used, fasten a strip of metal at least 16 inches wide around it for protection against cats and other predators.

Once your colony is started, keep providing more housing each year as the need arises. There is virtually no limit to the size of a colony of martins. There are as many as 60 pairs of martins at some residences.

One pair of martins will usually have 4 or 5 white eggs per nest. If you will watch, you will see that the martin is one of the few birds that carry their young birds' waste away from the nesting sites.

Do not be alarmed if the brood appears to be all females. The male martin does not get his beautiful bluish dark plumage until the second season.

The pesty English sparrow and the gluttonous starlings are the martins' worst natural enemies. Both like to take over all the available housing. Sparrows have been seen pushing martins' eggs right out of the nests. Starling will even pull out the young, besides destroying the eggs and nests. However the martins are not to be outdone. They will do likewise and are valiant fighters against these pests. The fact still remains that the fewer the pests, the greater the possibility of attracting martins.

If sparrows are present, clean out the nests at least every other day. Martins will soon know what you are up to and will welcome your help. In the fall, the houses should be cleaned out and taken down or enclosed for the winter. There are two reasons for this, for by doing so, you will keep out the pesty sparrows and will also preserve the martin houses.

I believe the purple martin is one of God's blessings to mankind.

Swallows are mentioned in the Bible in Psalms 84:3 and Jer 8:7. There are few things more satisfying than to watch these busy little birds going about their daily work or listen to their songs.

-Nappanee, Indiana.

TROUBLE SHOOTER'S CHART

If you have a problem in getting a martin colony started, check over the following list to see if you can discover the cause of your trouble.

1. **COMPARTMENTS TOO SMALL** - The size of the rooms should be at least 6 inches by 6 inches by 6 inches high. 7x7x6 would be better.
2. **ENTRANCE HOLES TOO SMALL.** The hole should be 2 1/4 inches in diameter. If it is less than 2 inches, it is too small and if it is over 2 1/4 inches, owls may cause trouble.
3. **TOO MANY SPARROWS AND STARLINGS.** Martins will not start a new colony if there is too much competition to begin with. Don't put up the house until the martins have come, clean out the sparrow nests regularly, and you may also have to keep a gun handy. A compressed air pellet gun is safer than a rifle.
4. **HOUSE TOO HIGH OR TOO LOW.** Less than 12 feet is too low, more than 18 feet is too high.
5. **TOO CLOSE TO BUILDINGS OR TREES.** Should be 25 feet away.
6. **ENTRANCE HOLE TOO HIGH.** Martins like to look out when they are brooding. The entrance should be an inch from the floor.

EVERY FAMILY IS DIFFERENT

by Samuel Hertzler

Family Life is what we make it. The same as every person is a separate individual, so every family is in some degree different from any other. I suppose a school teacher can pretty well tell what family life is like in the different homes by the conduct of the children in school.

There was a story in **Family Life** sometime ago (see

March, 1969 issue) which was written by a father. Some of the neighbors were there for a visit and were discussing some things about the children. The child they were talking about was in hearing distance and in some way misunderstood that she was to be sold. It almost broke her heart and she cried so much that it was with great difficulty they finally found out what the trouble was.

The story in itself was interesting but it also gave an unintentional view of what life was like in the family. When the parents said something, there was no questioning, but what it would be done that way. In the child's mind, she was going to be sold.

Another thing is there was love in the family, otherwise it would not have caused so much distress in so young a child. In many homes, children are coaxed and pleaded with, but being threatened to be sold would not bring the desired results. Children soon know if a threat is empty. The idea of threatening a child is to move it to obedience without any intention of carrying out the threat if the child does not obey. This is using an evil method to obtain good.

Parents who use such methods do not deceive their children. Actually, they are teaching them to use the untruth. Warning children of what will happen if they do not obey can be all right if rightly used, but once the threat is made, we should be very careful to carry it out if necessary.

Family life should be lived in such a way that once we are grown we can look back over our younger years and cherish the memories of the past. We should also look forward into the future and consider family life on an improved scale. This is the Heavenly Family of which we read in Ephesians 3:14-15, "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

In Matthew 12:50 we read, "For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and my sister and my mother." ■■

LOST AND FOUND

(A little girl's story as reported to and seen by Harvey H. Nolt.)

We live in the city of Kitchener, Ontario, my parents and us ten children. I am the fourth in the family, and am twelve years old. We love our parents so I wanted to get a surprise for them for Easter Sunday but had no chance to do it in secret until Monday, March 29, 1967. That evening my parents went to Sacred Heart Church. After the dishes were done, I went to Hesa's store to buy the present I wanted. On the way home I carried the package and the change in my hands. Some of my little brothers and sisters were coming to meet me when a white car stopped and the driver asked directions to Sacred Heart Church. When I tried to tell him, he came out and took me by the hand into his car. When we came to the church, he passed it by saying he is going for his brother to take him to confession.

I was scared and tried to get out but he wouldn't let me. I fought like a cat, or like a kitten, for I am small for my age. This continued for about six miles to an open stretch of country known as Townline Road. Here he stopped for he had his hands full driving and keeping me in the car at the same time. In the distance a dim light was s-l-o-w-l-y coming toward us. When the light was about 15 feet from us he pushed me roughly from the car with a slap in the face, slamming the door as he roared away as if I were a time bomb set to explode.

The dim light was now right beside me. It was a two-horse wagon containing three men and two women. Why these people drive an open wagon instead of a car, I didn't know nor did I care for I was very glad to see them. I cried, "Please pick me up - take me home to my parents - That man left me on the road here."

One of the men helped me onto the back seat where the two women sat. The women wore black shawls, fringed with tassels. One held me warm and cozy and tight like my mother would. It felt good.

The horses pulled us on for a short distance to a farmhouse. One of the men carried me into the house as if I weighed nothing. When I set my package on the table with the change, there was only one coin left, the rest must have

been lost in my struggles.

We had a meeting around the kitchen table to decide what has been done, what is being done and what must be done. The man who had carried me in looked kind of stern until he said the man who had kidnapped me should have gone to confession instead of his brother. Then I had to smile.

The neighborhood constable was called and he came and brought two policemen. They acted and looked just like other people. They took notes and talked about this and that. Instead of taking me to jail, they kindly took me home to my parents, which I thought was wonderful.

The man who had carried me into the house called me the next morning and asked if I got home safely, and if my parents had missed me. They had. They were at the police station but were told I am safe with friends.

Within a week I wrote a letter to those folks who had picked me up. Four of the five on the wagon were from Pennsylvania which is about 500 miles. It was the longest distance I ever sent a letter. I thanked them for what they had done for me on that terrible night and I told them I think they are the kindest people in the world. ■■

IF SHOES COULD TALK

There was a lot of excitement in the Byler's old shed. It had served as a storage building for many years, but now it was being cleaned out, scrubbed, and whitewashed. There was going to be a rummage sale!

All forenoon people kept coming and coming with their unwanted clothes, toys, shoes, and what-nots. Soon the tables were piled high. The sale was to start in the afternoon.

Way back in the corner was the shoe pile. Most of them looked worn but right on top was a pair of bright, shiny, girl's shoes with a ribbon on top.

Now everything was ready. As the last persons departed to get their lunch, the bright and shiny girl's shoes began to sigh.

A pair of old worn-out work shoes asked tenderly, "Why do you sigh, my dear young one? Surely you have not experienced a long hard life as I have."

"No," answered the pretty little girl's shoes sadly, "I have not experienced a long life but my life has not been so easy. My wearer was a little girl named Beth, an only child and very spoiled. If she wanted something and could not have it or if something did not go her way, I was stamped on the floor, as if that would help. Of course, it almost always did help, too. Often she took me off and played with me when her Mama wasn't looking. In church, she would swing me with impatience until I was almost dizzy. One day she didn't want to wear her rubber boots and then I found out what mud was. Just yesterday Beth and her mother went shopping. Beth saw a pretty pair of shoes in the store window and demanded that she must have them. Her mother said no at first but then she bought them anyhow. I can't understand it for she only had me about a month. Today I was sent over here with Beth's father. I'm not sorry to leave them."

"Ah, now I understand your sighing," said the old pair of work shoes. "I had a hard life but I was worn for a long, long time and it was very pleasant. My wearer's name was Titus and when I was new, he used to wear me to church and also to the singings. I heard such beautiful singing and then he would take this nice girl home and visit awhile before going home. He didn't act silly like another pair of shoes told me his wearer and his girl friend did. When Titus got married, he bought other shoes for the wedding and after that he used me as everyday shoes. I tramped many miles with him, walked in manure and went to farm sales. Yes, I have fond memories of my wearer. This morning he decided I am worn out and he no longer needs me."

"Wonderful story but I am not so fond of my memories," spoke up a pair of good-looking shoes. "My wearer's name was John and he kept me shiny and clean for he polished me every evening before going away. He took me into the movie

house when I blushed with shame at some of the pictures that were flashed on the screen. I was used to press down the gas pedal and stamp on the brakes in a car. A silly looking girl often rode with John. I almost never got to church as he usually was too tired on Sunday mornings. I was often taken to a place with lots of noise and confusion and there he got drunk and I didn't know where I was going to land next. Then there was a bad accident and I was stored away in a closet. I never saw John again."

"I wonder if there is any hope for boys and girls who act like that?" asked another pair of shoes.

"Oh, yes, I think so," spoke up a pair of grandfather shoes. "Old Frank, my wearer, often read out of the Bible aloud and I heard much hope and many promises for them if they turn to the Lord. But it would have been easier if they had been taught right when they were small children. I was put here because old Frank died. He always was such a plain humble man who tried to do what was right. I felt honored to be his shoes."

"Well, I know what child discipline is," said a pair of boy's shoes. "My wearer was a little boy and he was often reproved for his wrongdoings, and he was always sorry. He was taught about God's love and His son Jesus. But now he has outgrown me and I am very sorry," he finished with a sigh.

A pair of lady's shoes spoke up next. "I don't know if any of you have ever had all your wearer's troubles blamed on you or not, but I did. Well, maybe not all, but almost. I was the cause of her footaches and she blamed me if she fell. I made her feet tired and made her nerves upset. I was glad when she sent me away."

The old grandfather shoes answered her, "But-er- no wonder she blamed you. Just look how you look, you have such high heels."

"I know I do, but that was the way she wanted me."

"No wonder she got tired of you and got another pair, your heels are so high."

"That's what I thought, too. But what I can't understand is that the new pair she got has still higher heels."

"Sh-sh-sh. Here they come," someone hissed a warning. A whole crowd of people were coming. The first to come to the shoe pile was a lady with a prettily dressed little girl whose clothes looked like they came from a rummage sale. When the little girl saw the shoes, she cried, "Oh, Mama, Mama, I want those pretty little shoes on top."

"Oh, no, They're too bright," said the mother.

"But I want them. They're so pretty," cried the little girl.

"All right then, be quiet and you can have them," consented the mother.

"Ah, there she goes," sighed the old pair of work shoes. "I hope she has a better life, but I doubt it. Maybe just a longer one."

All afternoon the shed was crowded. The shoes were sold one by one. In the evening there were only two pairs left, the grandfather shoes and the old worn out work shoes. The men who cleaned the shed found them side by side.

"That one pair were my grandfather's. Maybe they would fit me. I just hope I am worthy enough to wear his shoes," spoke up a quiet plain man.

"And these other shoes were my pair of shoes," spoke up the other man. "They lasted me a long time and gave me a lot of service. I would advise anyone to get that kind of shoes if they want long-lasting ones."

The old worn-out shoes felt well repaid for their work by the words of their wearer as they were carried away to be disposed of.

- M. H., Pennsylvania.

The sun was shining in my eyes
And I could hardly see
To do the necessary task
That was allotted me.

Resentful of the vivid glow,
I started to complain
When all at once upon the air
I heard a blind man's cane.

THOSE HAPPY GOLDEN YEARS

by Leon Yoder

After the recent passing of my beloved mother, I find myself doing that which comes naturally to one who was so attached and so deeply moved by what has taken place. Mother has hearkened to the call of her Master, whom she loved and served, she has bade us adieu and has taken her flight into the realms of perfect peace and rest.

Now I find myself recalling those happy golden years, with all the pleasant and never-to-be-forgotten experiences. There are many of these which I and we as a family have shared with Mother from early childhood until God called her home.

Not only do I find myself recalling, but I also find myself wondering how those years could have rushed by so swiftly. Sometimes we are apt to wish to turn back the pages of time and relieve again those happy moments. But would we really want to?

We know life is full of disappointments, trials, sorrow and sickness and many other unpleasant things. Why, then, would we want to stay longer in a world where these things prevail and are a constant menace to us throughout our life?

Certainly our life has held for us some moments of triumph and bliss. These are the things we now cherish so fondly. But, by and large, the general picture of our journey here is not a rosy one. In the Bible, we find that Job said, "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble" (Job. 14:1).

What then, is the answer to the question sometimes asked by frustrated individuals, what is life all about? What's the use of living? or just simply, is it worth it?

I think the Apostle Paul had the answer when in Phil. 1:21 he writes, "For me to live is Christ but to die is gain." Can we truly and in all sincerity say this with Paul? If not, why not? This is challenging for us all.

This matter is a personal thing and can not easily be evaded because of its bearing on the degree of happiness and zest for living which we achieve in life.

We need to ask ourselves this question, Is my life really happy and purposeful or is it dull, void, and meaningless? In 2 Cor. 2:14, the Apostle Paul said, "Thanks be to God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ." What was it that brought the happiness for living in Paul's life? He had many weaknesses, hardships, persecutions and calamities. Whatever it was, certainly he did not get it from living in a bed of roses. I believe it was due to the fact that he loved the Lord "not by words, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth" (1 John 3:18).

Because of his commitment and devotion to the work of the Lord, he had a purpose for living. Is this, then, the answer for us as well? I think so, because a life like this always yields an abundance of the sweet fruits of peace, joy, and satisfaction.

Coming back again to Mother, I'm thankful for my Christian heritage, for the privilege of living and spending many happy years in a home with a Christian environment, for a mother who went about her daily work and responsibilities with a smile on her face and a song in her heart. Very often she sang as she went about her household duties.

More than this, I am thankful for a mother who devotedly loved her husband and her children and faithfully cared for them. She did not entrust these responsibilities of caring for us to some unqualified person as is so common today.

I am thankful for her love and devotion to God. Finally I am very thankful that she so earnestly disciplined, instructed, and encouraged her children to live the true Christian life. I am sure that she spent many hours on her knees in fervent, effectual prayer, lifting her children as well as many others to the throne of Grace. I feel that she was one who lived for the good of others, a life of purpose and service.

How then does her life and her homegoing impress us? To

FAMILY LIFE

me it is a challenge to live a purposeful life. We too must love and serve the Lord. We must pray much for our children, admonishing them and teaching them the ways of righteousness.

And last, but not least, we, too, must prepare for eternity.

As for the concept of death, I see it only as a temporary thing, painful to those who are left behind but a welcome relief for every child of God who is now peacefully resting, free from every sorrow, pain, and care.

I am so glad that this is not the end. For if we have hope in Christ in this life only, then Paul writes we are the most miserable of all men. But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept (1 Corinthians 15:19-20). For all who have loved and served the Lord faithfully, there will be a great and glorious rising when the dawn of heaven's morning breaks as God lifts the curtain and the shadows flee away.

How I thank God for this blessed hope and assurance which we have through Christ. For since by man came death, by man also came the resurrection of the dead, for as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive (1 Cor. 15:21-22).

Again, words of sweetest comfort are to be found in 1 Thess. 4:13-18 where Paul says he would not have us be ignorant concerning those which are asleep, for the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout and with the

voice of the archangel, the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

When the cruel hand of death reaches out and snatches a loved one from the family circle, or a close friend, we need not grieve as those who have no hope. Rather we should rejoice in the fact that if we are faithful to the end, we shall see our loved ones again.

All shall be raised from the dead together - fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, friends and relatives and all of His children who have been separated by death, and shall go into the Kingdom of God. There they will remain in His presence forever.

Yes, those happy golden years need not be thought of as gone forever. For surely they will come again. Of course it will be in ways unknown to our finite minds but we can rest assured that they will be far superior to what we have known in this present life. Never more will they be terminated by death or otherwise. Only then will they mature into a glorious climax and bloom forever. We shall bask in the sunlight of God's love in that city whose builder and maker is God, the new Jerusalem, which John tells about in Rev. 21:1-2.

Oh, death, where is thy sting?
Grave, where is thy victory?

■ ■

UNCLE MOSE'S SUNDAY VISIT

Amos and his young wife were visiting at Johns on a Sunday afternoon. Both of the young couples had been married less than two years. They sat discussing some things which the preacher had preached the Sunday before. Amos asked, "Joh, do you understand the Apostle Paul's writings?"

"Well," said John, "I don't know what you mean, but my answer is no. I don't understand near all of what I read in the Bible."

"What I mean," said Amos, "is what he wrote about how we are saved. It seems like some places he writes one way and other places it doesn't sound the same but I expect I just don't understand it right."

"When we were on our trip last summer," John said, "I heard a young preacher say we are saved only through faith. He said to cease from works is spiritual gain and that man could really preach."

"Yes, but don't you remember what one of our preachers said last Sunday," Amos asked "I think it was John Mast that the Apostle said, 'shaffet das ihr selig werdet mit furcht un zittern' (work out your own salvation with fear and trembling). You know, I like to hear John preach. He had tears in his eyes when he said how Jesus suffered and died and became that perfect offering for our sins."

"Yes," said John, "he also said that Jesus did more than his part for our salvation but we also have a part to do."

"Well, I see you didn't sleep all the time last Sunday!"

"Did you see me sleep?" asked John.

"Yes, a few times I saw you nod your head," Amos answered.

"Well, I have seen old men nod their heads when they are agreed with what the preacher is preaching," John laughed "But I know I have a weakness in that. I'll tell you what. Next time I'm going to sit with you and if I sleep, you pinch me, cause I sure don't want to go to church to sleep."

"Okay," Amos answered, "and if I sleep you pinch me, too."

"But what you said while ago about Paul's writings, do you

think the Bible contradicts itself?"

"No," answered Amos, "like I said I expect it's me that don't understand it right. Maybe if we would exercise ourselves more in reading it we could understand it better."

"Why don't we make a point of reading a chapter or two every day?" suggested Amos.

"Good plan," agreed John. Just then the dog barked. John looked out the window and said, "It's Uncle Mose."

John and Amos were cousins and Mose was their uncle. "Hello, Uncle Mose and Aunt Sarah," they said, as they shook hands.

"This is a pleasant surprise," said John.

"Well, we thought we'd come visit you once," said Uncle Mose.

"We wanted to see your house, too," said Aunt Sarah.

"Shall we unhitch your horse?" John asked.

"No," said Mose "This is a nice spring day, neither too cold nor too hot. We'll just tie him to the hitching post."

John's wife came out to welcome Aunt Sarah in. When the men were seated in the living room there was an awkward silence.

"Well, just go on with the conversation you had before we came," said Uncle Mose.

Amos and John looked at each other as if to say "You talk first."

"Well, I guess the last thing we talked about was that we ought to read a chapter or two of the Bible every day. This came about when we realized how little we understand about the Bible."

"That sounds good," said Uncle Mose. "Really, I would sooner hear you say you don't understand the Bible as you should than to say, 'I understand it all, You know Jesus said, 'For judgement came I into this world, that they which see not might see and that they which see might be made blind.'"

"Does that mean spiritually blind?" John asked.

"Yes," answered Mose, "and that is a thousand times worse than natural blindness. And then, too, those claiming to know it all are usually not poor in the Spirit."

"Just what does that mean?" asked John.

"I'd like to know, too," said Amos "I would think to be rich in spirit would be much better."

"Well, it is if we are rich in the Spirit in God's sight," said Mose, "but what Jesus meant was that we should be poor in Spirit in our own sight or thinking."

"Do we have any examples in the Bible of people that were poor in Spirit?" asked Amos.

"Yes," said Mose, "the two men who went into the temple to pray."

"Tell us about it," said John, "I don't remember just exactly how it was."

Mose thought a few moments and then he said, "Well, the one who was poor in Spirit, I know his prayer by heart. It was 'God, be merciful to me a sinner.' But the other ones prayer, I don't remember so well. Why don't you get your Bible and read it?"

John got his German and English Bible out of the desk and walked toward Mose. "You read it," said Mose.

"I don't know where it's found."

"I don't either," said Mose "Do you have a concordance?"

"No, but I think there's something like that in the back of the Bible. But I don't know how to use it. Maybe you could show me."

"I will gladly do that," said Mose "It's very easy."

The two brought their chairs up beside Mose, anxious to see now he does it. "Well, let's see. What were some of the words in the Pharisee's prayer? 'I fast three times a week.' Okay, let's try **fast**," Mose said as he found the concordance in the back of the Bible.

"These words come in alphabetical order just like a dictionary. Now we'll look for the word **fast**, but it doesn't mean like a fast horse."

John and Amos smiled as Uncle Mose went on. "Well here is **F** so we'll go down the line until we find **Fast**. The first word in the line is **Fable**."

"What does it say about fables in the Bible?" asked John.

"Well, Paul writes in his letters to Timothy and Titus that we must not believe in old wives' fables."

"Just what are fables?" asked Amos.

"I don't know just what Paul had in mind, but in our day it could include such things as the number thirteen being unlucky, or if a black cat runs across the road something will happen. It's all fake."

"Now here is **fade** and **Fail**. We don't want to **fade** away from our Christian heritage or we will **fail**."

"Now here is **faith** and next is **faithful**. I like those two

words better, for they tell us what we should have and be if we want to keep on the narrow path that leadeth home."

"Say, that reminds me of a German piece in the **Am-bassador**, or was it the **Family Life**," said John, "about two men who were travelling together and came to where a small road turned off. One wanted to go on the small road but the other one said, 'Oh, now, come with me on this wide road, it is so much nicer to travel on. The small road looks so rough to me and it goes uphill.' The other man said, 'Yes, I know all you said about the two roads is true but I'll take the narrow one for it **leadeth home**.'"

"Yes, I remember that, too," said Amos, "but I couldn't understand it very well, for it was so high German. I wish someone would translate it in English and put it in **Family Life**."

"Did I interrupt you too much, Uncle Mose?" John asked.

"Oh, no, I'm glad you remember such things. That was interesting. Now let's see, our last word was **faithful**. Now here's **false** and **fashion** and here is the word **Fast**. Now under this heading we will look for a sentence something like this, 'I fast three times a week.' Yes, here it is, it says 'I fast twice in the week,' and it's in Luke 18:12.

"I see now I was mistaken," said Uncle Mose "I thought he said three times a week. I see I'm not as smart as I thought I was."

Teasingly Amos said, "I thought it's just young people that think they're smart."

"Well, I didn't really think I'm smart, but I thought I'd better say it before one of you said it. But young or old, that 'erhobungs geist' is one of the things we have to battle against as long as we live. Some people of course more than others."

Mose opened the Bible at Luke 18 and glanced over it a little, "All right, John, this is your Bible so start reading at the 10th verse.

John started reading, "Two men went up into the temple to pray, the one a pharisee, the other a publican"

"What's the difference between a pharisee and a publican?" Amos interrupted.

"Well," said Mose, "the pharisees were well learned in the Scripture and were thought of by the people as very righteous. The publicans were tax collectors and were apt to be dishonest and collect more money from the people than was right."

"Were both of them Jews?" asked Amos.

"I think so," replied Mose, "but I'm not sure."

ADULTERY — COULD WE BE GUILTY?

by Ervin W. Yoder

According to the law of Moses, the man who committed adultery with another man's wife - both the adulterer and the adulteress, shall surely be put to death (Lev. 20:10.)

Under the old law, if the deed was committed, the punishment was sure death. But in Matt. 5:27-28, Jesus said, "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old, Thou shalt not commit adultery. But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."

Since this is true that under the new covenant, he who lusts after the deed is guilty of the deed, what will be the punishment for the thoughts? It will be eternal death unless repentance is made.

Is not the same true in our Christian lives in a spiritual sense? If we confess and repent of our sins, give our life wholly to Jesus and accept Him as our Saviour then we are married to Him. By water baptism we become a member of the body of believers (which is considered as the bride of Christ,) we reject the devil and we promise to live only for Christ. As life goes on we see others, even possibly members of the church who are apparently enjoying the pleasures of this world. Unless we pray for grace and guidance we may soon be doing the same.

Dearly beloved brothers and sisters, if we desire to live for self and enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, such as fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife,

seditions, heresies, envyings, murder, drunkenness, revellings and such like, and in our day more things could be named such as sports, ball teams, playing pool, bowling, over-indulgence in hunting and fishing, smoking and many other sinful habits - after we have accepted Christ, then we commit spiritual adultery.

It seems to me our plain churches are tolerating some of these fleshly desires. If the Apostle Paul were to write to our churches today, knowing personally the lives of many of the members, I believe he would ask us the question, "Are ye not carnal?"

In Romans 8, the Apostle tells us, "For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh, but they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit. For to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

"Because the carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then, they that are in the flesh cannot please God."

We need to consider this more seriously. We would not commit adultery with our neighbor's wife or with another man's wife, but wait - are we living in adultery with the pleasures of this world? Let us examine ourselves and see how we stand in the sight of God.

"They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts" (Galations 5:24.)

Do we really belong to Christ, or are we still bound to this world? "Whatsoever ye do in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father by Him."

- Uniontown, Ohio.

With a grin on his face, John said, "I believe Amos thought the difference was something like Mennonites and Amish."

"I did not," replied Amos, "but maybe you did for you thought of it."

"Read on," said Mose, "before we get into an argument."

"The pharisee stood and prayed thus, with himself, 'God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers or even as this publican. I fast twice a week. I give tithes of all that I possess.'"

"I wouldn't even call that a prayer," said Amos.

"No, it's nothing but boasting," Mose agreed.

"And the publican standing afar off would not lift up so much as his eyes unto Heaven, but smote upon his breast saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other. For every one that exalteth himself shall be abased and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

"Now do you see what Jesus meant when he said, 'Blessed are the poor in Spirit?'" asked Mose.

"Yes," said Amos, "that makes it pretty plain."

"We should realize that that is the first of the beatitudes." Mose said.

"Now we'll liken the beatitudes to a ladder. 'Blessed are the poor in Spirit' is the first rung. If we miss that first rung or step we will never get to any of the others. As we work our way upwards, we should never forget that first step."

"Should we always have that feeling that we are sinners?" John asked. "Do you think our preachers should say they are sinners?"

Mose thought over it awhile before he answered. "Well, I guess that depends on how we mean it. I don't think they should consider themselves like unconverted sinners, like people who unconcernedly indulge in sin. But now I would like to ask you a question. Which pryer do you think they should choose, the pharisee's or the publican's?"

"I suppose the publicans," answered John.

"I think so, too," said Mose. "Another thing I just thought of. Our Lord taught us to pray 'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.' This means we should ask God to forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us. As long as we are on this side of the river we have to struggle with our sinful flesh. It's like Paul says, 'The flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh.'"

"Doesn't it say some where that if we say we have no sin, we are deceived?" asked Amos.

"Yes," said John, "I read that the other evening. It's in one of the epistles of John."

"How many different Johns wrote in the New Testament?" asked Amos.

"Three," replied John.

"There are three different writings by that name," Mose said. "The first is the Gospel of John, and then there are the Epistles of John and then the last book in the New Testament is the Book of Revelations and it was written by a John also. But I believe all these different books were written by the same John. He was one of the twelve Apostles. In the Gospel of John, he wrote everything about what Jesus did when he was here. Well, not really everything for in the last chapter he writes, 'There are many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.'"

"The next of his writings are the epistles. Maybe one of you can tell what he writes about in the epistles."

"He wrote a lot about loving one another," said Amos.

"And he also wrote that he that hateth his brother is a murderer," added John.

"You both quoted very important things," said Mose. "One of you mentioned **love** and the other **hate**, these two are just opposite of each other. John also wrote about something we should not love. He said, 'Love not the **world**, neither the things that are in the **world**. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.'"

"Don't the preachers quote that quite often?" asked John.

"Yes they do," said Mose, "and another very good achieve he gives is about false teachings. He says 'Brethren, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God. For many false prophets have gone out into the world.'"

"If there are many false prophets then we need to be very careful that we are not deceived, for Jesus said, 'Many will be deceived in that day, and will say, have we not preached

in thy name and in thy name cast out devils, and done wonderful things?' That may not be the exact words."

"What do you suppose Jesus meant by **wonderful works**?" asked Amos.

"Well, I don't know for sure," answered Mose, "but I suppose it might include doing miracles. You know Satan can work miracles, too. In Revelations we read that he will even be able to make fire fall from heaven."

"Oh," said Amos, "it would seem to me like only God could make fire fall from heaven. No doubt he will deceive a lot of people with that trick."

"Yes," said Mose, "even today some of those that claim to be faith healers are tricking a lot of people. It's no wonder that Jesus said, 'and what I say, I say unto all, **watch**.'"

"Then the third writing of John is called Revelations," Mose continued. "Here we picture him as an old man that has gone through severe persecutions. You know they tried to kill him by putting him in boiling oil but couldn't. So they put him out on this deserted island and figured the wild beasts would tear him to pieces. Instead of this, he had a wonderful revelation."

"Let's see, wasn't there something else we wanted to look up in the epistle of John?" asked John.

"It was that verse about if we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves," said Amos.

"It's no use looking that up," said Mose, "for you have quoted it as it is. Somebody once asked a preacher if that means before or after a person is converted. The preacher said it means both before and after and I think he was right."

"Well, it's getting time to go home, but I'd just like to tell you yet what a faithful old Mennonite preacher once said on this subject. He was sick and didn't expect to live much longer, so he asked a certain preacher to preach his funeral sermon. The young preacher asked, 'What shall I tell the congregation?' His reply was, 'Just tell them that here lies a **poor sinner, saved by Grace**.'"

"I like that," said John, "it sounds so humble."

"Yes," answered Mose, "every Christian must be humble for there's no room for the proud in heaven. I'm afraid if anyone is too proud to say 'I'm a **poor sinner**,' he is not yet fit for Christ's Kingdom."

"You know, we don't have to do something wrong to commit a sin. The Bible says he that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. We can sin with our thoughts, too. In one place Jesus named a whole row of things that defile a man and evil thoughts were the first on the list."

"Well, can we help it if evil thoughts come?" asked Amos.

"Can we, John?" asked Mose.

"It seems like I can't," said John.

Mose said, "I once heard someone say, we can't help it if a bird flies over us, but we can keep them from building nests on our heads. If evil thoughts come, we must chase them away and ask God to fill us with the Holy Spirit which leadeth us into all truth. Well, if we don't go home soon, John might make us help milk."

"How many do you milk?" asked Amos.

"Twelve," replied John.

"All holsteins?"

"No, we have two guernseys and one jersey."

"Poor jersey," said Mose, "I bet she has to wait to eat until all the others are finished."

"Oh, no," answered John, "she doesn't weigh as much but she takes care of herself very efficiently. In fact she bosses a lot of the others around."

"She's probably the only one with horns," suggested Mose.

"She has no horns," said John, "in fact none of my cows have horns. I don't think anyone should have cows penned up with horns, that's cruelty to animals."

As they walked toward the barn John said, "Uncle Mose, you didn't finish that what you were saying what the young preacher said about faith only."

"We won't have time to go into that now. Maybe we can get together some other time," Mose said.

When they had hitched up, the women came out of the house. Amos took his wife, Barbara aside and whispered to her in a low tone. Whatever he told her must have pleased her for her face lit up with a smile. Then Amos said, "Uncle Mose, we would like for you and Johns to come to our place for dinner in two weeks."

"Great," said Mose, "the Lord willing, we'll be there."

"But don't go to a lot of trouble, Barbara," said Sarah.

Looking For More Room

"It looks like fall this morning," Mother said as we sat eating breakfast.

"Well, really, it is the last week in October," Dad answered. "Ezra, you can haul manure this morning and I am going over to John Hostetlers to do some carpenter work. He bought a farm for his son-in-law over by Centerville, and he wants to fix up the barn to milk cows. It really is a nice place to live. Thirty miles further south the land is more rolling than it is here in Lyon County. But that doesn't matter, as long as they can grow enough crops to make a living. It reminds me of Abraham and Lot. There where they were, it was getting too full to feed all the sheep. So it seems around here. The young people can hardly find farms. In other counties a lot of land could be bought. I wonder why the people don't just move out instead of paying from \$1,000 to \$1,300 an acre?"

"Hey, Dad, here comes a carriage in the lane," Mom called, as she looked out the window. "I wonder who it is? I think it's Amos Zook."

"Well, I'll go see what he wants," Dad said. "Oh, oh, he's tied his horse, so he can come in. Ezra, you can go and get the horses ready to haul manure."

"Amos Zook is at the door," I said.

"Go tell him to come in," Dad answered and when he saw Amos, he said, "A nice morning."

"Yes," replied Amos, "We can really be thankful for another sunrise. Wonder if I could get a helper to help husk my corn. Heard you are done husking corn and hauling manure and all ready for winter."

"Well, now maybe Ezra could help. Go call him once, Lizzie, and tell him to come in here right away."

I hadn't left yet for the barn and was still putting on my overshoes as I was curious to know what Amos wanted anyway. When Mom came to call me, I went right in. When I came into the room, Amos had started talking about something else.

"Well, Dan, did you hear that Paul Lambright, Abe Wagler, and John Miller went to Oley County to look after farms?" Amos asked.

"No, I didn't hear," said Dad.

"Yes, they came back and it sounds good. Farm land is cheap, good limestone soil. It's a valley between two mountains, about 20 miles long and 10 miles wide. Farms cost \$100 to \$300 an acre, depending on the farms."

"Well, I hope they buy," Dad said, "as we were just talking at the breakfast table about some people moving out. It's getting too full, and everybody trying to get more land. I guess you heard that Jacob Lapp paid \$1,500 an acre?"

"Yes, I heard," Amos answered, and then he happened to think about what he came for, "Oh, yes, can I have Ezra to husk corn?"

Dad looked at me and said, "How long will it take to finish hauling the manure?"

"About a day and a half," I said, "if it goes as good as it did yesterday."

"Do you think you can help Amos husk corn?"

"Yes, I think so."

"When did you want him?"

"Well, let me see, now," Amos said, "to-day is Tuesday. It will be today and tomorrow for hauling manure. How about Thursday?"

"Then we'll make it Thursday," Dad said.

"Well, I'll have to be going, Dan," Amos said.

"Hey, wait a minute, Amos," Dad called, "would you go along if we would go to look at Oley County?"

"Oh, I don't know," Amos replied, "my children are all in school yet. Then, too, we have to take care of Grosdawds yet. So I don't know that I need a farm right now. Of course, it would be interesting just to see. But I guess I'll drop it for this time."

"I just thought I would ask, Good-bye."

About four weeks later Dad was getting a driver and

asking different people to go along to see Oley County. Abe Wagler said he would go along again to show the farms they had looked at. So we started out, Dad, my married brother Jake, Abe Wagler, and myself, with Elmer Mullet as driver. It was the latter part of November.

"Well, Dan, this is Tulsa Valley," said Abe, looking at the map, "and this next little town is Hancock. At the red light we turn left on route 40 and this goes out through the center of the valley. About four miles out are the first farms for sale."

That evening by the warm stove, Dad was all excited telling about the nice farmland over in Tulsa Valley. "It's very reasonable priced, too."

A few weeks later more people went to look and were also interested. So in February some went and made a deal on five farms including Dad, John Miller and Abe Wagler. The agreements were made out so that if one didn't go through then none of them would.

Some things turned up that it didn't suit some of them so the whole deal was dropped. This spited me very much for I was looking forward to moving into a county where there were bear, deer, and wildcats.

Dad said, "We will let it go for this year, but will look forward to next year, if we live and it's the Lord's will."

Some time later John Miller, Joe Wickey, and Preacher Ivan Wickey went to Tulsa Valley but went 12 miles further in the valley to look at farms. They had heard there were several farms for sale near the little town of Oakville. It was more rolling and closer to the mountains and also cheaper land. They came to a farm that was for sale and found 5 or 6 more in the neighborhood. So they all went home with an agreement to buy each a farm. The average price was \$175 an acre.

Then the rumors started. Some said it was poor land. Others said the deer eat everything, and the bears even tore off the siding from a house to get at the honey in the attic on the farm John Miller bought.

More people went to look. Some thought it is good enough for the price, others didn't think so. Paul Lambright bought a farm joining John Miller.

When Dad found out about it, he didn't like the idea of going 12 miles further up the valley for he thought the land was too rolling. There was also some wet land in the low places. Abe Wagler thought it was too near the mountains.

Then one evening Dad said at the supper table, "Well, what would you think of moving to Tulsa Valley? All those in favor, say 'I.'"

All but one were in favor so Dad said, "I guess that means we will go. I'll see about getting a driver and maybe we can go down tomorrow."

That night I was so excited I could hardly sleep. I was just 16 years old at the time and I had great ideas of seeing bear, deer and maybe even an Indian as the land ran against the mountain. There was much woodland there. The place we were living at now seemed like a city toward Tulsa Valley.

The next morning Dad was on the road, and I got to go along. We found a farm which suited us and Dad bought it. Now there were five families to move the first spring. It was John Miller, Joe Wickey, Preacher Ivan Wickey, Paul Lambright and us.

We got moved all right and we liked it. As time went on, more people bought and things looked promising. But some people became dissatisfied. Joe Wickey thought tobacco raising is wrong and thought everything should be put away right now. He came and talked to Dad but Dad didn't agree with him altogether. He talked to John Miller and John didn't know what would be best. Then he went to Paul Lambright but Paul didn't think too much of Joe's ideas. So then they went to Preacher Ivan Wickey and Ivan told them, he will go according to Scripture and work it out in Christian love.

Winter came with not too much snow and then spring came again with nice weather to work in the fields. One day Joe Wickey said he will move unless people listen to him. Preacher Ivan Wickey thought Joe's idea would be right so far. But nothing suited Joe, so he moved away.

The next spring 4 more families moved to Tulsa Valley including Abe Wagler that had been interested at first. But he bought further away from the mountain and had better land. The next spring two more families moved in, but Paul Lambright moved away as he didn't like it here.

Another summer and fall rolled along but several of the

families wanted to travel a little faster. So that stirred things up in the valley and made some of the people kind of itchy. So things started to get worse, and rumors kept going around which didn't make things no better.

So six families started to look around for farms. After a year or so they found a location similar to Tulsa Valley. Preacher Ivan Wickey said it would be better to part and live in peace as to have so much strife between brethren. Today both communities have a nice congregation. I feel it is a good example for Christian people to live in peace.

(Editor's note: The above is a true story. All names have been changed. The author wishes to have his name withheld.)



MRS. MILLER'S HOME REMEDY

Ellie Miller and her little daughter, Susie, stepped into the cozy warm kitchen of the Wagler house.

"Why, hello, Barbara!" Ellie said.

"Why, hello!" Barbara returned pleasantly surprised at the sound of the familiar voice.

"M-m-m. Is it cookies you're baking? Smells good."

"Yes, the children wanted me to make their favorite date roll cookies."

"Take your wraps off and hang them by the stove," Barbara went on, "It must be cold walking on a day like this."

"Oh, we didn't mind it. Its kind of nice to be out."

Soon little Susie was playing with the Waglers' little girls. They found cuddly homemade dolls, and small bags full of toys. They played church and sang with their sweet childish voices.

Mrs. Miller knew that sometimes Barbara was much discouraged and blue. So after chatting awhile, she asked, "And how has it been going with you the last while?"

"Oh," she answered slowly, "some days, I feel fine the whole day through but then other days I'm just down in tears. I keep wondering if maybe it is a punishment for the wrongs in my past life? I know I've been unthankful and inconsiderate in more ways than one."

"Oh, Barbara, I wouldn't think so if you have truly been sorry and repented."

After a short silence, Mrs. Miller went on, "Could it be that that is where Satan wants you, discouraged and down in tears? I once had trouble that way, too. Shall I tell you about it?"

"Yes, please do."

"You see, it wasn't going too well between the neighbor lady and myself. I had reason to believe that she was spreading rumours about me, twisting events to give me a bad name. Naturally hard feelings began to develop and this went on for some time. Finally I began to realize that I was doing more harm to my soul with my ill feelings, than what she was with her stories about me."

"What did you do then?" Mrs. Wagler asked.

"I decided to try a home remedy. When someone in the family gets sick we usually try some home remedies and often they work. I felt I needed a home remedy for myself this time."

"What did you do?"

"I decided that whenever I started feeling blue and discouraged I would start singing - like the songs we sing in church."

"Did it help?"

"Yes, it did.. At times I had a hard time to get started on a song, but once the true singing spirit enters in, then the burden is lifted and the heart feels lighter. Why don't you try it the next time you are feeling that way?"

"To tell you the truth," Barbara said, "I was feeling that way before you came. But I feel better now that you are here and I can talk things over with you."

"Talking our troubles over with a friend is like helping to bear each other's burdens. Well, I must be going, but you

must come over sometime."

"Maybe I will the next time I'm feeling blue," Barbara said "but is I can't come I want to remember and try your home remedy."

-M. Holmesville, Ohio.

Spring Song

On once an April yesterday
When spring was very new,
A brown bird whispered from my bough
Some secrets that she knew.
"If you will walk the meadow green
Through grasses lime and jade,
I'll take you through the open wood
To see the nest I've made.
The stump is lined with silken weed,
With moss and soft cocoon.
It's where the damson violets
Turn silver in the moon..."
"No time," I said, "no time at all,
My fields await the plow.
Entice me not with poignant song,
I cannot follow now."
I heard through lilac-scented hours,
Entreating me in vain,
Her song of crimson tulip-cups
All filled with shimmering rain.
"Woodsorrel and spring beauties weave
A carpet in the shade;
Come touch the bloodroot's fragile star,
Come see the eggs I've laid."
She called my name through cherry leaves,
"Come follow me at dawn
To see a doe with amber eyes
Feed trembling with her fawn.
I know a nest of baby squirrels
All pink and fuzzy-skinned,
Come hear the sweet-belled carillon
Of cowslips in the wind.
Come out and see the periwinkle
Purple on the hill;
Paul's Scarlet Thorn in budding rose..."
At last I said, "I will."
And when the winter loam lay cut
And opened to the sun,
And deep black rows were seeded full,
And all my work was done,
I went to see the tender spring.
I walked the long field on,
But Hawthorn petals fell as snow,
The wild plum pink was gone.
I found the small and empty nest,
The egg shells cracked and cold.
The days had somehow slipped through May
And spring was very old.

-M. Neighbour

Himmelfahrt, und Das große Pfingstfest.

O wundergroßer Siegesheld!
Du Sündenträger aller Welt!
Der Du dich hast gekreuzet
Zur Rechten deines Vaters Kraft:
Der Heinde Schaar gebracht zur Haft,
Bis auf den Tod verurteilt:
Mächtig, Prächtig, Triumphirest,
Jubilirest; Tod und Leben ist,
Herr Christ, dir untergeben.

Wenn wir dies Frühjahr wieder die Gelegenheit haben das heilige Abendmahl zu halten, wollen wir doch es recht bedenken, warum es ist. Es ist eine wichtige Sache zum Teil, und wir wollen es nicht leicht achten.

Bis dieses vor die Leser kommt ist das Abendmahl vielleicht bei die meisten Gemeinden schon gehalten. Das macht die Sache aber nicht fertig. Wenn wir Abendmahl gehalten haben, ist es nicht die Zeit für uns auf dem Ruhe-Bank zu sitzen, sondern vielmehr haben wir Geboten Gottes zu halten alle Tage.

Wir gedenken an die zehn Gebote, welche der Herr schon zu Mose gegeben hat: „Du sollst Gott deinen Herrn lieben von ganzem Herzen, von ganzer Seele, von ganzem Gemüte, von all deinen Kräften, und deinen Nächsten als dich selbst.“ Ja wir könnten ganz durch gehen: Nicht töten, nicht stehlen, nicht falsch Zeugnis geben, der Sabbath heilig halten und so weiter. Ja, hier haben wir Arbeit die ganze Woche hindurch und die übrige Zeit unseres Lebens. Fleißig an der Gemeinde gehen und unser Sitz nicht leer lassen. Krankheiten geben uns frei, aber wir haben schon erfahren wo einige gesagt haben: „Die oder solche von die Familie waren nicht so gut den Morgen, dann bleiben sie daheim.“ Bis Abend aber waren sie besser, es hieß irgendwo sonst gehen, dann war die Krankheit schon vorüber. Das könnt auch möglich sein; aber wir haben bange, oftmals demnach was am angehen ist irgendwo, zieht es uns vielmehr als wie am Gottes-Dienst zu gehen. Wenn ich vorgeben will daß ich nicht gut genug bin am Gottes-Dienst zu gehen dann wäre es klarer wenn ich auch die übrigen Stunde vom Tage daheim wäre.

In obigem Gedicht heißt es: „O wundergroßer Siegesheld!“ Er hat ein größerer Sieg getan über Teufel, Tod und Hölle als nie kein Soldaten-Volk getan hat in allem Krieg hier auf Erden, er hat die Sünden getragen für die ganze Welt, das nimmt auch mich und dich ein. Wir sind von diejenige für welche er gestorben ist, da wir noch Sünder waren.

Es heißt, er war Mächtig, Prächtig, Prächtig heißt Herrlich, glänzend, Vortrefflich und so weiter. Er hatte der Triumph und frohlockte darüber. Ja, wir können seine Eigenschaften nicht alle ergründen. Sie konnten ihn mit dem großen Stein nicht im Grabe halten, das Grabes Tür war nicht gut genug ihn darin zu halten, nein, er ist siegreich auferstanden.

Es konnte auch niemand ihn auf Erden halten. Nach seinem Leiden und seiner Kreuzigung ließ er sich lebendig er-

zeigen zu seine Jünger durch mancherlei Erweisungen, ließ sich sehen 40 Tage lang, und redete mit ihnen vom Reich Gottes. Nun sagte er ihnen wie sie sollen zu Jerusalem bleiben und warten auf die Verheißung des Vaters, welche ihr habt gehört von mir. Johannes hat mit Wasser getauft; ihr aber sollt mit dem heiligen Geist getauft werden nicht lange nach diesen Tagen. Das hat sie zum wundern gebracht, indem daß ihr Trost vom Reich Israel etwas verloren war, fragten sie, so ein wenig trauerig nach meinem Dünken: „Herr, wirst du auf diese Zeit wieder aufrichten das Reich Israel?“ Er sagte ihnen: „Es gebührt euch nicht zu wissen Zeit oder Stunde, welche der Vater seiner Macht vorbehalten hat.“ Es war nicht für sie alles genau zu wissen. Er sagt aber sie sollen die Kraft des heiligen Geistes empfangen und werden seine Zeugen sein zu Jerusalem und in ganz Judäa und Samaritanen und bis an das Ende der Erde.

Wenn wir nun solch ein Verlangen haben könnten wie die Jünger hier hatten getrenlich und geduldig zu warten. Dieweil nichts sonderliches sich zugetragen hat der erste Tag haben sie der Mut nicht verloren, sie sahen aus für der zweite Tag. Der Abend ist gekommen und als noch nichts ungewöhnlich. So ist ein Tag nach dem andern herumgegangen bis der Tag der Pfingsten erfüllt war. Jetzt war sie alle einmütig beieinander. Das meint einstimmend, einerlei Meinung. Sie waren nicht am disputieren wo einer ein weg gesagt hatte und der andere ein andere ein anderer Weg. Das scheint alles in Liebe und Friede zugegangen sein. Könnten wir nicht ein schöner Exempel nehmen von solchem. Sind wir nicht oftmals beieinander in unsere Zeit wo wir etwas in die Red kommen: Einer sagt seine Meinung, der andere sagt seine, und vielleicht noch ein Dritter läßt sich hören, und anstatt von anhören und über die Sache beten tun wir sitzen und disputieren eine lange Zeit, einer sucht der andere zu überreden und ein jeder sich selbst zu rechtfertigen.

„Und es geschah schnell ein Brausen vom Himmel, als eines gewaltigen Windes, und erfüllte das ganze Haus, da sie saßen.“ O was für eine Sache muß das doch gewesen sein? Es erschienen ihnen Zungen zerteilt wie von Feuer; und wurden alle voll des heiligen Geistes, und fingen an zu predigen mit anderen Zungen, nach dem der Geist ihnen gab auszusprechen. Hier war es nicht eine natürliche Sache, die himmlische Sache hat Platz genommen. Sie waren erfüllt mit dem heiligen Geist wo ausgegossen ist worden. O wenn die Menschen wo getauft werden heutiges Tages doch alle könnten erfüllt werden mit diesem heiligen Geist. Wenn so, dann gibt es eine Aenderung; Aenderung ist der Weg zum Leben, es kann nicht anderes sein. Der Mensch wo getauft wird und gerade in seinem fleischlichen Willen der Natur fortlebt, kann doch wahrlich kein Kind Gottes sein.

Es waren Leute hier, die sprachen einer zu dem andern: „Was will das werden?“ Die andern aber hatten ihren Spott und sprachen: „Sie sind voll süßen Weins.“ Wer waren diese Andern? Ohne Zweifel waren sie auch keine Kinder Gottes. Sehet so geht die Sache, der natürliche Mensch vernimmt nichts vom Geist Gottes, es ist ihm eine Torheit, und kann es nicht ergreifen. „Wo ihr nach dem Fleisch lebet, so werden ihr sterben müssen, wo ihr aber durch den Geist des Fleisches Geschäfte tötet, so werdet ihr leben, denn welche der Geist Gottes Treibet die sind Gottes Kinder.“

Die Verheißung steht wo der Geist Gottes ist. Friede

und Freude in dem heiligen Geist, wer darinnen Christo dienet, der ist Gott gefällig und den Menschen wert.
Prüfet alles, und das Gute behaltet.

Grab-Hof-lein

1. Es war am Pfingst Montag Abend,
Dabei wars ein schöner klarer Tag,
Und aus liebe habe ich mich hin gewend,
Zu meinem lieben Vater und Mutter Grab.
2. Ich setzte mich nahe an ihr Grab,
Dann kann mir weit zurück denken,
Wo ich sie im Leben noch Beide hab,
Was sie thun um mich anwenden.
3. Sie haben mich auch schön ernahret,
Auch mich mit viel gutes an gewiesen,
Ich hoff Gott hats ihnen zugescheret
Würdig Seine liebe Kinder zu heißen.
4. Wann ich gleich über es Höfflein schau,
Wo auch ihre und viele Zeugen stehen,
Wo drauf fällt der Himmels tau,
Und Sonn, Mond, und Sternen vorüber gehen.
5. Die sind alle in einer schöner Stille,
Der Wind bläst über die Graberlein,

Die Erde ein jegliches verhülle,
Das ich nicht sehe von ihnen ein.

6. Da stehen aufrechts viele Steinen,
Mit ihre Namen gegraben ein.
Väter, Mütter, Kinder und gute Freunden,
So findet es sich bei viele zu sein.
7. Mir bringts für manche trännnen aus,
Wann solche ihr Köstlein zu Boden seckt,
Weil noch ein Diener das Lied las,
Und ein jeder an sein Herr und Schöpfer denkt.
8. Wie er auch Selig sterben mag,
Und sein vielen zu werden neu vereint.
An der großen auferstehens Tag,
Wann Christo in Seiner Herrlichkeit erscheint.
9. O, ein freude ist davon zu denken,
Das die Gerechten nicht im Todte sein.
Denn Jesu Worte thun es uns geben,
Das uns ein schöner Trost fällt ein.
10. Sie leben ob sie gleich sterben,
Seine Schaafte sind in Seine Hand,
O, schön nichts kann sie verderben
Sie sein in ein freuden Ruhstand.
11. Sie schlafen sanft in Jesulein,
Bis an den Jüngsten Tag
So laßt uns alle bedenken sein,
Wie ein Jeders des erlangen.
12. Aber für den Sünder es anders hei
Weil er nicht lebt im Freiden Jesu
Aber ein mancher von Christo gut w
Und hat sich nicht dazu gerüst.
13. So ist dann für ihn kein Freud,
Wann der Richter wol einst erscheint
O, was für Quaal und großes Leid
Das er hat die gnade Zeit versäumt
14. So laßt uns doch halten fest,
Das wir ein fester Anker han.
Und haben im Schifflein Jesu Christi
So wirts gerad durch die Wellen g
15. Christi Schifflein kann nicht sinken,
Wann sehr groß ist die Gefahr.
Wann Jesu red, muß der Wind verst
Also wies damols bei seine Jünger
16. Durch viel Trübsal muß der gehen,
Der in Gottes Reich will kommen ei
So laßt uns vertrauen und fest steh
Denn Jesu will uns nicht lassen all
17. Der über ein kleine weil wird komn
Der kommen soll und nicht verziehen
Wer würdig ist die Krone erlangen,
Den wird der Herr in Klarheit ziere
18. Preis aber und Ehre sei Gott gesagt
Das Er die Heiligen bringt zusamm
Wie es heißt am Jüngsten Tag,
Durch Jesum Christum. Amen.

Ein bewährtes Mittel schön zu werden.



1. Nimm die Wurzel wahrer Gottesfurcht, Liebe und Aufrichtigkeit. 2. Blätter der Barmherzigkeit, und willigen Almosen. 3. Blumen der Demuth, Gottseligkeit, Keuschheit, Geduld und Mäßigkeit. 4. Kräuter der wahren Buße, Bekanntnuß der Sünde, Verachtung der Welt, und Besserung des Lebens. Schütte dieses alles zusammen in dein Herz, zerstoße es in dem Mörser deines Gewissens, seibe es durch das Gedächtnis des bitteren Leidens Jesu, zerlasse es in dem Zucker der göttlichen Liebe, benege es mit den heißen Thränen deiner Augen, stelle es zu dem Feuer der Trübsal, rühre es oft durch den Vorsatz zur wahren Buße untereinander, endlich stelle es an die Sonne göttlichen Worts, und destilliere es in der Hitze des lieben Kreuzes und der Anfechtung, darnach nimm das weiße Leintuch deines Jesu, und wäsche dich täglich damit, so hast du ein verführtes Mittel deinem Heiland zu gefallen, welches über alle Schönheit geht. Jesu! segne den Gebrauch an allen denen, so innen und außen recht schön an der Seelen zu werden verlangen.

von Joseph E. F

Ein Gott der Liebe

Gott ist ein Gott der Liebe,
Ein Freund der Einigkeit.
Er will daß man sich übe
In dem, das wirkt Freund.
Und Fried in einem Sinn
Der Zwistigkeit abjage,
Sich brüderlich betrage,
In Sanftmut immerhin.

Der Satan ist ein Störer
Des Friedens, und bedacht
Daß ja des Wortes Hörer
Ganz lassen aus der Acht
Was wider Haß und Reid,
Der Heiland treulich lehret,
Und wie von Gott abkehret
Die Unversöhnlichkeit.

Wer hier den Frieden liebet,
In Wahrheit ohn' verdruß,
Dem Nächsten sich ergiebet
Ohn' Absicht auf Genuß.
Der hat am Himmel Teil
Da Fried und Liebe wohnet,
Und Friede wird belohnet:
Gott ist, und bleibt sein Heil.

Dagegen, wer beladen
Mit bitterm Haß und Zorn,
Der hat des großen Schaden,
Er ist, und bleibt verlorn.
Es kommt das teure Blut
Wo Christus unverdroßen
Aus Liebe hat vergossen,
Ihm nimmermehr zugut.

Wer seinen Nächsten hasset,
Der hasset selbstn Gott.
Drauf Gottes Zorn ihm fasset
Und stürzt in solche Not,
Darinnen er verdirbt.
Wo selbstn kein Erretten,
Der Höllen Band und Ketten
Ihn fesseln wann er stirbt.

Wer dieses recht bedenket,
Der wird des Sonnenlicht
Wenn es zur Erd sich lenket,
Und eh' der Glanz gebricht,
Nicht lassen untergehen
Bevor sich hat gelegt.
Der Zorn den er geheget.
Wohl ihm! wenns ist geschehn

O Christi, stür und wende
Des Satans Bitterkeit,
Damit er nicht behende
Erwecke Zorn und Streit,

Bei denen die der Geist
Des Friedens soll regieren,
Und in der Stille führen
Zu dem was lieblich heißt.

1 Ach wenn ich ja gedenk daran,
Wie viele Sünd ich hab getan,
Wie oft ich meinen Gott betrübt,
Und er mich doch so herzlich liebt,

2 Weil er von meiner Kindheit an,
Mir so viel Gutes hat getan;
So wird mein Herz oft Trauerns voll,
Weil ich so unbefehrt und toll.

3 Hab meine beste Zeit verschwendt,
In eignem Willen ganz verblindt
Und Gottes Wort so leicht geacht,
Und nicht mein Pfund in Wechsel bracht.

4 Ja in meinen jungen Jahren,
Zeigtest du mir die Gefahren,
Und riefest mir so väterlich,
Daß ich sollte befehren mich.

5 Dein heilig Wort sollst nehmen auf,
Und es bezeugen mit der Tauf;
Ach deine Gnad hat endlich doch
Zerbrochen dieses Treibers Joch.

6 Damit der eigne Wille brach,
Daß ich zuletzt das Jawort sprach:
Ach Jesus, nimm mein Herz und Hand
Und binde selbst das Liebesband.

7 Nun hab ich ja genommen auf
Nach dein'm Befehl die Wassertauf;
Schenk du doch mir des Geistes Kraft,
Daß ja der Bund sei recht gemacht.

8 Hilf, daß ich ja dein sanftes Joch
Als treues Kind mög tragen doch,
Hilf, daß ich mich verleugne frei,
Daß mich nicht blend die Heuchelei.

9 Daß ja die falsche weltlich Ehr
Dein armes Kind doch nicht betör,
Damit ich wahre Demut üß,
Und täglich wach' in deiner Lieb.

10 Ach Jesu! nimm dich meiner an,
Und führe mich die rechte Bahn,
Damit ich in der Nacht getreu,
Und im Gebet beständig sei.

11 Daß ich ein Glied an deinem Leib
In Wahrheit sei und ewig bleib,
Und mich dein Geist nehm an der Hand,
Und führe in das Vaterland,

12 Wo deine Kinder ohne Zahl
Genießen mit das Abendmahl,
In lauter Freud und Herrlichkeit,
Von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.

IS OUR LIGHT CONSISTENT?

by Isaac R. Horst

Three oft-quoted passages of Scripture, we like to think of as following each other naturally.

"Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of the darkness into his marvellous light" (1 Peter 2:9.)

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works" (Matt. 5:16.)

"But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him" (1 Cor. 2:14.)

We believe the first passage applies to us. If we didn't, there would be something wrong and it would be time to look at ourselves for improvement.

We consider the second passage as directed at us. To a certain extent, we apply this principle, and there is evidence that it works. Our plain clothes draw attention and if we are honest, generous, and helpful, if we are pious and God-fearing, and if we are quiet, peaceful and law-abiding, men will see our good works.

We like to believe that the last passage is the reason why not more people follow our way of life. Our customs do seem like foolishness to many. Perhaps this is because of their carnal nature. Could there be another reason?

Suppose a stranger were to visit our plain churches and spend a week-end in a home of each community. What would he see, and what impressions would he get?

He might be favorably impressed by the absence of worldly amusements and obscene literature. But possibly he would be surprised to find the father chewing tobacco, the son smoking cigarettes and maybe he would even learn that there is some beer in the home.

He might respect them for not working on Sunday only to be jolted by the realization that in some communities the young folks dance on Sunday.

A stranger might learn to respect the ordinance of the covering for women, the wearing of the beard by men and the prohibiting of cut hair among the women. Again, depending on whom he interviewed, he might find that the covering is worn only after marriage, that it is even frowned upon when younger women wear a covering, except to church. He might find that the covering, to be really "plain," must be bordered with lace. He might also learn that the girls' bonnets must have frills, pleats, and ribbons, otherwise the bonnet is too "worldly."

He might accept the admonition of Paul to the Corinthians, "Every man praying or prophesying, having his head covered, dishonoreth his head," but he surprised to see men wearing a hat into the place of worship, removing it only after the singing commences.

He might find that even though the women do not have cut hair, some of them may have showy ornaments and shiny trinkets in the hair which show through the covering.

He might understand why women do not wear fancy or flowery dresses, but be surprised to learn that they make fancy quilts and mats to adorn their homes.

He may learn to respect their convictions not to own a car, but wonder why they drive a tractor all week in the fields, and even on the roads to take the place of a car.

Suppose a man sold his farm to plain people. Depending on whom he sold to, the new owner might immediately tear out the electric wiring but perhaps install a propane system, or even a generator for electrical power.

In some cases, they might remove the telephone and soon be bothering the neighbor to use his. Possibly he would remove every convenience the former owner had such as bathroom, furnace, lights, stable cleaner, silo unloader, lightning rods, and ventilation system. Then when the old stabling is removed, a strawshed is attached, and all new modern stabling is installed, to push production to the ut-

most.

A neighbor's first impression might be favorable when he saw hundreds of plain people leaving their work at home to replace the barn of a brother after a fire. He might be surprised to find how little they help each other otherwise. He might also find his neighbors so busy making money that they have no time to visit, or to stop and enjoy a sunset.

Other inconsistencies he might find in some areas would be hiring a neighbor (or better yet, letting him do it free) where public transportation is available, banning picture taking and cameras but pouncing on every interesting picture in the newspapers, keeping themselves separated socially, but working in town, being dishonest in business, selfish on the road and discourteous to strangers.

More could be mentioned, but not all of these inconsistencies are practiced in any one community. Such things can be spotted much more easily by strangers than by those with whom they have become a custom.

It is easy for us to look down on others and feel they are too proud to humble themselves like we do. They couldn't do without their luxuries! It's easy to assume our way of living is foolishness to them because they receive not the things of the Spirit.

Perhaps.

On the other hand, could it be that our light is so smoky, smudged, and sooty that they cannot see our good works?

— Mt. Forest, Ontario.

ENTER IN AT THE GATE

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber" (John 10:1).

Heaven is a wonderful place where the redeemed of earth will live forever with God. Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions." God, through his Word, has allowed us to get a glimpse of Heaven. The apostle Paul writes "For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known" (1 Cor. 13:12).

If we depend on anything except the grace of God to get into the Kingdom of Heaven, then it is like a thief and a robber trying to climb over the wall. We know that no thief or robber has any inheritance in the Kingdom of God.

BAPTISM

Baptism has its rightful place for it is the ceremony through which new members are brought into the church. But without true conversion, it will not get us into Heaven. All the water in the world cannot wash away one sin. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not (baptized or unbaptized) shall be damned (Mark 16:16). Baptism is merely the outward symbol of an inward change of heart.

WORKS

Faith without works is dead but we must realize that good works are merely the fruit of the Christian's faith. The idea that the good works we do will get us into Heaven is utterly false. "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2:8-9).

If we have been changed from the powers of darkness into His marvellous light, and if we love God and our fellowman, these good works will follow naturally. The Christian will not depend on his works for his salvation. We will be judged by our works, but saved by grace.

SELF-EFFORT

Self-effort will fail. We cannot live the way we think but we must use the Bible as our daily guide through life. Since it is so easy to be side-tracked we must have an open mind and always be willing to accept instruction. It is possible to be sincere and be sincerely wrong. A man can be very religious and still be straight on the road to hell.

Yet self-effort has its place. We are expected to do what we

can and use the talents we have. "Wherefore he saith, awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light" (Eph. 5:14).

It takes effort on our part to cast off the chains of darkness and to walk in the light and become interested in spiritual things. We must abide in him that when he shall appear, we may have confidence and not be ashamed before him at his coming" (1 John 2:28).

PLAIN CLOTHES

Plain clothes are right and good, and there are many Scriptures which teach us the need of wearing them in our day and age. However, the idea that if we wear plain clothes, straight hair, a beard and a wide hat, that these things will

take care of us is not true. Let's not be so shallow as to have only a clothes religion. Usually we can judge what is in a man's heart by the clothes he wears. However, it is possible for a man with a proud heart to wear humble clothing. But it is not possible that a humble person will wear proud clothing. We are known by the clothes we wear.

I am not trying to suggest that "If the heart is right, the rest doesn't matter." If the heart is actually right then the outward appearance will naturally fall into place.

While it is true that baptism, good works, self-effort and plain clothes are all necessary, yet it is only through Jesus Christ that we may enter through the gates of pearl. Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me" (John 14:6).

-Ohio

DIPHTHERIA, A Dreaded Disease

by Rob R. Schlabach

It was August, 1913 when Dan M. Yoder drove out of his lane and started down the dusty road toward Walnut Creek. The sun was beating down hot on the hills of Holmes County as Dan drove on. Arriving at Walnut Creek he lost no time in going directly to the doctor's house. The doctor was there and soon Dan was telling his story, "Our daughter, Susanna is ten years old. She's been complaining about a sore throat a few days already. This morning it is worse. We wondered if you could come take a look at her."

"Sore throat?" the doctor said, "that doesn't sound good. Why didn't you come yesterday?"

"I guess I should have," Dan said nervously.

That same forenoon the doctor came in his buggy. When he got to the house, he told Dan, "You go into the room first and then I will come in and take a look at her."

Although he did not admit it, the doctor himself, was afraid of getting diphtheria. It was a commonly accepted idea that the first person to enter a room of contagious disease would get the most germs.

Susanna moaned for water. After examining her throat, checking her temperature and asking a few questions, the doctor said, "I'm afraid it's diphtheria."

Dan Yoder looked at his wife, Cindy. Painful memories came back, memories of twenty years earlier when two of their children, Levi, 6, and Martha, 3, had taken diphtheria and both of them had died.

In the last half of the nineteenth century, there had been several epidemics of diphtheria in Europe and the United States. In 1890 a German doctor had finally developed an anti-toxin but it was not as effective as those we have today.

"I can get some anti-toxin for your daughter," the doctor said, "but she is already pretty far advanced. This anti-toxin, when given at such a stage sometimes helps and sometimes just the opposite. But if we don't do anything she will suffocate. What do you say, shall we try the anti-toxin?"

Numbly Dan Yoder looked at his wife. Then they nodded.

"All right," the doctor said, "I will be back this afternoon

with the anti-toxin and then I will give shots to the rest of the family, too."

Amos was thirteen and he was in the field plowing. That afternoon when the doctor came, he was called in to take his shot, too.

"Now hold still. It will hurt a little but it won't take long." the doctor said.

Amos took a look at the needle and it looked plenty long. The floor started going round and round and Amos blacked out. Soon he heard someone talking far off. He opened his eyes and the doctor was bending over him saying, "He'll be all right. He'll be all right. Amos! Amos! You fainted. Just lie still a few minutes."

Emma was one of the youngest of the children and she decided she didn't want a shot. She watched what had happened to Amos and suddenly her little feet began going faster and faster. Through the yard, over the fence and into the cornfield she scampered. She did not stop until she was in the middle of the cornfield. She never got a shot, nor did she get diphtheria.

That evening the constable from Berlin came out and quarantined the family. Mose, an older son was working for the A. S. Wengerd Slate Co. in Berlin but he was ordered home. A shed near the house would serve as a kitchen and the children would have to sleep in the barn. Only Mom, Dad, and Andy, the youngest, were allowed to remain in the house in order to nurse their sick child.

Albert was 18 and Malinda was 16. Malinda went upstairs and threw bedding out the window and the boys carried it to the barn.

Susanna did not improve. Her fever seemed to soar with the hot dry August air. Tossing in her bed, she begged for water.

A few days later, Andy, who was about five years old started with the disease also. It was almost too much for the parents. Where would it end, would they have any children

left?

Kind neighbors came to talk with Dan in the doorway. They brought boxes of groceries, and when Dan wanted to pay for them, they always said, "It's paid for already."

A few days later Andy was feeling better. The anti-toxin was proving effective for him but not for Susanna. She kept getting worse. August 19th was a hot sultry day. In the evening a thunderstorm came up with much lightning and strong winds. Branches from the orchard were blown onto the barn roof. The children huddled under their covers wondering what would happen next.

When the storm had let up, Dad came to the barn door and said in a low voice, "Susanna died. Mose you go over to Johns (John D. Yoders) and tell them."

The grass was waist high in the orchard and wet from the rain, as Mose waded through. He was soaked when he returned but he couldn't go into the house so he curled up under his blanket. Nobody slept anymore that night.

The next day the grave diggers came, got the little coffin and took it for burial. The parents watched from the house and the children from the barn as their sister was taken away.

Albert, as he watched them carry the coffin down the lane, had a feeling that he would be the next to get the disease. But when nothing further happened he decided it must have been his imagination.

After four weeks, the quarantine was lifted, the old bedding burned, and the house thoroughly cleaned.

Everything returned to normal. Albert had a steady girl friend. The sorrow of the past summer had been mostly forgotten and life looked promising. He no longer thought of his premonitions that he would be the next to get sick.

On December 3rd there was a wedding, Mose was married to Lydia Keim. Albert was hostler and he seemed especially happy as he took care of the wedding party that day.

But nine days later he complained of a sore throat. Fresh fears gripped the whole family when he told them. "No, Albert, not you!" his parents exclaimed.

Albert decided it was just a cold and that he would be better the next day. But he wasn't, and the tension mounted. That evening his dad came to the barn where Amos was choring and said, "I'm going for the doctor. It doesn't look serious, but we waited too long for Susanna."

The doctor came and examined Albert and said, "No, it's not diptheria."

Everyone sighed with relief.

But then the doctor continued, "But it could develop into that. I'll check him every day."

Four days and four trips later the doctor told them bluntly, "Your son has diptheria."

The parents groaned. Must they go through this again? When would it stop? Would they all eventually fall victim to this dread disease? Was there no hope? Was God trying to tell them something? It was hard to understand.

Then a new fear clutched at the parents' hearts. Was Albert ready to die?

Albert heard the doctor's verdict. His first thoughts were, "No, I must not die."

He thought of his girl friend, his companions, his new job and of his dreams. No, death would not get him now. He was only a young man, a robust, healthy lad, just turning the corner of manhood. He would conquer this disease.

It was now December 16. He lay on his cot feeling tired, weak and sick. His throat was swelling. Maybe soon he would not be able to eat.

Two days later his throat was swollen so much that he could swallow no food or water. His life was at a deep chasm. What was ahead? Nothing. Here he lay - helpless. The illness had him in its grip.

Now, instead of being sure he would not die, he wondered if he could keep on living till evening. The thoughts brought tears, and more important, fears. He had fears of facing an unknown future and a Judge. Was he ready? An uneasy conscience answered, "No."

From eight o'clock that evening till two o'clock in the morning his dad was busy carrying water for him. Albert worked the water around in his mouth but was unable to swallow a drop. His thirst was almost driving him wild.

Suddenly he sat up in bed and exclaimed, "A forty dollar gold piece wouldn't amount to anything just for one drop of water."

Fever was making his tongue and throat feel like fire. He

threw off the covers, sprang from bed, wringing his hands. Raising his head he tried to sip in air. But it was in vain. "I must go now, I will die. I can't breathe."

His father and mother were grieved beyond measure. Why must he suffer so? It cut like a knife to hear his hoarse whispers begging for water. Was he ready to go?

Dan felt to see Albert suffer so, was to feel the pangs of death himself. He could stand it no longer. He whispered to his wife, "Mom, you stay here, I'm going upstairs."

Falling to his knees he prayed as never before asking God to send relief. Albert's soul was a burden to him, "Oh, Lord, help him to give up his own will."

After some time in prayer, Dan reappeared. Albert smiled at him. "Dad, my throat opened a bit. I swallowed a little water. Maybe I'll get better again."

"Maybe you will and maybe you won't. It's all in God's hand. Albert, you know you will not get well if it's not God's will." Dan sadly laid his hand on Albert's pale forehead. "Did you make ready to die?"

"Oh, Dad, I did. It was so hard. I just couldn't give myself up before."

"You think you have won the fight?"

"Yes, I would now rather die than live."

"Oh, Albert, this means so much to me."

Now he seemed to be resting better. But the next morning Dan was in the doorway talking to a neighbor when one of the girls called, "Dad, come quick!"

When Dan entered the room, he heard Albert whisper, "My heart will stop. I am going to die. Pound my chest and shoulders and wet my face and hands."

He felt limp on the bed and his pulse and breath seemed to be gone. The family gathered around the bed and was weeping. Dan did as Albert had told him but he could not cry. Under his breath he was praying.

Albert revived again and his breathing started. And yet this could not go on much longer. Why must he suffer so?

Neighbors came to offer to hire a nurse. But Dan told them, "No, thanks. As long as we can, we will take care of him."

"As for money, you could bring a stack this high," Dan said holding his hands straight out, "and it wouldn't take away our sorrow. Tell the church to pray. Pray for Albert. Pray for us who are still able to take care of him."

The family had been quarantined again, but this time they had stayed in the house. They wondered if the anti-toxin would be effective enough to keep the others from getting the disease.

Dan didn't say it, but he felt tired and fatigued. His throat was feeling sore. Was he also starting with the dreaded disease?

Dan could hardly go anymore. His resistance was down and now he was sick. When the doctor came again, he fell down exhausted and said, "Doctor, you tend me, I feel as if I'm going to nothing."

He sank into a long exhausted sleep. For the first time in two weeks, he slept soundly. When he awoke, he felt better. His sore throat did not bother him anymore.

On the night of the 23rd, Albert seemed very restless. He called for water, and once Dan had to pound his chest again. All of them stood around the bed and they thought death had come.

"Albert, are you dead?" Dan shook his shoulders.

Very faintly Albert shook his head.

Three times again Dan asked and each time Albert shook his head slowly. An hour later, he revived enough to open his eyes. "Do you remember when I called you?" his dad asked.

Albert shook his head.

His face was now haggard, his arms, once so strong, could barely be felt when he tried to squeeze.

On Christmas morning, soon after midnight he took a turn for the worse. "I think I am dying now," he said. "Rub me again."

At five minutes past five, three deaths spasms crossed his face. Then his body relaxed. Death had come at last.

With a heavy heart, Dan went and tolled the dinner bell. As it sent out the message, the bell had a peculiar sound. Across the fields a quarter of a mile, John Hochstetler heard it. When Dan saw a light in John's house he quit ringing, for he knew he had heard.

A snow had fallen the night before and everything looked

so white and peaceful.

Later that day the doctor came and pronounced him dead. That same afternoon, four silent and sober-faced boys came and carried away their pal and buried him on a snowy hillside. The funeral was not held until after the quarantine

was lifted.

The house was cleaned and repainted throughout. All the bedding was burned and the whole family moved out for awhile. None of the others ever got diphtheria, but for as long as they lived, whenever any one of the family got a cold, the first question was, "How is your throat?" ■■

(A true hired girl story. Names have been changed. For obvious reasons the author wishes to remain anonymous.)

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS WERE POOR

I looked up into the starlit heavens on that crisp, winter morning. How invigorating the air was. I thought to myself, as I shifted the pail of milk from one hand to the other, "What a privilege to be outside on a morning like this."

I set the milk pail on the table in the summer kitchen, then went into the house. The aroma of breakfast smelled tempting.

"We had company already this morning," my mother said as she cracked the eggs into the pan.

"Oh, really?" I said as I washed my hands.

"Jacob Martin was here. They have a little baby boy since Tuesday and would like you to come over tomorrow morning and tidy up a bit before Mary comes home from the hospital."

My heart skipped a beat. I had been anxious to get my first nursing job, but for some reason, I wasn't so sure anymore.

All day I kept imagining things that might happen when I go to Jacob Martins'. I had just turned sixteen. This was Jacobs' first child so I didn't expect there would be too much work.

The next morning I set out across the fields. It wasn't too far so I decided to walk. I was a bit nervous but in spite of my fears I found myself humming a tune.

As soon as I got there I started to work. There were dishes to be washed, wood to be carried and food to be prepared. The forenoon passed swiftly as I went about the household tasks.

The noon meal proved to be very quiet and rather awkward. At our house there was always quite a bit of talking around the table. But Jacob was a man of few words and the hired boy, John Smucker, also kept his thoughts to himself. To me it was rather embarrassing. And as if that were not enough, they ate practically everything on the table. At home there were twelve at the table, but here I knew there would only be a few so I tried to fix only a little of everything. When I saw what was happening I resolved in my mind to fix plenty for supper.

Just as I was finishing the dishes a car drove in. It was Mary, Jacob's wife coming home from the hospital. Jacob soon came in with baby Samuel and laid him on the sofa. Then he went out to fetch in the other things.

When Mary came in, I held my breath. Mary looked very pale. I said to myself, "She is sick." I think she was sick for she stayed in bed for a number of days.

I enjoyed doing the housework and did it the way I was used to doing it at home. Mary was a quiet natured woman

and she was contented to have me go ahead with the work.

When Saturday evening came, I wondered whether I would be allowed to go home. There was not much work to do but Mary was still in bed. But Mary said I could go home over Sunday so I walked across the fields.

When I arrived home, I slowly opened the kitchen door and walked in.

"Oh," my sisters chorused, "Didn't you stay there over Sunday?"

"No, she said I could come home."

"But isn't she still in bed?"

"Yes," I answered rather ill at ease.

Dad was sitting in his rocking chair reading and he looked up and said, "That may be quite true that she said you can come home. But don't you think you are neglecting your duty by coming?"

I was sorry then, that I had come home and I was glad when Monday morning came around and it was time to go again.

"It will be better this week," I thought to myself, "for Mary can come to the table."

Mary did come to the table but it was not what I had expected it to be for there was hardly any conversation.

When we were at the dinner table Mary asked her husband, "where will you be working this afternoon?"

Jacob glanced at his wife and then he looked out the window. He didn't answer one word. A heavy silence hung on the air as we went on eating.

Soon the baby began crying and Mary went to get it. "Your're spoiling the child already," Jacob remarked coldly as Mary came back with the baby in her arms.

Mary sat down and held the baby to herself and then she said evenly, "Why no, it's time to feed him and he is hungry."

I swallowed hard to make my last bite go down and then I waited almost impatiently until Jacob and the hired boy left the kitchen. As I did the dishes, I thought to myself, "Can they be truly happy as long as they treat each other with such cool indifference. That's enough to take away any enthusiasm she would have to work. Married life... - their first child... - no, I had never imagined it would be like this."

When I had finished the dishes, I turned to Mary for my afternoon's work schedule. "I think I'll let you clean two chickens, Mary said, "I told Jacob to bring them in."

I felt my cheeks growing red. "But - I guess you'll have to show me how. I never did that by myself."

Mother had wanted me to learn but somehow I had never gotten it accomplished.

"Why certainly, I'll do that," Mary agreed. "I don't know

if I could have done it at your age."

I felt that Mary was very nice to me. But I could not help thinking of the conversation at the dinner table. I wondered if she was always so nice, and just how things went when I wasn't there. The week wore on. I usually had a late start on the morning chores since Jacobs were late risers. If they happened to get up extra late, Mary would say, "It's not the way I like it but Jacob refuses to get up earlier. He's just lazy."

At the end of the week I went home feeling that I had successfully taken care of my first baby case.

Two months went by and then one cool windy afternoon in March I was out spading the garden with Mother. Suddenly a buggy came around the curve of the hill and pulled in at the driveway. My heart began beating faster as I watched Amos Weaver walk over toward the garden.

"Nice day for doing that," he commented and then he added, "Would you have a girl to spare for a few weeks? We have a baby boy and my wife came home today."

It was also their first baby and Mother answered, "Yes, I guess Priscilla can go. Did you want her to with you now?"

"Yes, if it suits all right."

I started for the house and after a few hectic minutes, I come out with a packed suitcase in my hand. "Are you sure you have everything?", Mother wanted to know and then she turned to Amos, "Priscilla is rather young yet but I hope she will know how to take care of things."

I felt embarrassed. Why did Mother have to say that? Did she think I was still a schoolgirl. Mother made it sound as if I didn't know how to work.

On the way home already I sensed that things would be very different than at my first job and I was glad. Amos was very talkative but after my first experience, it didn't occur to me that a person could talk too much and that at times it would be better not to talk so much. But as Amos talked, it did ease my nerves a bit.

When we drove into his driveway, Amos said, "Now just make yourself at home." I didn't know what to expect so I went up the walk to the kitchen door and stepped inside.

"Oh, here you are already," Grandmother Smucker said as I stepped into the kitchen. In a few moments, Amos' wife, Annie, came out of the bedroom, too.

"I just had to come out and see you, Priscilla," she said. "I didn't remember whether I had ever seen you before or not, but Amos said I did. If you want to, you can sweep and wash up the kitchen before supper as it was not done last week."

"Certainly," I answered as I set about my work lightly. I felt certain it would be fun working for her because she was so talkative. I little thought that I would soon change my mind about that part of it.

Another thing I noticed right away when I entered the kitchen was the modern up-to-date appearance, a new kitchen sink and even some electrical appliances to make it convenient. In our church the use of electricity is discouraged except for a few jobs which can not hardly be done otherwise. But a few people, who it seems are never satisfied, were using it any way they wanted.

Soon after I arrived, Grandmother Smucker went home. Supper was so different from where I worked the other time. It proved to be an ordeal of slow eating and chattering about a lot of insignificant things. After doing the dishes, I sat down and talked with Annie for there was nothing else to do.

When bedtime arrived, Annie said to me, "Priscilla, you may sleep in any of the upstairs rooms you want to. It's entirely up to you."

So the first thing I did when I went upstairs was to explore the different rooms. I was surprised at the finery in the rooms. I didn't know that "our people" had rooms where the curtains matched the ceiling and the bedspreads matched the curtains. In every room there was an electric light to turn on, it seemed that everything was just to a "T" up there.

I picked out the room which suited me best and then I had my evening devotions and crawled into bed.

The next morning as soon as I awoke and realized where I was, I dressed quickly and went down to make breakfast. Breakfast turned out to be just like supper was the evening before. The forenoon passed swiftly as I did the morning chores, then the washing and then prepared dinner. When dinner was over, Amos said, "I think I'll go to town this

afternoon. I should be back in plenty of time for supper."

The afternoon passed uneventfully. I hummed as I took down the wash. Toward evening Amos came home. As I took the clothespins into the washroom, I was suddenly aware of loud voices in the kitchen. The door was open and I could hear the conversation plainly.

"Just where did you get this sweater?" Annie was saying, "Why, it doesn't even have a zipper down the front."

"Yes it does," her husband insisted.

"It does not," Annie exclaimed "It's a pullover sweater and you knew it all the time, You ———, trying to make me believe something like that!"

In the washroom I shuddered at the language Annie was using.

"I thought it had a zipper," Amos calmed down under the lashing his wife was giving him "Anyway, the sweater the clerk showed me had a zipper on it and I thought that was the one he sold me."

"And of course you won't take it off at mealtime if it's a pullover," Annie snapped continuing her tirade.

"I certainly won't take it off at mealtime," Amos shot back plainly annoyed at his wife's scolding, "that is, unless you put buttons down the front after you've dyed it."

"You know I don't have time to do anything like that, you ———," Annie answered, hotly.

When they were quiet for a few moments, I walked in and started making supper. My head was spinning. Was every place the same?

Supper was quite a different meal. If Annie asked a question, Amos either pretended not to hear, or answered in as few words as possible. If Amos said anything Annie would snap him off. I thought to myself, "Don't they realize how I feel sitting here in the middle of their arguments?" I was certainly glad when the meal was over.

After supper, Amos went out to chore. About the time I had finished the dishes, he came in again, took the newspaper out of the rack and slouched down in his favorite armchair. I tidied up the sink, and knowing my work was finished for the day, I picked up a book and started to read.

Soon Annie came out of the bedroom with the baby. She seated herself on the couch and looked at Amos for a few moments. Then as if a thought had suddenly struck her she got up with the baby and walked toward her husband. "Amos, you didn't hold the baby yet and you should hold him tonight. Just think, your first son and you didn't hold him yet. I wouldn't have thought of it you!"

"He's your baby, not mine," her husband replied.

"He's every bit as much your baby as he is mine," Annie shot back, then looking at me she said, "Not so, Priscilla?"

I didn't know what to say and I didn't want to get involved in any argument so I just stammered, "Why, er-er, yes, I guess so."

Amos made no move to take him so Annie simply deposited little Emanuel on top of the newspaper into his lap. saying, "There, hold him. You're his father."

Amos saw he had no choice so he laid his paper aside and began chattering to the baby, "What a mother you have, treating you like this!"

"I'd say, what a father he has, who doesn't even want to hold his own son," Annie reprimanded him as she went into the bedroom again.

The next forenoon I cleaned the house and also cleaned four chickens. This time Annie didn't have to show me for I knew how now. While I was cleaning the chickens, Annie sat in the kitchen and talked about the interesting events which had happened when she was young. She also related many nice things about Amos. I could hardly believe that Annie could talk to her husband the way she had the evening before.

The afternoon I decided to finish the ironing. I had never used an electric iron but it was not hard to learn. I always like to iron and nearly always I sing when I iron. It seems to go together so well.

When I had folded the last piece, I pulled the cord and set the iron on the gas stove to cool off. When I had put all the wash away, I went to ask Annie what I should do now.

"Why, you should sit down and rest awhile. You've been hurrying around and working all day. Aren't your legs tired?"

"Oh, not really," I said but I could feel that I had been doing more than usual. Taking my chance, I sat down on the

rocking chair and started reading.

A few minutes later Annie came into the kitchen and curiously started sniffing the air. Walking quickly to the gas stove, she picked up the iron, and exclaimed in dismay, "Priscilla, why did you set the iron on the gas stove! Didn't you see the stove was hot? Just look, the covering on the cord is scorched off. I don't think Amos can fix it and now we'll have to buy a whole new cord!"

I jumped up quick and said, "Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't think about that happening." How I wished it weren't true.

"Well what were you thinking about just sitting there? Surely you should have known better. Didn't you smell it?"

"I just - just never thought of it," I said lamely. There was a lump in my throat and tears were blinding my eyes. Without thinking what I was doing, I walked to the back door and went out for a few minutes. Oh why did this have to happen? Why hadn't I realized the stove might be too warm? Why, why, why? If only I could do it over again, but now it was too late, and Annie was very much upset over it. Would she send me home, and what would I tell my folks?

The chilling breeze cooled my forehead and soon I was feeling better again. When I went into the kitchen again, Annie was not there so I started preparations for supper. When she heard me working, Annie came out of the bedroom and said, "You needn't feel so badly about that cord. Maybe we can fix it after all."

"Oh, I hope so. I'm so sorry," I said. She did not say that she was sorry for the way she had talked.

Supper was not a very pleasant affair. Amos and Annie were both in rather bad humor and their conversations showed it. I didn't feel like talking either.

I went to bed early that evening, I needed time to think. I wondered what my next nursing job would be like, or maybe I wouldn't have to take any more jobs. Married life? Is it all like this? I had told myself over and over again that I wouldn't want a married life like Jacobs had. But this was even worse. Surely some people practiced love in their married lives. If it was always like this, I was sure I would never want to get married.

But that's been several years ago and since that time I have worked in many different places. I am glad to say that I have been in homes where there was a very fine Christian atmosphere. In some homes it was not quite so good. But of all the places I have worked, my first two jobs still stand out in my mind. I do not know why I had to have those two, to begin my hired girl experiences.

FARM

VS

FACTORY

Due to the rising price of farms and the high factory wages, it's the trend in our community to depend on factory money to earn a living. Not only do teenage boys and girls and young married men work there, but also men with grown children.

We are a young married couple who felt that the farm would be the place to raise our family. Since our parents were not able to buy a farm for us, we decided to buy one on our own. So we bought one, moved on it, and I worked in the factory and tried to do the farming, too.

But our conscience kept telling us that we might be doing wrong by building worldly trailers, which would be used mostly on pleasure trips, to pay off our farm. Then, too, there was dirty and vain talk, with men and women working together, with jesting and profanity going on every day. Also to depend on the car to get to work every day, and on electricity while these things were forbidden in the church, just didn't seem right. What answer could I give as to why we are against these things, if I was using them every day to earn a

living?

In the factories, the young people get their pay checks in their own names so it is easy for them to take all the spending money they want. It also seemed to us that worldly fashions of dress as well as coarse talk were being carried into the church.

Our forefathers always thought the farm was the best place for the Christian family and we agreed. But how would we manage to make a living? Considering the matter well, we decided to go a little deeper into debt to set up a better income on the farm. We felt this was necessary because of the high investment we had already made in the farm.

Now I could be at home with my wife and our children and help train and teach them in the daily happenings. We hope that someday our children will have chores to do, working with their parents. We felt it is good for the husband and wife to be working together and I could be at home very day for dinner. Working together with God and nature daily, I also felt is rewarding.

We could have waited to buy a farm until we had more money saved up. However, it seems that the ones who do this can hardly save enough to get started. Since the money they have is handy, they are tempted to spend it for things they really wouldn't have to have. Ours is tied up in the farm and we must make our payments and this makes it easier for us to do without some of those extra things that would be nice to have, but which we don't need.

We tried to set up our farm and take care of our dairy herd in a way that would be satisfactory to our fellowmen. Our church district is more conservative than those around us and we are glad it is. Because we did not want to do everything some of the other church districts were doing, it was necessary for us to go to some additional expense in order to properly take care of our things.

We saw we would need help both in finances and in putting up an addition to one of our buildings. The younger men in the community donated their labor to help us. We appreciated this.

It was the older men in the church who had insisted on the things being done in this particular way. This was the reason why it had been necessary for us to go to the extra expense. We had hoped and expected that they would help us financially, for we knew they were able to do so. We were disappointed for they turned us down.

This made us wonder if they really had Christian reasons for wanting it done their way. It appeared that they thought I should still be working in the factory instead of going in debt so deeply to farm.

As it turned out we borrowed the money from a 24-year old neighbor who is farming his father's farm. He apparently understood the situation while the older men either didn't, or they didn't concern themselves about it.

It is hard to find hired help for it seems the parents would sooner send their children to the factories for high wages than to help a brother in need. This makes it appear that money means more to them than trying to keep up our rural heritage. Of course, we cannot afford to pay the high wages they get in the factories. Because of the shortage of help, we are almost forced to invest in more and larger equipment and machinery and we do not like this any more than anyone else does.

Some have criticized us for going in debt so deeply. Others think we did it to act big. They do not seem to realize that with the high price of land we have to go at it in a little different way than our fathers did 50 years ago.

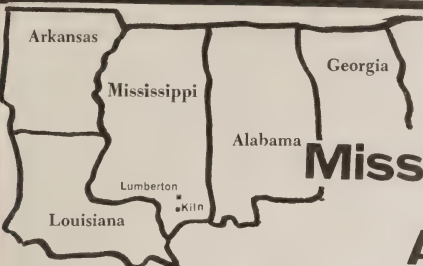
An elderly man of a higher church once encouraged us to stay on the farms. He said their young men thought there wasn't enough money in farming so they turned to other work. Now their children smoke and cuss and act like the other people around them.

It seems that most people would sooner take the easy way out of these problems and go and work in the factories. If they want to make their living at farming, they have a much greater responsibility, and they must have a trust in the Lord to give the increase.

Too often it is these who find fault with the ones that want to farm. I have also noticed that it is often these who jest and joke when they get together to visit, but the others have deeper thoughts.

We would appreciate hearing the opinions of others who have had any experience in this matter.

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS



Two Mississippi Amish Settlements

1. The Lumberton Settlement 1929-1948 by Dan M. Yoder

In 1924 or maybe some earlier a group from our church in Ohio started a colony in Old Mexico. For certain reasons it wasn't a success. So they returned to the States. Then a real estate man got in contact with some of them and sold them some cut-over land in Mississippi. It was land from which pine trees had been cut off. The real estate agent, Bill French, sold this land at \$35 per acre and took in trade the Mexico land at \$10 per acre which left the price at \$25 per acre. This price was still way over market price; some of the land could have been bought for the taxes or not more than \$5 per acre.

In the fall of 1929 Pre, Phineas M. Bontreger, John Hostetler, and Rudy Troyer with their families moved to within five miles of Lumberton, Mississippi. A week later my father Moses S. Yoder, John H. Miller, Joseph D. Chupp, and Eli J. Miller moved there from Ohio. Also Jacob Wenger came from North Carolina.

There were no buildings on the tract of land, nothing but stumps which we burnt out. Since they were pine stumps they burned very well. About three miles from the property was a turpentine still, Negro houses, and a schoolhouse. These had been abandoned after the pine had been all cut off. So we bought the buildings and moved them onto our tract of land. We had school four months of the year and were completely our own boss about school. The natives let us have our school and studies just as we saw fit.

The Lumberton settlement did not go to nothing because of material reasons. People, of course, had to live rather simply as far as money is concerned, for you must remember we had the Depression of 1930 to struggle with. But I never have lived in a place where we could grow so many good things to eat. The land or soil was sandy loam with clay subsoil, very easy to work and no stones. But the top layer was very thin. We built this up with manure and for fertilizer during the Depression we would buy cotton seed meal for 90c per 100 lbs. and use it on corn for fertilizer, which worked very good. The land was fairly level but still enough rolling for good drainage. But we farmed with the contour of any hills and built terraces to hold the soil. We often had hard rains, and the top soil was so thin that it didn't take much to carry it away.

I do not remember the thermometer ever going to 100 but quite often to 90. It was quite humid which made a person sweat a lot. The coldest I remember was 14 above which damaged our orange trees.

Strawberries did very well in Mississippi. When Bill French sold us the land he told my father-in-law, "If 9 strawberry plants don't make 1 pint, I'll give you 40 acres of land free." One native there had 700 acres of them, and the town of Picayune 40 miles from Lumberton shipped as high as 10 train-car loads at a time.

More About The Lumberton Settlement by Moses J. Gingerich

I remember the day of our sale in Ohio before we moved to Mississippi. I was quite young at the time and was just recovering from a dose of pneumonia and - or pleurisy. I was not allowed to go outside, but I could see the crowd from the bedroom window. After the sale I stayed at my uncle Emanuel P. Gingerich's till the time we left for Mississippi.

MAY, 1971

We went by train and I remember seeing a barn on fire on our way. I do not remember who met us in Mississippi, but if my memory is correct we stayed at Moses Yoder's for a few days. It was here that Dad and Moses removed the tube from my side which had been put there to drain the puss from my sickness. (I still carry the scar from the cut.)

We soon had a farm rented and were living on it. About the first thing I remember happening on the farm is when my brother Jacob and I were going around the orchard lifting poles or boards trying to see lizards which were new creatures to us.

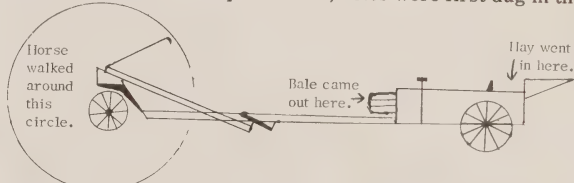
We children were often warned about the cottonmouth moccasin, a poisonous snake, which was quite plentiful in the swamps. These snakes could easily be mistaken for a tree root especially by children. I remember one such time when we children were allowed to go into a swamp after bullfrogs. We saw what we thought was one of these snakes and threw sticks or something at it. But it turned out to be merely a root.

There were also alligators in some of the swamps. One day Dad went to the swamp for some reason, maybe to fish, I don't know. But anyway he came home with an alligator about six feet long. We had a sow in the barnyard with a few pigs. When she saw the alligator she headed for the woods with her pigs and stayed there a few days. To me it seems that sows down there in Mississippi with little pigs were much more dangerous than they are in the North. Perhaps it was because they were running a lot nearer wild than they do in the North.

Quite a few sweet potatoes were grown in Mississippi. Often a bunch of hogs were turned into a field of sweet potatoes to eat. All but a few were ringed. The ones that weren't ringed would dig up sweet potatoes for themselves and enough for the ringed ones too. This was done so that the herd wouldn't root up more than they could easily eat.

The climate and farming was different in the South with mild winters, hot summers. Drouth was a common thing, also tornadoes in spring and fall. A variety of crops were raised: oats and corn but not much wheat. Bananas, oranges, kumquats, pomgranites, strawberries, figs, mulberries, boysenberries, peanuts, and persimmons were some of the things we enjoyed in the South.

We had hay of a soybean type. Quite often we would bale it with a one-horse-baler. With everything going right we could bale from 100 to 125 bales a day, not very much according to what goes through the balers today. Our baler was quite a long machine but simple. One horse could run it. There are probably many people who have never seen a horse-powered baler like this. To set up the baler, holes were first dug in the



ground; into these the baler's wheels would sit, dropping the baler to the ground. This way the horse could step over the frame easier where the plunger rod goes through. The bales were tied with wire by hand one boy on each side of the baler.

Some cotton was grown but not as much as we later grew in Tennessee. I can remember though when we were hoeing cotton and the ground was so hot that we dug holes to stand in with our bare feet. (We went for our shoes before the day was over.) Sugar cane was also a common crop. It was pressed mostly through a horse-operated cane press. I remember having the tiresome job of walking behind the horse, making it go so the press would work. This was also a boy's job at the hay baler. But there was one reward at the cane press - an occasional glass of the sweet juice.

I miss the pecans we used to have in Mississippi. We sometimes had as many as we wanted to eat. Some former residents get a shipment of Mississippi pecans, yet. It so happened that we got several pounds a few years ago. Seems they tasted better than those we get with mixed nuts here in Ontario.

Quite a bit of logging was done in our area. We children sometimes had to watch gates where the log trucks went through so no cattle would get out. Some logs were skidded

and loaded with oxen.

There were many Negroes in Mississippi. We did quite a bit of peddling among them in Lumberton. They were easy to get along with, always jolly and talkative - not shy. They did not sorrow much for the morrow, and ate what they had today with little concern for the next day. If they would get a bushel of apples or most anything, they would not think to divide it to last a week or longer.

I went to school part of the second term before we moved to Tennessee. I think we had three miles to school. Fanny Miller, daughter of John H. Miller, was our teacher. One day Fanny's brother Mose brought a message to school just before dinner. Fanny did not tell us right away what Mose had wanted, but no more classes were recited before dinner. We thought it must be something serious. We found out that there had been an accident and that Katie Yoder, daughter of Eli Yoder, had been killed. But during the noon hour Mose came back with different news. Katie was not dead as he had said, but was seriously hurt. Katie had been on her way to Lumberton with her horse and buggy when a truck hit the rig. An "English" neighbor woman and boy were with her; and if I remember correct, that woman was killed. The horse, also, was killed.

The Lumberton settlement lasted but 19 years, yet it had its memorable moments. The one which sticks in everyone's mind occurred on October 26, 1940. Lizzie, the four-year-old daughter of Andy M. Yoders, wandered off and became lost in the wilderness where big herds of sheep and cattle were

grazing. Perhaps the clipping from the Hattiesburg, Mississippi newspaper can best tell about the incident.

Grateful For "English" Neighbors' Help

Lumberton, Nov. 1, 1940—Little Lizzie Yoder is back in the farm home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew M. Yoder, in the Gumpond community about five miles from Lumberton, after having been released from a Poplarville hospital where she was taken early Monday morning when she was found after a 43 hour search through miles of pine forests, pasture lands, and almost impenetrable swamps. (Editor's Note: Lizzie was found 8 miles from her home.)

Her feet, legs, and back are badly scratched and she is weak enough to be willing to sit on the homemade cot with woven rope bottom and play with the toys and books that have been given her by people who are rejoicing with her parents. Her favorite seems to be a pocketbook full of coins. Lizzie greets her many visitors with a shy smile because she neither speaks nor understands a word in English.

Sorry Over Trouble

Her six brothers can't go about their work or play for very long without slipping in to touch her, and her parents are deeply grateful for her return. They say, "We did not want to trouble our own people, much less our English friends, and so we did the best we could to find her before we let it be known that she was gone."

The mother stops in her expressions of thankfulness to blame herself for sending Lizzie to call the father to dinner at about 11 o'clock Saturday, and for not calling for outside help earlier. Then they both say, "We wish we could do something for the good people who have done so much for us, but if we don't have the opportunity, we know that God will reward them, for God is good and wise."

It was nearly night Saturday before news of the lost child reached Ran Batson, owner of the vast timber and games preserve in which she was lost. He immediately called the proper officials of Pearl River County, asking for help and placing his range riders and other facilities at their services. Blood hounds were brought in after the little straw hat that Lizzie wore over her little black cap was found. But the Yoder family does not know who secured the dogs. It is said that at times 600 men from the territory between Hattiesburg and Gulfport were engaged in the search. There were CCC boys working in relays, and students and reserve officers from Pearl River Junior College in Poplarville numbered more than 75.

Found

When Tommy F. Lee started to his WPA job Monday morning after a few hours rest from the search, he saw fresh little barefoot tracks that ran to the main road where he was to meet the truck that would take him to work. He stopped the truck and began searching along the road, finding the child just a few yards from the truck. He held out his arms to her and she held out hers to him. He picked her up and carried her to the truck where Mrs. Myra Powers, housekeeping aide project worker, took her and wrapped her in her coat as the truck dashed away to get Lizzie to the hospital while others went for her parents.

Lizzie tells her brothers that she saw a sheep with big horns, "but he didn't hurt me," she says. She tells of two snakes, saying, "one was still and quiet, another ran to a barn." She says, "I slept one night but another night the lights kept me awake."

From Ohio

The Yoder family is one of 11 families who came to this community from Ohio, most of them coming at the same time 11 years ago. They are of German descent and belong to a sect known as Amish, who believe in non-resistance, plainness of dress, restriction of marriage to the group and the rite of foot-washing. There are now 65 members of the group. They have their own church and school, and when the children are six years of age they go to school and begin the study of both the German and English language, but in their homes they speak German.

No member of this colony has been known to apply for any WPA job or other form of government relief, and when asked about this the leaders of the community say, "Oh, yes, we have our poor, just as other people but we take care of them ourselves." They are all farmers and generally have some farm product to sell at all seasons. Their horse-drawn top buggies are familiar objects in all market centers near their community. They do not use any motor driven vehicle,

FAMILY HEADS

From Ohio: John H. Miller, Moses S. Yoder,
Joseph D. Chupp, Eli J. Miller,
Noah Shrock, Sam Yoder, Jacob P.
Gingerich, Emanuel J. Miller.

From Alabama: Eli E. Yoder and Mose J.
Nisley.

From North Carolina: Jacob I. Wengerd

From Iowa: Phineas M. Bontreger and John
Hostetler.

From Pennsylvania: Jacob S. Byler

From ??: Rudy Troyer

WEDDINGS

Andy M. Yoder and Emma Shrock
Joe E. Yoder and Annie L. Yoder
Dan M. Yoder and Elizabeth Chupp
Ezra E. Yoder and Mattie J. Miller
Dan J. Miller and Mattie M. Nisley
Crist Yoder and Lavina Yoder
John J. Miller, Jr. and Katie Yoder

DEATHS

Mrs. Jacob (Nancy) S. Byler at age 52, Lydia
Yoder (child of Ezra E. Yoders), Joe E. Yoder's,
Mrs. Mose J. Nisley (buried in Ohio),
Mrs. Joe Chupp (buried in Ohio), and Moses
S. Yoder (buried in Tennessee).

MINISTERS

Phineas M. Bontreger, Mose J. Nisley, and
Jacob S. Byler. (Bishops Isaac Gingerich of
Hazelton, Iowa and Sam Yoder of Ohio held
communion for the group.)

neither will they allow any pictures to be taken of any of the group, not even when the whole community is so thankful for the safe return of little Lizzie Yoder.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The majority of this article was written by Moses J. Gingerich of Chesley, Ontario. But some details and assorted facts were taken from the diary of Mrs. Jacob S. Byler, Sr. of New Wilmington, Penna. And the newspaper clipping was from Andy M. Yoder of Ethridge, Tennessee.) ■■

2.

THE KILN SETTLEMENT 1929-1936

by Mrs. John A. Miller

I was eleven years old when my father, Pre. Joseph D. Coblentz, moved from Stark County, Ohio to Mississippi. It was in November or December of 1929. We and a few other families settled in a town named Kiln, all on the same street. A lot of houses were empty on account of the lumber mill having shut down that winter. Many local men were laid off and moved away. Most of the Amish families which were in Kiln that winter stayed only till spring. Some were just travelling there for a vacation. But Levi Hochstetler from Indiana and my Dad purchased land north and northwest of Kiln. This land had never been in cultivation before. Pine trees were taken off and we had only the stumps on it when we bought it. These all had to be taken out, and the land had to be fenced in. People down there never fenced their cattle in, like cows, mules, goats, pigs, and sheep.

We finally got a chicken house built and moved into it till we were able to build a house from used lumber from the houses in Kiln that were torn down. It didn't cost us anything for the lumber. On our farm we planted 500 orange trees, 100 peach, 75 pecan, and 50 pear. The orange trees bore fruit twice while we lived there, peaches only one year, and the other trees not at all.

Our main crops were sweet potatoes, peanuts, some rice, cotton the last two years, some sugar cane for our own syrup, and watermelons which did good the first two years. We raised chickens and a few hogs. And we raised strawberries and beans and cucumbers the first two or three years we lived at Kiln. These crops had to be shipped by train to other states, and the shipping charges took nearly all the profit. We felt the Southerners took advantage of us Northerners by overcharging us for freight. This left us with little profit, and to sell all the produce in the local community was impossible. But Dad would go to Kiln twice a week with the mule and buggy to sell eggs and vegetables from house to house. The depression came and we could hardly make a living. Great big watermelons sold for 5c and 10c. (Most of the natives down there lived on boot legging, or you'd call it whiskey making.)

Other Amish who lived in the settlement were John Hostetler and Daniel Kauffman. They moved down from Geauga County, Ohio and bought land. John was Daniel's son-in-law. They built two houses on the one farm. Harvey Byler, also of Geauga Co., bought land and built a house. He then had Levi Hershberger (a bachelor) take care of the farm, and Harvey and his family only came down in the winter.

There was another Old Order Amish settlement about 50 miles north of us by Lumberton. They were called the Sam Yoder Amish. Also up around Lumberton were other Amish, maybe two or three families. One of them was Bishop Eli J. Borntrager from Indiana. He came down to hold communion services for us. John Planks was another family there, and later Johns moved down where we lived. We lived 12 miles north of Bay St. Louis near Kiln, but our post office address was Pass Christian, with the accent on the last syllable.

I don't know how long each family lived at the Kiln settlement, but we were the last ones to leave. We were there six years and nine months. I think the reason the settlement never took permanent roots was because of the poor soil. It was sandy and wouldn't hold fertilizer from one year to the next. A person couldn't afford to buy enough for not more than he got out of it. The bugs and pests were terrible. Trees had to be sprayed all the time. ■■

CHILDREN'S SECTION



MAMA BEAR AND JUNIOR

By Monre L. Beachy

One morning a number of years ago, a female black bear and her cub were out for a walk. Their home was in the woods and lake country of northern Minnesota. We do not know if the cub had a name or not, but lets call him Junior.

Now Junior had not had much to eat this morning and he was hungry. He kept looking for berries or bugs or ants or just anything. He was very hungry.

All at once they came to an open place in the woods. At this place a railroad track ran through the woods. Junior had never seen a railroad track before and he wanted to look it over. As he scrambled up the embankment Mama growled at him.

Mama knew all about railroad tracks. She knew about the trains that could run over a bear. Also she knew about the men who sometimes came along to fix the tracks.

So she was telling Junior to stay away. But Junior did not see any danger. Besides this was fun. Up on the bank he could see far into the woods on either side.

Then Junior noticed something else. Under those iron rails were wooden ties. One of the ties was not very solid anymore. Junior scratched a little bit and then the ants that had their home in the tie started to scramble all over. Junior used his sticky tongue to lick them up. This was fun!

Over in the woods a little ways stood Mama. She growled at Junior again. But he was too busy to hear. He was having the time of his young life.

Let us leave Junior to his fun and look up the track, behind that curve. What is that coming there? Well it is two men on their way to fix the railroad track. This was in the days before repair men had motors on their little cars. They had two handles that they had to pump to make the cars move.

These men were not in a hurry. With a slow rhythm they were pumping on their way to work.

All at once Junior saw this thing coming. He was scared. Oh, was he scared! He was so afraid he didn't know what to do. He couldn't move. Finally he put his head down between two ties as far as he could.

Now one of the men saw him. "Hey there's a little cub." The little car rolled to a stop. One of the men picked up

Junior who was so afraid that he just couldn't move. The men stroked his fur a little and then they laid him on the repair car.

The men started to pump, and slowly the car rolled down the track. Suddenly one of the men yelled, "Let's get out of here. A bear is coming." And here came Mama. Running just as fast as she could go. She wanted Junior back and she wanted him back Right Now!

The one man said, "Pump faster, She's gaining." The men continued to pump faster and faster. Mama kept on running and running. "She's still gaining," panted the man. With all their strength the men kept on pumping. Mama kept on running. Her mouth was open, her tongue was hanging out and the men could see her big teeth.

The chase went on. Finally the man said, "We can't get away. Push the cub off."

Quickly they pushed Junior off the car. He rolled, bump, bump down the bank into the woods. Mama went tearing down the bank after him. She found him at the bottom of the

bank in the woods.

Now what do you think Mama did then? This is a true story and the writer knows what Mama did. What did she do?

Well she gave Junior a good spanking! Oh she cuffed him around so that the dust flew!

Why did she do that? Did she want to show Junior who is the boss? Did she want Junior to be stiff and sore? No, she wanted to teach Junior a lesson. She wanted him to know that it is best to listen when Mama growls.

But why was Mama concerned? What did she care if these men took Junior away? Because of the love that God put in her heart. She wanted to admonish and teach Junior to avoid these dangers because of the love she had for him.

Young people, do you understand? Father and Mother discipline us just like Mama Bear did her cub. They don't want to show us who is boss but want us to avoid things which are dangerous to us, body and soul. So if your parents warn and admonish you about the things of this world, then you can be sure they are concerned about you and love you. ■■

Black Beauty's first memory was of a large, green meadow in which he and other colts frisked and ran about over the cool grass. His mother was a very well-mannered, gentle horse, and she taught Black Beauty to be the same. He led an easy, happy life and each year became more handsome. By the time he was four years old, he had become a fine horse with a bright black coat and a white star in his forehead.

One day, a man came to the stables and led Black Beauty away to live at the home of Squire Gordon, near a village called Birtwick. Ginger, a very high-spirited horse, also lived at Squire Gordon's; and she and Black Beauty soon became very good friends. This was a very pleasant place to live, for John, the footman, was very kind to the horses; but Squire Gordon was forced to move to another part of the country because of his wife's health. So Black Beauty and Ginger were both sold—this time to a very rich family.

The day finally came when the two horses must leave. Everyone at Birtwick regretted it when John took the horses to their new home one morning just after breakfast. It was a sad parting; but Mr. York, their new coachman, seemed to know how to take care of horses. And now we let Black Beauty tell his own story.



BLACK BEAUTY AND GINGER

ANNA SEWELL

The next day at three o'clock we were again at the door, and the footmen as before; we heard the silk dress rustle, and the lady came down the steps, and said, "York, you must put those horses' heads higher, they are not fit to be seen."

York got down and said very respectfully, "I beg your pardon, my lady, but these horses have not been reined up for three years, and my lord said it would be safer to bring them to it by degrees; but if your ladyship pleases, I can take them up a little more."

"Do so," she said.

York came round to our heads and shortened the rein himself, one hole, I think; every little makes a difference, be it for better or worse, and that day we had a steep hill to go up. Then I began to understand what I had heard of. Of course I wanted to put my head forward and take the carriage up with a will, as we had been used to do; but no, I had to pull with my head up now, and that took all the spirit out of me, and the strain came on my back and legs.

Day by day, hole by hole, our bearing reins were shor-

FAMILY LIFE

tened, and instead of looking forward with pleasure to having my harness put on as I used to do, I began to dread it. Ginger too seemed restless, though she said very little. At last I thought the worst was over; for several days there was no more shortening, and I determined to make the best of it and do my duty, though it was now a constant harass instead of a pleasure; but the worst was not come.

One day my lady came down later than usual, and the silk rustled more than ever.

"Drive to the Duchess of B—s," she said, and then after a pause—"Are you never going to get those horses' heads up, York? Raise them at once, and let us have no more of this humoring and nonsense."

York came to me first, whilst the groom stood at Ginger's head. He drew my head back and fixed the rein so tight that it was almost intolerable; then he went to Ginger, who was impatiently jerking her head up and down against the bit, as was her way now. She had a good idea of what was coming, and the moment York took the rein off the terret in order to shorten it, she took her opportunity, and reared up so suddenly, that York had his nose roughly hit, and his hat knocked off; the groom was nearly thrown off his legs. At once they both flew to her head, but she was a match for them, and went on plunging, rearing, and kicking in a most desperate manner; at last she kicked right over the carriage pole and fell down, after giving me a severe blow on my near quarter. There is no knowing what further mischief she might have done, had not York promptly sat himself down flat on her head, to prevent her struggling, at the same time calling out, "Unbuckle the black horse; run for the winch and unscrew the carriage pole; cut the trace here—somebody, if you can't unhitch it." One of the footmen ran for the winch, and another brought a knife from the house. The groom soon set me free from Ginger and the carriage, and led me to my box. He just turned me in as I was, and ran back to York. I was very much excited by what had happened, and if I had ever been used to kick or rear, I am sure I should have done it then; but I never had, and there I stood angry, sore in my leg, my head still strained up to the terret on the saddle, and no power to get it down. I was very miserable, and felt much inclined to kick the first person who came near me.

Before long, however, Ginger was led in by two grooms, a good deal knocked about and bruised. York came with her and gave his orders, and then came to look at me. In a moment he let down my head.

"These bearing reins!" he said to himself; "I thought we should have some mischief soon—master will be sorely vexed; but there—if a woman's husband can't rule her, of course a servant can't; so I wash my hands of it, and if she can't get to the Duchess' garden party, I can't help it."

York did not say this before the men; he always spoke respectfully when they were by. Now, he felt me all over, and soon found the place above my ankle where I had been kicked. It was swelled and painful; he ordered it to be sponged with hot water, and then some lotion was put on.

Lord W—was much put out when he learned what had happened; he blamed York for giving way to his mistress, to which he replied, that in future he would much prefer to receive his orders only from his lordship; but I think nothing came of it, for things went on the same as before. I thought York might have stood up better for his horses, but perhaps I am no judge.

Ginger was never put into the carriage again, but when she was well of her bruises, one of Lord W—'s younger sons said he should like to have her; he was sure she would make a good hunter. As for me, I was obliged still to go in the carriage, and had a fresh partner called Max; he had always been used to the tight rein.

What I suffered with that rein for four long months in my lady's carriage, it would be hard to describe; but I am quite sure that, had it lasted much longer, either my health or my temper would have given way. Before that, I never knew what it was to foam at the mouth, but now the action of the sharp bit on my tongue and jaw, and the constrained position of my head and throat, always caused me to froth at the mouth more or less. Some people think it very fine to see this, and say, "What fine, spirited creatures!" But it is just as unnatural for horses as for men, to foam at the mouth: it is a sure sign of some discomfort, and should be attended to. Besides this, there was a pressure on my windpipe, which

often made my breathing very uncomfortable; when I returned from my work, my neck and chest were strained and painful, my mouth and tongue tender, and I felt worn and depressed.

In my old home, I always knew that John and my master were my friends; but here, although in many ways I was well treated, I had no friend. York might have known, and very likely did know, how that rein harassed me; but I suppose he took it as a matter of course that could not be helped; at any rate, nothing was done to relieve me. ■■

PLEASE HIM

When you think, when you speak, when you read, when you write,

When you sing, when you walk, when you seek for delight -
To be kept from all evil at home and abroad,
Live always as under the "eye of the Lord."
Whatever you think, both in joy and in woe,
Think nothing you would not like Jesus to know.

Whatever you say in a whisper or clear,
Say nothing you would not like Jesus to hear.
Whatever you read, though the page may allure,
Read nothing of which you are perfectly sure
Consternation at once would be seen in your look
If God should say, solemnly, "Show me that book!"

Whatever you write, in haste or with heed,
Write nothing you would not like Jesus to read.
Whatever you sing, in the midst of your glees,
Sing nothing that God's listening ear could displease.
Wherever you go, never go where you fear
God's question being asked you, "What doest thou here?"

Whatever the pastime in which you engage,
For the cheering of youth or the solace of age,
Turn away from each pleasure you'd shrink from pursuing,
Were God to look down and say, "What are you doing?"

- Author unknown

Old Dame Gossip

—by Joseph Egan

Old Dame Gossip lived in a big shoe on the outskirts of the village. Some people called her a witch because of her beady, black eyes and long, pointed nose.

Anyway, she lived in a big shoe, which was enough to set her aside as a queer person. In addition to being her home, this shoe served also as her carriage, for in it she went all about town. Up would go the heel and down would go the toe, and a block would be covered in no time.

Old Dame Gossip did not live alone in her shoe, no indeed! She had a lot of little Roomers living with her. Some people spell their name Rumors, but I prefer to spell it Roomers, because they all lived with Dame Gossip and, of course, any person who lives in another person's house is a Roomer.

One day, a very lovely lady came into the village and moved quietly into a little cottage at the very foot of the main street. She was gentle and sweet looking, but her eyes were sad and she stayed closely at home in spite of all invitations to call on her neighbors.

Old Dame Gossip went down to see her the week after she arrived.

Up went the heel of her shoe and down went the toe and the blocks were covered in no time.

Old Dame Gossip did not knock on the door like any other person paying a call, no indeed! She sat down across the

street and watched the front of the house.

By and by she saw a servant come out carrying a heavy bag. He went down the walk and disappeared into the woods.

"My! My!" whispered Old Dame Gossip to her little Roomers. "My, My! what do you suppose he had in that bag? I must ask Mrs. Know-it-all about it."

So up went the heel of the shoe and down went the toe, and Old Dame Gossip came to her friend's house in no time.

"And he carried a big bag," she whispered, as she finished her story. "A very suspicious, black bag. I know it contained a set of burglar tools. I have it! That woman is the Queen of Burglars. Oh, dear, oh, dear, what a dreadful thing! I must tell Mr. Sharp Eyes."

Up went the heel of the shoe and down went the toe as she hurried off, leaving an ugly little Roomer to help spread the news.

"And I am sure," she whispered behind her hand, "that she plans to rob the bank this very night. Isn't it terrible what a wicked age we live in? I must rush right off and tell the sheriff."

Up went the heel of the shoe and down went the toe and she went off, leaving another little ugly Roomer to spread the tale.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Sheriff," she whispered behind her hand, "I saw the burglar tools sticking out of the bag; and I heard that dreadful woman tell her servant to rob the bank."

"I shall arrest her at once," said the sheriff, and off he went; but when he came to the little cottage he met the servant returning with the big black bag.

"What have you in that bag?" growled the sheriff.

"I have nothing in it," said the servant. "I have just been to the hospital with cookies for the sick children. You see, my mistress lost her little boy, and because she loved him so much, she wishes to do nice things for other little boys."

"I wish Old Dame Gossip and her ugly little Roomers were out of town," said the sheriff. "That woman gets everyone into a peck of trouble." ■■

This story is about the Weatherbee family. They were Pilgrims just like the ones who took part in America's first Thanksgiving. But this story takes place in England where the Pilgrims lived before coming to America. When you have read the story you will have an idea why the Pilgrims moved away from England.

The Three-Legged Stool

It was late in the afternoon of a cold winter day. Little Makepeace and Fearnot Weatherbee clumped along the rough cobblestones of the street and stopped at the door of a cottage with a dimly-lighted window. If you had been there when they opened the door you would have understood why the light was so dim. There was only the fire in the fireplace and one candle which cast its light through the little room. Mistress Wetherbee sat in one corner spinning, and the father, Wilmot Wetherbee, sat in another whittling an axe handle out of a piece of wood.

As the children came in, Mistress Wetherbee stopped her wheel and asked, "Will they be here tonight?"

"Yes, mother," answered Fearnot. "They will all come. Dennis Stenton will watch, and if danger comes he will sing three times, 'How goes the wheel around!'"

The mother nodded, then putting away her spinning, she began to dip out great bowls of soup from the kettle over the fire. She set the pewter bowls on the table, and all four of them gathered about and ate the soup with coarse brown

bread.

After they had eaten, the children went upstairs to bed, but they peeped through the cracks in the floor so that they would not miss anything.

The father drew heavy curtains across the window and barred the door, then they sat quietly for a while until a knock sounded on the door. Mistress Wetherbee went to the door and asked softly, "Who is there?"

"A friend to spend an hour with thee," came the answer of a woman as the door was opened. Others came one at a time and all said the same words and were given seats by the fire. Last of all came Dennis, a young lad who laughed a great deal in a silly fashion, and did queer things that made the people laugh while older people shook their heads and said, "Poor fellow." He said a word or two to Mistress Wetherbee and then went out again, and the children could hear his rough boots on the cobbles as he walked up and down.

When they were all settled about the fireplace, Wilmot Wetherbee began to read from the great Book he held on his knees. Then one of them prayed, and after that they talked among themselves about the words Wilmot Wetherbee had read.

Suddenly Dennis began to sing, "How goes the wheel around," and in a moment the Book was thrust out of sight. The ladies brought out their knitting and the men began to whittle on bits of wood.

A moment later there was a loud knock on the door. Mistress Wetherbee opened it, and three rough-looking men with swords and staves came in.

"They tell me that a Bible is still in this house," said the biggest of them. "It is against the law, and we must search the house."

Mistress Wetherbee curtsied. "Search where ye will," she said, and then sat down in her usual place while young Stephen Wetherbee began to tell about the things he had seen in the new colony across the sea, from which he had just returned. He seemed to be going on from the middle of a story, and for a moment the soldiers listened, then went about their business, poking into corners and looking under things. Then they came up into the children's room and looked everywhere they could think of. They could find no Bible, so at last they went away. Stephen continued to talk calmly about the new world, until Dennis whistled.

As soon as he had heard Dennis whistle, Wilmot Wetherbee took up the queer stool he was sitting on and lifted the top of the heavy seat, and there in a cunningly made space was the Bible. He took it out and began to read quietly while the others listened, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Matthew 5:10. ■■

GO TO THE ANT

By
Agenes Ranney

When we think of King Solomon, we think of the costly and beautiful temple he built, and of his great palaces and gorgeous clothing. But we might also remember how God, in answer to Solomon's request for an understanding heart, "gave Solomon wisdom and understanding..And he spake of trees...also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

Solomon must have had keen eyes and a thoughtful mind. "Go to the ant...which having no guide, overseer, or ruler provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest," he wrote in Proverbs 6:6-8. Just how the little ant does this has wondered wise men for centuries.

Ants do many wonderful things. They build houses of tremendous size and in them make hundreds of rooms and miles of tunnels. They take care of their young and defend themselves from enemies. But one of the most interesting of their activities is the very thing Solomon spoke of--their provision of food.

The agricultural ants of Texas destroy all growing things near their homes except a certain kind of grass-ant-rice. They let this grow, but carefully nip off any other kind of plant that comes up. When the ant-rice seeds are ripe, the ants gather them and carry them to their granaries below

the ground.

Harvesting ants are fond of corn, grain, and flower seeds. But in their granaries where it is moist and dark, the stored seeds may start to sprout. If allowed to form long sprouts, they would soon be spoiled as food for the ants. But the ants let the seeds form only a small sprout—just enough to change the composition of the seed and change some of the starch to sugar. Then they bite off the sprout and carry the grain into the sun to dry. Back in the underground storehouse, the seeds treated in this way stay fresh and sweet all winter, a food supply for hundreds of hungry ants.

The parasol ants grow underground vegetable gardens. They cultivate a kind of mushroom that thrives under the ground where it is damp and dark. But this mushroom needs fresh green leaves on which to grow. The ants carry these into their tunnels, marching along with the leaves overhead like small parasols (umbrellas).

Hung on the ceilings of the tunnels, the leaves are soon covered with a growth called mushroom cotton. Treated in a special way by the ants, the cotton grows clear, shiny beads of a mysterious substance that the ants find both delicious and nourishing.

But perhaps most interesting of all are the ants that keep "dairy farms." All ants are fond of sweet things, and will eat sugar, syrup, bruised ripe fruit, or the nectar of flowers if they can get it. But the favorite sweet of many ants is honeydew, the sweet syrupy liquid made in the bodies of

aphids, or plant lice. The ants get the honeydew by stroking and patting the small aphids until the liquid oozes out in little droplets on the aphids' bodies. Then the ants suck it up.

In order to be sure of a growing dairy herd, the ants care for the eggs and young of the aphids as carefully as they do for their own, carrying them to safety in their underground tunnels in winter and up to be warmed by the sun in the spring. If enemy ants invade the nest, some of the workers snatch the young aphids and carry them to safety along with the ant babies.

One type of honey-loving ants has a most surprising storage system. Living ants are the storage bottles! The ant who is to have this strange job begins when she is young, before her armor becomes hard. Then her skin is flexible and can stretch. She hangs by her front feet from the ceiling, and accepts all the surplus honey she can hold from the worker ants who bring it to her. One section of her body stretches and stretches until it is as round and smooth as a grape. Then when honeydew becomes scarce, she is ready to give a drink to any ant who is hungry.

We may not become as wise as Solomon. But if we keep our eyes and ears and minds open when we are outdoors, we can learn a great deal about the fascinating things that share the world God has made for us all. Boys and girls who are fortunate enough to live in the country have the best chance of anyone to learn about God's wonders first hand. ■■

Grandfather's Reading Lesson

The Garden

Once, on a time some little hands
Planted a garden on the sands.
And with a wish to keep it dry
They raised a wall five inches high.

Within the wall and round the walks
They made a fence of slender stalks.
And then they formed an arbor cool,
And dug in front a tiny pool.

Their beds were oval, round, and square
Thrown up and trimmed with decent care.
In these they planted laurel twigs,
And prickly holly, little sprigs

Of ash and poplar; and for show
Bright daffodils and heart's ease low.
With pink-edged daisies by the score
And buttercups and many more.

One rose they found with great delight,
And set it round with lilies bright.
This finished, then they went away,
Resolved to come another day.

The sea, meanwhile, with solemn roar
Approached and washed the sandy shore.
But all this time it did not touch
The little spot they loved so much.

The strangers that were passing by,
The garden viewed with smiling eye.

But no one ventured to disturb
A single plant, or flower, or herb.

Still when the children came again,
They found their labor all in vain.
The flowers were drooping side by side;
The rose and lilies— all had died.

No one could make them grow or shoot,
Because they had not any root.
And then the soil, it was so bad
They must have withered, if they had.

Now, so it is that children fail,
Just like the garden in this tale.
They have good wishes, pleasant looks,
Are busy with their work and books.
Their conduct often gives delight;
And one would fancy all was right.

But by and by with sad surprise,
We see how all this goodness dies.
Instead of being rich with fruit,
They fade away for want of root.

Oh! pray that He who only can
Renew the heart of fallen man,
May plant you in His pleasant ground
Where trees of righteousness abound.
So shall you be in early youth,
"Rooted and grounded in the Truth."

— Sander's Union Reader, 1896



The lovely touching poem below was written by a teen-aged girl in Pennsylvania. This girl knows the true worth of a mother's love although she is deprived from it. Her own mother died five years ago.

GOD'S PRECIOUS GIFT: A Mother

To all of you who have a mother
Please love her and be kind;
Show her what she means to you,
What's in your heart and mind.
Appreciate her while you can
For all too soon you may
Be left alone without her hand
To guide you on your way.

A friend once said to me one day
When we were going away,
"Mother made me wear a coat;
She said it's cool today."
She made me wish I had someone
To tell me what to wear
My heart ached with longing then—
I missed a mother's care..

And once I saw a mother hold
Her darling little child
And in the way she looked at it
And by the way she smiled,
I knew the little child was loved
With love sent from above
And I felt lonesome and left out—
I missed a mother's love.

I went to visit with some friends;
Their mother was around;
She seemed to mean so much to them
For love seemed to abound.
She laughed and kidded with each one,
She was a loving chum;
I felt my loss and longed to have
The companionship of Mom.

For everywhere across this world
Wherever you may roam

You see a mother's love poured forth
To cherished ones at home.
So if you have this gift with you
Please realize its worth
For once it's gone it won't return
To brighten up the earth.

(name withheld)

The following letter was written by a married son to his mother. My appreciation goes to the friend who sent it in.

Dear Mom,

This greeting seems insufficient, especially this being a belated Mother's Day letter. I thought I would write a letter of appreciation of what you and Pop have meant as parents to me.

When I was 5-6 years old, I remember when asking you a question, you would answer, "In a minute." Now when my children ask a question or want something done I can realize what demands children make of parents.

Thinking back over the years one thing stands out in my memory of you and Pop. Sometimes after supper he would ask one of us if we think he would dare give you a kiss. Now I find myself asking my children the same question. I read somewhere if parents treat each other with affection, this would rub off on their children and am glad to have seen this in my parents.

As for my growing years I must admit, I didn't always understand why you and Pop wanted me to do some things the way you did. Now in my older years I can see it more clearly. If only I can influence my children as you have influenced me.

Another incident that stands out clearly. One time I was helping a neighbor in the harvest field, and a buddy asked me to go along swimming, and Pop took my place. The neighbor made this remark, "You have a good father, don't you forget it." And I never have.

Another time we mowed the hay field to make clover seed. Pop took me and Jr. along out to pick the dock stalks out of the field. It was a hard, hot job. The question came up, why didn't we cut the dock stalks out before harvest? Then Pop explained to us about Matt. 13:30, the passage about waiting until harvest to remove the tares.

Another item that stands out is how you used to sing to the children or just to yourself, when making a dress or making pies. Talking of pies, I still can taste those good vinegar pies.

Another picture in my mind is of seeing you walking out to the barn to milk.

I must close. All the others are in bed. There are other things that come to my memory also. I could have perhaps sat down and talked of the same thing, but writing goes much easier than talking.

Always,

your son

P.S. If I could have chosen my parents I couldn't have chosen better ones.

CARE FOR THE LITTLE ONES

Here's a word for us all. Tenderly, patiently, preserveringly, wisely let us care for the little ones.

Let us always plant good things in those that are young; teach them to know good things, to hate ill ways; plant in them blessed desires, and inure them to holy exercises

FAMILY LIFE

and good duties, — that good exercise may, as the devout Sibbes expresses it, grow up with them as the fruit with the tree.

I remember a mother whose children were remarkable examples of early piety. She was asked the secret of her success. Her answer was: "While my children were infants I washed them on my lap, I raised my heart to God that He would wash them in the blood which cleanseth from all sin; as I clothed them I asked Him to clothe them with the robe of Christ's righteousness; as I provided them with food, I prayed that God would feed their souls with the bread of heaven and give them to drink of the water of life. When I prepared them for the house of God, I pleaded that their bodies might be fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in. When they left for the weekday school I followed their infant steps with a prayer that their path through life might be like that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day; and as I committed them to the hours of the night, the silent breathing of my soul has been that their heavenly Father would take them into His embrace and fold them in His paternal arms."

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

-Selected by an Indiana Mother

RHUBARB JAM

Let stand overnight: 5 cups rhubarb, cut fine
4 cups sugar

In the morning boil 5 minutes then add 1 large package of strawberry jello.

-Mrs. Monroe I. Mast, Wilmot, Ohio

SALMON CHOWDER

1 lb. can salmon
1 vegetable bouillon cube
1 cup boiling water
3/4 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup chopped green pepper
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
1/4 cup butter or other fat melted
1/3 cup salmon liquid
1 lb. can tomatoes
1 can (8 oz.) whole kernel corn
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon thyme
Pepper to taste.

Drain salmon, reserving liquid. Break salmon into large pieces. Dissolve bouillon in boiling water. Cook onions, green pepper and garlic in water until tender. Add remaining ingredients and cook for 15 minutes, or until vegetables are tender. Serve with crackers.

-Mrs. Milo Yoder, Marshfield, Missouri

RHUBARB PIE

First take a cupful diced rhubarb and pour boiling water over it. Let it stand while you prepare the following: In a saucepan put 2 eggs, 2 heaping tablespoons flour, butter size of a walnut, and 1 cup sugar. Mix thoroughly until the eggs are light and fluffy. Thin with top milk to the consistency of thickening. Have the crust ready first. Pour the water off the rhubarb and stir the rhubarb into the mixture. Put it into the crusts and bake without a top crust. Top with meringue.

VELVET SALAD DRESSING

1 tablespoon flour 1 egg
1/2 cup sugar 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 teaspoon salt 4 tablespoons vinegar
1 cup cold water

Beat egg well and add dry ingredients, vinegar and water. Cook in double boiler until thick. Remove from heat and beat in 3 tablespoons butter. This dressing is good for lettuce and potato salad. Whipped cream can be added.

-From Holmes County

PEACH JELLY

Cook peach stones and peelings in enough water to cover for 10 minutes. Drain. Take the juice and make same as raspberry jelly, using the recipe on the Sure-Jell box.

-Mrs. Y., Ohio

Hints Hints Hints

Having trouble peeling fresh hard boiled eggs? While still too hot to handle shake them gently but firmly in a pan with the lid on till the shells are cracked all over. The majority of the egg shell comes off nicely when peeled and will not cling to the egg.

When measuring lard put cold water in the cup first. Example: If the recipe calls for 3/4 cup lard, first put 1/4 cup cold water in the cup. Add lard until the cup is full. No need for packing lard into your measuring cup.

Now that house cleaning time is here we'll be washing bed covers. After washing a chenille bed spread hang on the line double, topside facing each other. The wind will fluff it up nicely.

-A Pennsylvania Mother

Some Mothers Write

We had gotten a new canary and the first time a friend's three year old boy heard him warble, he wondered what the bird was singing. I said, "I guess his own bird song." The boy said seriously, "He is singing, 'Jesus loves me this I know.'"

-Mrs. A. Yoder, Applecreek, Ohio

"Here is a hint for mothers. Emptying the child's "training chair" does not need to be such an unpleasant task. Put a drop of Pine Sol Cleaner in the empty container each time. This will disinfect and deodorize for a length of time. Pine Sol is also helpful in cleaning bed pans. Is not expensive as a little bit goes a long way."

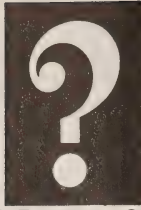
Mrs. E., Ontario

Thoughts from
My Rocking Chair



A person's contentment can be measured by how many changes they want made in the house they move into.

Aunt Emily



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

for a baby gift? I do not feel this is right either. We have had this experience in the family and it really is a problem as to know what to give that will be used.

-Also Pennsylvania

The bringing baby gifts is overdone here, too, and often the ones that can least afford it have the biggest and fanciest things to give. It hurts me very much to see mothers with boughten diaper bags, little baby boy's pants made like the world wears, with elastic at waist and snaps inside the legs, ruffled fancy things. Then say, "I wouldn't wear it but, *ich habs g'shenk greegt*." And the saddest part is when the grandmother has given it. Don't they know that the babies and small children are the blossoms of our future churches.

No, my friend, you must not wear your children clothing you would rather not because they were a gift. -Ohio

Years ago when we were having our babies the gift usually was two yards of dress, shirt or pants material which was well and good. Nowadays too many want to give their gifts ready-made and it seems they try to outdo each other in making them fancy, then you will hear mothers say, "Well, I wouldn't have made it quite so fancy myself but this was given for a baby present."

Why do these mother's hearts wish to hand their innocent babies over to Satan as soon as they are born. It is not the fault of our ministers that they don't warn us enough. Oh, take heed now, proud young mothers, and raise the precious little souls to be a glory to God instead of sending them to everlasting fire and losing your own soul, too.

-A Grandmother, Pennsylvania

We also received gifts for our children that I thought were too pretty to wear on our babies, so I had these clothes lying in a drawer, not knowing what to do with them. Then when the oldest children started to school, they had "Bundle Days" where each child could bring a bundle of unused or outgrown clothing along, for the poor and needy families living in the Appalachian Mountains. So decided to send those pretty clothing along. How overjoyed the children were to also have a bundle to give.

-A Mother

Why do we think we must give a dress or suit to a new baby? I think it is nice to give a gift to a baby when you go to visit. I've been thankful many times when the children needed new clothes and I could go to the drawer and get out something big enough. But there are many other things to give if you use your imagination. One gift I really appreciated was baby food. Our two children were born a year apart so I was busy and the ready-made baby food was so handy. Or consider barn boots, an overall jacket, or overalls for boys. And for girls slips, or stockings. All babies use powder, lotions, etc. I'm not Amish so maybe I mentioned somethings Amish cannot wear. But I know more than Amish read *Family Life*. Also give large sizes if possible. I rarely give under a size 2.

-A young mother, Pennsylvania

TOO HARD UP

I don't think pressure should be used to collect money for the school fund because that takes the blessing of free-will offering away. I do think it's very ridiculous to even want the single girls to help with the school fund. I'd like to make mention though that it sometimes seems the

I live in a community where most of the women pleat their coverings very fine. One day when I was pleating the thought occurred to me, am I doing this for hochmuth or demuth? I decided right then, the next covering would not be pleated so fine.

I feel the covering should be a "demüthig kleid" as well as any other clothing we wear, and should be made to cover the head. Surely the women a generation or two back didn't wear any fine coverings. How did it ever get into the church? Aren't we too apt to take pride in a finely pleated covering? Do you think our heavenly Father would call it a "demüthig kleid?"

-- Wondering

UNWANTED BABY GIFTS (answers)

In our community it is also customary to take baby gifts. However it surely can be overdone. As to the wearing of dresses and suits that you rather wouldn't, dear friend, whom are we serving? "... do I seek to please men? For if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ." Galatians 1:10.

And most likely, if you wouldn't wear the questionable attire anymore you'd soon stop receiving them as gifts. How much better to give even a piece of yard goods, or at least something more needful. Except for "first babies" nobody hardly ever needs much for the newcomer because they "outgrow" the baby clothes before they "outwear" them.

"And whatsoever you do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men" (Colossians 3:23). Also "... do all to the glory of God" (I Cor. 10:31). -M. S. Z., Pennsylvania

I, too, have received some dresses that I have changed a bit. I also received clothing from a neighbor who was not of our faith and I believe did not realize that we would not wear something like that. This I give to other people who would wear such things, rather than offend her.

It is the custom here, to give something for the older children, who often need clothes. -B., Pennsylvania

I received several little dresses I'd rather my children didn't wear. Rather then offend the giver I thanked them for the gift and then stored it in the attic and never wore it. I was taught never to wear clothing on my children I wouldn't wear myself, as babies are content with anything.

-Northern Ohio

No, you don't have to wear clothing on your children just because it was a gift. If it is against the church discipline. But I feel you should examine yourself in this matter. Why would you rather not wear some clothing on your children? Is it because it's not quite good enough or don't you like the person that gave it? And what would you do with the clothing? Will you give it to someone else

girls feel rather resentful because the brotherhood does not want them to work outside the church for higher wages. If you have such feelings then remember some of the parents could also make more money but for conscience sake keep equipment, etc. at a minimum.

-I. R. M.

MORE ABOUT IN-LAWS

After reading about your in-law troubles, I had to think what my mother usually says, "A Wise grandmother never gives advise, unless asked for one." She and her daughter-in-law seem to be the best of friends.

-The daughter of the "best Mother in the world"

After reading about the other people and their in-law trouble, I thought I should write also. We live with my in-laws since we are married. My husband and I often felt that we had more blessings than if we would have lived alone. I praise God for the years we lived together in peace and love, and hope we can continue to live that way.

-H. Z.

Whispering and Laughter

About whispering in public (Feb. FL), why must it be whispered? Is it gossip? Proverb 16: 28 gives a whisperer separateth chief friends. If something private must be said, why not go away from the crowd then talk in low tone.

I think it can also be overdone by talking too loud at a wedding or after church. There's also not much said about loud laughing which I think is overdone and very much a habit. Luke 6:25 says, "Woe unto you that laugh now for ye shall mourn and weep."

I've wondered, but don't feel it means to laugh out loud.

-A Grandmother, Ontario

The old saying is: "Children are a reflection of their surroundings."

This proves true many times. I feel many a scolding could have been avoided in our home, when our children were small, had we parents been a better example. Some small children get the opinion that the parents and even grandparents wouldn't do anything wrong. Of course, they wouldn't want to either, but how important it is then for grandparents and parents to try and be a good example that we do not cause them to be misled, but to see their mannerly reflections. I heard of parents that had been with one of their married children one evening to visit. When they were ready to leave, their 2 year old child came to Grandmother and said, "Bye Mommy, denkie vas gedu hast." Nothing had been done for them that eve, but the child must have had heard the parents say that some other time and the reflection was still clinging to it.

-A Family Life reader

TOO TIGHT SHOES

I liked the article "A Mother's Test."

Why are children sometimes so restless and stubborn? At times when they are hard to understand I love the words in Psalms 71:0. "Forsake me not when my strength faileth."

One evening as I took the shoes off my child, I noticed her toe was cramped in her shoes. This, of course, was uncomfortable. No wonder she was fussy all day.

- M. M., Pa.

The following remarkable poem was written by John S. Beller, Lancaster when he was eighty years old. It gives an interesting picture of life when he was a child.

HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED!

John S. Beller 1861-1937

How things have changed from the time I was ten
To the time that I am three score and ten;
When I was young—I would say about nine
O that was to me the pleasantest time!

In that age I had no trouble or sorrow
I did not fear the unknown tomorrow;
At nine I helped Father some on the farm.
Of course, that did me no bit of harm.

Early in the spring I dropped corn in the row
And the older covered it shut with the hoe.
If I was to drop three, I at times dropped four,
Perhaps I thought it will grow so much more.

When Father harrowed we were quite alert
For we had to run after and rake off the dirt;
Potatoes we, too, had to drop in a row
But sometimes we were a little too slow.

Toward dinner we watched the dark chimney smoke
Then of hunger we to each other spoke.
When we heard the old dinner bell ring
Then, of course, we were all swift on the wing.

Then later the time of hay making came,
O that was for us a very fine game.
When older I helped turn it around with the forks;
At that time we did not do it with a horse.

When the women came out with the nine o'clock piece
O that was for us a most pleasant feast.
They came with the warm cinnamon pies
We ate it under the clear blue skies.

And also that good fresh lemonade
That we drank while resting in the shade.
Then around dinner hay was raked in rows
Next heaps were made on the wagon to throw.

When the day's work was done the table was spread
With soup made of milk, raspberries and bread;
Then after a day of long toil and sweat
We were ready again for a good night's rest.

Then came the harvest time again
When we did reap the golden grain;
The sheaves were then each tied by hand
With a little common yellow straw band.

Father gave us a penny to husk a corn shock
O we thought then we are earning a lot.
In winter the wheat was threshed, of course
The year's last work, with the faithful old horse.

If we threshed two hundred bushels a day—
We thought we had done pretty good that way.
How things have changed from the time I was ten
To the time that I am three score and ten!

Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania



The shutin page has touched the lives of quite a few handicapped people. For this month's page I want to introduce you readers to twenty-year-old Kenneth Bontrager of Route 2 Haven, Kansas. Kenny has never known what "good health" means but he has been blest with a sunny disposition. This has made his trials easier to bear, for Kenny has had many trials in his young life.

Between the age of five and seven, little nodules (lumps) started showing up under the skin on the nerve endings, all over his body. This caused much discomfort and pain. His parents, Eli H. Bontragers, took him to a child specialist in Hutchinson. The doctor told them, "Kenneth has neuro-fiberomotosis (von recklinghauser's disease). There is absolutely nothing that medical doctors can do for you."

The parents did not lose hope so sought for help elsewhere. With chiropractor treatments some relief was found. But after the age of seven, Kenny grew very slowly. (He is five feet tall now.)

As he grew older his ailment progressed. Two years ago he started losing finger tip control of his feet. He couldn't feel where he was stepping and had difficulty in controlling his legs when he walked.

Kenny was not discouraged. In his heart was a strong determination not to become a helpless invalid. When he heard of some neuro-surgeons in Wichita, his determination took him to their door. They found tumors in the spinal canal.

On January 15th an operation was performed to remove the tumor at the top of the spine, at the base of the skull. Surgery on the spine involves many nerves and is a very serious operation. He spent six hours on the operation table. After being in the hospital one week he was taken home and there placed in a hospital bed for the remaining of his convalescing days.

On February the 16th another operation was performed to remove a tumor from the lower part of the spine. This time he was on the operating table 5 1/4 hours. The doctor said that he realizes a Higher Power is what brought Kenny through.

At the age of eighteen Kenny came to realize that he must live the life of a handicap. This thought was very depressing to him, but he did not fight these discouraging thoughts alone. His unseen Friend was there and with His help Kenny won his greatest victory—victory over self. Today Kenny has a brighter outlook in life—even if he is handicapped. He knows God holds his future in His hands... and all things are for the best. Romans 8:28.

The brain is a wonderful part of the body. A Lancaster County girl had part of hers removed without permanent injury except she had to learn to do some things over again.

Naomi Martin, of Ephrata, fell while riding horseback onto the hardtop road. Both sides of her head were fractured. This was on Palm Sunday, 1965, the day of the tornadoes in Indiana.

She was rushed to the hospital where a three hour operation was performed, taking out part of her brain. The doctors had little hopes for her recovery. She was unconscious until Easter Sunday when she first faintly squeezed her sister's hand. But it was another two weeks before she could smile.

Three months after the accident she walked into the doctor's office. The doctor said, "You're a lucky girl, to think we took out part of your brain!"

The doctor examined her and said there is no permanent damage, that the brain was healing itself again. Surely God has created it in a wonderful way.

But she did not know how to sew any more so she had to learn all over. Now she is married, lives on a farm, has two husky boys and does all her own housework including sewing.

A friend wrote that her father would appreciate mail and prayers. He is recuperating from a cataract operation. Address: Christ F. King, Route 1, Box 284 South Ronk Road, Ronks, Pennsylvania 17572

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions—

Bone Meal For Backache

I have spinal arthritis and, of course, have had a lot of backache until a medicine doctor advised me to use bone meal tablets which is the greatest help I have received so far. I have had very little backache, whereas before I could not turn myself over in bed alone at night. I have not reached the age of 30 yet so I would advise anyone with backache to give it a try. Do not expect a quick relief.

-Y., Ohio

The annual Adult Handicap Gathering is scheduled to be held on Saturday, June 19th, at the Union Center School. The school is located 3 miles east, then 2 miles north, of Nappanee on the corner of county roads 11 and 48. The gathering is sponsored by Ada E. Borkholder, Milo D. Hochstetlers and Bishop Walter Helmuths.

Homes will be available in the near vicinity for those coming from a distance. Any handicap who plans to attend should write so we have a better estimate of the amount of food to prepare. Write to: Ada E. Borkholder Route 3 Box 49 Nappanee, Indiana 46550

Ada's home is located 4 miles west of Nappanee, 1 1/4 miles north to first crossroad, then 1/4 mile east first farm on the north side. (Milos live 1 mile south of Nappanee and a little over 1/2 mile west.)

Our cover picture for this month was sketched by a friend from New Wilmington, Pa. The full-page feature was done by Florence Stauffer, Ephrata, Pa.

The picture of the two wild geese on the April cover were drawn by Mrs. Enos Burkholder, Fleetwood, Pa.



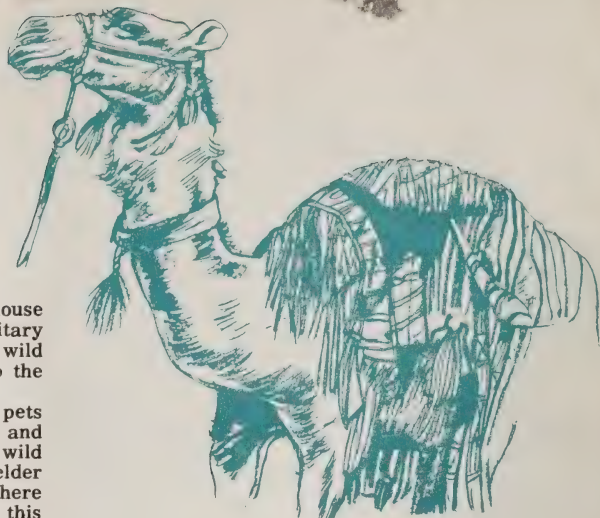
wise
son heareth
his father's
instruction:
but a scorn-
er heareth
not
rebuke.

PROVERBS 13:1



THE CAMEL

AND THE PEACOCKS



Years ago there lived a very large family in a small house with a narrow door. Everything went smooth and sanitary until some members of the household brought in some wild birds and baby animals from the woods as pets into the already crowded house.

This caused quite a commotion, especially when the pets grew older and fiercer, causing injury to the young and helpless members of the household. The stench of all the wild beasts and birds became unbearable, so one of the elder members of the household decided it is enough, but there was nothing he could do to expell the pets because by this time many of the members were very much attached to their own pets.

So one day some of the more sanitary minded member decided to move out. In their own new home, they posted a sign over the entrance into the house "NO PETS ALLOWED."

This would have worked fine had it not been for one member who came and said, "I have a pair of beautiful peacocks, please do not expell me from your house on account of my harmless peacocks!"

"All right," said the head of the household, "since you owned them before our new house was built, you may keep them until they die. But don't buy any more peacocks so that eventually my house will be rid of all pets. But understand that as long as you own those peacocks, you are not considered a full member of my household and you cannot qualify for a leader of our group."

This worked so good that another member pleaded to

bring his baby camel in as a pet. To which the leader replied, "All right, since you bought it before our new house was built, you may keep your camel. But let it be understood that as long as you own a camel, you cannot be a full member of my household nor qualify for a position as a leader of my group. Also let it be understood that no more camels be brought into my house so that when your camel grows old and dies, my house will again be rid of all wild pets."

This seemed to be a good idea until the camel grew too big to go out through the door, so manure and all stayed in the house. Meanwhile the peacocks multiplied until more and more members had their own idolized peacock which vexed the more sanitary minded members.

One day the head of the household died, leaving a new leader under whose reign one of the elder members brought a baby lion into the house as a pet.

This frightened many of the members out of the house so they moved into a new house and again posted the sign "NO PETS ALLOWED."

This seemed a very good idea until the oldest member of the staff came and said, "My son has a pair of beautiful peacocks and my second son has a baby camel which they hate to part with because they are so cute and harmless looking. So please don't expell my sons from your house on account of their pets."

To which the leader replied, "All right, since they had their pets before our house was built, they may keep their pets, but be it understood that no more pets be bought so that when your son's pets grow old an die, my house will again be rid of wild pets. Also let it be understood that your sons do not qualify for a position as leader of my group as long as they own their wild pets."

Later this leader of the house passed away as also the owners of the pets, but not until the peacocks had again multiplied and the camel had grown too big to go out through the door. So manure and all stayed in the house and the camel was more unruly than ever, kicking and wounding the little children and the helpless members, knocking some unconscious to the extent that they were carried out the door for dead.

Some have been wounded to the extent that they are retarded and cannot mature. They will remain as helpless invalids, and babies who have to be carried around in the arms of forbearance.

If the present trend continues it won't be long until the house will be full of babies and invalids who have to be carried but no one to care for them. They can't care for each other lest they fall into the pit like the blind leading the blind. This won't be so bad as long as that pit is not bottomless.

To kill the peacocks would break the hearts of their owners who idolize them. Anyone venturing to butcher the camel would have to carry it out through the narrow door in small pieces including the innards and raise an awful stench. Meanwhile its owners and idolizers would throw dirt into his face.

What could be done with the pets?

Send your suggestions to: **THE CAMEL FARM** in care of Family Life, RR 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

Return Addresses:

In Canada—Family Life

Aylmer, Ontario

In U.S.A.—Family Life

LaGrange, Ind. 46761

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FAMILY LIFE

JUNE 1971

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letters to the editors



IT'S TIME TO SETTLE UP

"Time to Settle Up" (April issue) I think was one of the most edifying, soundest and worthwhile articles ever to appear in *Family Life*.

I know a man who thought it all right for his boys to sow their wild oats when they are young so they will get tired of sin and live a settled down life when they are married. He didn't believe that what we sow, we will also reap.

I have also heard the statement, "Oh, if we can only keep our children from going out into the world!" Let's remember that our children are born into the world with their backs turned to God. The thing we want to do is to bring them out of the world and lead them to the fountain of living water, Jesus Christ.

- A Father of Four, Pennsylvania

I appreciated the point brought out in the settling up article that parents expect their children to sow wild oats and then settle down later. Young folks can not be expected to be so spiritually mature as older folks so if that is what parents expect their children to do then of course they will feel free to do it. Why go backwards and then have to pull so many "thistles" to settle up?

I admit having done things which I now regret and it is only by God's grace that I didn't slip further. I think my parents deserve some credit for I knew what their standards were and where the line was.

After reading the settling up article, I hope some people will be more concerned as to where Johnny is and what he's doing. My parents always knew what time I came upstairs on a Saturday or Sunday night. If young people know their parents are concerned about what time they get in, it helps to bring them home on time.

M.L.S., Pennsylvania

NO LAUGHING MATTER

The article in April issue, "Mockery, No Laughing Matter" was very good. I believe this subject is taken too lightly and mentioned too little in our day. May God help us and our children to overcome this sin. In Corinthians 4:7, we read, "For what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou didst not receive it?" We are thankful for the good reading material in F.L.

M.M., Ohio

How can some people stand and mock at others and still call themselves Christians? But I must still think of the Scriptures where it says, Be not deceived, God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

To me, mockery is as bad as talebearing or being a busybody, causing trouble in homes and neighborhoods. I've seen this happen at times already.

A Reader, Ohio

The article on mockery covered a lot of ground. In one paragraph it says that children may suffer some disability or imperfection because of mockery, suffering from their own or their parents' sins. I think it should have been added about John 9:2-3 where the question was raised about the one born blind, "Who sinned, this man or his parents?" The answer was neither, this man nor his parents, but that the works of God may be made manifest.

God has allowed me to have a retarded sister and in this way, I get in contact with many families who have special children, handicapped in one way or another. I don't believe that all these parents were mockers.

Name Withheld, Pennsylvania

I am glad for your magazine but at times I read things that I disagree with. In the article on mockery the writer wrote, "Again we read that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall be also reap. If we sow the seed of mockery, we can expect nothing else but a reaping day will come. Children may suffer some disability or imperfection because of mockery, suffering from their own or their parents' sins."

I believe Christ meant the reaping will be done in the hereafter. Is it not promised that our sins shall be forgiven if we ask?

Also, Christ said that neither the blind man or his parents sinned that the man was born blind.

I believe those who are defective are so to test our faith in God. It is to show us that not everything will be as we wish. Out of such things we can learn something to guide us on our way to a better understanding of our duty to the sick.

A. M. Ohio

ANSWER: The author of the article did not intend to say that all sickness, blindness, handicap or abnormality is because of their own or their parents' sins. We are sorry if anyone understood it that way.

SAMUEL SPOKE TO SAUL

I was shocked that some people don't believe that Samuel was called up and spoke to Saul. It is because people neglect the Bible that they become ignorant. After Saul took his own way and did not wait on the Lord, the Lord would not answer him. When he heard of the witch of Endor, he disquised himself and asked her to bring up Samuel and she did. When she saw Samuel, she knew it was Saul. Samuel spoke to Saul and rebuked him and told him what would happen the next day.

I believe there is much more to the spirit world than we realize and our spirit will live on after death. I believe our disposition will be the same as it is now. We can learn from Saul's mistake. To have our prayers answered, we must wait on the Lord and obey Him in our daily living and treat others as we would be treated.

S. Pennsylvania

I am surprised that some F.L. readers apparently do not accept some Bible statements. I believe the witch of Endor brought up Samuel because the Bible says so. I also believe that Moses and Elijah appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration because the Bible says so. The writings of men like Matthew Henry, Menno Simons and Daniel Kauffman are not Scripture. I accept the Scriptural teachings of the Anabaptists because they are Scriptural, not just because the Anabaptists taught them.

S.S.S., Elverson, Pennsylvania

WAS IT ON WEDNESDAY

Could not feel that the article "Was It On Friday" in the April F.L. was very edifying. While I agree that the day itself will not mean so much, but if it was on Wednesday then our Lord Jesus would have been in the heart of the earth for four nights instead of three which is contrary to Scripture. There are at least 11 passages which speak of rising "the third day." The Bible dictionary states that under Jewish law, and period of time, such as mourning, a part of a day is counted

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as a whole.

Matthew Henry explains it thus, "He arose the third day after His death, He was buried in the evening of the sixth day of the week, Christ on the sixth day finished His work, on the seventh day he rested, than arose on the morning of the first day of the following week as it were to begin a new world, and enter upon a new work." **M.Z. Pennsylvania**

According to the Scriptures, He was crucified on Friday and buried the same day. This was the preparation day for the Jewish Sabbath (Saturday). He probably arose sometime early Sunday morning before Mary came to anoint Him. Now if we would bury someone on Friday and would go to the grave on Sunday, we would not say that we went on the first day or the second day, but the third day, and that is the day the Bible says that Christ arose. That is why we keep the first day of the week as our Sabbath or Lord's day. **M.J.K., Ohio**

ANSWER: We agree that the Bible says that Christ arose on the third day. But Christ himself said that He would be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. Apparently there is something about it that we do not fully understand.

Those who believe the crucifixion took place on Wednesday think there was a special Sabbath in between as some years there were two sabbaths in succession. It must also be kept in mind that the Jewish day began at sundown so the first day of the week actual began at sundown on Saturday. According to this theory, Christ would have been crucified on Wednesday evening and arose on Saturday evening so, on after sundown, or just after the first day of the week began. This would make three days and three nights for his body to have been in the tomb but it would not explain how he could have arisen on the third day.

OUR BITTER PILLS

"**The Bitter Cup**" (March issue) was very timely for me for it helped me to swallow my own bitter pill. When we have our pills to swallow we have (or at least I do) a tendency to make a real fuss over the bitter taste instead of allowing the pleasing after effects of it to show. **F.M.B. Indiana**

LOVE HAS BEEN REGAINED

Regarding the comments on the Reist-Ammon controversy, if we read the booklet entitled, The Letters of the Amish Division we can see that both sides used too strong language. It seems when love gets lost the church loses its power. In unity, there is strength.

If we look back in the dark pages of history, we find that Adam and Eve, David, Israel and many of the prophets made mistakes. So we should take heed to ourselves that we do not make the same mistakes today.

I feel that some of the love that was lost in the Amish-Mennonite division has been gained the past years through working together on the Parochial schools.

The twelve tribes of Israel were not to intermarry, but when the enemy came, they worked together. Even so today, the silent enemy is as great in our public schools as at time. We must work together to overcome the evil.

A. B. Martin, Ephrata, Pa.

IN DEFENSE OF THE CAT I like your varied selections for Family Life covers. Being a friend of the cat, the yellow cat on the February issue hit the spot. To me she didn't appear sour, only serious like we humans should be. Cats prefer perching on window sills in order not to miss anything their masters may be doing indoors. I like pictures of God's handiwork or natural beauty, anything seasonable is in order. **Sarah Stoltzfoos, Leola, Pa.**

ANSWER: This is to be the last mention to be made about the cat, and we are glad it ended on a sweet note. Now we want to make a confession, we took that picture out of a children's coloring book.

WHO IS SHE, ANYWAY?

I appreciate "Thoughts From My Rocking Chair" by Aunt JUNE, 1971

Becky very much. She always includes a good thought for us to think and ponder over. But Who is Aunt Becky and where does she live? Is she a grandmother, an elderly sister, or an unmarried middle-aged girl? May God bless all the Aunt Beckys! Just Curious.

Aunt Sarah from Pennsylvania

ANSWER: Right now she lives at Pathway, and the last of your guesses is nearest right.

FROM HERE AND THERE

Thought I should write to say how greatly I appreciated the story of "**Time To Settle Up.**" It surely is unscriptural as children are truly commanded to obey and honor their parents as long as they have Christian parents and it surely is a blight on the church but too often some parents are to blame or are to lenient, and the (editorial) article "**From A Mennonite Point of View**" I could say a hearty yes. It not only refers to Amish but also in the Mennonite churches as even our own which I sure don't approve of, but the article of "**Anxiety - An Extra We Can Afford.**" (February issue) I could not approve of everything especially where it read: **I'm afraid I'll have a nervous breakdown.** Nervous breakdowns don't come just like that and is nothing to be taken lightly as it is a weakening of the body or nervous system first and is nothing to be taken lightly.

Deutiches ist wie Salz

Zimmer von die Family Life kommt du ich mola caricht uf de outside gooka well page es das deutiches is. No du ich mol grad dat ahna draaha un fong mol au lafa. Die Sammy Shtories sin die carichta das gelafa verda. Ich mane die deutische Shtories sin interesting un alle mol laerna mir ebbes von die Shtories. Of courje die Object iss das mir ebbes laerna jolle von mir lese. Now vafe ich net was dir laerna von dir dies leiet was ich gefchriebe hab.

Ich mane dir jetta das deutische hoo net venige macha in die Family Life, des iss juft wie salz un macht es besser tafta.

—E. Miller, Indiana.

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A GOD

They can not destroy this temple
Nor dynamite His throne:
They can not bomb His city
And rob Him of His own.
They neither can take Him captive
Nor strike Him deaf and blind.
Nor starve Him to surrender
Nor make Him change His mind.
They cannot make Him panic
Nor cut off His supplies;
They cannot take His kingdom
Nor hurt them with their lies.
If all the world were shattered
His truth will be the same;
His righteous laws still potent
And Father shall be His Name.
We may face tribulation
Or feel the goad and rod
But we know above confusion
There will always be a God.

—Selected

AN ANGRY GOD

Some time ago we received a copy of some comments from a newspaper on the January 31 launching of a rocket to the moon. One man who was at Cape Kennedy at the time said that when the huge missile left the earth it sounded like an angry God beating on a big drum.

It went on to say that on the day the three men came back from their moon trip, God did beat a huge drum, but it was the state of California, as the worst earthquake in many years did a lot of damage. The article said it seems that about every time they send men to the moon, something like this happens.

We agree with the article to the extent that it would be just as easy for God to turn the state of California upside down as for a drummer to beat his drum. We would also agree that God is not pleased with the trips which man is taking to the moon.

However we can not believe that God is angry about it. The Bible tells us that He has given the earth to the children of men and if they want to use their wisdom to their own destruction, he will permit it. If God were angry about it, he could easily put a stop to all the moon trips that man could undertake. If He would put one little instrument out of order, then the whole trip would have to be cancelled.

But the Bible tells us in perhaps a dozen different places where God was angry. It was always against His own people, those who should have known better but sinned against Him. God was angry with Israel in the wilderness. He was angry with Aaron (the Bible tells us He was very angry with Aaron. Deut 9:20). He was angry with Solomon when he set up idols in his garden, and the Psalmist tells us He is angry with the wicked who depart from righteousness (Ps. 7:11).

We believe God has been beating a drum for thousands of years. He wants all men to repent and come to the knowledge of His saving Grace, but He is not angry with them if they don't.

But we know that the Lord, our God, is a jealous God and that he is very much displeased when His people, who are named after His name, turn aside and worship Baal. We believe God is angry when sin or the open sinner is tolerated in the church. We believe God wants His people to be pure and holy and not worship the idols which the world sets up today. He wants us to pay attention when He beats His drum and to listen when He speaks to us through His Word.

EVERYBODY HAS HEROES

Every normal person has someone he especially admires, respects, and looks up to. This may come as a surprise to some people who have never realized that they have any heroes. But it is really very natural. God has ordained that in the normal, happy family the children will first look up to their mother and father and perhaps to older brothers and sisters as the greatest people in the world. At school age the teacher finds a special place in their hearts and as they grow older the ministers are looked up to as leaders in the church. As the child gets older, he will choose his own heroes from among his playmates, acquaintances, neighbors or even national figures. Who these people are can make a big difference in the life of the child.

The Christian has his own set of heroes of the faith. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews is devoted entirely to the outstanding persons of the Old Testament. Then in the twelfth chapter is presented the greatest of all, the Author and Finisher of the faith. Every born again Christian is filled with awe at the name of Jesus Christ and speaks it only with reverence. Anyone who is able to use the name of Jesus Christ lightly, as a by-word or in profanity, gives proof that Jesus Christ does not hold any place in his life.

But the Christian and the non-Christian also have their present day heroes, people who are now living or have recently lived on earth, whom they hold in special admiration and respect. However, there is a big difference in the type of persons they admire.

If we are Christians, then we will reserve our highest

respect for those who are living consistent Christian lives. Among the people we meet in our daily contacts, we may find some who have exceptional traits such as friendliness, helpfulness, wisdom, unusual common sense, or who are very likeable. We admire them and would do well to try to copy after them in these particular things. But these can never take the place of those who are of like faith.

Hebrews 13:7 tells us that we should think of our ministers who give us the word of God. The Luther translation (German) makes it especially plain. We should follow their example because they have kept the faith to the end, in other words we should consider their end. In 1 Cor. 11:1 Paul tells the Corinthians they should follow him even as he follows Christ. In Phil. 3:17 he repeats this and says they should pay special attention to those who walk according to the example he has given them.

When children are young, it is natural for them to honor their parents. But as they grow older and the parents must train and discipline them, then their attitude often changes. However, after a few years, they may see that their parents really knew more than they thought. Paul writes to the Phillipians, "Children obey your parents in the Lord for this is right. Honor thy father and mother which is the first commandment with promise." (6:1). If we honor our parents, then we will obey and respect them in everything we can.

Now let us take a look at the world. They, too, have their heroes but of a different type. Children usually do not honor their parents and a teenager who obeys when his parents corrects him is usually considered odd. (Of course, most parents do not set a Christian example either). The world has its own set of heroes. The first man to fly alone over the Atlantic ocean was a hero in his time. The first man to fly around the world, the first man in space, and the first one to set foot on the moon are all remembered.

The sports world has many heroes. Anyone with a special talent in baseball, basketball, hockey, etc., is considered a great success in this life. Baby Ruth was a national hero a few years ago but the majority of people who eat the well-known candy bar today are not aware of the man for whom it was named.

Every war has its heroes. When we went to school we used to sing "While We Were Marching Through Georgia." This is actually the story of General Sherman's raid during the Civil War as he marched to the sea, burning and looting as he went. This was certainly not a deed that deserved any praise. Both World Wars created a number of heroes. The war in Viet Nam has just lately produced a new kind of hero. A soldier who apparently took part in massacring many helpless civilians is now emerging as a national hero and has received special consideration from the president of the United States.

Admiring these national heroes is not limited to the people of the world. During World War Two a certain Amish boy in a C. O. camp shouted with joy on reading the newspaper headlines telling of General Eisenhower's army entering Germany.

Probably the greatest influence of hero worship on the nation as a whole is in the field of entertainment. When anyone is found who has exceptional talent in singing, acting, or glamour, then they are snatched up by the television or movie directors and in a short time are idolized by millions. Hollywood with its lack of morals has set the pattern for the nation. To live a life of luxury and ease becomes the goal of the multitudes who are blind to the fact that these things can not satisfy. Anyone who would take the time to look into the lives and "the end" of these celebrated persons would soon see that they have never found true happiness.

Many of the well-known singers make a lot of money from the sale of their song recordings. Albums of their records are available to their fans for playing on the phonograph. Just recently record albums were put on sale of two superstars, both of whom have died since making the recordings. Jimi Hendrix, a well-known rock-and-roll singer completed an album of records and then went to Europe on a vacation. While in London, he died of an overdose of sleeping pills. At about the same time Janis Joplin, a blues singer from Los Angeles, died of an overdose of heroin. Both of them were 27

years old, both had made an outstanding success in the eyes of this world, and both of them came to a tragic end. This was very much different from those who are true to the faith once delivered to the saints and remain steadfast unto their end.

Since the plain people do not have television or radio and do not go to theaters, they are spared the demoralizing influence of such ungodly love songs. However, we still need to wage a constant battle to keep the Hollywood way of thinking out of the church. Apparently some of our people have been paying attention to the wrong kind of stars or have been associating too much with others who do. If we want to follow the examples of the heroes of our faith then we should look at the way the Bible teaches instead of accepting the values of a fun-crazy world. ■■

WORLD WIDE WINDOW



FILTERS ARE TOO EFFICIENT

Cigarette smokers who have been demanding a dependable filter, finally got one, but decided they didn't want one after all. The filter was invented by Robert Strickman and it is commonly known as the Strickman filter. Columbia University of New York City, did further improvement on the filter, spending nearly half a million dollars to perfect it.

Two large tobacco companies in Canada bought rights to the filter and began manufacturing a brand of cigarettes with the filters in 1968. A big demand was anticipated for the cigarettes but the response was very poor from the start. Both companies have now discontinued making them. A spokesman for one of the companies said that smokers felt the cigarettes were tasteless.

Hopes that the filter would provide a solution to the mounting health problem have now been dashed. The danger to health by smoking is due to the tar and nicotine in the cigarettes. The filter kept most of the tar and nicotine from being inhaled, but apparently this is the part of the cigarette that gives the smokers their pleasure. In other words if the danger is removed, the pleasure is also removed.

The only sensible solution is to quit smoking, or better yet, never start. This should really not be so hard to do since there is no known reason to justify the habit in the first place.

ALCOHOL IS COSTLY

Alcohol is costing the country more than the total gross sales of beer, wine, and liquors. This is the statement that was made recently by Dr. Everett Chalmers, who heads a Canadian government study committee on alcoholism. He said that alcoholism affects all walks of life, the rich, the poor, the intelligent, the stupid, the young and the old.

He cited figures to show that 24 out of every thousand persons are alcoholics.

These figures apparently knock the props from under the age old argument that liquor taxes are too high. According to these figures, the tax on alcoholic drinks should be at least as much as their selling price is at present.

TEACH THEM TO HATE

Modern researchers now think they have found a better way than what the Bible teaches to bring up children. A Beverly Hills, California psychoanalyst says that it is dangerous to fail to teach children how to hate properly. He says that hate in disguise is more dangerous than when it is open.

He says that if a mother is kicked in the shins by her four-year old she should not say, "We don't kick people, do we? Say you are sorry."

Instead of this, she should vent her feelings honestly and shout at the child or even swat him. He goes on to say that hate can stimulate creative action and that even day

dreaming hate can be sufficient for maintaining mental health. He ends up by saying that a death wish a day, without guilt, keeps the psychiatrist away. In other words, what he is saying is that you ought to want to murder people but as long as you don't do it, you are all right.

Somewhere, it seems, in the Bible there is a statement that does not agree with this.

SUNDAY A DIVERSION

A recent Associated Press news story from London, England, says that in Europe, Sunday is becoming a day of diversion instead of devotion.

"From Stockholm to Madrid the weekend holiday for the average city dweller is changing. The church is challenged by the automobile and Sunday is becoming a day of diversion..."

The change is most noticeable in the larger cities. The article goes on to say, "Church remains a Sunday tradition in the villages but attendance in the cities had faded since Europeans began earning enough money to buy cars.

"Now that we have the car," said a London suburbanite, his arms in a bucket of suds, "I wash it on Sunday morning and take the family for a spin to the seaside in the afternoon."

"Driving into the country for lunch at a rustic restaurant, beer at a village pub, or just for scenery, is probably the most popular weekend pastime in Europe. Many rural restaurants do their biggest trade at Sunday lunchtime in France and Italy, where a good meal is regarded as worth a lengthy car ride. The French Sunday dish is roast leg of lamb spiced with garlic."

"France has the highest automobile density in Europe and the roads in and out of Paris clog up on Sunday with the week's biggest traffic jams.

"Sunday soccer games in Rome draw 50,000 to 70,000 fans every week in winter."

Even gardening is considered a Sunday job especially in Vienna where more than 70,000 families have their little green garden plots on the hillsides surrounding the city. Sunday is the day they do their planting and weeding.

Although Family Life readers do not spend their Sundays in the ways mentioned above, yet we might do well to take notice just how our Sundays are spent, whether they are really a day of worship and devotion to God. ■■

(SHUT-IN, Continued from page 34)

but unsweetened fruit juice. Drink plenty of water and take daily enemas, if necessary. The next two weeks eat only fresh fruits and raw vegetables and plenty of yogurt. (There is a good yogurt recipe in the Feel Like a Million book.)

-- A.B., Bird-in-hand, Pennsylvania

I took small yellow pills (non-drug) from Watson Botanical Laboratory Box 457 Rosemont, Pa. They helped me immediately.

-- R.S.F., Pennsylvania

In later years I found out of a herb doctor. He gave me a tablet for the relief of nervous indigestion. This has helped me much. The name of these are "All Natural Meadowsweet Compound tablets."

-- Mrs. B., Virginia

We aren't judged by what we want to do and can't, but by what we ought to do and don't.

WE'RE back again. Or maybe you didn't even notice we were gone. Really, we weren't gone but we did give our regular writers a rest for a month. The May issue of **Family Life** was written almost entirely by others. Most of the articles were sent in by our readers.

We think it's a good idea for a change, and we may try it again sometime. Our regular writers appreciated it too, as it gave them a chance to catch up with other things they wanted to do.

This issue will average it up somewhat as there is a larger percentage than usual by Pathway writers.

THE PAST YEAR has been an unusual one for **Elmo Stoll**, one of the editors of **Family Life**. Just a year ago (June 4, 1970) he began his married life. Ten months later, on April 12 he was chosen by lot and ordained to the ministry of the Word. Eleven days later he became a father with the arrival of a little son named Caleb.

We hope that his work as a writer (he is also editor of The

Young Companion) will not interfere with his responsibilities to his family and the church. We hope that his work in the past may make him better fitted for his new callings. We also believe that his new roles as a minister and a father can prove of value to him in his work as a writer.

A NUMBER OF READERS have written in to say they don't like our new print. We believe most of the complaints were because of the April issue of **Family Life** which contained various kinds and sizes of type. We have now decided on a standard type and we believe that when the readers get used to it, they will like it. The new type does save space.

Sometime ago when the Budget changed it's style of type we thought it looked strange and hard to read. But now that we are used to it we like it better than the old kind. We hope this is how it will be here, too.

In May is Mothers Day. In that issue of **Family Life** we printed the article "Those Happy Golden Years" in memory of mothers. We feel that it was perhaps as good an article as ever appeared in this magazine.

Since Fathers Day is in June we are printing in this issue the article entitled "The Head Of The House." This is a reminder of the weighty responsibilities that God has placed on the father, and is also a challenge to live up to that calling.

THE HEAD OF THE HOME

"But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is the man and head of Christ is God." 1 Cor. 11:3.

Some people think this makes the man some sort of beastly ruler of the home. But when Christ is the head of man, man is not seeking his own will. He is seeking to lead his family and direct the affairs of the home according to the will of God.

Probably the main reason why woman has not kept her place of subjection and submission in the world today, in the church and in the home is because man has failed to take his place. The Apostle Paul says that Christ is the head of man and man is the head of the woman.

One of the greatest needs of our time is men who will assume the responsibility which God has placed on their shoulders. Brethren, no matter what we do or say, the responsibility of headship rests upon us. Regardless whether we try to drink it off, take a pleasure trip into the wilderness, have a hunting party, or whatever we may do to get away, that responsibility still remains fully ours. If we are going to assume the responsibility of establishing a Christian home, God expects us to assume the headship of the home. We, not our wives are going to be held responsible to God

for the affairs of the home. Certainly the wife shares in this responsibility, but God looks to us as men for the way things go in the home.

The primary responsibility of how things go in the church lies with us men, not with the women. The Bible says we need men who will stand up and do what God expects of them, men who will take the Word of God, order their own lives by it, and then with prayer and fasting, with discipline and instructions, will lead the family and the church in the ways of God.

No amount of shrugging our shoulders or laying the burden elsewhere will get us anywhere. Today there are men who are crying out against women because of the way they dress, the way they act, and so on. But the Bible teaches that men are primarily responsible for the way things go. Father, if your children are not thoroughly instructed in the ways of the Lord, do not blame your wife. This is your business, your responsibility to see to it. If things do not go the way they ought to, don't blame anyone else. In Ephesians 6:4, Paul tells us, **"And ye fathers.....bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."**

It is not out of place for a man to assume the headship in the home because God has placed it there. We are simply accepting what God has given us. Not to accept that responsibility is to lie down on the job, to fail in God's will. We cannot expect God's blessings on the home or the church if the men will not stand up and assume their God-given responsibilities. The woman should help the man wholeheartedly, but she should not be the head. Where we turn the teaching over to the women we can not expect God's richest blessings on the home or the church.

Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

The World Our Fathers Found

Endless miles of tall forests covered the land. Trees, and more trees, broken only occasionally by a lazy river winding its way to the Atlantic. And here and there a faintly marked trail for the silent feet of stealthy Indian braves.

That was the world our fathers found. They had left their homes in Europe because there was no longer room for them there—they were tired of being persecuted and killed, of being hounded and hunted day after day, year after year, and even century after century. So they had packed what little possessions they had and crossed the ocean, not because the New Land was so alluring, but because the Old had become unbearable.

And now they stood on the shores of the New, the unknown forests before them. The tall trunks, thick—with years of growth, towered over them. Our fathers stood with courage, like brave little dwarfs in the shadow of giants. They were brave, but so pitifully weak. They came gaunt and thin from the long voyage, and on the shores of the New Land, hunger stalked their steps from the start. What most people have years to accomplish, they had to do all at once. They had to become self-sustaining immediately, or perish. Clear land, build shelters, find food, make their clothing—an overwhelming task with the best of equipment. Yet our fathers tackled it with little more than the crude axes in their bare hands.

Feebler hearts would have despaired. But not our fathers. They had brought one possession with them which was priceless. Next to their faith in God, it was their most valuable possession—they knew how to work. And how they worked. They worked like they had never worked before, from before dawn to after dark—long days of toil. They worked when they were sick and when they were well, they worked when they felt like it and when they didn't, for their very lives depended on it. They worked until they were so exhausted they could barely drag their weary bodies to rest at night, until their hands blistered and their arms were stiff from swinging the heavy axes. But the work went on, and in time the blisters changed to callouses and the stiffness to bulging muscles.

The mighty trees crashed to the ground, and the smoke of burning logs swirled slowly to the sky. Bit by bit, as the forest was hacked back and the sun shone in, they began to hope that they would survive. They worked even harder then, determined not to give up, and the chopping of axes blended with the sound of hearty voices singing. With rough-hewn tools they loosened the dirt around the stumps and dropped the precious seeds. The fertile soil responded to their efforts and they gathered in the first harvest. And as the years passed, the harvest became more plentiful and their need less pressing, but still our fathers worked—the pioneer blood in them restless when their hands hung idle.

Our fathers lived and died in a world of work. Work was taken for granted as the major ingredient of life. Everyone worked. It was in this background of ever-present work that our fathers read the fourth commandment—that they should rest one day out of seven and keep it holy to God.

Not only did they read, they believed and obeyed. Even when the work was most pressing, when they wondered where the next meal would come from, they remembered to rest. Sometimes it must have been hard to rest when so much work needed to be done, but they rested.

And they taught their children the same lesson, that one day out of seven was meant for rest. They quoted the divine

directions from the Ten Commandments, written on the tablets of stone by God's own finger: "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates..."

But times have changed. Our fathers lived in a world of work. We live in a world of leisure. Society today has put a premium on leisure time. Everybody is looking for ways to do things easier and faster so that they will have more time free from work. Children grow up in big cities never having worked in their life, and with no idea how to work. Even for those who do work, the trend is toward shorter and shorter working hours.

Sociologists are predicting that leisure may become the foremost problem of the next generation. A lot of idle people are already asking what to do with their leisure time, especially young people. They don't know how to work, and are tired of doing nothing. They are bored and restless. It is an unhealthy situation. When I was a boy at home, and we had a mean horse that was hard to handle, we knew how to cure him. Work does miracles in taming an unruly horse. It was amazing how a good dose of plodding across a plowed field and pulling a heavy load could completely change a horse's nature and disposition. Some good hard work would undoubtedly have the same healthy effect on today's restless youth.

That is why maybe we should take another look at the fourth commandment. Our forefathers stressed the last part of the verse—that no work was to be done on the seventh day. It may be time for us to stress the first part—"Six days shalt thou labour..." When we stop to notice it, the commandment doesn't just say that we aren't supposed to work on the seventh, it also says we are to work on the first, second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth day.

We should be glad that among the plain people, for the most part, we still hold to the values of "earning our bread by the sweat of our brow." But some of society's leisure-seeking influence is rubbing off on us, and it is doubtful that we or our children work as hard as our forefathers did. Or enjoy it as much. Our pioneer forefathers sang as they worked. They found their lives fulfilling and meaningful, the hard work challenging. They came to love work and look forward to good honest toil.

In the world around us, many parents think it is almost cruel to make children work. They feel they are being good to their children when they let them have hours of leisure time. But just the opposite is true. Any father who doesn't teach his boys to work and to like to work, is being unfair to them. It doesn't hurt anyone to work and work hard. To be trained to willingly tackle a hard job and stick to it is worth more than brains and talent.

But even if we have been brought up to enjoy our work, all of us are apt to have times when we get tired of working and wish we didn't have to. I'm sure there are few of us who haven't gotten up in the morning to face a hard day of work and feel sorry for ourselves and wish there were a way out. Here's a suggestion that may be a good cure for that feeling. The next time you wish you didn't have to work, when you feel like complaining because you have to work so hard, do take the day off. Hitch up your horse and go visiting for the day. Visit that grandfather whose hands are gnarled and wrinkled from the hard work he used to do. Spend some time with him, watching him looking longingly out the window, wishing he had the strength to do even a little bit of work. Then go visit that young man who is trying to pay off his farm, but had an accident and is laid up in bed. Stay with him long enough to notice how eagerly he is looking forward to be back at his work, how hard it is for him to be idle. Visit the lady who is in a wheel chair, and has been there for seven or eight years and would like to work but can't, because her hands are too weak and thin and crippled. Tell her your story, how you are tired of working, and are wishing you didn't have to. She might offer to trade places with you.

When you are finished visiting all the aged, sick, and shut-in in your community, go home and think about what you have seen. Go to bed and get a good night's rest. If you don't get up the next morning anxious to go back to work, so eager you can hardly wait to bounce out of bed, consider yourself a hopeless case, an ungrateful wretch who is an unworthy descendant of pioneer forefathers who chopped down all those big trees without even thinking of wishing for a chainsaw.

HOW TO STAY DRY

By David Wagler

There is a certain abnormal condition of childhood which shows up in practically every family, probably one child out of every four is affected by it sometime during his lifetime. The name the doctors give it is "enuresis," pronounced "en-u-ree'sus." Most ordinary people don't like to talk about it but when they do they call it just plain bed-wetting.

It is hard to understand why people are reluctant to talk about the matter since it is the most natural thing in the world during the first two years of anybody's life.

Children vary widely as to the age at which they gain control over the bladder. Most children learn daytime control by the time they are two years old. But night-time control is more difficult. A recent survey showed that 50 percent of two-year olds are dry at night, 75 percent of three-year olds and about 85 percent of four-year olds.

Children are not usually considered as bed wetters unless the condition persists until they are at least four or five years old. Parents must be careful not to appear too anxious or overly-concerned about the matter for usually it becomes a serious problem only after the parents consider it as such.

For some reason, boys are more apt to have trouble with this condition than girls. There are three or four boy bed wetters for ever girl that is affected. Most children will outgrow the condition without any particular treatment by the time they are twelve or fourteen. However, an occasional one may continue even into adulthood.

Some time ago the suggestion was made in *Family Life* that any readers who would have any suggestions or comments on the subject, should send them in. The tremendous response indicates that the majority of families have had some experience in the matter, and also that each case is different.

THE CAUSES ARE VARIED

No one is sure just why some children are bed wetters while others in the same family are not. Apparently there are many different causes which can bring on the condition. It is generally agreed that bedwetting is not a disease but is merely the symptoms.

There is evidence that the majority of cases are caused by psychological (emotional causes). One reader wrote that she has noticed that upset nerves or even a few unkind words can cause it.

Another reader from Pennsylvania wrote: "My own eleven children never had a serious problem in this, but the foster children we had needed much help in overcoming it. It seemed to get better as they felt more secure. I know it makes a lot of wash and work, but by taking more time with them and helping them overcome, instead of blaming them, the wash may get less sooner than you think."

Doctors believe that bed-wetting is often just another symptom of emotional upset the same as nail-biting, thumb-sucking, or crying. It is often more noticeable during such periods of stress in the child's life, such as starting to school, or the arrival of a new baby in the family. Perhaps the child no longer gets the attention he did previously, and this is the subconscious means which he uses to draw more attention to himself. Other causes may be an unhappy home life, too little love and attention, too much love and attention

(coddling), or anything which causes emotional stress.

But not all cases of bed-wetting are caused by emotional factors. It can be caused by abnormalities or infection of the kidneys or bladder system, irritation, weak muscles or even pinworms. It may also be associated with diabetes, epilepsy, or tuberculosis. For this reason it is a good idea to have a doctor examine the child because such physical reasons can be easily detected by the doctor. If the condition is caused by any of these reasons then chances are the child will have difficulty in controlling the bladder during the daytime as well as at night.

The third reason for bed-wetting may be because he is slow in toilet training. Some children are trained at one year while others may be six years old. This tendency seems to be inherited and therefore runs in families.

The fourth reason for bed-wetting may be an undersized bladder. The bladder, which stores the urine as it comes from the kidneys until it is expelled from the body, normally increases in size as the child grows older. Thus the capacity of the bladder of an average four year old is twice as much as a two year old. Sometimes the bladder fails to enlarge and therefore can not meet the needs of the child as he gets older.

TREATMENT

What can be done to help a child who wets his bed? More than two thousand years ago a doctor named Paulus Aeginita recommended the following: Burn the crop of a cock and give to the patient to drink in tepid water, or the white chrysanthemum in like manner."

Since that time many things have been tried with more or less success. (One reader of *Family Life* did mention chicken gizzard which is possibly a carry over from the age old remedy cited above.)

Since bed-wetting is brought on by so many different causes, it stands to reason that no one remedy will help all cases. First it is well to try to determine the cause before, trying to cure it.

If the cause is physical, that is, if there is infection or abnormality of the urinary tract, then your doctor will recommend what should be done.

If the reason is late toilet training, then steps can be taken to correct it. Perhaps an attempt was made to train the child when he was too young which ended in failure. Simply reminding the child at intervals during the daytime can help him to become aware of the need to go to the toilet. A mother from New Holland, Pa. writes: "One thing that works is waking the child up before midnight or a few hours after he has gone to bed. Some children may have to be awakened two times a night. Some children are so hard to get awake that a cold washcloth may have to be used on his face. Be sure he goes to the toilet before going back to bed. Sometimes I wondered whether it was worth all the effort but I was never sorry I did it. Before I started working with them, I had grown children wetting the bed.

"Tell the child to keep thinking till he falls asleep, 'I will not wet the bed, I will get awake.' Sometimes it helps if he writes it over and over again before going to bed. It may take six months, but it is well worth it."

For the third category, those who do not have a large enough holding capacity exercises can be taken to increase the size of the bladder. A mother from In-

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diana sends in the following information:

"The most effective way to cure a child of wetting the bed is to stretch or enlarge his bladder. This is done by teamwork on the part of the mother and child. First you prepare a "Voiding chart" and get a glass measuring cup which will hold up to fourteen ounces. The child is trained to urinate into this cup and mark down how many ounces he voids each time. He should also keep track of how much fluid he drinks during the day by drinking from a cup which is marked in ounces.

"Explain to the child that his bladder is small and that is why he wets the bed. Tell him he can make his bladder grow large enough and stop the bed-wetting by holding his urine as long as he can, and by finally being able to put twelve or fourteen ounces in the cup. Voiding two, four, six or eight ounces is not enough. He must be able to void at least twelve ounces at one time before he can feel that his bladder is large enough to hold the urine all night.

"By drinking more water than usual and holding his urine longer and longer, he will be able to achieve this goal and the bed-wetting will cease. It usually takes about three months or more but is certainly time well spent."

REMEDIES AND MORE REMEDIES

Although there is evidence that the majority of bed-wetting cases are emotionally based, yet, it is not always possible to say for sure what the cause is. Also there may be a combination of causes. We are printing herewith excerpts from the many letters we received on the subject.

From Iowa: "I once had a bladder irritation myself and the doctor told me I could clear it up by drinking rain water instead of hard water. We boiled it to make it safe to drink. I liked it so well I just stayed on it whenever possible.

"Later we had a problem of bed-wetting with the children so we decided to try the same thing. It wasn't long until we noticed improvement and soon the problem was cleared up altogether. But later we ran out of rain water so we all drank hard water again. Soon the problem of bed-wetting was with us again."

From Goshen, Indiana: "Sometimes children suffer from frustrations that would really upset an older person. We should try to make life easier for our children and be careful not to provoke them to wrath.

"An old agent gave us the following remedy: Give two drops of wintergreen oil on sugar in the morning and two drops in the evening for twenty days. It will make it worse at first but gradually the bed wetting will taper off. Quit for ten days and if necessary repeat but don't give it for more than twenty days at a time. Wintergreen on sugar is not hard to take. (But be careful they do not take too much as it is dangerous in big doses.)"

From Missouri: "Of our family of nine children, four have had the problem. The best remedy we have found so far is a herb remedy called Bitters."

From Pennsylvania: "I feel bed wetting is more of a nutritional problem than an emotional one, although the two can work together. When our daughter had the problem, we tried Vitamin E. and she soon stopped after taking only one capsule a day."

From Middlebury, Indiana: Bed-wetters have a real deep sleep and don't wake up while the non-wetters sleep lighter. Our one-year old quit wetting the bed while our 2½ year old was still at it, but wanted to quit because the younger one had. So I started getting him up at 11:00 o'clock but he was wet already so I tried 10:30 and he was still dry. Then again at 2:00 a.m.

"At first I had a time getting him to wake up but by the time he was six he was waking up and going by himself. We gave him a flashlight of his own.

"A salesman was around trying to sell us an object we were to put in his bed and one drop of water would make it ring loud to wake the bed wetter. He wanted us to sign a contract for about \$300.00 and all it amounts to is getting your child up several times a night."

From Pennsylvania: "From the time our daughter was quite small she had the problem of wetting her bed and voiding frequently in the daytime. I didn't think too much about it but when she got to be 12 years old she became ashamed. She knew that none of her friends wet their bed anymore. She also had a secret fear of having an operation. As long as I got her up once a night she was all

right. Finally we found out about daytime control and she became interested for she saw new hope for herself. She has now overcome the trouble and is a happy girl."

From Ontario: "I had to do with it until I was out of school and I must admit it does cause a problem. As I look back now, I can realize that part of the problem was because I had a rather timid and nervous nature while my father was somewhat stern and quick tempered. A lot of money was spent on medicine and treatments of all kinds, but to no avail. The older I got, the more of a problem it became. I was growing into adulthood, not knowing if I would ever get rid of it or not. I was told to pray, and I did, and my parents did, too.

"I was in my early teens when I finally realized the seriousness of my problem. There was no place for me to go for help but to God and this I did, falling on my knees several times a day and pouring out my heart to God. In a short time I was rid of the habit and have not been bothered since.

"When our oldest child still had the problem at 4½ years, my wife was worried and sent for literature. But I remembered my own childhood and saw that the child had many of my own features so I decided we would try something else. We tried to show our deep interest and also extra love toward the child. We promised a reward for one week dry bed. In about two weeks the habit left for good.

"For the second oldest, we bought some playthings and the child was told it could have them only when the bed was dry.

"To my way of thinking, it is an emotional problem and such children need extra love and encouragement and should be dealt with young. The longer it goes, the harder it is to break the habit. If the child is nervous, he should definitely not be tried to be won by force. It is our duty to do our part but we as parents must not forget that much can be accomplished through prayer."

From Kinzer, Pennsylvania, "I feel bed wetting is largely an emotional problem which is not easily cured by discipline but there are some things which can be of much help to the child who wants to cooperate in curing the habit. A secure feeling is very important, that the child be not afraid in a dark room or has been upset or feels ridiculed for something he can not change by himself.

"It may help to leave a light burning all night, extra blankets and a change of clothes should be ready so they can change without disturbing the others. If you are awakened, don't scold or fret but let the child know you are interested in helping him to overcome the habit. Remind him not to take any liquids after supper. He should also be sure to urinate before retiring for the night. If he will learn to have confidence in you that you are trying to help him, and not shame, or condemn him, he will be calmer."

From Elmira, Ontario: "I once read that bed wetters are tormented by some kind of fear and it is up to the parents to find out. We soon had a chance to find out as our boy who is six years old did this occasionally.

"It was on a Sunday evening when there were no grown children on the upstairs when I heard a muffled sob. I went upstairs and found the boy in agony over the shadows on the wall. We live close to the highway and on a Sunday evening there are many passing motorists.

"I tried to explain to him as good as I could what causes the shadows and also pointed out that nothing had ever hurt him. I told him that we must trust in the Almighty God who leads and guides us daily. Then I prayed with him for this trust.

"The next morning we read the Bible story of Daniel in the lion's den. When we had finished the boy gave a sigh of relief. I then asked him if he now feels the trust we must have in the Lord. He answered that if God could keep Daniel in the den of lions, surely He would look after us, too."

WORK WITH THE CHILD

Whatever remedy you try, the child must cooperate, he must want to overcome his bed wetting. Since the problem is often times partly or entirely psychological in nature, even the country doctor's sugar-coated pink pills would help in many cases. That is, if the child were first convinced they would!

But along with this, you should do all you can to make the conditions favorable which might have any effect on the matter. But do something, and before you start on your patient, be sure you have a generous supply of old fashioned patience.

Bells—Use And Mis-Use

By A Mother

Bells are interesting and many times useful. Their purpose is to draw attention or to sound out a message. Probably the first recollection many of us have of bells is the cowbell. As we wandered through the woods we would listen for the sound of the bells which would tell us in which direction we'd find the cows.

At school we had a large bell and when the teacher pulled on that heavy rope, it seems to say, "attention please, playtime is over now."

Next we come to church bells. I suppose everyone has heard church bells ringing reminding the people to come to worship.

Bells have been in existence for a long time for we read in Exodus 28 that Aaron was to have bells on his robe that he might be heard when he entered the holy place.

The Salvation Army has its bells which they sound to remind the people to give their donations.

Some bells are used for decorations, and since these serve no purpose, we much conclude they are useless.

Now let us talk of one more kind of bells. Sunday morning we arise, anxious to go to church to hear the word of God preached. But wait - what is this? At my side sits a sister and on her lap is a sweet little lively baby which can't seem to hold still, and his little feet are kicking and kicking. Well, that shouldn't bother me except for one thing—each shoe has a little bell on it. Every move the child makes, the bells tinkle. Again and again I try to ignore the tinkling and keep my mind on the sermon, but alas, my mind is drawn back to those bells. They seem to be saying, "Attention, attention please! Notice me."

At last the mother decides to send the child to his daddy. The child has just learned to walk and as he steps, the bells go ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!

As I notice that most of the heads turn to watch him, I think to myself, "Those bells have served their purpose only too well!" I sigh with relief, but I can't help but feel sorry for the next victim who will have to listen to the tinkling of the bells.

In Isa. 3:18 we read that the Lord will take away the tinkling ornaments about their feet.

Mothers, why do you put those bells on your baby's shoes? Ask yourself the question, "Will God receive honor and glory from these bells or will minds be drawn away from the sermon, because those bells are saying, "Attention, attention please - notice me." ■■

The Wycliffe Translation

The first translation of the Bible into English was made by the followers of John Wycliffe and was published in 1388. It was in a Midland dialect. Part of the eight chapter of Matthew reads as follows:

"Forsothe when Jhesus hadde comen down fro the hil, many cimpanyes folwed-en hym. And loo! a leprouse man commynge worshipide hym, sayinge: Lord, if thou wolt, thou maist make me clene. And Jhesus hordgngre forthe the hond, thouchide hym, sayinge: I wole, be thou maad clene. And anon the lepre of hym was clensid. And Jhesus saith to hym: See. sav thou to no man; but go, shewe to prestis. and offre that gifte that Moyses comaundide, in to witnessing to them, Sothely, when he hadde entride in to Capharnaum, centuris neizide to hym, preying hym, and saide, Lord, my child lyeth in the hous sike on the palsie, and is yuel tormented. And Jhesus saith to hym, I shal come and shal hele hym. And centuris answeyng, saith to hym, Lord, I am not worthe that thou entre vnder my roof; but only say bi word and my child shall be helid. For whi and I am a man ordeyned vnder power, hanyng vnder me knizts, and I say to this, go and goth; and to another, come thou and cometh; and to my seruant, Do thou this thing, and he doth. Sothely Jhesus heeyng these thingis, wondride and saide to men syngne hym; Trewly, I say to you, I fond not so grete feith in Ysrael." ■■

Sleeping In Church

by Adin G. Yutzy

There is one thing we notice quite a bit in churches, both Amish and Mennonite. An outside couple who attended a plain church for the first time asked this question nearly as soon as services were over, "Why did some of the men and women sleep?"

I suppose all of us have at times seen several brothers or sisters sleeping at the same time. Sometimes someone snores so loud that others turn around to see where the sound comes from. Finally someone gets up enough nerve to poke the guilty one and wake him up.

Sleeping in church shows a lack of interest in spiritual things. The only excuse for anyone to sleep in church is if he is a baby or a child too young to understand what is being said.

When you talk to God in prayer, you do not expect God to be asleep. Neither does God expect you to be asleep when he is talking to you through his ministers.

Following are a few suggestions on how to stay awake in church:

1. Go to bed on time on Saturday night. Get a good night's rest. Quit working an hour or so early on Saturday evening.
2. Fasting on Sunday morning helps. Try it sometime.
3. Pray for the services, especially for the one bringing the sermon, as well as for yourself.
4. Keep in mind this may be the last opportunity you may ever have to hear the Word of God. Persecution or death might come before next Sunday. Were you to die before next Sunday, would you like to be remembered as the one who slept the last time he attended church services?

It might be worth trying to follow the above suggestions if you are seeking for more knowledge of God's Word, and you want to be growing in your Christian life.

"Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light." Eph. 5:14. ■■

Sunday And The Sabbath

Rudy C. Wickey

The apostle soundly discourages us to keep the law, he says we are delivered from the law, yet he says, "I consent unto the law that it is good" (Romans 7:16) Jesus answered the tempter by pointing him to Old Testament Scripture. In the Sermon on the Mount, we hear Him say, "I came not to destroy the law but to fulfill . . . verily, I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven." This is as if to say, "I am not come to weaken the old code of right and wrong, but to fill it full of spiritual meaning and to make it perfect. Truly, not one letter shall be changed or weakened, or relax God's moral standard till all the words are fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and teach men so, he is least to me."

The Lord sanctified the seventh day and called it holy, that is, He set it apart for holy use, namely as a special day for worship and rest. Moreover the rule of working six days and resting one day is still the same under the gospel, even though some changes have been made.

Although all days are holy (special) to the Christian, the apostles changed the day from the seventh to the first, and started the tradition of the first day of the week for assembling (1 Cor. 16) Notice what he says of those brethren who walk disorderly and not after the traditions as handed down by them, they are put away from among the saints (2 Thess. 3:6) What a tragedy! Does not even nature itself teach us of the wisdom of the rule of "labor and rest?" Imagine people

of the gospel era called Christians being less informed than those under the law! That is as if we rejected the wisdom from above and fail to discern between old and new, or between darkness and light. We may have more freedom to do good on the Lord's day than was possible with the old Sabbath where work of any kind was forbidden and punishable by death. It was only fitting and proper that the Sabbath of the new Testament is the day of Christ's resurrection. For He is all to the Christian.

We find in the *Martyr's Mirror* where several brethren of the faith gave answers on the question of holidays. In one accord, they rejected all pagan holidays, though they said they believe in Sunday, that it comes from the commandments. They said work is not forbidden on that day but sin is. We all know sin is sin on any day, however, things that have their place become sin when taken out of place. It is only right that we take care of ourselves and to labor that we can eat our own bread and have to divide, but that is out of place on the Lord's day. Christ speaks of doing good on the Sabbath and the examples He gave were unquestionably for good. God gave some rules that were meant only for people under the law, but other Old Testament rules hold their power for all time and Grace is in harmony with these. Grace has not elevated us above having to do with rules of earthly conduct, with natural laws and works which follow them who love God and their neighbor.

An example of harmony, if correctly understood is where the apostle tells us, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling" (Phil. 2:12). Then in Romans 4:28, he says, "Therefore we concluded that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." In the first case he speaks to those who are already of the faith and tells them to continue in good works and to grow until the final end of their salvation. In the latter case he speaks to those who advocate the works of the law as a means of obtaining salvation. To labor six days, and to rest on the Lord's day is proper for him who places his trust in the death and resurrection of Christ. It is an apostolic tradition, it is the law and the prophets. ■■

PRAYING IN OUR OWN LANGUAGE

- Author's name withheld

Some time ago there was an article in *Family Life*, (see April, 1969 issue) on the subject of prayer. But how shall we pray, out of a book or out of the heart? I feel that both have their place. There was never any example given as to how to pray from the heart in our own language. The prayers we read are in a different language than what we talk. When I was younger, I often had a longing to pray from my heart when I was alone, but somehow I could not pray in my own language for it did not sound like a prayer. Maybe I was alone in that conflict, but I thought perhaps there were others who had the same problem.

Sometimes I needed to pray but what should I say? I could wipe the tears from my eyes and say, "God help me" and this can be enough if it is said in the right spirit. However this is not as satisfying as prayer ought to be. If we don't know how to pray from the heart in our own language then too often we just don't pray until the heart is really heavy. That is what opened my heart to pray earnestly and in sincerity.

Once I understood that God will accept my own words to express my needs, prayer was made much easier for me. Then I could concentrate on it all day long as I worked. I feel

that I and our family as well have gained much since I pray, not only with the family out of the book, but also alone in my own words for our needs.

But I still am hoping and praying with all sincerity that God will someday, before it is too late, grant us what we have not accomplished yet. First of all, our prayer is that we as a family can all have everlasting life and be with Christ in the beautiful, heavenly kingdom not made with hands. What we pray for ourselves, we also wish for others as well.

I will try to submit a prayer in the hope that it may be of help to others to give them an idea how they can pray in their own words from the heart, according to their own needs. God will hear us if we are sincere.

This prayer will not fit all individuals, but neither do the written prayers in the books because each one of us has his own problems and heartaches which no one else's prayer will express satisfactorily.

Oh, Herr, barmherziger Gott und Vater, du ewiger Licht und Trost, dessen Güte und Treu alle Morga neu ist. Herr, wir komma wieder for dir zu beten in der Huffnung das du wirst unser Herz und Mund uf dudas wir kenna frage von dir was wir brauche, das du wirst uns segna mit dem geistlichen Segen und Himmlicha Güte. Helf uns das wir kenna unsere Leiber uf geva zu ein Opfer was dir angenehm ist, deine Fuszstopfa nach folga und dein Willa beleva, das wir kenne unsere ehe näher zu Gott bringen das wir noch hen bis do her, das wir kenna Lieb, Leht, und Gedult miteinander trage, besser als wir noch hen, bis das wir und ein jaglicher im Beruf bleibe darin er berufa ist.

Hilf das wir unsere liebe Kinder uf ziehe kenna das sie vella bei uns bleibe, und helfa rathe und arbeiten und Gott dienen in der Liebe. Mir hen ein Sohn, der hat uns verlassen, der ist draus in die Welt, sein eigna Lista und die Welt ihre Liste nach trachta. Ziehe ihn des er sein eigna Willa uf geva kann und nach der Gerechtigkeit trachta, und sich zu dir bekehra. Gieb das er kann zurick komme und das wir mit einander wohnen kenna in Frieda und mit Gedult.

Oh, Gott, gib uns uf-gebena und gehorsma Herza das du uns segna kannst so das wir einmal die froh Stimm herra kenna wo es heise wird, "Kommet her, irh Gesegneta, ererbet das Reich das euch bereitet ist for Anbegin der Welt, das wir ewig leba mit dir im Himmel.

Wir beta dich auch ftr die wo zu die Gemeinde kommen wella. Segna sie das sie kenna ihre Leiber ufgebe das sie den Heilige Geist emphanen kenna.

Wir betadich auch ftr die Diener die du erwählet hast, das sie kenna der heilige Same tber uns aus-wirfen das wir kenna unsere Herza beteite das es auf en gute Land fällt. Segna uns das die Leut unsere gute Werke sehne kenna und unser Vater im Himmel preisen.

Vater, wir bitten dich das du wirst uns sterka das wir nicht ein Ruhm und ein Ehre suchen in unserm herz, sondern das wir Gott die Ehre geba ftr alles gutes, den alle gute und vollkommenda Gabe kommen von Vater.

Wir bitten dich das du wollst uns sterka das wir

kenna unser Herz erfüllen mit heiliche und gute Geister, das kein platz dat sein wird für die böse Geister sich zu versammeln.

Segne uns das wir kenna arbeiten mit Christlichen Worten, Werken, Weisheit, und Gedanken. Was ich bitte für mein Haus, das bitte ich auch für alle Christgläubige Eltern und ihre Kinder; auch für die Witwen und Woiselein, und für alle die wir schuldig sind zu beta.

Vater, sterke uns um Geist und auch mit leibes Kräfte das wir nicht verzüge thun in unsere Schwachheit. Hilf uns das wir alles thun kenna zu deiner Ehre. Dein Name sei gelobet und gedanket in Ewigkeit. Unser Vater, uns. ■■

An 83-year-old man tells about a habit that looked harmless when he started it, but it took him years to throw it off.

My Struggle In Overcoming A Habit

When I was young, there was more or less tobacco used among the older people in our church and there was also some cigarette smoking among the young people. However, there were people who were very much opposed to it including our bishop and several of the ministers.

I did not acquire the habit of smoking while I was in my teens, but would at times smoke a cigarette if offered to me. But in later years, I saw older people smoking their pipes or cigars and they seemed to be enjoying it. I was tempted, and one day I bought myself a pipe and a package of bull durham tobacco. I did not realize where this would lead me.

There was a doubt in my mind that it was right to use tobacco for I had always been taught against its use at home. My father was against it. Seeing others use it, and especially the older people in the church, I was able to quiet my conscience. By this time I was really enjoying my pipe, so why worry about it?

In a few years my pipe got such a strong odor that I had to lay it aside. I started smoking cheap cigars, going from bad to worse, but still being able to quiet my conscience because I saw older people doing it. I even knew of some ministers.

After I was married for some time, I was given some responsible positions in the community. I was also being looked up to as a man of influence in the church. Then the thought began to bother me, what a poor example am I setting for those who are looking to me for an example? Certain Scriptures began to stare me in the face such as, "For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness" (1 Thess. 4:7). Another Scripture was in 1 John 5:7. Everyone admitted that the use of tobacco was an "untugend" but they would not admit that it was a sin. But here the Scriptures say "All unrighteousness is sin." In the German it says "Untugend."

About this time I got in earnest to quit the habit. I did quit, sometimes for weeks, but the craving and hunger never left me. The first thing I knew I had yielded again.

The question might be asked, why didn't I pray? I did pray all the while, but it seemed my prayers were all in vain. I

knew that Peter admonished us to cast all our cares upon the Lord for He cares for us (1 Peter 5:7). I became very much discouraged with myself. Finally I decided I would have to be content with smoking as little as I could to satisfy my hunger and never in the presence of those I knew were against it.

It wasn't long until I realized I was worse than ever, for now I was a hypocrite. My conscience told me that being a hypocrite was probably a worse sin than the use of tobacco. I knew that if our bishop and others in the church knew I had the tobacco habit, they would be shocked. Our bishop had a lot of confidence in me, but I knew I was not worthy of it. I was thoroughly ashamed of myself and again I came before the Lord for help. I was at the end of myself.

I did not know what to do to get rid of the habit. As I looked back over my past life, I came to the knowledge that this was where God wanted me. First I had to realize that of myself I am nothing and helpless. I had to completely surrender my all to Him. There was still too much of that self-will in my mind.

Soon after this, one morning I was going to town. I was smoking the last cigar that I had on hand. As I threw the stub beside the road, the verse in Ephesians 1 came to my mind that we were chosen before the foundation of the world that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love.

Surely, I thought, God will help me if I call upon the Lord for help. I went on to town, and when I was ready to go home, it came to my mind that I had not bought any cigars to smoke on the way home as I usually did. Then I realized that I really did not have any desire or hunger to smoke, and that was the end of the tobacco habit for me. I can honestly say, I have never had a hunger to use tobacco since. Those who knew I had used the stuff offered it to me afterwards, but I could with ease turn it down. The craving for its use had all left me.

I was very much encouraged in my Christian life to keep on trusting and praying and to quit doubting the word of God and its many promises.

The question might be asked, why I did not get help sooner. It is very plain to me now. In the first place, I knew that I had gone against my dear father's wishes when I started using tobacco. He was very much against it and would have been greatly displeased, had he known that his youngest son had the habit. I also went against my better knowledge as there was a doubt in my mind from the first time I began using it.

On top of this, I lived the life, more or less of a hypocrite by trying to live a clean life among those that I knew were offended by seeing others using it. All the time I was using it, I had a more or less guilty feeling. I thought it was wrong for me to use it. For these reasons I had a harder struggle to give myself up altogether so that God could help me overcome the habit.

I would urge all our young folks never to take the first smoke or chew, regardless of who offers it to you. You are on dangerous ground if you don't want to acquire the habit. When you are converted into a new life in Jesus Christ and the love of God is shed abroad in your heart you will always be glad and thank God from the bottom of your hearts if you never take the first smoke or chew. Take this advice from me, for I am more than 80 years old and my experiences has convinced me it is not an easy matter to get rid of a dirty habit.

I am very much grieved and sorry that I was such a poor example in my early life. Looking back over the past, I have been a member of the church for over 60 years and am discouraged over the little progress which has been made. Not only in the use of tobacco but in other things, such as courtship, evil speaking, and gossiping.

One reason why I was prompted to write about my struggles with the tobacco habit was because of an experience I had recently. Several of us were travelling in an Eastern state and stopped in a restaurant to eat our supper. The town where we stopped was pretty well surrounded by Amish and a few tables from where we sat there was a group of Amish people. At least they were dressed that way. In the group were two girls and after they were through eating, one of the girls picked up her handbag and took out a package of cigarettes. She took one and handed it to the other girl and then they went on smoking. It looked like they were enjoying it without any shame or concern for the people around them. It made me wonder, where are we headed for? Not only in this

but in other things, also, there is danger of getting wrapped up in the things of this world and losing sight of the seriousness of God's commands. He has commanded us to live a holy and godly life and to present our bodies a living sacrifice which is holy; and acceptable to God which is our reasonable service.

I don't want to be too critical with those who have acquired the habit as I know by experience what you are going through if you want to quit. If you do not want to quit, then

you are about the first one who doesn't who has gotten up in years and sees how the habit has drug him down and made his influence come to naught. Nearly all of them would give about anything they have if only they could quit.

I feel that our young people are not warned enough against these habits they can form in their younger years. When they want to live a true and Christian life then these habits which are not edifying will stand in their way. I believe I know what I am writing about. ■■

WHAT LOVE CAN DO

— Author wishes to remain anonymous

stuff than she thought.

But to get back to that August morning, I told Mom I had signed up to attend a school of nursing. She just stared at me, her fingers dripping soap suds as she stood there at the sink. "Du hast ava net!" she finally exclaimed.

I nodded by head, insisting that I had.

"Well, du musch yust widda cancela, sol ist all." She said it in that final way that only my Mom can say it.

I knew Mom well enough that I didn't let myself get frightened too easily. She was a strong woman, I don't mean in body, but in personality. When she didn't like something, she could really raise a fuss. But when I say I knew her well enough that I didn't let myself be frightened, I mean that in spite of her initial fuss, I was sure I could get her to side with me if I handled it right.

I had thought this through before I did it, and now I was prepared to argue it out with Mom, confident that in the end I would come out on top. Maybe it would take a couple of weeks, and maybe even a couple of months, but I felt sure that in the end I would win.

"But surely you didn't sign up without asking us, did you?" Mom said.

I said I had. But I didn't tell her where I had learned to go at things that way, because that would just have upset her. I didn't tell her, but I thought it to myself, that I had learned it from her. I had figured that if I would ask, she and Dad would say no, and since I was determined to go through with it, anyhow, it would be worse than never having asked.

Mom sometimes took that attitude in church things. Just to give one example: a little over a year ago there was a high Mennonite minister holding revival meetings about fifty miles from here. Now Mom got into her head that she wanted to go. Her brother had joined the Mennonites and he kept telling how wonderful this evangelist could preach, until Mom just wanted to go so bad that she couldn't stand to think of not going. Dad said, "You better ask our ministers before you go." "Huh," she said indignantly. "I know what they'd say. Can you imagine that they would say it's all right to go? No, sir, I know better than that. I'm just going to go, and if they find it out, I don't think they will do more than say it shouldn't have been, and say it's not to happen any more. But they can't change it that I've gone. They can't take that away from me. Even if I have to make a confession, I'll still have gone and seen what it was like."

Dad just shook his head at this, but as it turned out, when she went, he went with her.

A number of things like this had happened. Now I don't want to give the impression that Mom wasn't loyal to the church. She was, in the things she believed in, but in a lot of these stricter "ordnung" things, she just couldn't see the point in having such rules and she had the idea that what the ministers didn't find out about, didn't matter. Of course, when she got by with one thing she tried something else, and every once in a while she got caught and the ministers came to talk, and then there were hard feelings, not only against

I'M NOT TOO BUSY this morning, and I sit here at my desk, staring straight ahead. I look at the numbers on the dial of the phone that is perched at an angle on my left. My eyes follow the round and round curls of the cord as it winds from the receiver into the phone. My eyes take in all this, but I see nothing. My thoughts are elsewhere.

I hear a commotion on the floor below me, and I go to the window and stand there watching. In a few minutes I see the ambulance lurch out of the emergency entrance, its red light flashing. Then the driver presses down on the accelerator and the vehicle lunges down the street. As it swings around the corner toward the highway, I hear its siren begin to wail.

I sigh. I go back to my chair and sit down heavily. And as the ambulance is speeding the emergency squad into the distance, in the same way my thoughts carry me away, not into the distance, but far back into the past. Memories come, and I relive again events and happenings and conversations that are as real in my mind as if they had happened just yesterday.

This is not the first time I have gone over these memories. I have thought about them often, especially since that letter yesterday. That letter was what set them off, and now I wonder—but wait, I can't tell about the letter yet. I'm getting ahead of my story. I will have to go back to the beginning.

I'm 22. My name is Elizabeth Yoder. I am a student nurse at the Battsville General Hospital. I like my job, and it is only once in a while when I'm not too busy and have time to think that I get into this kind of a mood. As you may have guessed from my name, I was once an Amish girl. And it wasn't so long ago. My life has really changed in three years.

I remember that August morning clearly when it first soaked into my mother's head that I was serious about becoming a nurse. I was nineteen then. I had made passing mention of it before (it was my dream since I was a little girl) but my mother had just passed it off as some childhood fancy, and said, "You be a nurse! Ha. You fainted the first time I pulled one of your baby teeth. You'd make a fine nurse!" I had laughed with Mom about that. But I didn't change my mind about wanting to be a nurse. I kept thinking about it, and the longer I thought, the more determined I became that someday I would show Mom I was made out of better

the ministers but also against whoever had tattled on her. So here is what I counted on to carry me through in this nursing deal - this is how I figured it out. I knew Mom and Dad didn't want me to do this, they sincerely didn't. They loved me and they felt it wasn't for my good. But I also knew that when the church began to work on me, that my parents would stick up for me, at least part ways.

As it all turned out, I was pretty well right in my thinking. Dad and Mom did all they could to talk me out of going to this nursing school. They brought up all the objections--I would be away from home, and that wouldn't be good for me. And what would I do once I was a nurse? How could I be a nurse and work in a hospital and be Amish? I insisted that I could do it, that I had no intentions to go out of "ordnung." I said it would really be nice if I could be a nurse. Think what a service it would be for the community, for our own people, if I could have sort of a simple clinic right here in the neighborhood, and maybe a setup worked out where I could be midwife and deliver babies in the homes, instead of everyone having to go to the expensive hospitals. I talked fast, and it sounded good, but of course, Mom and Dad weren't convinced. They said, as the last argument, that the church would never "erlaub" it. I said maybe they would if they knew I wasn't interested in going higher, that I just wanted to be an Amish nurse.

My parents kept it hushed up that I had such an idea just as long as they could. They dreaded the day when the ministers would get wind of it and would start working on me.

But the time came, as it had to. It was a week before nursing school started. I knew what they wanted that evening as soon as I saw the deacon drive in the lane, one of the ministers sitting on the buggy seat beside him.

I talked nice to them. I didn't tell them how determined I was to go on through with it. Instead I said how I thought it would be nice if there would be someone in our church who knew a little about doctoring and could maybe treat simple cases and deliver babies in homes. I asked them what they thought about it, and said I wanted to consider their advice. I said I wanted to do what was right, and that if they thought it would hold out at all to let me go, I would try to come home regularly on weekends for church services.

When I talked like that, they didn't know what to say. They didn't want to give a flat no, just on their own, without talking with others. But they did say that for their part, they were afraid it wouldn't work out for my good.

I was elated when they left. I felt I had handled the

situation well, and it gave me fresh confidence in myself and in the rightness of what I was doing. The more I repeated my story, the more I became convinced by it. That night when I knelt to pray beside my bed, my heart filled with gratitude, and I thanked God for the way he had led me thus far, and I asked him to be with me as I took nurse's training.

I enjoyed being with the young people of the church, and many of them knew about my plans and hopes of becoming a nurse. A few of them talked with me about it, and I said what I had told the ministers, and they said they were glad I was being so reasonable about it. I wondered different times what Aden Miller thought about it; I hoped he didn't disapprove too much. Not that he was anything to me, he was just one of the boys, and still I couldn't deny that he was a little special.

Things went from one to the other. It would make too long a story to give all the details here. It is enough to say that when the church counseled about me, they didn't feel I should go to nursing school. I said I felt someday I would prove that the church was mistaken, and I went anyhow. I said when they saw how faithfully I stayed in the "ordnung," the church would be forced to change its mind.

I had finished high school by correspondence, and had gotten good grades, and now I didn't find nursing studies too hard. I enjoyed them, and found myself caught up in them.

The other girls in my class were so nice, and that made it easier for me being away from my family. We had been a close, affectionate family at home, and I missed them a lot at first. The friendliness of my classmates kept me from becoming as lonesome as I would have otherwise, and I'm grateful to them. They didn't seem to mind that I was dressed different, and although I was often conscious of the difference, I must admit they were sure good about it. They asked me to go places with them, and took me home with them on the weekends I didn't go to my own home. One of my biggest surprises was when I learned to know the girls a little better and found out how much we had in common. Sure they had been brought up differently, but underneath many of them had the same hopes and fears I did, and there was much good in them I could learn from.

I invited a couple of the girls to go home with me one weekend. I could see that some of the people in the church didn't like that too much. I heard whispers of, "Why does she have to drag those 'English' girls home to make friends with our girls, yet?"

I didn't appreciate that attitude very much. As if the girls had some kind of disease, or plague, or cooties, or something. After that I didn't take any more girls home to have them looked-down-the-nose at. And I didn't go quite as often myself. I didn't enjoy myself as much with the young girls of the church as I had before. We just didn't have so much in common any more; they didn't know anything about my life all week, and we ran out of things to talk about that we were both interested in.

There was another reason I wasn't so eager to come home. It seemed that I wasn't more than home until the ministers would hear of it. And then they would hitch up and come over and pick fault about something. I couldn't dress to please them, it seemed. Of course, I know that my dresses were shorter than they used to be, and I wore my cap farther back, but surely they should have been able to make some allowances. My dresses were still a lot longer than the other girls in school. I looked enough like an old-fashioned grandmother to them, without having my dress to my shoes and my cap pulled over my ears.

All this while Mom and Dad kept reminding me that they wished I would give it all up and come back. They really wanted me to, I'm sure of that.

I began to hear whispers from round-about sources that the church was going to excommunicate me and put me in the ban if I didn't stop going to nursing school. The thought left me frightened at first. I didn't want that to happen if I could help it. But once I thought it over, I felt some better, for I was pretty sure the bishop could never get an "einig rote" to do that. My parents just wouldn't give their word to it. I knew they wouldn't. Not near. And I had friends among the young folks that wouldn't either. And my parents had friends that would stick with them. If we all stood together, the rest of the church would be helpless to work farther with me. I was convinced of that, and I felt better. Because I had been frightened at the mention of being put in the ban. I didn't

The Most Common Names

Have you ever wondered what Amish names are the most common-- last names and first names? Recently we took a survey of the names of subscribers listed in the Pathway files. We found the following results: Miller is by far the most common last name, having 1,389; next is Yoder with 955; then Beiler-Byler with 417; then Stoltzfus with 383, Bontrager with 335, and Hostetler-Hochstetler with 300.

To determine the most common first names we took the three most common last names and counted how often each first name appeared. The top five first names are listed here:

MILLER	YODER	BEILER-BYLER
1. John-76	1. John-52	1. John-34
2. Eli-57	2. Eli-35	2. Jacob-23
3. Dan-55	3. Dan-33	3. Dan-21
4. Levi-44	4. Henry-29	4. Andy-20
5. Andy-38	5. David-28	5. Crist-18
Joe-38		

I sat in church one Sabbath day
 The members talked so loud,
 And showed as little reverence
 As any worldly crowd.

Again I sat in that same church,
 But all was quiet now;
 For in a casket up in front
 Lay one with pallid brow.

And then I thought how strange it is
 That we so oft accord
 More reverence to a man that's dead
 Than to our living Lord.

If we could see with mortal eye
 Bright angels there each day,
 Our words would cease, then all could hear
 What Jesus had to say.

It had been said "that fools rush in
 Where angels fear to tread;"
 We say we come to worship God
 But visit friends instead.

Oh, why not show more reverence
 In this God's house of prayer.
 And truly act as Christians should
 When we ensemble there?

-Sent in by Mrs. Daniel Martin, Ontario

want that. I don't know what I might have done if it would have come to that, whether I would have given up my nursing career or not. I know it would have forced me to think about it more seriously than I ever had before.

I felt grateful to my parents when I considered all this. I was glad they loved me so much that they wouldn't let me be put in the ban. I felt it was a good example of what love can do, when parents really love their children and stand by them.

A year passed, and then some. It was about time for spring communion. A lot of people in the church who felt I should be disciplined were beginning to put on pressure. I knew it was a poor time to go home, but I had stayed away as long as I could stand it. I was lonesome. So finally one weekend I braved it and went home. As soon as I was there, I wished I hadn't come. I loathed all the bickering and quarreling and ill feelings I immediately found myself in the middle of.

The ministers came and talked with me and said they couldn't have patience with me any longer. They talked with my parents to get them to see that they were making a mistake by taking my part.

My parents were hurt that the ministers even thought such a thing. "But we don't take her part," Mom insisted. "We've tried and tried to get her to see her mistake. Haven't we, Elizabeth?"

"Yes," I defended them. "They've always told me that I'm making a mistake, and they try hard to get me to come back."

"We're glad to hear that," the deacon said. Then he went on firmly and said, "Since you feel that way, we will expect you to also help work in the church--helfe weiterst rota und arbeite wie Schriftmasig ist."

Mom's expression changed. She knew what that meant. "You have to be reasonable," she said forcefully. "Elizabeth hasn't done anything that serious. The ban is a serious thing.

It means that a person is separated from God. It should be used for gross sins, that is what the Bible teaches. But not when a person is just a little 'aus ordnung.' We want to do all we can to get Elizabeth to see her mistake and to come back and be in peace in the church. But you have to take time and work with reasonableness. You can't force somebody. You will just drive her away completely."

The ministers didn't agree with Mom, and when they left they said they feel they were right in the first place when they said Mom and Dad take my part. Of course, this hurt some more feelings, including mine, because I felt they were being unfair.

So things were left like that, not because most of the church liked it, but because they couldn't do anything about it without a good "rote" to discipline me.

As time went on, I found myself getting farther and farther away from my earlier goals. I no longer made any pretense of dressing Amish at the school. I still wanted to be a nurse, but I certainly didn't want to be an Amish one. Who ever heard of anything so stupid? I couldn't believe I had ever seriously thought it was possible--or desirable. I was becoming educated in the things of the world, and I just couldn't help noticing how ignorant some of my Amish friends were when I talked to them again.

By this time, my parents were becoming truly alarmed. They wrung their hands and begged me with tears to come back. I felt sorry for them, but I didn't want to come back. I couldn't help wondering what my parents would say if they knew how I really felt, how little respect I had for their way of life anymore.

I was living two lives. When I came home I dressed Amish, but at school I looked completely different. I lived with the fear of someone from the church coming to visit me and catching me dressed like that. Several more months passed and I grew tired of being a hypocrite. So one time I went home dressed the way I was at school, my hair curled, no covering, my light pink dress at my knees.

My parents were horrified. Everyone else was shocked. But I couldn't help it. It had to come some time. I told them I was tired of being two people, and decided to be the person I really was. I wasn't Amish at heart, hadn't been for months, and never wanted to be again.

Mom took it terribly hard. She just couldn't get it over herself. She couldn't understand what had ever caused me to turn out like this when she had tried so hard to bring me up and teach me what was right.

I heard the faint sound of a siren in the distance. It grew louder, closer. I reached up and straightened my nursing cap. The ambulance was returning. The sound brought me back to the present. If someone was hurt, there would probably be work to do, and I might be called on to help.

I took the letter out of my desk and scanned it quickly again. I had read it several times yesterday when it arrived and it still said the same thing. It was from the bishop saying that because of my wilful disobedience I was expelled from church by the council of the members. He added a personal note saying that it was with great heaviness of heart that this step was taken, and it was done for my eternal welfare. He said that it was his and the church's desire and prayer that I would see the sinfulness of my condition and come back and make peace with God and the church. It was signed by all the ministers, one below the other, under the bishop's name.

I smiled. Come back? How could he imagine such a thing? Certainly I couldn't. I had lived in the world so long that I couldn't imagine myself going back. And even if I wanted to, I couldn't now. I couldn't go back on my promise to Alex Karmel. Of course not. I would be true to him. I had promised to marry him, and I would do it. I couldn't think of leaving him. Why, our plans were all made, and everything. We were going to be married in the Catholic church in a week from Saturday.

No, Mr. Amish Bishop, no, Mr. Ministers and Deacon, you might as well save your postage. I can't come back. I wouldn't want to if I could. At one time your ban would have had a terrible effect on me. It would have made me feel guilt-stricken, and driven by my conscience, I might have come back. But not any more. You waited too long. You waited until you lost your hold on me. Ha, what funny twists there are in life. To think that Dad and Mom probably gave their word to it, now that it's too late to bring me back. ■■

FIRESIDE CHATS

JOSEPH STOLL

The Beggar On Horseback

Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride a gallop."

I think I first heard this old proverb from my dad. I was just a little fellow, and the words didn't make as much sense to me then as they do now. I've forgotten what the occasion was, but it must have fitted the saying.

My boyish imagination easily built up the picture. Here was a tattered dusty beggar, dragging his lame feet along the road. He would stop every now and then and sigh his weariness, "Oh if I could only catch a ride on an oxcart, I'd be content."

There is a clatter of hoofs and a rich man comes riding by, leading a spanky spirited horse. "Whoa!" commands the rider when he sees the beggar. "Why such a long face?"

The tramp tells his story and then humbly pleads, "Sir, if you would be kind enough to let me walk alongside your spare horse, and lean against the saddle, I would be forever grateful."

The rich man smiles and says, "I can do better than that. You're going to Arborg, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Climb into the saddle and ride in. As for myself, I'm stopping at the next house to see a friend. Just leave the horse at the livery and I'll pick it up when I get in tomorrow."

The beggar hurriedly shakes the dust from his clothes and is soon astride the handsome horse. He straightens up in the saddle and almost forgets he is a beggar as his steed prances along. He is barely out of sight when he digs his heels into the horse's sides and brings him to a gallop. Thus he thunders along, urging the horse to go faster and faster, and looking down his nose at every honest farmer he passes by.

"Set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride a gallop." That's the proverb, and I believe it's the truth, though I haven't seen enough beggars in the saddle to prove it. But surely the proverb has a broader meaning and fits more people than the occasional beggar who gets to ride.

I expect that in this old world there are lots of beggars riding at a gallop, some of whom have never sat in a saddle.

One thing sure, man in the presence of God is a beggar through and through. What have we that has not been given to us? The apostle Paul asks this question in pretty plain words, "What hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?"

Man is certainly born a beggar, -- naked, all but blind, entirely helpless, dependent upon others for food and warmth. And although babies do grow up to be men and women, they never really lose their helplessness. Every beat of a man's heart and every breath he draws, is but by the grace of God. Jesus said that man has not the power to add on cubit to his stature, or to make one hair white or black.

And yet, from the attitude some people take you would think that man created the world and all that is in it.

Like the tramp on horseback, man forgets that his blessings are a gift, and that he is still basically a beggar.

And how he rides a gallop! The money he obtains only sharpens his appetite for more; he calls his possessions his own, and in order to add to his riches he does the most absurd things -- ruins his health, worries, cheats, neglects his spiritual life.

Today man is in a race where **everybody** is expected to have a fine, home, a new car, modern appliances, television and hi-fi, the latest clothes, and a college education. He confuses what is really important, and chooses wood, hay and stubble. He becomes a victim of the society he worships, a beggar abusing the privileges given him and riding a galloping horse to his own destruction.

That's money, and the things beggars buy with it. But you know, there are other pitfalls that beggars such as you and I

want to watch out for.

For instance, the praise of men. All of us like to be appreciated, to be held in esteem by others. This is a natural craving. I wouldn't want to say it's always harmful, but it definitely is a dangerous thing.

Some people can handle money and it doesn't seem to pollute them, but they can't stand honor. Praise them and their heads swell. Pat them on the back and they stand two inches taller.

It so happens that most of our Honduran neighbors have this weakness -- they can't handle appreciation. Put them in a position of responsibility, and it will get the best of them.

Ten miles from our home lives Mr. Guilbert, the son of American immigrants who came to Honduras many years ago. He hires many laborers on his big farm, and as far as I know gets along well with them. At least, he claims to understand them.

This is what Mr. Guilbert said, "Be cautious how you give responsibility to these people. You can spoil them pretty easily. Actually, you could go into town and pick out the humblest little man you could find, give him a gun and say, "Here, you're sheriff." And if you'd come back a week later, you absolutely wouldn't know the man. He'd be swaggering up and down the streets, ready to shoot anyone that didn't jump when he hollered."

Mr. Guilbert may have made it plenty strong. I'm sure our Honduran friends aren't the only people who have this trouble. It's just that most of us keep it covered a little better.

Even so, when I heard what Mr. Guilbert said, I had to think of the proverb, "Set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride a gallop."

A BRIDLE ON HUMAN NATURE

We have now mentioned two dangerous horses that human beggars ride at a gallop -- earthly riches and personal pride. There are probably other kinds of runaways too, but these two should be plenty to talk about.

Human nature is a fascinating subject, full of surprises. People will do some strange things without being aware of why they do them. But human nature is more than fascinating -- at times it is frightening, for raw human nature is the inherited evil that has its roots in all of us. It is the nature that makes me take care of **myself**, even if it means pushing you out of my way.

This nature comes rushing on horseback. The poor man who is given a thousand dollars will spend it in some extravagant way, and the Honduran peasant, accustomed to being shoved around all his life, will be a smart aleck if he ever gets to a place of authority.

As Christians we must recognize that we are human and at the same time realize we have access to a greater power that will help us overcome our human leanings. God will help us put bridles on our human desires, and to keep them under control. He will help us harness our natural energies so they can be put to good use, to His honor.

There is this temptation to earthly riches. Knowing it is a temptation should at once put us on guard, tightening the reins to stop the desire. For it is not a good desire that makes us want to keep up with the Joneses, or even the Yoders and Millers and Beilers in our own church district.

Wanting to make a lot of money is a temptation and not a virtue. We all know that Russian Communism is godless, but having grown up in America, we sometimes forget that capitalism isn't a Christian doctrine either. The gold bug is a deadly insect, and it won't shy away from biting even an Amishman.

We claim to be pilgrims looking for a better country, yet we are not above laying a nice nest egg for rainy days, and then feathering the nest real well. We have built up an image of ourselves as solid middle-class people who mind our own business and don't make anyone any trouble - honest, respectable citizens.

In so doing we have partly lost sight of our real goal in life--

FAMILY LIFE

being a salt for society and a light to the world, pilgrims plodding the narrow way. We have forgotten that pilgrims are not popular, that salt stings, and that a light shines best when it is held aloft.

Likewise, as Christians we are not immune to personal pride. The only difference is that, with God's help, we can overcome the temptation to glory in ourselves, and in overcoming, make the next battle easier to win.

If we realize what dust we are, we will not listen when the Tempter tells us how beautiful we are, or intelligent, or strong, or holy. If God has blessed us with talents, they are not our own or of our own choosing, but an investment that God made hoping for a return. It has been said that God can accomplish great things through humans, but only if they let Him.

Also, to love our neighbors, as ourselves is not an easy accomplishment. It is not a struggle that once won is finished. Those of us in places of authority -- parents, teachers, ministers -- must meekly guide those beneath us, not lord it over them, for we too are under authority. Personal pride, the fame and acclaim of worldly men, these are sinful and selfish, - wild horses that no man can safely ride.

Set a beggar on a horse and he'll ride it at a gallop. Give a poor man money and it won't take him long to spend it. Put the peasant in power and he'll rule with a cruel hand. Bite a man, if you're the gold bug, and watch money become his life.

Isn't it strange the things that man will do?

Thanks to God, there are better things in life -- more worthy goals, and I am glad.

-Guaimaca, Honduras

By Elizabeth Miller

Katie And Her

Well-Stocked Cupboard

Hmmmm, THIS REALLY SOUNDS good," exclaimed Katie Stutzman. "Mom, do we have sage? I don't think we do."

Mother looked up from her ironing. "Sage?" a questioning look came over her face. Then she saw what Katie was looking at. "Oh, you mean sage to use in cooking. No, I never had any."

"What does it taste like?" Katie wanted to know.

"I don't know if I can tell you," answered Mother. "If I ever did taste any I probably didn't know what it was. Here, I'm done with these seams now. You can have the iron."

Katie scanned the rest of the page and let her eyes feast once more on the picture of the delicious-looking casserole before she laid the **Farm Journal** aside and went to take on the ironing.

Katie was fifteen, the oldest girl in the family. Mother appreciated having her at home from school and tried her best to teach her how to cook, bake, and do other household work. Before long the younger girls would be old enough to work more and Katie would be taking hired-girl jobs. Having the reputation of being a good hired girl meant a lot, but this wasn't the only reason Mother tried to teach Katie and the rest of her daughters to be honest, thrifty workers. Someday they would probably have homes of their own and the ability and management to run a home wasn't learned in a day. This was something daughters had to be taught and drilled on from the time they were old enough to take responsibilities--even such simple ones like drying the dishes and filling the wood box. Yes, Mother was brought up in a conservative home and she was passing on the same ideals to her daughters.

"Mother, may I write 'Cream of Chicken' soup on the store list?" Katie slipped a dress over the end of the ironing board. "That recipe asks for 'Cream of Chicken' soup and mushroom soup."

"We have canned chicken in the cellar," Mother answered. "We can make our own soup. 'Cream of Chicken' soup is simply cut-up bits of chicken with gravy."

Katie was silent for a minute. "But how will I know how to get exactly the right amount?" she asked, slightly provoked. "I can never make a recipe exactly like it's supposed to be because there are so many things we don't have and I have to use something else instead. It's no wonder the boys

sometimes don't like what I make."

"But those recipes aren't made for people who live on the farm like we do. They're made for people who buy everything they eat out of the store," explained Mother. "The mushroom soup, for example. Mushroom soup is often added to recipes to give something a richer flavor. Cream will do the same thing, but for city people cream is much more expensive than mushroom soup. If we had to buy our cream, we'd probably use more mushroom soup, too."

Katie tried to imagine what it would be like to have to buy all the milk and cream and butter and everything from the store. At her home such things weren't even considered groceries. They were just everyday things they had plenty of. Why, they could have them at every meal if they wanted to. But Katie still couldn't agree with Mother about cream being just as good as mushroom soup. "Once at uncle Eli's we had macroni with mushroom soup and it was much better than what we make with cream," she said.

"That might be true, but if you would make a browned gravy and add a little cream and seasoning it would be every bit as good as mushroom soup," said Mother. "Maybe even better."

Silence filled the room. Mother turned back to her sewing and Katie continued ironing--ironing and dreaming of the time when she would have a kitchen of her own. Then she could buy all the things she needed for any new recipe she wanted to try. Suddenly she had an idea. she was going to save and collect every recipe that sounded good. Maybe someday she could...

"This does look good," Mother's voice interrupted Katie's thoughts. She had gotten up from the sewing machine and was carrying the coat she was making back to the ironing board to press out more seams. "Let's try this recipe," she suggested.

Katie handed the iron to Mother and went back to the recipe. "It asks for onion salt," she said. "We don't have onion salt, do we?"

"No, we don't, but we have onions," answered Mother. "We can put in a little bit of onions."

"What about fresh ground beef?" Katie asked next. "Can we get some when we go to the store?"

We'll use canned hamburger," answered Mother in a matter-of-fact way.

"But it says fresh meat, Mother," objected Katie. "We

might as well not make it at all if we're not going to make it like the recipe says. We don't have anything the recipe asks for."

Mother laughed a little and came to look over Katie's shoulder. "We have potatoes, and milk, and salt," she said. "And just wait and see if our substitutes don't make it just as good or better than if we'd use exactly what the recipe calls for."

Katie went back to her ironing. She knew it was no use trying to persuade Mother. "How will I know what the real recipe would taste like if we won't ever try it?" she asked herself. "Just wait until I have my own kitchen. Then I'll be head cook and I can try all the recipes I want to."

The next afternoon Katie and her mother helped each other make the casserole. While Mother made the gravy to substitute for mushroom soup, Katie made the creamed chicken. Since they didn't have oregano and sage like the recipe called for, Mother insisted they add a little parsley.

The whole family was pleased with the new dish they had for supper that evening. Even Katie had to admit it was good in spite of the substitutions they had used in making it. But deep down she still insisted to herself that it would have been even better if they could have followed the recipe.

Time went on. As Katie grew older her interest and ability in cooking grew with her. It wasn't long until Mother trusted her with all kinds of baking and cooking, even for company. In a few years Katie's interests rubbed off onto her younger sisters and she had to move over and let them cook, too. It was about this time that she began to work for other people. As the months passed she took one job and then another. Sometimes she stayed at one place a week or two; sometimes it was for several months. Word got around that Katie Stutzman was a good worker and she was plenty busy.

If Katie ever dreamed that working away would give her an opportunity to exercise her ability in cooking, she was in for a disappointment. "In these two weeks I didn't make one

single meal," she complained one Saturday evening to her sister Anna. "I did bake a cake yesterday, but Fannie told me exactly which recipe to use and how I was supposed to do it." She paused a minute, then added. "Of course, we get more work done this way, since Fannie isn't strong enough to work outside very much. But I still miss not having any chance to cook."

"Oh, well, you'll get married one of these times and then you can cook all you like," teased Anna.

Katie blushed slightly. "But not for a long time," she said. "I'm only nineteen and Wayne's not even that old."

For another two years Katie worked here and there in Amish homes. With each passing month her collection of recipes grew. Sometimes she clipped them from old magazines. At other times she copied them from recipe books belonging to the people she worked for. She did not mind her brothers' teasing. She was too busy dreaming of the time when she would have her own home, her own kitchen, and best of all, her own well-stocked cupboards. It would not be so long now. Only one more month and she would be twenty-one, then she would be on her own. She would save all she could and maybe by next spring...Maybe.

Katie had just passed her twenty-first birthday when she came home all excited one evening. "Fred's Amanda is getting married next month and she wrote and asked if I were interested in taking her job on," she told her parents.

"Her job?" Mother sounded surprised. "But she works in town, doesn't she?"

"Y-yes," answered Katie, more subdued. "She's worked for Dr. Park's for nearly three years. She said it's really a good place to work and Dr. Park and his wife are very nice people."

"Oh, but you wouldn't know how to act in an English home," objected Mother. "You know we..."

"I could learn," interrupted Katie. "It's not going to hurt me any. Look at Amanda. She's worked there for three years and she still looks and acts just like she did before."

"What are you going to do if the time comes when you need

The World of A Boy

When I was but a little boy
How well I recollect
How I dismayed my father so
With all my disrespect.

How often he would think of me
I liked this not at all,
Therefore I never gave much heed
I heard him call and call,

For I was just so tiny then
I had my first things first,
Adventures in the meadowlane—
For thrills I was athirst.

I'd hear my father call to me
While playing in the grass—
He doesn't understand me for
He names the millioneth task.

Now do not mind this small complaint
For I was just a boy;
Why couldn't Father come with me
And see what is my joy?

He'd surely have some extra time
To feel the new spring rain;
But ach, he was too busy then
Admiring fields of grain,

Yes, Fathers are such busy men
But I was young just once,
My memory now would be so sweet
Had we been greater chums,

He said he loved the forest,
He said he knew the stars,
He, too, was once a little boy
In this big world of ours.

Dad said the world was made for boys
To adventure and explore.
He loved to climb the highest points,
And all things out of door.

And now that I am older still
Those memories come to me;
What a joyful, joyful thing
My childhood's been to me.

—L. W. Burkholder, Goshen, Indiana

a hired girl?" Mother asked. "Do you think you can get one of Park's girls to work for you?"

"But I've worked in enough Amish homes," objected Katie. "Besides, look at the wages they pay. Why, I'd have to work for Amish people a whole month to earn as much as Park's pay in a week."

"Sometimes the people who draw high wages aren't farther ahead in the long run as those who work for less," said Dad. "People who earn much spend much, too."

Katie didn't say anything just then but in the end she did get her way. After she got used to the surroundings and the Parks' way of doing things, Katie enjoyed her work. Dr. Park and his wife respected Katie's beliefs and were careful not to turn on the radio or television when she was in the living room. Each week they took her home at noon Saturday. Sometimes they stayed and chatted with Katie's family for a few minutes. After a few weeks even her parents didn't say much about her working in town. "After all, it's just for a few months," they told themselves.

But as it turned out Katie worked for Dr. Park's more than a few months. Wayne was unexpectedly called into IW service and after talking it over he and Katie decided to wait to get married until he was through service. In a way Katie was disappointed, but she consoled herself with the thought of all the money she could save during these two years. They hoped to take over a farm someday and every single dollar would help. Besides, Katie liked her work and threw herself whole-heartedly into her duties. She planned the meals and made out the grocery lists. The Parks were delighted with her cooking and housekeeping abilities and encouraged her to buy anything she needed to cook with.

To Katie it seemed almost as if her dream had come true. She had the kitchen to herself and she had all she needed for every recipe she wanted to use. Yes, she could have been happy if it had not been for the even fonder dream that she was harboring in the back of her mind.

Time passed. The long-awaited-for day came and went and then Katie and Wayne found themselves living in the small house on Wayne's parents' farm. They seemed to fit right in for Wayne had decided to work as a carpenter a few years until they had more money to move onto a farm. Even though his parents were blessed with plenty of sons, they didn't have any daughters, so Katie spent some time helping her mother-in-law. In exchange of the work Katie did she and Wayne were given a rent-free place to live, plus all the eggs, milk, cream, and butter they needed.

Katie found Lena, her mother-in-law, pleasant and not at all hard to work for. She was considerate and insisted that Katie do her own work first before she helped her out. Katie, on the other hand, tried to arrange her work so that she could help Lena at the times when she was especially needed.

Katie took a real interest in her own home, especially her kitchen. She did her best to have a delicious meal ready each evening when Wayne came home from work. The recipes she had collected over the years came in handy and each time Katie went to the store she bought a few more kinds of spices or herbs or flavorings. Their grocery bills were higher than either one of them thought they should be.

"I think it's just a matter of getting stocked up," Katie tried to console herself and Wayne. "After we have the things we need our bills won't be so high anymore."

Meanwhile Katie's cupboards began to look like she thought they should. But well-stocked as they seemed to be, there were still things missing when she tried new recipes. "One thing I'm going to avoid," she told herself, "is this business of substituting. I learned at Dr. Park's that things turn out much better when they're made like they're supposed to be made." True to her word, Katie stuck to recipes that asked for ingredients that her cupboards contained and the others she put back until she had what they called for.

One evening Wayne came home and found Katie very excited. "We're going to have company for supper tomorrow night," she announced. "Someone who's never been here before!"

"So that's why all the recipe books are out," teased Wayne. "Who's coming?"

"Your uncle Daves from Missouri," answered Katie. "They're coming to Dad's tomorrow after dinner and they're

staying overnight. I persuaded your mother to bring them over for supper instead of us going to their place."

"That's nice," said Wayne. "Usually we go over when company comes. I think it's about time they find out my wife can cook, too."

Katie blushed a little. "I've planned my meal," she said. "Do you have time to go to the store with me tonight then I won't have to go tomorrow morning I'll be pretty busy tomorrow."

"I'll take time," said Wayne, filling the glasses with water. "Do we need a lot? We still have some money, but I don't know exactly how much. I'll get a paycheck again tomorrow night."

Katie's face reddened. "Yes, we need more things than I wish we would," she admitted. "I want to make that fluffy pudding we like so well. It takes pineapples, nuts, dream whip, and cream cheese. I don't have any of those things, but I still have a can of pie filling for the topping."

They were ready to sit down at the table, so Wayne didn't answer. After supper they went to the store and bought the things Katie needed to cook for company. "Are we out of hamburger?" asked Wayne when he looked over the cart and saw that Katie had picked up a good-sized package of meat.

"No, we still have some that I'll use when we're alone. Fresh meat makes better casseroles and I want everything to taste just right tomorrow night," explained Katie.

Wayne seemed to understand, but for the rest of the evening Katie thought he was unusually quiet. She tried to be her normal self, but underneath she had a guilty feeling. Was she really spending too much for groceries?

All the next forenoon as she was setting her house in order and preparing food for supper this thought kept coming back to her. Katie tried to push it from her. "Wayne never said anything like that," she scolded herself almost angrily. "I'm just imagining things!"

Then other thoughts came to her. What would Wayne's Uncle Dave and Aunt Ella be like? It seemed strange to be cooking for company she didn't even know. She remembered what Wayne had said at the breakfast table. "Aunt Ella's a talker, all right. She says what she thinks whether its practical or not. But you'll like her all the same. Everyone else does." Other than this she had no clue as to what her guests would be like. Katie's eyes swept over the neat house, checking to make sure she hadn't missed a single speck of dust. "At least she won't have anything to say about my housekeeping," she thought with satisfaction.

Katie didn't know the company had come until she heard voices on the back porch. She glanced up and saw Lena and another woman. Her heart beat rapidly. She wiped her hands on the towel and went forward to greet Aunt Ella.

"I thought we should come over to see if we can help you with something," Aunt Ella said. "It's nice of you to make supper for Lena. My, it smells good in here. Now you're not going to any bother, are you?" She looked at Katie as if going to extra bother was a major offense.

"No-o, not really," said Katie. "It's no bother at all. I like to cook."

"Well, what can I do?" Aunt Ella was pushing up her sleeves.

"There's really not anything to do right now," said Katie. The thought of having a strange woman working in her kitchen made her nervous. "You and Lena just sit down and visit and I'll do the work."

"I could do these dishes for you," Ella insisted.

"I want to make a salad yet, then I'll do them," objected Katie.

Lena saw the look of distress on Katie's face. "Well, if you don't need help we might as well go over to our house again," she suggested. "You tell us if you need us."

"I know how you feel," Aunt Ella patted Katie on the arm. "It used to make me nervous to have other people around, too. But just you wait until you have several children to look after. You'll be glad for help then."

Katie didn't know what to say, so she didn't say anything. She didn't want Aunt Ella's remarks to bother her, but she did tell Wayne as soon as he came home. "Didn't I tell you she's a talker?" he grinned. "But don't worry. You'll get used to her and like her in the end."

Supper was ready on time and Katie couldn't help but

admire the assortment of food on the table. The casserole, lettuce salad with cottage cheese, a relish plate, pudding with raspberry topping, and fruit salad. On the counter stood a sweet chocolate cake with coconut frosting. Soon the guests were seated at the table and Wayne asked Uncle Dave to say the blessing. Then he invited the guests to help themselves to the food.

"It's easy to see that you got your wife in town," said Aunt Ella, looking at Wayne.

Wayne blushed deeply. "Why?" he asked, not knowing what else to say.

"By the way she cooks," said Aunt Ella. "I've often said I can pick out the girls that used to work for English people by the taste of their food. I never heard of some of the things my one daughter-in-law uses--so many spices and flavourings and things Amish cooks don't use."

"Katie worked for our family doctor before she was married," said Wayne's father, trying to break the long silence that followed. "They come out here to visit once in a while and they're real nice people."

"I think most doctors and lawyers and other big shots are, once we get to know them right," drawled Uncle Dave. "But even then we've never let our girls work in town. There are a very few girls in our community who have worked for English people and our son married one of them." He laughed a little. "We think an awful lot of her and they get along real well and all, but she's simply not a farmer. In time she might learn because she does want her family to grow up on a farm."

The conversation drifted to other subjects, but Katie's mind didn't. To her, supper had suddenly lost its flavor. Everything seemed to taste alike and was so dry it wanted to stick in her throat. She tried to shake off her disappointment, but it stuck like a burr on a nylon stocking. And her opinion of Aunt Ella didn't improve later in the evening when the women were washing the dishes.

"Your supper was good, real good," she complimented. "Only one thing, Katie." She lowered her voice and turned her eyes toward the living room where the men were visiting. "Don't try to feed a carpenter on a doctor's income."

"What-what do you mean?" asked Katie, yet all the time not wanting to know.

"Well, when you worked for a doctor you bought what you needed and that's all right as long as the income allows it. But we Amish people just don't have as much money as English people do. It's like my mother used to say, 'A woman can throw out the back door on a teaspoon what her husband scoops in the front door with a shovel.'"

Katie carried some left-overs into the pantry. She spent some time pretending to be setting things in order before she came back out. She needed time to regain her composure.

Sleep was slow in coming to Katie that evening. Try as she would, she couldn't keep from thinking of what Aunt Ella had said. On top of that, she kept thinking back to the time when she was still at home of how her mother used to tell her the same thing in a different way. "But that's different," thought Katie. "She's my mother and Aunt Ella isn't. She's a stranger and she didn't have any business talking to me like that. She could have known I would be hurt." She tried to comfort herself with what Wayne had said about Aunt Ella talking a lot. But she couldn't think of that without remembering what he had said afterwards. "You'll like her in the end."

When Katie finally fell asleep she dreamed of fancy dishes, left-over food, and Aunt Ella. She awoke the next morning with a terrible headache and went about her work in a daze.

When Wayne was ready to go to work he lingered in the doorway. "Try to forget what Aunt Ella said if it bothers you this much," he comforted. "The next time she comes we'll eat at Dad's house."

Katie managed a weak smile, but as soon as Wayne had closed the door she broke into tears. She went into the bedroom and closed the door. She didn't want anyone to come over and find her crying. She couldn't stand any sympathy right now.

After a while Katie felt better. Wayne's words--the same ones that had made her cry--comforted her now. Washing her face free from any trace of tears, she went back to work. Humming to herself she put away the company dishes from the evening before and then got out the denim and started a

coat for Wayne.

Katie couldn't keep her mind on her work. For some reason she thought of the time when she and her mother had worked side by side in the kitchen trying out a recipe they had found in the *Farm Journal*. "It was good," she told herself, "and it didn't cost nearly as much as my casserole did last night." For a time she sat in deep thought. Then she got up and went to the drawer where she kept her pocket-book. Yes, she still had it. Carrying the grocery list she had made before going to the store the other evening and the cash register slip, she went back to the sewing machine and did some figuring. For a long time the room was silent except for the wind whistling in the stove pipe and slight rustling of Katie's paper as she scribbled, crossed out, and scribbled again. She couldn't believe it! But it was true. Her supper had cost over seven dollars!

"But we had company and we had to have something to eat," she tried to comfort herself. But this thought didn't ease her conscience for long. She remembered the pudding she could have cooked with eggs and milk and sugar. The eggs and milk wouldn't have cost her anything and she could have made it extra delicious by adding some whipped cream. She could have had applesauce, which she had plenty of in the cellar, instead of buying lettuce and cottage cheese for a salad. And if she had substituted for her casserole like her mother had taught her she could have saved a lot there, too. Then she remembered the cake. She hadn't even added in the forty-nine cents she had paid for the sweet chocolate she used to bake the cake.

"And we were trying so hard to save money to buy a farm," she thought bitterly. "At this rate Wayne will have to be a carpenter for a long, long time. And think of all the left-overs I used to feed to the dog. We never saved them at Dr. Park's, so I didn't bother with them either. I've been telling myself the dog has to eat, too, but he's sure had some expensive dog food."

Katie could hardly wait until Wayne came home that evening. But when he did come she found it hard to open the subject she had on her mind. Wayne was glad to find his wife in better spirits and avoided mentioning Aunt Ella or the meal of the evening before. It was not until after supper that Katie told Wayne about the discovery she had made that day.

"I can hardly believe it, but we spent nearly eight dollars for supper last night," she said. "And think how long you have to work just to earn enough for one meal."

"But we didn't eat everything last night, either," reminded Wayne.

"No, we didn't," agreed Katie. "But I didn't figure in flour and sugar and things I ordinarily have on hand either. That was only for the extra things I bought - and I could have done without most of them!"

Wayne was silent for a moment. Then he said slowly. "I've thought our bills are higher than they should be. But then I never paid any attention to the grocery bills at home. I just figured this was another one of those things that is costing us more than I imagined it would. But I kept wondering how people with a lot of children can earn enough to feed their families."

"As far back as I could cook I've always dreamed of having my own kitchen and well-stocked cupboards," admitted Katie. "Now I see why Mother always discouraged this, and refused to buy some of the things we could do without. But at Dr. Park's it was different. I had everything I needed and...."

"Well, let's just be thankful we discovered this before we ended up in the poorhouse," said Wayne cheerfully. "After a moment's silence he added. "It will probably be a long time before Uncle Daves come again, but do you think we'll invite them over for supper when they do come?" There was a twinkle in his eyes.

Katie saw the twinkle and brightened up. "Of course we will," she said. "We'll invite them and make--ah, let's see. Let's have beans and fried potatoes and creamed tomatoes."

"Say, that makes me hungry. Let's have some for supper tomorrow night," suggested Wayne.

"No, Wayne, we have left-overs to eat first," said Katie. "But as soon as they are all gone we'll have fried potatoes and creamed tomatoes. And I'll ask your mother how to make them, because hers are always really good."

Four Centuries With The *Ausbund*

—By DAVID LUTHY

It is a bright, warm Sunday morning. The living room and kitchen of the Yoder's farmhouse are filled with people sitting quietly, expectantly on the wooden benches. The first hymn has just ended and there is a pause—a moment of rest before the next hymn begins. Then a deep-throated voice from the men's benches calls out, "Seide sivahundert und sivazig." There is a wave of motion among the people as they open their songbooks. But there is very little rustling of pages; the well-creased books seem to open automatically to the announced hymn.

"O Gott Vater, wir loben dich..." The words rise and lower as the leader intones the song. Such a beautiful song—a perfect song to be sung while the ministers are in an upstairs room preparing for the morning service. First God is praised and thanked; then the ministers are prayed for that they may speak God's teachings; next the congregation is prayed for that their hearts and minds may be receptive to the sermons; finally God is asked to be present during the service. Yes, it is a meaningful song, this second hymn sung at Amish church services.

After a quarter hour the second hymn ends and the ministers are heard descending the staircase. The members close their songbooks and tuck them away. A little boy, Bennie, is sitting on his father's lap. He reaches down and touches the black book that was just placed beside his father. Bennie tries to lift the book, but its two-inch thickness is too wide for him to grasp. The young man sitting beside Bennie's father sees the little boy's interest in the book. He picks it up and taps Bennie's hand gently and playfully with it. The cover drops open, exposing the title page. The young man gazes at it: "AUSBUND das ist Etliche schone Christliche Lieder." His attention leaves the open book, for the minister has begun to speak.

The young man did not look at the title page of the songbook for more than a few seconds, but it was long enough for a few questions to enter his mind. He could remember that this songbook had been used ever since he was little Bennie's age, but had it been used when his father had been a boy, or when his grandfather had been young? Had it, perhaps, always been used in the Amish church? Who wrote the songs and how long ago?

The Birth of the AUSBUND

To begin the story of the *Ausbund* we must turn the clock back over 400 years. The scene is Moravia in Europe (now part of the modern nation Czechoslovakia). The year is 1535—an era of religious awakening in Europe.

Living in Moravia were some Anabaptist refugees from Bavaria (a part of South Germany) who had fled there to escape death because of their religious view. But during the summer a decision was made to attempt returning to their homes in Bavaria. So a group of sixty Anabaptists left Moravia in August and traveled along the Danube River. They had barely set foot inside the Bavarian territory when they were captured by the Catholic authorities from the city of Passau. They were taken to the bishop's castle in Passau and imprisoned in the castle's dungeons.

Here in the dark, dreary Passau castle dungeons the *Ausbund* was born. Being that some of the prisoners were good in poetry, they wrote songs to comfort them and their brethren in bonds. There was no printing press, but somehow the songs were copied down. They must have been written down, not merely memorized, for there were 52 songs and many of them were exceptionally lengthy. And we have all of them yet today.

None of the Anabaptist prisoners in the Passau castle were condemned to death. But many were tortured and died as a result of this plus their miserable living conditions in the dungeons. A few gave up their faith entirely, but most remained steadfast. In 1540, five years after their capture, the prisoners who were yet alive were released. No one

knows which prisoner had the songs in his possession; it is likely it was the bishop of the group who was also one of the major songwriters. But perhaps it was one of the other prisoners; we do not know. But we do know that the songs safely left the Passau dungeons and were printed in book form twenty-four years later.

The Various Printings

In 1564 a printing appeared of the songs written by the Passau prisoners. Many of the songwriters by then had been martyred or died a natural death. The word "*Ausbund*" did not appear on the title page of this first printing. It was not until the second printing in 1583 that this word appeared, and it has appeared on the title page ever since and has lent itself as the book's name.

The printing of 1564 contained only the songs written by the Passau prisoners, but the printing of 1583 contained many songs written by other people. The title page of the 1583 edition mentions that the songs are from the Passau prisoners and "von anderen rechtgläubigen Christen." This second printing contained 133 songs, while the first printing had 52. (The Passau prisoners' songs appear in our modern edition as Songs No. 81-130—a total of 50 songs, two less than appeared in the 1564 edition. Why two songs were dropped is not known.)

Historians tell us that many of the additional songs in the 1583 edition came from other Anabaptists living in Switzerland, North Germany, Bohemia, and the Netherlands, but some are from unknown sources. And the first song in the *Ausbund* is not from an Anabaptist's pen at all; it was written by Sebastian Franck, whose religious background is too complicated to discuss here. His song, though, is a most fitting one and serves as an excellent introduction to the *Ausbund* for it tells how a Christian ought to sing, pray, and give praise in Psalms.

Through the following centuries other editions of the *Ausbund* appeared in Europe. Each had slight variations, but all retained the basic structure of the 1583 edition. Altogether there were eleven editions of the *Ausbund* published in Europe. The last was that of Basel, Switzerland in 1838.

Meanwhile in America the *Ausbund* was being used by both Mennonites and Amish. A constant demand for the songbook arose, and an American printing was made in 1742. The Franconia (Pennsylvania) Mennonites published it, with the printing being done at Christopher Saur's printery in Germantown, Pennsylvania. This edition contained 140 songs, (as has each American printing) rather than 133 as in the European editions. A second difference is the spelling of the book's title. In European editions it is *Auss Bundt*, while in the American editions it is *Ausbund*. A third difference is the result of the American typesetter's mistake in 1742. He printed "Bassau" instead of "Passau" in the short introduction to the oldest section of the songbook, Songs No. 81-130. The book's title page bears the correct spelling, but the incorrect "B" appears on page 435 of recent American printings.

The Swiss Mennonites of Eastern Pennsylvania used the

Ausbund during the 1700's. But by 1804 two new German songbooks had been introduced among them, and they discontinued using the **Ausbund**. The Amish, then, were the only ones left in Europe or America who used this songbook of their Anabaptist forefathers.

The Amish churches in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania own the printing plates for the **Ausbund** and have brought out twelve printings, the first being in 1922 and the most recent in 1970. Thus, the **Ausbund**, which was born 400 years ago, is very much alive today. One historian has written of this, saying: "It is undoubtedly the oldest hymnbook in continuous use in any Christian church anywhere in the world."

The Songwriters

Anyone who has sung from the **Ausbund** very often will remember seeing initials at the end of various songs. Two of the most common are "H.B." and "M.S." As was already mentioned, the oldest songs in the **Ausbund** were written by Anabaptist prisoners in the Passau castle. The initials just given belonged to two of the prisoners. **HANS BETZ** was born in Eger, Bavaria and was a weaver by trade. He was a gifted man with words as can be seen in the twelve songs he wrote. Little is known about his life except that he was an Anabaptist minister and that he died while held captive in the Passau castle. He was not sentenced to death, but it is thought that he died as a result of torture and misuse. Thus it can be said he died a martyr's death. His death occurred in 1537.

MICHAEL SCHNEIDER was a fellow prisoner with Hans Betz. He was the leader of the prisoners, serving as their bishop. Not too much is known of his life, except that he was born in Bruchsal, Baden (the state next to Bavaria) and that his wife was also a prisoner in the Passau castle dungeons. His initials are found after eleven songs in the **Ausbund**. Historians consider him a more gifted poet than Hans Betz and feel his songs have more variety in content, more feeling, and greater power of expression. The records do not show that Michael died in prison, so it is presumed that he was released with fellow prisoners in 1540.

There are a number of songs in the **Ausbund** which were written by early leaders in the Anabaptist movement in Switzerland. **FELIX MANZ** was born in 1498 in Zurich, Switzerland. He received a very good education and when Zwingli founded his Reformed Church, Felix joined him. But it was not too long before Felix felt Zwingli had not broken far enough away from the Catholic Church, especially concerning baptism. Because Zwingli continued to baptize babies, Felix and some others broke away and found a church in which only adults were baptized. He was the first of the Swiss Brethren to give his life for the Faith. He was drowned in 1527 by order of the Zurich city authorities. He contributed one hymn to the **Ausbund**, No. 6 "Mit Lust so will Ich singen." He and Conrad Grebel are considered the founders of the Anabaptist movement in Switzerland, and

our Amish churches today can consider him a forefather in Faith.

GEORG BLAUROCK's life could fill a book as it was very eventful. But it should suffice to say that he was a Catholic monk who joined the Anabaptists in the early years of the movement. He was baptized by Conrad Grebel and was a fellow worker with him and with Felix Mantz. He was a forceful and eloquent preacher and was very zealous. Numerous times he was cast into prison, punished, and banished yet he remained true to the Faith. He died a martyr's death in 1529, being burned at the stake. Two songs are his contribution to the **Ausbund**: No. 5 "Gott fuehrt ein recht Gericht" and No. 30 "Gott, dich will ich loben."

Historians tell us that eleven hymns in the **Ausbund** are of Dutch origin and another eleven come from North Germany. And five were written by the Bohemian Brethren. Also it is thought that one, No. 40 "Ach Gott Vater im höchsten Thron," was written by two Waldensians. It is considered the oldest hymn in the **Ausbund**, having been composed sometime shortly before 1524.

There are other hymns and other hymnwriters whom might be mentioned. But perhaps the one which should be briefly told about is the hymn which was mentioned at the beginning of this writing, the "Loblied," the second song sung in Amish services. Its position in the **Ausbund** is the second song after the section of hymns written by the Passau prisoners. The author of this famous song was **Leenaerdt Clock**, a Dutch minister who was born in Germany but moved to Holland sometime before 1590. He was the composer of numerous Dutch devotional hymns, numbering over 400. His five published hymnbooks were popular, passing through several editions. Some of his Dutch hymns were translated into German, perhaps by Clock himself since he was originally from Germany. Besides the "Loblied" the **Ausbund** contains another of Clock's hymns: No. 134 "Lebt friedsam, sprach Christus der Herr." This hymn may have been the result of Clock's concern for the Dutch Mennoites, since they experienced several divisions during his life and ministry. Leenaerdt Clock was not only a songwriter, he also wrote prayers. Some of the German prayers used by the Amish today are believed to be translations and adaptations of this Dutch minister's prayers.

No writing about the history of the **Ausbund** would be complete without mentioning the final hymn in the collection: No. 140 known as the "Haslibacher Lied." There is a reason for its being last in the songbook, for originally it wasn't included at all. It first appeared in pamphlet form which was bound with (but not printed in) the 1622 edition of the **Ausbund**. It never was printed in any of the eleven European editions of the **Ausbund**. It first appeared as part of the **Ausbund** in the American edition of 1742 as Leid No. 140, and has been included ever since.

The account tells of Hans Haslibacher, an Anabaptist preacher in Bern, Switzerland, who was active in the early days of the Anabaptist movement in his country. He suffered severely for his faith, being exiled and having his property seized by the government. When he returned to Bern he was captured and sentenced to death. On October 20, 1571 he was beheaded in Canton Bern, being the last Anabaptist martyr in that section.

The above facts are not doubted by anyone, but what is wondered about are the circumstances surrounding the beheading. The poet, who years later wrote the song, tells that Haslibacher had a dream that when he is beheaded his head will jump into his fallen hat and laugh, the sun will turn blood-red, and that the town's well will give forth blood. According to the song all three things happened. It is the only song of its type in the **Ausbund**. So, it is the book's most unusual hymn. It is doubtful that the song is every sung in Amish church services, for it is not listed in Raber's register of **Ausbund** songs to accompany scripture texts. The only time the Haslibacher Lied is sung is at singings.

In 1535 sixty Anabaptists were cast into the dungeons of the castle at Passau, Bavaria. As they lay in chains they prayed, and many of their prayers became songs. They would feel gratified to know that these songs are still being sung four centuries later. So we see that the **Ausbund** isn't merely a songbook; it is part of the heritage left to us by our forefathers. It contains songs, but interwoven with them is history--history which can be an inspiration to us yet today.

Amish Printings of the AUSBUND

1922 at Kutztown	2,000 copies printed
1935 at Lancaster	2,000 copies printed
1941 at Lancaster	2,000 copies printed
1944 at Lancaster	3,000 copies printed
1949 at Lancaster	3,000 copies printed
1952 at Lancaster	3,000 copies printed
1955 at Lancaster	3,000 copies printed
1958 at Lancaster	4,000 copies printed
1962 at Lancaster	4,000 copies printed
1965 at Lancaster	4,400 copies printed
1967 at Lancaster	5,000 copies printed
1970 at Lancaster	6,000 copies printed
12 printings	41,000 copies

Säen und ernten

„Irrt euch nicht, Gott läßt sich nicht spotten; Denn was der Mensch sät, das wird er ernten. Wer auf sein Fleisch sät, der wird von dem Fleisch das Verderben ernten. Wer aber auf den Geist sät, der wird vom Geist das ewige Leben ernten.“ Gal. 6, 7. 8.

In die Gegend wo ich aufgewachsen bin haben wir die Ernte Schriften vorgenommen so etwa um die Weizen-Ernte Zeit. Diese Ernte Zeit ist aber bei weit nicht gleich in die verschiedene Staaten und Gegenden. Da wir in Canada wohnten war es an dem über ein Monat später. Nach meinem Dünken aber sind wir der ganze Sommer hindurch am säen oder ernten. So macht es auch nicht so viel aus wenn wir reden oder schreiben von diese Sachen.

Im Geistlichen sind wir das ganze Jahr hindurch wie auch die ganze Zeit unsers Lebens am säen und ernten. Nun ist es sehr notwendig daß wir uns in Acht nehmen was wir am säen sind; denn wie oben gemeldet ist: Was der Mensch sät, das wird er ernten.

Wenn wir geistliche Saat säen wollen, so müssen wir geistlich gesinnt sein. „Denn die da fleischlich sind, die sind fleischlich gesinnt; die aber geistlich sind, die sind geistlich gesinnt.“

O! wie manche Menschen haben schon bitterlich beweinen müssen hier in diesem Leben von die schlechte Sachen wo sie gesät haben. Wohl aber für diejenige wo es tun konnten hier in die schöne Gnadenzeit. Wehe aber denen, welche so fort nach dem Fleisch leben bis sie vor das Gericht kommen und in die Kelter des Zorns Gottes eingeworfen werden, wo sie mit Bitterkeit weinen und heulen müssen über die schlechte Sachen wo sie gesät haben und das von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.

Wir glauben es ist möglich daß ein Mensch zu einer alt-amische Gemein hören kann, viel halten von ein demütiger Betrag in der Reihe von Kleider anlegen, Haarflächten und scheren und doch fleischlich gesinnt sein. Der einfache Betrag in diese sichtbare Sachen ist recht wenn wir dabei geistlich gesinnt sind. Die zwei Sachen müssen hand in hand gehen, denn wir glauben daß beides recht ist vor Gott.

Wir erinnern uns an wie ein alter Schreiber es einst gestellt hat: „Ist es Gefahr um ein Kleider-Christ zu werden? Ja, aber vielmehr Gefahr um ein Kleider-Weltmensch zu werden. Wir haben wenige von die Erstte, aber tausende von die Letzte.“

Wir wollen recht verstehen was es meint um geistlich gesinnt zu sein. Es ist nicht immer der Fall daß diejenige wo es groß belieben von geistliche Sachen zu reden überall wo sie sind, recht geistlich gesinnt sind. In kurzem zu sagen: Recht geistlich sein meint, bekümmert sein von wegen unsere Seele und unser Lebenszustand, wie auch bekümmert sein wegen andere und insonderheit bekümmert sein um die Gemeinde aufzubauen. So oft ist es der Fall daß die wo viel wollen zu reden haben von geistliche Sachen und ein groß Wesen machen davon dann später nach dem Lauf von die höhere Gemeinden gehen wollen.

Wir wollen aber nicht vergessen, wenn wir geistliche Saat aussäen wollen so müssen wir geistlich gesinnt sein, und ohne daß wir geistlichen Samen aussäen können wir auch

nicht gedenken von dem Geist des ewigen Leben zu ernten.

„Fleischlich gesinnt sein ist der Tod, und geistlich gesinnt sein ist Leben und Friede.“ Römer 8, 6. Dies ist Gottes Wort und wir können dem nicht answeichen. „Wer nun eins von diesen kleinsten Geboten auflöset und lehrt die Leute also, der wird der kleinste heißen im Himmelreich, wer es aber tut und lehrt der wird groß heißen im Himmelreich.“

Möchte jemand denken von diese Schriftstelle, Ich kann ein klein Gebot leicht achten und doch im Himmel als ein Kleiner. Ich fürchte das wäre ein Irrsinn. Mit diesem will der Heiland uns sagen, daß die kleinste Geboten gerade so notwendig sind zu halten als andere. Wenn wir etwas leicht achten in Gottes Wort, so sind wir ein Aufstoß zu Gott.

Ein Mensch der im Natürlichen nicht säen würde und gar nicht sorgen für sein leiblichen Aufenthalt hier in diesem Leben, der würde ohne Zweifel Hunger leiden müssen wenn nicht jemand ihm zu essen geben würde.

Wie viel wichtiger aber ist es nach dem Geistlichen wenn der Mensch keinen guten Samen säen wollte und gar nicht bekümmert wäre um der Wohlstand seiner Seele. Wenn er so der Welt absterben würde wäre er fast schlimmer ab als der wo Hunger leiden würde in diesem Leben, wenn er doch vielleicht einstmals sich bekehren könnte und selig sterben.

Jesus konnte sagen: „Ich muß wirken die Werke des, der mich gesandt hat, so lange es Tag ist; es kommt die Nacht da niemand wirken kann.“ So auch mit uns, laßt uns arbeiten weil es Tag ist. Heute veräuht, Morgen zu spät.

Langbein und die Tinte

Herbert sah im Garten und spielte mit seinem schwarzen Kake. Plötzlich sah er etwas auf dem Baum klettern. Schnell lief er dahin um zu sehen was dort sei. Ein kleiner Laubfrosch wars. „Dieser muß ich mir einfangen, dann habe ich auch ein Tierchen wie meine Freunde es haben,“ dachte er.

Schnell streckte er seine Hand aus und fing ihn. „Jetzt habe ich dich du Kleiner — nun, wie soll ich dich denn nennen?“ fragte sich Herbert. Aber schnell in ein Glasgefäß. Herbert rannte in das Haus, holte ein Gefäß und setzte ihn hinein. Er schnitzte ein Leiterchen aus Leder, holte Moose aus dem Walde und legte sie ins Gefäß.

Er nannte ihn Langbein, weil er so lange Beine hatte. Er kletterte am Leiterchen empor; prächtig sah er aus. Herbert setzte das Gefäß auf dem Schreibtisch.

„Dieses muß ich meinem Freund mitteilen, der wird staunen!“ Er setzte sich hin und schrieb, aber Langbein wurde unruhig. Herbert lief hinaus um ein paar Käferchen zu fangen, denn Langbein hatte Hunger.

Langbein wurde es ungemütlich in so einem engen Käfig sitzen zu müssen, er kletterte am Leiterchen aufwärts. Herbert hatte einen Deckel drauf gesetzt, aber nicht fest genug, bald schubste er den Deckel kletternd auf den Tisch. „Freiheit,“ jauchzte der Langbein und hüpfte auf das abgedeckte Tintengefäß. Die Tinte kippte um und Langbein stand mitten in der Tinte und freute sich. Er hüpfte auf Herberts Brief umher. Da kam Herbert herein und was sah er?! Sein Blatt und der Tisch waren zusammengeklebt.

Der Langbein aber, hüpfte noch immer vergnügt umher. Schnell fing er den Laubfrosch und setzte ihn in sein Gefäß, gab die Käfer, die er begierig fraß. Herbert wußte nicht was

anfangen mit allem Kleckse und war traurig. Da kam die Mutter hinein und fragte ruhig: „Hast du jetzt gelernt daß man nie Tinte offen stehen lassen darf, und immer die

Sachen weglassen soll?“

„Ja“ sagte Herbert kleinlautend, „Bitte, verzeih mir.“

Linda Miller

Ein Sabbath Morgen Lied

Mel. 7, Herzlich Thut Mich Erfreuen.

Heut ist es Sabbath Morgen
Heut ist der Tag des Herrn
Drum Welt-geschäft und sorgen
Weicht hin und bleibet fern.
Heut möcht ich euch entbehren
Heut will ich euch gar nicht
Denn Jesus zu verehren
Ist heut der Christen Pflicht.
Heut, wie Mann dort thut lesen
In den Apostel W'schicht
War'n die Jünger gewesen
Versammelt einmüthiglich
Ihr sehn und Begehren
Vereint war allermeist
Herr, Ihn uns doch bescheren
Dein gut und Heiliger Geist.

Daß ist jek heut nach eben
Der Christen rechte Pflicht
Sich zu versammeln eben
Und dann vergessen nicht
Vereinigt noch zu beten
Wohl um derselbe Geist
Daß er uns woll vertreten
Und uns sein Beistand leist.

Daß doch der Thau und Regen
Des Geistes uns kessend
Der Geistes-Sonne eben
Uns wärme und beleucht
Damit wir noch als Neben
Und Bäume gleicherweis
Noch Früchte möchten geben
Zu Gottes Lob und Preis.

O Jesu, deine Kinder
Die sich versammeln heut
Segne sie doch nicht minder
In diese letzte Zeit
Die sich noch jek zusammen
Versammeln dir getreu
Jesu, in deinen Namen
Oh steh du ihnen bei.

Den du hast ja versprochen
Du wollst mit ihnen sein
All Tag bis zur Welt Ende
Und wo sich zwei und drei
Versammeln in dein Namen
Hast du in sonderheit
Versprochen bei zuwohnen
Jetzt und zu aller Zeit.

Und was sie eines werden
Zu bitten und zu flehen
Sagst du soll ihnen werden
Drum Jesu, laß geschehen.
Erfüll noch dein Verheißung
Wenn sie vereinigt flehen
Ihn noch dein Wort beweisen
Ihn nicht vorüber gehen.

Führ sie in aller Wahrheit
Führ sie noch deinem Rath
Füll sie mit Licht und Klarheit
Damit sie in der That
Noch möchten sein und werden
Lichter der finstern Welt
Und auch das Salz der Erden
Das noch die Welt erhält.

Erhalt in deinen Namen
Die dein geworden sein
Bring viele noch zusammen
Ja, bring noch viel hinein
Und segne das bemühen
Der treuen Hirten Auf
Hilf, Jesu, selbst noch ziehen
Mit deinen Gnadenzug.

Daß die wo draus noch stehen
Ihn Hirt und ohne Zaun
Und möchten bald eingehen
Zur Thür im Schaffall ein
Ja, möchte Buße wirken
Und ihre Sünd bereuen
Und sich auch dann anschließen
In Christe Heer gemein.

Herr, Segne deine heerde
Daß sie noch zahlreich werd
Bewahre sie noch mehr
Daß sie erhalten wird
Ja Herr, du wollst uns führen
Den Weg zum Himmel zu
Und wirst uns immer zieren
Und bring'n zur seligen Ruh.

Dann wird, dich Herr, dort oben
In aller Ewigkeit
Dich deine Heerde loben
Die Schar die Christenheit
Für all dein treu und sterben
Daß du für sie vollbracht
Und sie dadurch zu Erben
Des Himmels hast gemacht.

—Henry B. Sander

CHILDREN'S SECTION

In this story about the Keim sisters, Mary feels sorry for herself because she is sure Lydia has all the advantages.

The Second Sister

-by Elizabeth Miller

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL morning in late spring. The sun warmed Mary's back as she pushed the hand cultivator back and forth between the rows of vegetable plants in the garden. The warm soil felt good to her bare feet. Ordinarily Mary would have enjoyed cultivating the garden, especially since it was the first time in the season. But this morning she couldn't enjoy any work. Too many dark thoughts crowded her mind—dark bitter thoughts that quenched every spark of happiness and made it disappear like the flame of a match dropped into water.

"It's not fair," she told herself again. "Lydia will never know what it's like to be the second sister. Nor will I ever know what it's like to be the oldest, either. I'm just as old as Lydia was when she started driving the team for Dad in the field." Mary had to bite her lips to keep back the tears that had threatened all morning to come to the surface. She looked up, and in the distance she saw her older sister standing on the harrow driving Dad's four big work horses. She stood tall and erect. The skirt of her dress was flapping in the breeze. Driving the team looked like fun and Mary longed with all her heart to be in her sister's place.

Mother came from the house carrying a pail of water and an old water basin containing tomato plants. Mary hurried back to work when she saw her coming.

"I think we'll set these tomato plants out after all," said Mother as she picked up the hoe and walked to the section of the garden that hadn't been planted yet. "It's May already and we might not have frost anymore. And if it gets real cool we'll try and cover them. They're getting too big to keep indoors."

Mary ignored Mother's conversation and tried to keep her face turned the other way. What did she care about setting out tomato plants? To her it only meant digging holes, carrying water, and then bending over to press the ground around the seedlings until her back was ready to break. Yes, she had to do all the hard work while Lydia could just stand on the harrow and hold the lines. That wasn't work; that was fun.

"Mary," Mother's stern voice cut into her thoughts. "It's time you stop your pouting. You know well enough

that you'd be tickled to work in the garden if Lydia were in the house washing dishes. But today she's out in the field helping Dad get ready to plant corn. It will only be for a few days and then she'll be ready to help in the house and in the garden again."

This was too much for Mary. Mother, who usually was understanding, took Lydia's side. It was bad enough to have to let Lydia go to the field and have all the fun. But now Mother was scolding her. Mary let the tears come. She didn't even try to stop them now.

"Mary," Mother's voice was more tender now. "You have to learn to accept things as they are. The time will come when you can work in the fields, too. Besides, that's nothing so special. It's tiresome to be standing in the sun to drive a team all day. You'd get plenty tired of it."

"No, I wouldn't," Mary said, brushing the tears onto her dress sleeve. "I can't understand why I can't drive the team this year. Lydia did last year and the year before, too. And I'm older than she was two years ago."

"Yes, but you know Dad said he'd let you if he didn't have that new horse hitched in this year. Maybe after a few days of hard work Bell will quiet down and then you can take the team," said Mother. "And if you can't there will be plenty of time for you next year."

"Yeh, next year!" scoffed Mary. "But no matter how old I get, Lydia will still be a few years older and get to do all the things she wants to."

"I'm afraid you're saying that wrong," said Mother. "What you really mean is that she does all the things you want to do. No matter what Lydia does, you are jealous and want to do the same thing. And by the time you are old enough to do the things Lydia does, you no longer want to do them. They've grown old to you and you don't think of them as being anything special anymore. That's the way it was with baking cakes. Then it was pies. And now I have to coax you to bake either one."

"But I still have to," said Mary sullenly.

"Yes, you do," said Mother. "And so does Lydia. Only Lydia doesn't grumble about doing it as much as you do."

"But you always take Lydia's part and let her do what she wants to do and I have to do the other things," mumbled Mary.

"You know that's not true," Mother's voice was stern once more. "And I don't want to hear you say that one more time. As long as you even think it, you're going to be unhappy. It's hard to please someone who insists on being unhappy all the time. You're not only making life miserable for yourself, but for the rest of us, too."

Mary started down another row. "I still wish I were the

***** *The Boy and the Acorn* *****

A very little boy once found
A tiny acorn on the ground;
Awhile he held it in his play,
Then threw it carelessly away.

Winters and summers ran their round,
And now on that same spot is found
A sturdy oak, whose branches high,
The winter's fiercest storms defy.

The child who threw the acorn there,
Has been a man this many a year;
But though a large strong man is he,
He never could uproot that tree.

And so 'tis with our habits strong;
They grow, each day, for right or wrong;
And he who forms them as he should,
Will see that every one is good.



- Sanders Union Reader, 1877

oldest," she said.

"Well, I can't help it that you aren't. Neither can you or anyone else. "Mother was raking the ground where she wanted to plant tomatoes. "That's one of those situations we can't change, so in order to be happy we have to change our attitude. Try to remember the advantages there are in being second in age. Remember the time when Dad and you and I went cherry picking and Lydia had to stay home to finish the morning chores and take care of the children. You didn't wish to be in her place then, did you?"

"N-n-o-o-," admitted Mary. "But..."

"And remember the time when Lydia stayed home from church when there was a visiting minister to take care of Benny when he was sick," reminded Mother. "Older sisters have greater responsibilities than younger ones do." She paused a moment. "Another thing, think of next fall when school starts. You will be going back to school while Lydia stays at home to help me work."

"But Lydia went to school eight years same as I will," objected Mary.

"Of course," said Mother. "That's what I'm trying to tell you. You both have the same privileges, only since Lydia's older than you are her's naturally come before yours do."

Even though Mary couldn't exactly see it Mother's way, she was glad she still had another year in school. That was one advantage she had over her sister. When school had closed two weeks ago and Lydia and Mary had said good-by to their friends and their teacher, Mary could add, "See you next year." But Lydia couldn't; she was out of school. Oh, of course she'd see her friends in church sometimes. And when Miss Lehman came back to teach another term she would probably see her once in

a while, too. But to go to school and sit down and study, to join in classroom projects and in games on the playground — these days were over for Lydia. Yes, that evening as they had walked home together after the last day of school Lydia had been so quiet that Mary had felt very sorry for her. She had even resolved to not care one more time that she was the second sister.

All that was two weeks ago. They seemed like two weeks, too. If two weeks were this long, how long would the time be if she couldn't look forward to going back to school in the fall? What if she had said "good-by" to her school days forever?

By now Mary was through cultivating the garden. "What shall I do next?" she asked Mother.

"Ah, let's see," Mother wrinkled her brow. "Why don't you go in and bring out the seed box and that dish with the cabbage plants from the window sill in the kitchen. And check to see that the little boys are still in the sand-box," she called after Mary, who had already started for the house.

All the rest of the morning Mary worked with Mother in the garden. Then they went into the kitchen to get dinner. By this time the sun was very warm and coming into the house felt cool and refreshing. "How soon are we going to move into the summer kitchen?" Mary wanted to know.

"Just one of these days now," answered Mother. "I was thinking about it, too. We'll probably wait until the corn's in or else we get a rainy day. We need Lydia's help, and maybe Dad's, too, for the big pieces of furniture."

"May I start this afternoon?" asked Mary. "Couldn't we move the big pieces after supper tonight if I did the rest this afternoon?"

Mother considered for a moment. "No, I don't think we should start it now. When the men work in the field they have work in the barn each evening that needs to be caught up and when they come to the house they're tired. We can move into the summer kitchen any time, and Dad can't plant corn any day. He has to keep at it while the weather's favorable.

Mary didn't answer, but some of the pout returned to her face. "We never get to do things my way," she thought to herself. "She just doesn't want to move now because she doesn't want Lydia to miss any of the fun." Sullenly she moved about the kitchen.

Dinner was ready and waiting when Dad and Lydia came in. Lydia looked hot and dusty. Dirty streaks were

THE MIDNIGHT TEST

by Elmo Stell

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- illustrated
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on her face and arms. "Hm-m-m," she sniffed as she came over to the stove to see what Mother and Mary were doing. "Smells good in here. Feels good, too. That sure is warm work out there."

"It will be warmer yet this afternoon," said Dad. "You'll have to give your horses time and let them rest once in a while." He picked up David and put him on the high chair. "My hired hand did real well," he said to Mother. "Do you think you can spare her another day or so? We should be able to get that field in by tomorrow noon if the weather keeps."

"Yes, we'll do the best we can," smiled Mother. "Mary helped real well with the garden and we've almost planted it full."

As Mary took her place at the table, she avoided looking at either of her parents. She had a guilty feeling. She knew she didn't really deserve the praise Mother had given her. Maybe she hadn't done too bad as far as working was concerned, but what about all the grumbling she had done? Would Mother tell Dad she cried in the garden this morning? Probably she would. But Mary was glad she didn't tell him right there in front of the rest of the family. Deep down in her heart Mary wished what had taken place in the garden hadn't happened. She resolved not to let it happen again.

But it did happen again. Not the exact same thing, but something almost like it. It all started one afternoon about a week later. It was very warm outside and Mother had decided in the morning that the three of them would work outside in the forenoon and leave the housework for the afternoon. So after dinner while David and Eli took their naps Lydia started ironing and Mary stirred up a batch of oatmeal cookies. Mother sat at the sewing machine working on the week's patching.

"Mother, what will I do with this dress?" Lydia wanted to know. "Will I wear it for everyday?"

Mother turned to see which dress Lydia was asking about. "Oh, no, not that one," said Mother. "You only got it last fall and it washes real nice. That's going to be one of Mary's school dresses for next fall."

"What?" asked Mary, even though she had heard every word Mother had said.

"You're going to wear Lydia's blue dress to school next fall," answered Mother. "By then I wouldn't be surprised if it fitted you exactly. You're growing in length this summer."

"There's my green dress, too, Mother," Lydia reminded.

"Yes, I know. That one will do Mary for a while yet, but probably not all winter," said Mother without looking up to see the dark expression on Mary's face.

"You mean I won't get any new school dresses?" Mary asked, bitterness in every syllable of the sentence.

Mother looked up sharply. "I haven't fully decided," she said. "I'll wait and see if you can still wear your old dresses by fall. And if you can't Lydia has a few Sunday dresses she won't be able to wear much longer. Since she isn't going back to school anymore you're the one to wear them out."

"That's not fair," stormed Mary, forgetting all about her resolution. "All I ever get to wear is hand-me-downs. Dresses, shoes, coats, bonnets - everything. I never get anything new."

"Never?" questioned Mother. "What about the dress you wore last Sunday? Was that one ever new? Or the bonnet I spent a whole day making for you. You know as well as I do that you do get new things; it's only once in a while that you have to wear out some of Lydia's clothes that she's outgrown. And why shouldn't you? They are plenty good enough to wear to school and it will save not only buying new goods, but it will save me the time it takes to sew new clothes. You wouldn't think we'd throw these clothes away and buy new ones, would you?"

"But Lydia never has to wear hand-me-downs," said Mary, half under her breath. "The oldest ones always get the advantages."

"I'm not so sure, Mary," said Lydia. "I think I'd be glad to wear hand-me-downs to school if only I could go

another year."

"Huh!" was all Mary knew to say. She turned her back and concentrated on her cookie recipe.

For a while there was silence in the house except for the humming of the sewing machine, the steady purring of the Coleman iron, and an occasional whir of the egg beater in the kitchen. Mary stirred the dough vigorously. She was thoroughly disgusted. What was the use of trying? For a whole week she had worked with Mother while Lydia had helped Dad in the fields. There were days when Dad excused Lydia from field work and then she helped Mother and Mary. But then Dad would need Lydia again. A few times Mary had begged Dad to let her try driving the horses, but it was in vain. "There's plenty of time for you next year, Mary," Dad had said. "Lydia learned when she was your age but then we had a more dependable team than we do now. Lydia's a big help to me and you can help by doing Lydia's work so she can help me." With that she had to be satisfied. After a few days Mary was accustomed to washing the dishes by herself and working with Mother. And best of all, after the first day she had done it without complaining. Secretly she had thought she had conquered her fault and accepted being the second sister. Now today she had been caught off guard and showed open displeasure about wearing her older sister's clothes. She was disappointed about the clothes, but even more disappointed in herself. If only she had pretended not to care.

"But it's no wonder," she comforted herself. "There's not a girl in the world who wouldn't object to being treated as I get treated. Hand-me-down clothes, odd jobs, taking second place. I hate being the second sister!"

Mary was so busy with her baking and her thoughts that she did not see a buggy come in the lane. Nor did she notice when a woman climbed from the buggy and tied her horse to the hitching rail. It was not until she heard a slight noise on the porch that she looked up. "Grandma's here," she gasped in a whispered voice, hurrying to the living room door as she spoke. There she turned and went the other way, opening the door to let the guest in.

"Hello," greeted Grandmother. "Baking, hum?" She removed her bonnet and put it on the corner of the table.

By this time Mother had come to the kitchen. "Come right on in," she invited. "It's warm outside. We worked outside this forenoon and now we're catching up with housework. Are you done with planting?"

"Yes, I am," said Grandma. "I was over at John's helping Lizzie this morning. She sure has her hands full. That's why I came over here this afternoon. We were just wondering if you could spare a girl to help her for two or three days. With the twins just at the age they are, she can't get very much done in half a day. She said if she only had someone to care for the babies and help along, she could get her work caught up enough so that maybe after that she could manage alone - at least part of the time."

Mother looked at Lydia, who was smiling from ear to ear. Mary, standing in the kitchen door, was ready to protest. But she caught herself in time. Without a word she went to the oven to check the cookies she had just put in.

"Well, I don't know," Mary heard her mother say hesitantly. "I'll have to ask Dad first if he can spare her. She's been helping him in the fields quite a bit lately. Did you want to know today?"

"Yes, I thought I'd take her over this afternoon yet if you could spare her," said Grandma. "That way she could help Lizzie tomorrow and Saturday. Or if you can't spare her this week, maybe you could next week. Lizzie's bound to have work whenever you can send her a girl to help."

Mother thought a moment. "Dad's just out here in the field. Let me go out and ask him," she said.

If Mary was jealous about Lydia going to Uncle John's to help take care of the six-month-old twins, she consoled herself with the thought that she might be allowed to drive the team while Lydia was gone. Determined not to let her jealousy show this time, she tried to join in on the

conversation Lydia and Grandma were having. It wasn't long until Mother was back.

"Yes, we decided we could spare one of the girls," she said and then paused to see how the girls were going to take what she had to say next. "But it will have to be Mary instead of Lydia. Dad needs Lydia to harrow tomorrow and probably the next forenoon, too. Mary's done a lot of planting for me this spring and helping in the house and I think she can do just as well in that as Lydia could."

Mary dropped the towel she was holding on the table. Had she heard right? Had she really heard right? She glanced from Mother to Grandma to Lydia. The hurt look on Lydia's face assured her that she had.

"Couldn't -- couldn't Mary drive the team for Dad?" asked Lydia lamely.

"Yes, she probably could," answered Mother. "Dad and I talked about it, too. But since we let you drive the team while it was a privilege you're going to have stick to it until you are done. It wouldn't be fair to let Mary drive the team now while you go to John's to help plant

the garden if we didn't let her drive it while we planted the garden at home."

This time it was Lydia who tried to blink back the tears. Without another word she went back to her ironing.

"There will probably be other times this summer when Lizzie will need help," comforted Mother. "You can take turns going then."

Mary hurried upstairs to get ready to go with Grandma. She was happy to be going to Uncle John's, but even happier with what Mother had just said.

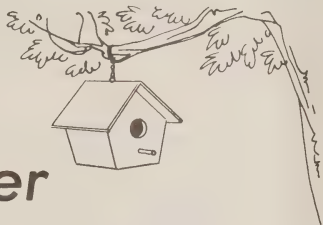
She realized as never before that her parents tried to be fair to her, even if she at times couldn't see their way. The only thing that spoiled her happiness was the memory of the unhappy look on her sister's face. "But Mother said we can take turns later this summer," she consoled herself.

Mary gathered a few things she would need into a brown paper bag. But she couldn't quite get rid of the guilty feeling deep down inside her. "Mother's right," she mused. "There are advantages to being the second sister. I hope I can always remember after this." ■■

ALONG NATURE'S PATHS

Our Summer With The Wrens

By
Agnes Ranney



We know that when God made the earth and all living things, he provided food and surroundings to suit each creature. But I did not realize how carefully those needs were met until the summer the wrens shared our home.

We first saw the house wrens in early spring. My husband, my daughter Carol, my son Stephen and I watched as the pair of them looked over the birdhouse Stephen had built.

First the mother bird hopped from the branch of the locust tree to the top of the birdhouse fastened to the tree trunk. Then she popped in the little round door. The father bird, his pert little tail almost straight up, sat impatiently on a branch. The mother came out, and he went in. He seemed to look the house over carefully. He came out and hopped onto the roof. Would it leak? Could the cats reach the house easily? The little brown birds discussed each detail, it seemed to us, with lively chirps and twitters.

Then they were gone. We did not see them for several days. But one morning father wren came with a small twig which he took into the house. The female came with another twig. They talked over the nest-building with much scolding and chirping. Sometimes they carried twigs out. Too big? Too small? We could only guess.

After the nest was done, we saw very little of the mother. But father wren sat in the holly tree and sang a carefree song.

At the end of about two weeks, we began to see the little mother again. She was very quiet now as she came to the birdhouse with food for the newly-hatched babies. She brought plant lice, grubs, small insects.

There was little rest for the busy wren. The father was

gone. Perhaps he felt his part of the job was done. In a week, we could hear the babies call to their mother when she brought them food. In two weeks, we saw small heads at the doorway, with beaks wide open for a gnat or beetle.

We watched the wrens one evening as we sat in the front yard. The breeze felt cool after the heat of the day. Back and forth went the busy little mother.

"Chirp. Chirp." called a baby.

"Are you calling your mommy?" said Carol, looking up.

"Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!" Another small head appeared. For awhile the children amused themselves by calling to the birds and listening for the answering chirp. They were so like children waiting for their mother to come that we could not help laughing at them.

But then we began to think it wasn't funny at all. Where was the mother? It was growing dusk. She should have come back to settle for the night by this time. We realized that twenty minutes had passed since we had seen her.

"Chirp! Chirp!" the little ones called urgently. We listened with growing fear. Five minutes passed, ten, fifteen. It was quite dark. Still no mother wren!

"A cat must have caught her," we said sadly. "She would come back if she could."

What to do? We couldn't let the babies starve. While the children's father got the birdhouse down from the tree, I put an egg on to boil.

The birdhouse roof, fortunately, was removeable. We took it off, expecting to find a cup-shaped nest at the bottom of the house. But we had a surprise.

"Why, it's full of twigs!" Stephen said. And so it was. Loosely packed twigs filled the house except for a narrow passage from the doorway near the top to the nest at the bottom. No creature could have reached the babies through that tangle of twigs.

Two small wrens perched on the twigs near the doorway, chirping and calling for food. Another struggled up from the nest, his small clawed feet grasping each twig tightly. Two more babies, a little smaller, were still in the nest.

"Five babies!" the children said. "How shall we feed them?"

"Get the tweezers," I said. The egg was cooked now. We cooled and peeled it, then mashed the yolk in a saucer, as we have done for baby chicks. I picked up a bit of yolk with the tweezers.

"How far down their throats shall I put it?" I wondered. I need not have worried. As soon as the food touched the eager beak, the first little bird stretched up

it's neck and snatched it. We fed first one and then another until all seemed satisfied. They settled with sleepy twitterings. Carol covered them with a piece of warm flannel.

By daybreak they were hungry again. Two hours later they had another meal. We began to see how very busy the mother wren had been, searching for food and bringing it to the five babies a bite at a time.

I wish I could say they grew up and flew away. But they did not. At first they seemed to thrive on our well-meaning if clumsy care. But then one of the smaller babies died. Then another. We varied their diet with scalded chopped beef and plant lice picked from the rose bushes. They ate hungrily, and snuggled under our cupped hands without fear. But somehow our care was lacking. One by one, the babies drooped. Their eyes grew dull, the once-smooth feathers rumped. By the end of the week, the last one lay dead. Sadly, we buried it with the others under the fir tree.

But though the story ended sadly, we were glad of this chance to know the little wrens. Through God's wisdom, the mother knew just what her babies needed. When we found them, they were as clean as baby birds could be. Every small feather was in place; the nest was spotless. Not a bit of eggshell or a stray feather was in sight. Only some unknown tragedy kept her from raising her babies and passing on to them all she knew about raising baby wrens.

God does care for wrens--and for thousands of other creatures, large and small. But for boys and girls, and their mothers and fathers, he cares in a much more wonderful way.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?...Ye are of more value than many sparrows," we read in Luke 12:6-7.

God gives us mothers and fathers to help care for our bodily needs. And he sent his own Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to die, that we might be saved and live forever with him. How wonderful that we can trust him for all our needs. ■■

This
Month's
Bible
Story

Swallowed By The Earth

Slowly the vast company of disappointed Israelites turned away from the land of Canaan and travelled back toward the desert. Because they had doubted God's power and complained and murmured once too often, God told them they could not enter the promised land, but would have to wander around in the desert for forty years. This was a hard punishment, but the disobedient people had brought it upon themselves.

Still the people hadn't learned their lesson. God had to punish them again and again, but it seemed that so very soon the people forgot and once more would sin against God.

While the Israelites were going back to the desert, a man was discovered gathering wood on the Sabbath day. Those who had caught him at it, brought him to Moses and Aaron. At first no one knew for sure what to do with the man, but then God spoke to Moses and said, "This man shall be put to death; let the whole community stone him outside the camp."

So all the people led the guilty man outside the camp and there they stoned him to death as the Lord commanded Moses.

After this happening, some of the chief men of Israel rose up and complained against Moses and Aaron. The leaders were Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. Korah was a Levite, one of the tribe God had appointed to help teach the people his commandments. But Korah was no longer satisfied to be just a Levite. He gathered a band of two hundred fifty other

Levites and they came to Moses and Aaron and said, "We've heard enough from you about how holy you are. We know that all the people are holy; the Lord is in our midst. Why then are you setting yourselves over the rest of us all the time?"

At these words, Moses fell on his face. Then he said to Korah and his two hundred fifty men, "May the Lord make known tomorrow morning who belongs to him, and whom he has chosen. Bring an offering of incense before the Lord tomorrow morning."

Moses turned to Korah, and said, "Listen to me, you Levites. Aren't you satisfied that the God of Israel has chosen you to draw near Him in the service of the tabernacle? Isn't that enough, or why do you try to get the priesthood, too? It is against God that you and your men are rebelling. For what has Aaron done that you should grumble against him?"

Moses knew that Datan and Abiram were also complaining against him, so now he sent word for them to appear before him.

But Datan and Abiram refused to appear before Moses. "We won't go," they answered flatly. "Aren't you satisfied with having led us here away from a land flowing with milk and honey to make us perish in the desert that you think you have to boss us around yet too? You want us to come so you can make us believe you have done no wrong - that's like putting out our eyes. No, we won't go."

Then Moses became very angry and said to the Lord, "Don't pay any attention to their offering. They have no reason for talking like this; I have never wronged any one of them."

The next morning Korah and his men assembled before the tabernacle. Korah and his two hundred fifty men each held a censer to offer up incense before the Lord. Aaron was also there before the door of the tabernacle with his censer and incense. The rest of the Israelites stood watching to see what would happen. Suddenly the glory of the Lord appeared to all the people.

God said to Moses and Aaron, "Stand back from the people and I will kill them all in an instant."

But Moses and Aaron fell on their faces, and begged God not to kill all the Israelites just because of the wicked doings to Korah and his followers. God listened to the pleading of Moses and Aaron, and he said, "Tell the other people to stand back, then."

As the people fled, fire from the Lord came forth which burned up Korah and his two hundred fifty men and their censers.

But the day wasn't over yet. Dathan and Abiram still had to be punished for their part in the rebellion and for refusing to come when they had been sent for. So Moses, followed by the elders of Israel, arose and went to them. They found them at their tents, along with the others who sided with them.

When the people crowded around, Moses warned them to stay at a distance. He said, "Keep away from the tents of these wicked men, and do not touch anything that is theirs; otherwise you, too, will be swept away because of their sins."

By this time Dathan and Abiram had come out and were standing at the entrance of their tents. Around them stood their wives and their sons and their little children.

Then Moses called out, "This is how you shall know that it was the Lord who sent me to do all I have done, and that it was not I who planned it; if these men die an ordinary death, merely suffering the fate common to all mankind, then it was not the Lord who sent me. But if the Lord does something entirely new and the ground opens its mouth and swallows them alive, then you will know that these men have spoken against God."

No sooner had Moses finished speaking, when the ground beneath them split open, and the earth opened its mouth and swallowed them and their families, along with their tents and everything they owned. Screaming and clawing, they disappeared alive into the ground and the earth closed shut again, and thus died the men who had dared to complain against God and his servant Moses.

All the people fled in terror when they heard the screaming of the dying men. They ran, saying as they went, "The earth might swallow us too!"

— E. S.



I'D RATHER BE TIRED THAN LONELY

A few years ago when my children were small
And I had so much to do
I'd often wonder at the close of the day
If my work would ever be through.

There was washing and ironing and mending
And work of every kind
Till sometimes I grew tired and weary
Both in body and in mind.

Little faces and fingers needed washing,
Little hungry mouths to be fed
And a thousand other duties kept me busy
Till it was time to go to bed.

Sometimes my footsteps were heavy
And I wished I might slip away
And rest my weary body
For just a single day.

Now the years have passed so quickly
My children are grown and gone;
Not a single one is with me
All have families of their own.

My house is so quiet and empty,
It seems that it can't be true
For there's plenty of time for resting
And there's not much work to do.

But gladly would I toil again
From morning until night,
For I'd rather be tired than lonely
With never a child in sight.

Submitted by Mrs. Joel King, Pennsylvania

The warm days seemed so slow in coming this spring, but maybe it seemed so because we were too impatient. I can attribute "impatience" to myself when I'm anxiously waiting to get out into the sun again.

Yet when we're out in the sun and everything goes our way we can think we have the fruit of patience in ample

supply. When things go wrong we become vexed and speak as we shouldn't. It is at these times that we learn to know our true selves. The Bible tells us to "grow in grace" and this is what is necessary. Maybe we should lift our eyes more often to the motto which says: WATCH AND PRAY.

I need to think of the mother (who was a stranger to me) whose light keeps on shining even though she has been laid to rest years ago. She had never done any great thing (according to worldly men) so as to become famous. But what she did she did with a quiet, pious air.

It was said of her, and still is, that she never became angry and that she was of the patientest of patient mothers. She even didn't become impatient when the others of her family found it necessary to walk across her newly-mopped and wet floors, nor when they had to step on her still-wet freshly-painted floor. If a mother can see this being done and can calmly say, "Well, if it has to be it has to be," she has reached the utmost peak in patience.

THE AFTER-CHURCH RACE

Six year old Susie nudged her mother, "Maem, is de gma baut aus?"

"Yust gleimal." Mother sighed as she tried to keep little Johnny on her lap.

Susie turned around cross-legged on the bench. She and her sister Mary, who was a year older, started playing with little Johnnie whom Mother had finally quieted with some tiny toy animals.

But soon Susie grew restless and again nudged her mother.

"Maem, ve lang gets nach bis de gma mol aus is?"

"As soon as they are done singing," the mother whispered.

As the last line of the song was sung, Susie jumped up and headed for the door with Mary right on her heels. The mother happened to see them. "Don't go out. It's too cold." she called out after them, trying to keep her voice soft so it wouldn't travel across the large room.

The two little girls joined about a dozen of their school chums at the window. But the window was clouded over and they couldn't see anything. Susie reached up to wipe a spot off so they could see out. "Can you write your name?" she asked one of her little friends as she wrote her own name on the window. Soon there were about a dozen names, numbers, and all kinds of animals scribbled over the window.

Suddenly Susie turned around and spied Johnnie on the back of the divan. "Look at Johnnie!" she shouted as she ran and jumped up beside him. "Oops!" she squealed as she slipped and bounced down on the couch. "This if fun!" she cried as she crawled up and bounced down again. Soon others joined them. Up and down. Up and down they bounced.

This lasted awhile. Then they decided to see who could "walk" the fastest through the living room, bedroom and kitchen. In and out among the crowd they pushed, giggling and laughing. Next they could be heard racing up and down the stairway steps. My, such noise. I wondered where the parents were. I spied them sitting with their backs turned seemingly unaware of all the racket behind them.

There is a saying, "What we have at home is what we bring to church." I wondered if we actually have such an

unordnung at home?

Proverbs 22: 15 says, "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." Such a noise and playing after church is not remembering the Sabbath and keeping it holy, so wouldn't it be foolishness?

I know it is hard to punish our children, but Proverbs 13:24 tells us "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

Whose fault will it be if our children grow up lost to the world, if we don't teach them when they are young? What are we doing to our bishop when he sees such an unordnung after church? He has been trying to teach us what is right for years, and is this all the progress he has made?

Yes, let the children play after church, but let's teach them to play quietly so we can make church a quiet place of worship and of meditation.

-A concerned Mother of the west

"PANTRY" PLANT FOOD

Stir: 1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon epsom salt
1 teaspoon salt petre
1/2 teaspoon household ammonia

Mix with 1 gallon lukewarm water. Give this to plants in place of a regular watering every 4 to 6 weeks. This works very well to perk up house plants, especially vines and ivys.

-Alma Gingerich, Middlefield, Ohio

DELUXE STRAWBERRY PIE

4 cups fresh strawberries, washed and capped
3 tablespoons corn starch
1 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
3 drops red food coloring
1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Spread 2 cups berries over bottom of pie shell. Mash or break remaining berries in pan. Add sugar, corn-starch, baking powder and mix well. Place over low heat. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Reduce heat and cool 10 minutes. Add food coloring to deepen red mixture. Cool, then pour over raw berries in pie shell. Refrigerate till thoroughly chilled. Top with whipped cream. Delicious!

-M. W., Pennsylvania

SOUR CREAM COOKIES

5 cups brown sugar
2 cups shortening (scant)
2 cups thick sour cream
4 eggs, beaten well
1 cup sweet milk
3 tablespoons baking powder (level)
3 teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon vanilla

Flour to make a soft dough. Makes from 90 to 100 cookies.

Mrs. R., Wisconsin

PINEAPPLE FLUFF

Melt 1 lb. marshmallows in a double boiler to which 1/2 cup of pineapple juice has been added. Remove from heat. Cool until it starts to thicken. Then add 1 pint whipped cream and 1 cup crushed pineapple.

Roll fine 20 graham crackers. Add 1/2 cup oleo. Mix. Fix in layers in a glass dish. First some of the cracker crumbs, then the pineapple pudding, etc.

-- Mrs. Sam Kauffman, Fairbank, Iowa

BUTTERHORNS

1 cake yeast
1/2 cup sugar
3 eggs beaten
1 cup water (lukewarm)
1/2 cup melted oleo
1 teaspoon salt
4 1/2 to 5 cups sifted flour

Bind yeast with 1 tablespoon of the sugar, add beaten eggs and rest of sugar. Add the rest of ingredients, then flour. Put in refrigerator overnight. Roll out like pie dough, cut like crescents and roll up. After rolled up, dip in melted oleo. Let rise 3 hours and bake at 325° for 15 to 20 minutes. If you leave in refrigerator for a while, punch down each day.

-Martha Farmwald, Nappanee, Indiana

My Mother, who boasted of no degree,

Was tutored in philosophy:

Five butter beans within a pod

Were generosity from God;

A broom could sweep the shadows out;

Churning put many a fear to rout;

A young pear tree in bridal veil

Was beauty's triumph over the gale;

And every star that blinked on high

Was proof that body and breath put by,

Some Mothers Write

Since warm weather is coming this will bring more diaper rash again. For this add 2/3 cup of vinegar to the last rinse water and soak diapers 10 minutes. A doctor told me this and it cleared up my baby's rash right away.

-- Mrs. Mahlon Shetler, Ohio

Family Life is an important book to our family. It would be still more important if we can feel worthy enough to help build it.

-Mrs. E. S., Pa.

Some times when our three year old would cry I'd say, "Who do I hear singing that song that doesn't have any words?" This usually brought a smile to his lips. One day while working in the garden he came out to me saying, "Mom, baby's singing the song that doesn't have any sound!"

-- Lena, Ohio

SOME FATHERS WRITE, TOO--

Connie, the three-year-old neighbor girl, was showing our daughter the newly-planted garden. "Here is a row of peas, here is a row of onions, and here is a row of beans, -- and oh, the mashed potatoes aren't up yet!"

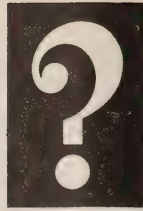
-D. H., Virginia

Thoughts from
My Rocking Chair



A child that receives not enough pats on his seat when young, requires more pats on the back when he's older.

Aunt Beely



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

??

Increase or Decrease?

Does the moon affect the growth of our fingernails, hair, corns, etc? I know some people believe it does. They wait till the moon is decreasing to get a haircut, to trim their corns, and to cut fingernails. I suppose if they'd want their hair to grow faster, they'd get it cut when the moon is increasing. Can this be true? Is it right to watch the "signs" of the moon? -A Martin

Concerning fruit flies. This was our experience this winter. There were flies and more flies, which had to be hatching somewhere. What kind of a housekeeper was I, that somewhere there was garbage that was not tended to? Finally we thought of some walnuts with outer shells on yet that we had down cellar. That was it! There they were breeding. -Mrs. E.K., Ontario

HELPING JAKIE FIND A HOME

I have had this for all the 21 years of our married life and find it really works wonders.

RECIPE FOR A HOME

1/2 cup friendship
 Cream together with a pinch of tenderness;
 Very lightly beat in a bowl of loyalty
 With a cup of faith, one of hope
 And one of charity.
 Be sure to add a spoonful each:
 Of gaiety that sings
 And also the ability
 To laugh at little things.
 Moisten with the sudden tears
 Of heartfelt sympathy;
 Bake in a good-natured pan
 And serve repeatedly.
 And Eph. 5:22 and verse 33 will be a great help, that Jakie and his companion can have a happy and peaceful home instead of a house. -N. E., Oregon

It is surprising to find a man that acts the way Jakie does. It is usually the womenfolks who hang their hearts on material things of the home. I know one woman who makes life miserable for her husband by her nagging. She thinks everything must be clean and in place at all times. When company with children comes she is afraid her furniture will become scratched. Such women make themselves slaves, bound by the chain of "worldly cares." -A Reader, Ohio

TWO DISAPPOINTMENTS

I read with interest about in-laws as I once lived with my in-laws. My experience was different from most of these. We lived there and I liked it. I thought everything went fine. I didn't have anything to complain about. I tried so hard to do as I should and I really became attached to them. I often pitied my mother and sister-in-law because

they were robbed of some happiness which most others have, so I tried extra hard to make them happy. My garden and yard were in full sight of their house yet I didn't mind. I liked to talk with them.

I was happy until they said we had to move. This came as a shock and we were very sad because we couldn't understand why. I thought back over the years we lived there wondering what it could have been that we did wrong.

One day I begged until my mother-in-law finally told me a few things. These were very simple, I wouldn't want to write them on paper. I was so relieved to hear it was for such a simple reason, yet I was disappointed that I had failed after trying so hard.

The experience was good for us. It made me realize that we may some day be disappointed again when Jesus comes. I wondered, will we think, I am doing what I should and everything is all right between us. And all at once Jesus comes and says we must move away from Him. His thoughts are not like our thoughts.

It scares me to think of it. This disappointment was hard, but it will be nothing compared to that disappointment—if we should be turned away.

-Once disappointed, Pennsylvania

MORE ON BABY GIFTS

Wearing baby clothes which I had convictions against always was a question to me, too. Then one time I heard a minister say when they had their first child they knew that fancy clothing would be given. (Because they had fancy relatives) He said they decided from the start not to wear anything on them that was not becoming to a child of God. So the clothes that could be made plainer (like lengthening the dresses, cutting off all the extras, etc.) they did and the ones they couldn't they just didn't wear. Soon the word got around as what kind of clothes these people wear on their children. It gave hard feelings at first that they didn't wear some of the clothes, but they were healed again.

What I can't understand is how a parent that dresses plain can fix their children's clothes up with lace and rick-rack, bias tape, zigzagging or even just 2 different colors of material. Many times it looks sloppier than if they'd just have left it plain. And I can't be convinced that it is for anything else other than for the pleasing of the eye. There is always a blessing in living out your convictions. -For plain clothes

JUST WONDERING

There is always a question that comes to my mind since I've joined the Amish church. (I was raised in a different faith.)

The questions always comes to me at ordnunge and grosz gma when I hear the minister tell how Moses and Jesus fasted for 40 days and nights. Then I must wonder why must we go eat before ordnunge and grosz gma ist vorbei.

I know some settlements wait till afterwards to eat. For some people that can't wait for some health reason, I can see sense in eating. Also for giving small children cookies or something at that time.

Where there is a large group of people some of the women don't hear much of the main part, for they are busy getting things ready, etc.

I hope I haven't offended anyone with this writing, for it's not my wish or intentions to do so. -just a reader

How to train up children in the Lord

- by Daniel E. Mast

After I had finished the eighteen rules for ruining a child, Grandmother Mast thought I should write the other side too. Otherwise, some people might misunderstand me.

1.) Don't give a young child something he shouldn't have just because he cries for it. Children are smart little pupils, and they soon learn to scream if they can gain anything by it.

2.) As your child grows older and knows what it is to obey and not to obey, teach him in love to be obedient, cost what it may. When he rebels or is angry, try to first soothe him with playthings. If he refuses to accept them and other methods fail as well, use the rod of correction as a last measure to overcome his rebellion. For if you once let him get away with it, you will have lost a great advantage.

When you have overcome his self-will, let him know how reluctant you were to use force, but that it was necessary for his good. The younger you can break his will, the easier it will be, and you will both be happier for it.

3.) Do not fail to give the child credit when it is deserved, and to praise him for the good he does. When he does wrong, it is necessary to reprove him, but let it be mildly, and with love and common sense. Press him in a Christian way, according to the regulations of the church. As soon as he is old enough to understand, explain why he is dressed in simplicity, and not according to the world's fashions.

4.) When you request him to do something for you, see to it that he obeys. Obedience brings with it many blessings, but disobedience brings a curse.

(Recently I sat in a St. Paul depot and saw a rebellious little lad of about three begin throwing a fit* and screaming with all his might. His mother tried everything she knew to quiet him — short of whipping. But whatever she handed to him, he knocked out of her hand and only carried on worse. When she plopped him down upon the floor, he rolled over on his back and kicked and screamed mightily. She got up to walk away and he bounced up in a hurry to run after her. The little fellow grabbed her dress and tugged at it angrily as if he would tear it off her. The mother then picked him up and carried him to and fro, trying to quiet him for twenty minutes or so. At last she fled with him out the door, though he was still screaming, and striking with both hands and feet.)

Parents who do not break a child's self-will at home can only expect to suffer through such scenes as did the lady in the depot.

5.) Father and Mother must agree in the training of their children. If they disagree, they are greatly handicapped. They should certainly not let the children know of their disunity, but decide matters between themselves, humbly and in private.

6.) Let the children know that you are going to work together, and each parent will stand behind the other's decisions.

7.) Watch and pray with and for your children, and bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. With the Lord's help, live a holy life so that your children will never think of you as anything but Christian parents.

JUNE, 1971

Keep your word. Give serious thought before you say yes or no, but once you have decided, let it be so.

It is possible to expect too much of children, and to scold and nag them so much that they become discouraged. Parents themselves at times fall short of carrying out their plans; therefore they should not ask too much of their children.

8.) Be careful with whom your children associate, for bad company ruins good morals.

9.) Be very much concerned what your children read. Storybooks and newspapers have no place in a Christian home. See to it, instead, that Christian books and periodicals are kept on the table. Then when there is opportunity — such as at the noon rest period — the children can read a little to fill their minds with spiritual things.

The Bible, of course, is the Book of all books, and a portion of it should be read daily at the time of devotion.

10.) Take them with you to church services, and there keep your eye on them. Help them to become interested in Christ's kingdom and the church of God.

11.) Keep them small in their own eyes as long as you can. Children who think themselves grown-up at an early age are easily led into mischief, which they may not be able to forget their whole lives.

12.) Don't let them spend money wastefully, for this is a habit which leads to ruin. Teach them that we are only stewards of the gifts of God, and as such must give account of every dollar we spend unnecessarily. There are things from which neither we nor anyone else is benefitted, and cigarettes are one of them.

13.) Always take time to answer their questions. Children are inquisitive, and what they learn in their young days usually stays with them, whether it is good or bad.

14.) Instruct them to lay up treasures in heaven — to seek first the kingdom of God. Those who trust in Him need not worry about their daily needs; He will bless, though not without the labor of their hands.

15.) Teach them from childhood to believe in Jesus as Redeemer and Saviour. And at Christmas, tell them why the day is a holiday. Make your home a Christian home, where children who want to do right may feel at home. When a young man or woman leaves his parents to seek a better, more Christian home, something must be amiss.

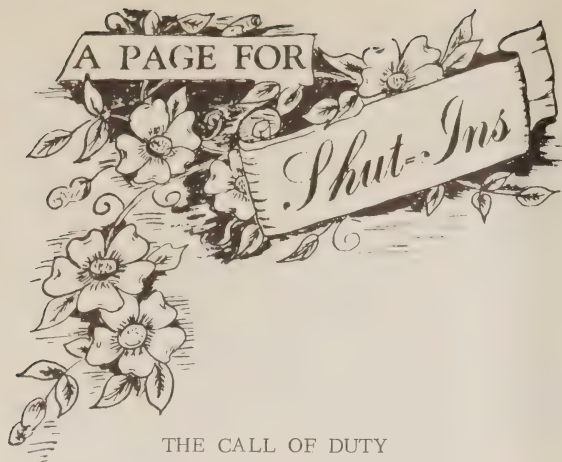
16.) Often read with them from the Bible, verse by verse. When they wonder about the meaning of a verse, take time to discuss it with them. In this way the Lord will bless you with more understanding yourself, and a blessing will rest upon the whole household.

17.) Acquaint them with the basic doctrines of the Christian faith — particularly the Dortrecht Confession, which gives a brief outline of faith in Christ. Then with the help of God, live a life that conforms to the eighteen articles of faith, and not to the eighteen destructive articles of my former writing.

18.) Your ministers are but human, and subject to error. Even so, they are called of God to preach the holy Gospel. Therefore, do not speak of their weaknesses in the presence of your children, lest they lose confidence in them. Once respect for the church's ministers is lost, much is lost. Pray for your ministers, and let it be in the presence of your children.

We hope to build up our church with and through the oncoming generation. Let us then do as the prophet Joel writes, "Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation."

Indeed, in this manner we want to build up the good things of God, and by His grace to strengthen the church as long as the Lord tarries.



THE CALL OF DUTY

The call of duty led him on,
He did not count the cost,
He went for help to build a barn
Which by a fire was lost.
An accident upon the way
Caused many broken bones
Which happens oft on smooth highways—
With many sighs and moans.

Now Orvie Shantz in hospital lies,
His life is in God's Hands;
His sufferings saddens many lives
Who cannot understand.
Now wife and brethren see his pain
Almost too hard to bear;
Kind nurses come and go again
Dear Lord, this is our prayer:

Renew all hearts to do Thy will
Let us not be afraid
The call of duty to fulfill
To those thus aside laid.
Help those who drive on dangerous roads,
Watch keenly all the way
For many lives are daily ruined—
And many do not pray.

E.R.W., Elmira, Ontario

CALLING ALL CRIPPLES

... as told to Harvey H. Nolt

The wind roared through the treetops, but we sat beneath in the shade, feeling cozy and secure, watching the baptismal services in the Conestoga Creek at Hinkletown, Pennsylvania. As fate would have it, one of the trees among us was blown down, instantly killing one of my girl friends, severely injuring my sister Ruth, and crippling me... Martha Zimmerman... for life.

The road to recovery was long and rough and far, but we learned how friendly people are. There were so many... like dandelions in the spring... everywhere out of nowhere. Many a day or night I nursed the thought, my left arm is now crippled and useless, and ME... Almost headed for a nervous breakdown. But my friends, unknowingly, kept pulling me back to health, or asking our Creator to do it.

After I was on my own I tried teaching school. I failed. Things looked dark. People stared at me (so it seemed). They talked a lot... and I imagined more.

The minutes added up to hours... and days... and

years. Some of my time was spent as handiman—I mean handgirl—for my siblings and friends in need. They always seem to know that the clerk is a cripple... handicapped... has difficulty writing bills or wrapping things. These thoughts too, have vanished away like fog in the morning sun.

As the employer's wife and I were taking inventory my useless hand needed a glove to keep warm. A certain customer who has been here many times said, "What? Wearing a glove in here?"

After he listened to the explanation that a severe nerve in my arm has rendered it useless and now it is colder than the other, he confessed he had been here many times but did not realize that I was handicapped.

Needless to say my self-confidence expanded. It was one of those bright moments in life that lifts the spirit and nourishes the soul.

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions-----

Colon Cure—When Doctors Method Failed

Drink a qt. of peppermint tea a day, sweetened with honey. (Not oil, leaf tea) When relief comes, drink one or two cups of this healthful tea a day (still better, add a few comfrey leaves). At the same time, take high enema (as warm as possible), made with tea from "gleta roots," or the inner, white oak bark. Using 2 table spoons of grated roots, or bark (crumbled), to about one and one half qts. of boiling water. Let brew until cold. Reheat to desired temperature. A hospital-like tub should be used, and inserted 10 to 12 inches. Take one high enema a day, for six days. Then occasionally, when needed.

-Mollie Zook

Colitis is colitis, but it seems to me I would try drinking strong comfrey tea regularly for a while. In some cases it has helped. It's probably trouble or emotion that trigger it off in the first place. -M., Pennsylvania

I use 1/4 teaspoon powdered myrrh and 1/4 teaspoon golden seal in 1/2 glass of real warm water. Drink it all. I use two 5 grams of garlic perles three times a day. This really helped me. A low carbohydrate diet is recommended. I feel like a different person. -E. T., Ohio

Avoid cold water. Use 1/6 level teaspoon salt in a cup of hot water on an empty stomach, or after meals if necessary. 1 level teaspoon of vinegar in a cup of warm water on empty stomach helps. Do not over-eat. Use olive oil, or prune juice, or buttermilk with diet for constipation. Avoid onions, black pepper, and pickled foods.

-One who had been plagued with colitis

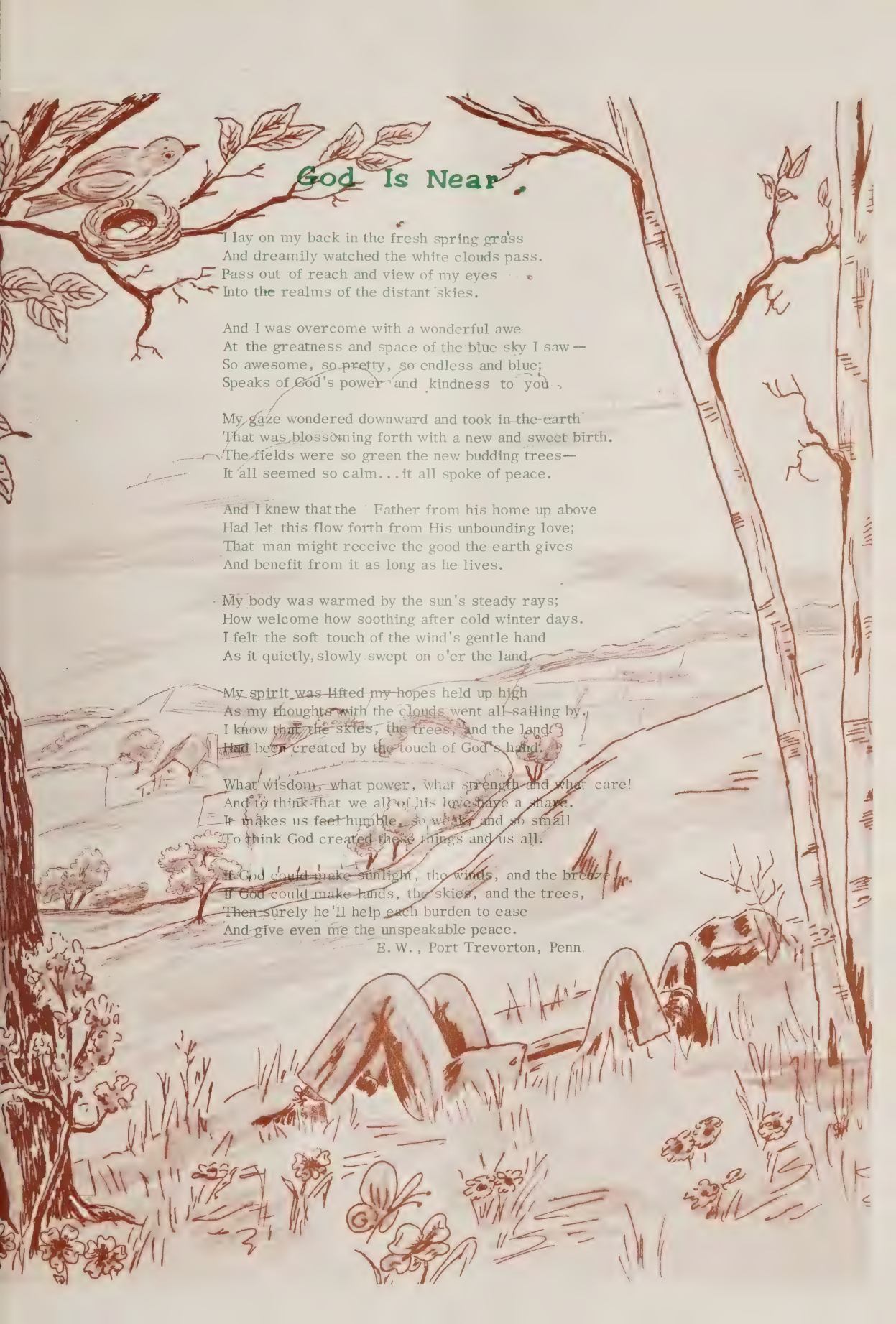
It has been proven that this disorder may be caused by an undersupply of calcium. Calcium may be obtained from natural foods rich in this mineral—especially milk. Dolomite is recommended for its high content of magnesium which is needed for better absorption of calcium. Calcium cannot be absorbed without vitamin D also. Raw vegetable juice is highly recommended for this problem.

-E.H. Martin, Ephrata, Pennsylvania

Colitis is an inflammation of the colon and I know of one case that was cured with Vat-ra-tox colon cleanser #1. Vit-ra-tox detoxifier #16 (available at most natural food stores), fruit juices and yogurt. Use as follows: For three days take #16 and #19 four times a day and nothing

(Continued on page 34)

FAMILY LIFE



God Is Near

I lay on my back in the fresh spring grass
And dreamily watched the white clouds pass.
Pass out of reach and view of my eyes
Into the realms of the distant skies.

And I was overcome with a wonderful awe
At the greatness and space of the blue sky I saw —
So awesome, so pretty, so endless and blue;
Speaks of God's power and kindness to you.

My gaze wondered downward and took in the earth
That was blossoming forth with a new and sweet birth.
The fields were so green the new budding trees —
It all seemed so calm... it all spoke of peace.

And I knew that the Father from his home up above
Had let this flow forth from His unbounding love;
That man might receive the good the earth gives
And benefit from it as long as he lives.

My body was warmed by the sun's steady rays;
How welcome how soothing after cold winter days.
I felt the soft touch of the wind's gentle hand
As it quietly, slowly swept on o'er the land.

My spirit was lifted my hopes held up high
As my thoughts with the clouds went all sailing by.
I know that the skies, the trees, and the land
Had been created by the touch of God's hand.

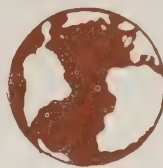
What wisdom, what power, what strength and what care!
And to think that we all of his love have a share.
It makes us feel humble, so weak and so small
To think God created these things and us all.

If God could make sunlight, the winds, and the breeze
If God could make lands, the skies, and the trees,
Then surely he'll help each burden to ease
And give even me the unspeakable peace.

E. W., Port Trevorton, Penn.

THE WORLD AROUND US

by J.H. Miller



TO MOTHER EARTH

Dear Mother Earth;

This letter should have been written a long time ago already, so we trust that you will pardon this thoughtlessness.

You know Mother, as we grow older, your forgiving attitude amazes us more and more. And as we note the many times we have disregarded your well being, you must have been disappointed in us humans. Please forgive us, it was only because we didn't really consider the seriousness of our actions, as we should have.

We have been guilty these many times of actually abusing you in so many ways. In the first place, we have had the idea that a couple hundred pounds of strong fertilizer could compensate for the much needed humus we didn't return to you, from time to time. We have sprayed our fruit trees, dusted our vegetables and garden things, with poison and upset the balance of nature in many other ways as well. For this breach of unthinking behaviour, we humbly beg your forgiveness.

In the future we want to be careful to return to your bosom more composted manures, plow under more green vegetation, supply the needed calcium in ground limestone, and follow other well balanced routines in retaining the natural fertility that we do so desperately need. We understand more and more that natural ways are the ways that make for a happy human family, in our physical and mental health, and even in our other assets, too.

Mother, we have been guilty of actually stealing from you too many times. We even know better, but didn't take the

time to be careful for your welfare, and in this way neglected our own. Is this why we have had such an increase of the many kinds of illnesses and sicknesses. We must wonder. Gods word tells us that, "I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." Mother, we must wonder haven't we greatly overstepped this portion of Holy Writ? I fear so. We can't help but feel that to be close to you in nature, must be close to God.

We have gotten to the point in history where we along with the people of the world, have been guilty of polluting your air, your streams and waterways, yes even your almost holy soil, from which we were originally made. We really didn't mean to do these things, but we did them. May we in the future be more careful, and try to cease from so doing. We want to throw less trash into the ditches that drain the surplus water from our fields. We want to keep our atmosphere, the very air we breathe, free from smoke and other pollutants. We wish to exercise more care in keeping the soil from washing away, by increasing the humus, and good farming practises.

You know Mother, an author once wrote that only the Amish are able to be on the soil a lifetime, and leave your soil in better condition then when we first were allowed to use it. But now we fear, that we have been infected with the love of the almighty dollar to the extent that we have lost sight of many of these good things.

You know, we used to say, Mother Earth, in a light vein not fully considering that this is an actual fact, but really is. Now we wouldn't think to so abuse our natural mothers, would we? Then why have we been guilty of abusing you, we must have to wonder.

We now realize that there must be many trees in recycling the water into the atmosphere to cleanse the air, to offer homes for the birds. we have cut them down so often, just as we could have a little better balance in the bank, and maybe didn't even have an actual need for this much money at all only a want for it.

So in closing, we trust we haven't gone so far that we can't correct these above named errors, that our land may be healed and clean once more. So we want to do our part in these things, and hope that in printing this letter others of our human family might be able to see the seriousness of these trespasses, and be willing to do their part.

Thanks for just being our Mother, and in the hope we may be more faithful to you in the future.

WORTH DYING FOR

By
Nicholas Stoltzfus

The story is based upon the known accounts of the Waldensians, the faithful forerunners of the Anabaptists. Written in language that anyone can understand.
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FAMILY LIFE

JULY
1971

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the future. In this life when moving from one place to another, there are always questions to ponder, and details are important. If we are not interested in what is to come, it is questionable whether we are prepared when the final summons come.

Samuel Hertzler, Paraguay

letters to the editors

BEST STORY EVER

I WANT TO let you know that I think the story in May issue of F.L., "Those Happy Golden Years" was one of the best and most worthwhile stories ever published in your magazines. We need more material like this in our homes instead of worldly newspapers.

Eli Mast, Ohio

RELIGIOUS PEOPLE

The article in May issue "Enter in At The Gate" about baptism, works, and plain clothes was interesting but I feel you made a pretty rich statement. In the topic on self-help you say a man can be very religious and still be straight on the road to hell. I thought when we talk about religious people we mean being on the narrow road. There are only two way, but I believe some are trying to make four for five different ways. We read in James 1:26 that if someone does not control his tongue, his religion is worthless and he deceives himself. It also tells us what the pure and genuine religion is.

Jesus said that thorn bushes do not bear grapes and briars do not bear figs, and we can know the false prophets by the way they act.

Illinois

ANSWER: The dictionary, says the word religious means to follow a certain religion. From the Epistle of James we know there is a true religion and there are also false or vain religions. Followers of a false religion can still be religious people but their religion is in vain. In the New Testament times the Pharisees were very religious people but we believe it was a false religion.

HIGHER THAN ANGELS

Many people think that the righteous departing this life (see Feb. issue) will be angels in the eternal world of glory. The idea may be taken from the Scripture that says in the resurrection, they will neither marry nor be given in marriage but are as the angles of God. It does not say they will be angels, but as the angels. In other words, they will not live as man and wife.

In this life it is human nature to want to give orders and to rule, instead of taking orders or being a servant. But the duty of a Christian is to serve and according to the teachings of Jesus we do not need to be a ruler in order to be great. Jesus said that whoever will be the greatest among us should be our servant.

In Heaven this will be reversed. The righteous will receive a new nature and instead of wanting to rule others, will want to serve. But what does the Scriptures say then? Luck 12:37, "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh, findeth watching; verily I say unto you that he shall gird himself and made them to sit down to meat and will come forth and serve them." Matt. 25:21, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

Angels are spoken of as ministering spirits of God, or servants of God. The above Scriptures indicate that the righteous shall have a higher position than the angels in the hereafter.

This may appear to be an unimportant subject to write on for we know that it will be properly taken care of in due time. But I think a person should be concerned about

FAITHFUL IN THE LEAST

The article, "Forgetful or Dishonest" (May issue) shows the world is watching us. A certain feed dealer said the Pennsylvania Sales tax law was made with loopholes and the Mennonites and Amish who are honest, will become dishonest.

The law here requires 6 per cent sales tax to be paid on feed for pets, riding and driving horses whether you live on a farm or not. Some retired farmers have a horse for driving so they put out a few rows of strawberries or truck crops and sell them. Then they can sign the exemption certificate for the horse feed. But that fact is that their horse is mostly used for driving.

A few years ago a certain Old Order Mennonite (who is no longer with the church) said that he cheats the income tax law whenever he can. The reason he does it, he said is because he can use the money better than the government for they use it for the space program, the war in Viet Nam, etc. He said, "What does it amount to anyhow for not reporting a few things on the income tax returns?"

The government does not want us to pay more than we owe them, neither do they want us to cheat them out of their tax. When the income tax law came in, a certain old farmer said he thinks it is the most just tax law the government ever made. If the farmer has a poor year or a lot of dependants, then he need not pay. The land tax is the same regardless, so why cheat on the income tax. The old saying is that "one unrighteous cent eats up ten others."

But why make such a fuss about paying a small income tax as it doesn't amount to much to the government anyhow. Luke 16:10, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much."

A.B. Martin, Pennsylvania

HIRED GIRL HELP

Other girls' experiences are interesting to me as I am a hired girl myself. The story "My First Impressions Were Poor" (May issue) was interesting. Although the lot of a hired girl is not always pleasant, it can be very rewarding. If we have our ears and eyes open there are many things we can learn which we would never have learned at home. Then, too, I feel it's good to find out a few of the trails which go with having a family.

And who knows, if we do the best we can to help others, maybe some day we will get a willing worker to help us out, too.

M. Tennessee

Hired Girl Stories are interesting to me for I have been one and have also had one a number of times. I was

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fortunate on both ends as I should some real nice people to work for and the hired girls I have had were mostly nice ones. I think it's worth a lot to be one, then you'll know how they feel when you have one.

I had one that especially stands out in my memory. I was in the hospital when she came on Monday morning. She came into a strange house (she did not know us although I did know her mother), a man and three small children. I really felt for her as I always hated to sit down and eat with a man if his wife was not there. I came home on Tuesday evening. She did not talk much at first but we were soon able to have a nice conversation.

She tried very hard to do things the way we were used to doing them and she got along with the children just fine. I can not remember hearing her scold once but she always kept them quite if I wanted to rest in the afternoon. Also, she never disturbed me unless it was necessary.

If she did not know how to do something, she said, "I never did, but I'll try if you will tell me how." This was worth a lot to me. She broke one or two things, but I also broke things sometimes so I knew just how she felt.

Now she is married and lives in another state and I do not see her very often but I still think of her a lot. I hope I can teach my girls to be such willing workers as she is.

E.B.W., Ohio

An Ohio girl wrote in "More Money Hungry" (May Issue) that sometimes the man gets a notion he can "have some fun" with the hired girl. I know a girl who worked someplace where the husband also thought he could have some fun with the hired girl and this girl was **even working for church people**. At least she knew better although she was young at the time.

A Mother, Pa.

SHAWLS AND SHOPLIFTING

"**Shoplifting Becomes Common**" in March issue was interesting but it was with the last part of it that I don't agree. You said country stores in rural communities of plain people can sell merchandise at a lower margin because they don't have the added costs of bad debts and shoplifting. I am sorry, but I have to say you are mistaken.

The writer knows of a woman wearing a shawl and bonnet going through a ten cent store. The proprietor was up in his office where he could see down over the patrons and he saw her take a mouth organ. The store was almost empty and the manager asked the clerk if the lady had paid for the mouth organ. The clerk was surprised and said she did not know she had bought one. She asked if she should follow her, but he said, "No, but watch her the next time she comes in."

Two very plain women of a different sect were shopping in Kitchener at a large department store. They were about ready to leave and the manager apparently was very wide awake. He approached them and asked them where they were from and what group of Mennonites they belong to. They explained everything to him and then he said, "Would you mind to please take those goods out from your shawls?" He would not have them arrested but oh such deceit!

We, as plain people need to be careful not to overemphasize our plain clothes because it's the inside, in fact, it's the heart that needs to be thoroughly cleaned first. Jeremiah says the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, who can know it?

by one of the plain people from Waterloo County

THE FAMILY

Felt I had to write in regard to the article in the April issue, "The American Family In The Last Century." I thought it was a very worthwhile subject and it brings many things to light. May such articles help us to ever keep our eyes open lest we follow the broad way and be swayed by the things of this world. We need, with the help from above to resist temptation and strive to keep

our families and churches in order lest we be found sleeping when our Lord shall come again.

W. Pennsylvania

I wish to express my gratitude for the outstanding article in the April F.L. on the American Family. It was especially interesting to me since I have studied this same thing for many years.

Stephen Scott, Ohio

COLONY OF MARTINS

The story about purple martins (May issue) was very interesting. We have a colony of 30 to 40 pairs of martins every year. The houses are of the cross-arm type which have been in the Hershberger family for the last 50 years. The compartments are 5" x 8" by 4" high with the floor level $\frac{1}{2}$ " below the bottom of the hole. The holes are $\frac{1}{8}$ inches in diameter. We use poplar wood as it is nearly odor free.

We control starlings and sparrows by shooting them with a .22 rifle. The martins are used to the crack of the rifle to the extent that they don't mind even if we shoot the starlings from between two martins.

Last week we had a spectacular scene. A sparrow tried to claim a nest in the house so a martin flew in front of the hole and blocked it off. This was too much for the sparrow, for he went and caught the martin by the tail and held him fast for a few seconds. The martin circled away and came right back and fought with the sparrow. Soon both the sparrow and martin came out fighting and tumbled pretty near the ground.

By this time I had my rifle ready and the boys were watching the fight. The sparrow once again entered the nest and the martin sat in front of the hole. Finally the martin got tired of waiting and flew away. In a few seconds the sparrow emerged and we soon had him on the cross hairs of our telescope sight. I pulled the trigger and he fluttered to the ground and made a meal for our pet raccoon.

Melvin E. Hershberger, Ohio

We have been blessed with purple martins for ten years, and appreciate them very much. Another tip is don't put a martin house near a chimney. We have found a way of getting rid of starlings. We have several old apple trees with starling holes in them. We put two large spikes just below the hole and set a small rat trap on them. The first year we tried it we caught over 100 starlings. But we are careful to set the trap only when starlings are hanging around so we don't catch other birds.

If you like to build birdhouses, try blue bird houses. The inside measurement of the house should be 5" x 5" x 8" deep. The hole should be one inch from the top and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. If holes are larger, starlings will get in. The best place to put it is on a fence post about 4 to 8 feet from the ground. We have 9 bluebird houses and there are 3 pairs of tree swallows and 1 pair of bluebirds in them.

Harvey Stauffer, Port Trevorton, Pa

FARM OR FACTORY

About working in a factory, (see May issue), I feel it is no place for Old Order people to work as a life work. For a temporary job, it might be a little different. If we have to depend on the auto every day to make our living, we just as well own one ourselves.

As for the older members loaning money to you, it appears as if you might have gone a little overboard and this may be the reason. It is not becoming for our kind of people to do their farming with all the modern things. If we want to drive horse and buggy on the road, we also ought to do our farming with horses. All things may be lawful, but not all things are expedient (1 Cor. 6:12).

Satan may come and say you can't make a living without these things and you can live better if you have more modern things, but if we look around, we can still see where others are making a living this way. We should

wait on the Lord and see what He has in store for us.

Judging from the way you write, you may be trying to force something into the church that is not allowed which would be an offense to the other members. Stop and think what you are doing before you go any farther. Who shall so offend one of these, it were better for him that a mill stone were hanged about his neck. It is a serious thing to make an offense in the church. ■■

THE CAMEL AND THE PEACOCKS

The camel and the peacocks are symbols of the sins we allow in our lives and also in the churches. They keep getting bigger until the babes in Christ and the weaker members are overcome by them and die a spiritual death.

Some become hurt (in their feelings) and bear grudges to the extent that they can not grow in grace but remain babes who have to be carried around in the arms of forbearance. If the present trend continues it will not be long until the church is full of babes and invalids, weak in spirit who will have no one to teach them. Their eyes being blinded to the truth they will not be able to realize their condition.

To kill the peacocks (pride) would break the hearts of the owners (enslaved hearts) who idolize them. To start at the root of the sins and butcher the camel would be difficult, at least it would raise a stink with the unyielding owners.

Meanwhile the owners would throw dirt in their faces. Often when some sincere members want to help the ministers clean house, the owners of these pets call them goody-goods or say they think they are better than other people. Or they may say, "We've always done it this way," or "So-and-so does it and they're good Christians." What they need is to be washed clean through the blood of Jesus Christ.

—E.H.S., PA.

I am sending an answer to the camel farm problem. I am a convert from the Catholics to the Mennonites and I am really not too familiar with the "pets" among the Amish. However, I believe we think very much alike since we both know that the world holds many things that we cannot hold ourselves and expect to remain faithful in the Christian faith.

To me the "family" sounds like a church group and the narrow door makes me think it is one of the stricter ones. Everything went smoothly in the church until some members brought wild animals (worldly ways) in from the woods (world).

The commotion began when these pets grew older and more fierce, injuring the younger members. (If only we could realize how our children can be harmed or helped because of our influence!)

So the sanitary minded members, (those who wished to live clean lives) moved away and started another church and said, "No pets allowed." But there was one problem, although they didn't let any new pets in, some of the members were allowed to bring their old pets along. The mistake here was that the elders compromised.

This happened a second time with worse results yet. One elder pleaded for his son's pets saying they were cute and harmless looking. How sad it is that so many of Satan's deceptions look so harmless when in reality they kill our souls.

So now the peacocks, (worldly ways) multiplied, which will always happen, for when we let in a little sin, bigger ones always follow. The baby camel (a small sin) grew and its manure (evil influence) filled the church. He also retarded some members, making them go backward in their Christian life and even rendered some unconscious

(sawing their conscience with a hot iron) so that they were as good as dead spiritually.

As for the camel, if he is too fat to fit through the door and it doesn't work to cut him up in pieces, why not try starving him to death? Sin that is neglected will soon be gone. That way he'll be skinny enough to go through the door.

We should not feel too sorry for the men who are doing the house-cleaning. Even if they do get dirt thrown into their faces, we must remember that Christ allowed people to spit in His face.

I think the whole story goes to show that you can't compromise with sin, no matter how harmless or attractive it might appear at first. The elders of the church must be firm. If they say "No Pets Allowed" they should with Christ's help, stick to it. And we members should carefully weigh our pets on God's balances before even thinking of asking anyone to allow us to bring them into the church.

—MRS. ROBERT L. BROWN, PENNSYLVANIA

As to your question of what should be done with the pets, I feel that the leaders should take action to get rid of them. It would be for the best of all concerned even if it broke the peacock owners' hearts. As to getting rid of the camel, most leaders get dirt thrown in their face at some time or other. I pity the church where such conditions are allowed to exist.

—R.E.M., Pema.

Your peacock and camel article treats a subject which is very important in the church today, namely of maintaining the proper balance between non-conformity to the world and unity among the brethren. We might take the peacock to signify things which have no place in the church whatsoever such as vain display, adultery, or defense by force. The camel might be things which are of some use in themselves, but must be trained and brought under subjection. Their use must be limited to what is expedient to the overall good of the group.

It is in these "camels" that we find the most difference of opinion. If we can't agree, what should we do, divide and let each one take his own way? I wish we could get rid of the idea that church division is a normal and acceptable thing.

—F., Pennsylvania.

After reading the story, the words of the disciples, "Deute uns dies Gleichinis" (Declare unto us this parable) came to my mind.

We have come to the conclusion that the camel is the world and the peacocks are pride. Moving into another house is going elsewhere to start a church. The young camels and peacocks are old customs which should never have been allowed in the first place. He that wants to be entirely clear of the camels needs go out of this world (1 Cor. 5:10).

How to get rid of them is written in James 3:17, "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable." If we make peace before having purity, we will always have peacocks and camels.

Samuel Hertzler, Paraguay

Some issues of Family Life are more interesting to us than others but the May issue was especially interesting and worthwhile. As to the camels and peacocks, anything contrary to the church standards, will continue to grow if it is not disciplined or gotten rid of. We have seen where the leaders said, "Well, now maybe there isn't so much in it after all. It's just the day and time we're living in." The camel was soon too big to be taken out and today this church has grown very worldly.

It seems our churches are all becoming more worldly minded in such things as dress, ways of farming, attending worldly amusements, etc. I think we should all help to remove the camel before he is too big to go through the door. Then maybe we could nurture the ailing members back to health.

Family Life Reader, Millersburg, Oh.

Family Life

Many of the plain churches, it seems are having trouble with pets. A minister once said it seems if Satan can't get the plain churches interested in getting T. V. and dressing like the world, then he will get them to disagree and fight each other. He is a "jack of all trades" and doesn't care how plain they look just as long as the house is divided against itself.

When a bank is being robbed, there are two ways to keep peace. One is to take the police out of the bank and the other is to take the robbers out. Likewise we should either take the pets out of the church or take the sign down. Then we could put in the latest waste removal system to wash away the stench even if it pollutes our streams. Some women think it is a shame if their legs get cold in an unheated outhouse, but if they get cold on the street, it doesn't matter. Years ago boys thought it was a shame to have long hair, now they tell their dads, it's plain to have them longer.

What all comes under the name of pets? The dictionary says it is any animal or person that is fondled. Just where should we draw the line between necessary items and pets?

For example in our community horses are considered essential as a way of travel. Is there a danger of too much indulgence in horses that they become pets?

In a certain community where horses are used for transportation, one man had a farm and would buy up race horses which were too slow for the track. He trained them for driving in carriages and buggies and sold them throughout the community. He consoled himself in the thought that he was doing the community a service for were it not for these rejected horses, the driving horses would become very scarce.

This man liked his business and as it increased, he put up a stable and built a track. He boarded and drove race horses for the owners. As time went on and his business increased, he hired men to help him and he also put up

another track. Some of these men fell in love with these race horses (pets) and their speed, and wondered what they could do on a real track against other horses.

And it so happened one evening that a man was standing at the end of his lane waiting, when a neighbor came along and asked, "Can I give you a lift?"

"No," the man replied, "I'm going with a load to Philadelphia, -- to a large sale."

"Well, don't buy yourself poor," his neighbor answered and was gone.

Soon the driver, a Mennonite, came with several other men and as they were on their way one of the passengers said, "You are responsible for this. What will you say when they ask you to make a confession for taking us to this 'sale'?"

"I'm in it this far," the driver answered, "so I can't back out any more. If they don't want me as a member, I can go to the Catholic church for they are glad for members. I think you, my passengers, are in the same boat. What will your wife say about it?"

"We won't bet that much that we become poor. I reckon we can take care of ourselves at this sale! Furthermore, we need more driving horses with all these young boys growing up."

With this they were off to the horse races for the evening!

When does a house or a farm become a camel or a peacock? Is it necessary to have the driveway blacktopped and all the conveniences in it? In the *Martyrs Mirror*, (English page 361) we read, "It is true we have cast away the dumb wooden idols of old, but now examine yourselves if Christ is your supreme treasure or whether your treasure is here and you try to add house to house and farm to farm and strike for higher wages. How miserable your love for possessions renders you in giving alms. Would you engage in a lawsuit rather than give up your right and suffer damages?"

- A. B. M., Pennsylvania

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

TWO LIVES FOR ONE

When I was a young boy at home, I used to take my own way more or less and a lot of the time I was disobedient to my parents. I thought I was someone and when I started using tobacco behind my parents' backs, I thought I was doing something big. I went to church regularly, grew up and joined the church and was of the opinion I was all right. I married and we started a family.

I was used to hearing how Jesus had given His life for mine but took it all for granted and never thought too much about it. I would look for the pleasures in life and I lived a life without many worries.

We had seven children, the second one being a boy, he suddenly took sick with a rare disease and died. It was quite a shock but in time it started to wear off.

Then one day I got to thinking. The more I thought the more I came to the conclusion that I would never get to see my son again or meet him unless I changed my life. I was convinced I had to do something. But where will I start? My other children were all living a life which was worse than mine when I was young. I could think of no other place to start but in my own heart and on my knees. At first I couldn't tell a whole lot of difference for things were just not working out like I had expected.

I did more thinking and praying. Then I realized I have to give up my whole life. My tobacco habit had to go, too. Then things started to change.

I still have a lot of place for improvement but I had just never realized I was so far off the track as I was. I have a lot to be thankful for to the Lord for the privilege He

gave me for he could have taken me away in the shape I was in.

Now I can see it took Jesus' life and my son's life to change my life. The question comes to me, had my son been asked, "Would you give your life to change your father's life?" what would he have said? Would he have been willing like Jesus was? It brings tears to my eyes to think of it.

How much do my children's lives mean to me? Can I let them go on and live a carefree life and lose their spiritual life and still have a living hope of getting to Heaven myself? No, indeed.

My children are part of my flesh and blood and how can I stand back and watch them walk straight into Hell, even lead them there? Their souls are worth more than diamonds, too precious to lose, if it can be avoided.

As for myself, I feel very unworthy that two lives have already been given for mine. — Author wishes to remain anonymous.

I DIDN'T GO

Her name was Rose. Fifty years ago I cared for her and her baby sister many a day. In fact she was the first job I ever had at baby sitting.

Her grandparents were Amish but over the years a number of families were deceived by false doctrine. Rose was a Jehovah's Witness.

I knew she was sick with cancer. All last week I had the urge to write to her. I must, I must. But I took the excuse that I was too busy to write that letter.

Last night I went to view her body. But it was too late to say even one word to her. I learned that she had been

conscious until the last half hour.

Now I wonder. Did God allow someone else to take over where I failed, and tell her the Plan of Salvation? Or where is her soul? Did it go to the hell that she so strongly denied while living. If only I had written that letter! It might have been in vain, and yet who knows but what, as she faced death, she might have given heed.

I feel that I have sinned in not writing that letter. I did it once before. Will God give me another chance?

Friends, if you are ever prompted by the Spirit to witness to someone, do it right away and save yourself the regrets that I have.

—Amanda F. Zook, Pennsylvania.



THE CINNAMON BEAR with her pair of brown cubs on the June **Family Life** turned out to be one of the most striking covers we have had so far. Covers, of course, are of less importance than the material between them. But we are of the opinion that they still have their place. A lot less apples would be eaten if the outside were the same color as the inside and even a pill has a sugar coating.

We believe an interesting cover helps to set the mood and whets the appetite for finding out what is inside. The June cover showed us a clear, cool day in June like the morning after a good rain, the martin boxes on the May issue made us think of sitting in the yard on a summer evening, the two wild geese on the April cover were whispering the stillness of a night-time scene beside the lake, the barren tree on the March issue held forth a promise of spring and warmer days to come, and the February issue, oops, we promised not to say any more about that!

The June cover was drawn by Alta Hershberger of Hartville, Ohio, but a small part of the credit goes to our own artist, Sarah M. Weaver, who worked out the color scheme. It took some extra planning and effort to bring out the different shades. Sarah had just returned from a three months vacation and apparently she felt it was time for a change from some of the drab covers which previously appeared.

One of the best parts of this work is that no matter what kind of cover we use, someone will tell us they think it is the best or one of the best we have ever had. Of course, at the same time we realize that some of our subscribers think it is the worst one we ever had, but we are thankful they don't always get around to telling us.

THE DEPRESSION YEARS were times that will never be forgotten. Anyone who is forty-five or older will recall many of the conditions related in the article on the depression in this issue. Prices were amazingly low but taxes remained high. I recall my father sending a truckload of thirty-five hogs to market and they only brought enough money to pay the taxes on the farm. I went to a farm sale with Dad where most of the milk cows brought \$25 each but he managed to buy a dry cow for \$15. When fattened, this cow furnished our beef for a year.

The worst years of the depression were from 1931 to 1935 but prices remained low much longer. I remember that in the summer of 1941 hog prices dipped to less than 4c a lb. By this time the farmers were used to almost anything and went ahead and made the best of circumstances.

Anyone born since those times should be sure to read this article. Not only to find out what was, but also what may come again. People became poor overnight. Especially hard hit were those who had much debt. Ever since that time we have heard warnings against going in debt too deeply for fear the same thing will happen again. During the fifties there were many predictions of a coming depression, and to a lesser extent in the sixties.

Just about the time most people were convinced that

"it can't happen again," things began to happen. The past year has brought us more signs of a collapse of the economy than we have had during the past thirty years. Many large companies have gone bankrupt throwing hundreds of thousands of people out of work. The present predicament of the Penn-Central Railway Company, the sixth largest corporation in the United States has shaken up many people to realize that the economy of the nation is in bad shape.

One of the signs of the end times is "the hearts of men failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on earth, for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." Such things could easily come to pass yet before the end of the present generation.

We are thankful for the interest in furnishing material for **Family Life**. During the past year there has been a noticeable increase in the number of original articles sent in by our readers and also in the quality of those articles. We appreciate this because new writers come up with new thoughts and they tend to break the monotony. It also helps to take the load off the regular writers.

We would like to take this opportunity to say few articles are used right away. We like to plan out ahead as much as possible. Therefore nearly every issue has articles which have been with us for six months or longer. There are various reasons for this. Sometimes we have two articles on the same subject so we save one for awhile. It also happens that we think we will not use an article but later change our minds and use it after all. We don't always know what is best, and sometimes these turn out to be very effective articles.

One of our most unpleasant tasks is refusing well-meant articles which we can not use. Often these come from good friends and it is hard to say no. Usually the articles are not of sufficient general interest, even though they may look like major topics to the writer.

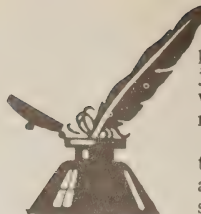
Some time ago we wrote to a person who had sent in an article saying we did not feel we could use it, and also stated our reason. He wrote back and complained that "You did this to me once before." We were sorry he felt this way about it, but there was nothing we could do. We try to evaluate each article according to whether or not it is of sufficient interest and value to the readers, and not by who wrote it. Although we naturally like to hold our writers and keep them happy, yet our first and greatest responsibility is to our readers.

We are glad that most of our contributors are not offended if we do not use all of their articles. We have in mind especially one of our good writers who nearly always includes a note saying, "You can use the enclosed article, part of it, or none of it, however you think best." We use about nine out of ten of his articles.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT-

The front cover for this month was sketched by Mrs. Ruben M. Schwartz, a young mother from Geneva, Indiana.

Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

A False Measuring Stick

Several years ago a man and his wife from a distant state whom we shall call Mr. and Mrs. Smith, stopped in one summer afternoon to visit a few hours with my parents. They had been farther east, and were now on their way home, along with their two teenaged daughters. They were professing Christians. They were very interested in meeting plain people, and had much to say about how they also wanted to live according to the Bible.

My father invited them to come into the house and sit down to talk. They did so, and several times during the conversation, they mentioned how bad the world was becoming with the immodesty in fashions and dress. We didn't know exactly what to think of this, since Mrs. Smith had on a dress that seemed way too short to us—it reached only to her knees. And their teen-aged daughters wore even shorter dresses.

Still Mr. Smith and his wife talked about their belief in modesty, and kept lamenting the terrible corruptness of the world. Finally my father decided to say something. "I hope you won't be insulted," he said. "But, er, frankly, just the way you are dressed would seem immodest to us."

"No, we're not insulted," the man said quickly, nodding his head. "I know exactly what you mean. And I agree with you."

"Did you hear that, girls?" Mrs. Smith said excitedly, looking at her daughters in triumph. "Did you hear that? Did you hear what the man said? Did you? He feels your dresses are too short, too." Then she turned to my father, and went on quickly to explain. "You see, we've tried and tried to tell our girls that their dresses are just too short. I'm glad you mentioned something about them. We feel exactly the same way you do. Exactly."

She never once seemed to imagine that my father wasn't just referring to the daughters' dresses, but also to hers. She went on to explain herself further. "Now, our pastor is very stong on the point that women should dress modestly. Very much so. He feels that a woman's dress should touch the floor when she kneels. You see, like mine does." She got up from her chair and lowered herself to her knees. Sure enough, her dress just touched the floor when she knelt.

Now that she had made her point, she got up again and sat down, shaking her head and saying, "No, no, don't ever feel bad that you mentioned something about the girl's dresses being too short. We feel exactly the same way, and maybe this will help them to see it!"

That was an unforgettable scene that we have talked about many times since. It was so ridiculous as to be humorous, and yet in all seriousness it was too pathetic to laugh about. For Mrs. Smith was entirely sincere in thinking her own dress was decent and modest. When she compared it with the still shorter dresses of the other women she met on the street, her dress seemed quite lengthy.

What was Mrs. Smith's mistake?

She was using a false measuring stick. She was measuring herself by the world's standard, and she seemed good in comparison. Had she measured herself by God's standard, she might have arrived at a less comforting but more accurate conclusion.

It is easy for us to see Mrs. Smith's mistake. But is it

possible that we might be making the same mistake in just a little different way, and not be aware of it? Could we, too, perhaps be using a false measuring stick and not realizing it?

If we compare ourselves with others who are worse than we are, and then comfort ourselves because we aren't as bad as they are, we are indeed making the very same mistake Mrs. Smith made.

And it is so easy to do. And so tempting. Undoubtedly all of us have been guilty of it at some time, in one way or the other. We can play this comparing game at every level, and there is practically no end to the things we can justify by it. Hardly anybody is so bad that they can't find somebody worse. We can justify ourselves, our children, and our church, in this way for there are always other people, other children, other churches that are in worse shape.

But we're using a false measuring stick. We end up with a false comfort. We make ourselves believe we are all right—and maybe we aren't.

Yet it is done all the time. For example, let's take an Amish mother, whose name we won't mention. She would really rather her daughter didn't wear her covering so far back on her head. But she decides not to say too much, for after all, her daughter is still doing a lot better than some of the other girls, who fix their hair up with fancy hairdos, and things like that. "I should just be glad she wears a covering at all," she tells herself. In the same line of thought, an Amish father isn't too fond of the way his son has his buggy all decorated, and ornaments on the harness, but then he decides that a lot of boys get a car, and that he should just be thankful that his son has a buggy, even if it doesn't look the way it should. Or we can go to a still higher level of authority, and find the same reasoning. The ministers in one church district don't approve of the way some things are going, but then they look over in another district and see where it is drifting even faster, and so they feel that maybe their district isn't so bad after all.

And thus the game goes on, everyone measuring, everyone comparing, and no one being helped, no one being bettered. For how can we expect to build something good by looking to something bad? How can we hope to make an improvement by comparing ourselves with something worse than we are?

It's time we throw our false measuring sticks away, and start looking for better ones.

The Bible, of course, is the only entirely reliable standard by which to measure ourselves, our families, our churches. It is unchanging, and what it says is final. Our first concern should be that we measure up to the high standards it sets.

The Bible also teaches that we should copy the examples of others—good examples. "Beloved, follow not that which is evil, but that which is good" (3 John 11). Paul encouraged the believers to follow him. "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ" (1 Cor. 11:1). The Bible says we should follow the faith of our ministers (Heb. 13:7). Last of all, Paul praised the Thessalonians in that they "became followers of the churches of God" (1 Thess. 2:14).

So the next time we feel guilty about something, let's not look for someone worse than we are. Instead, let's look for someone in a better condition, and say, "If he can live like that, with God's help, I want to, too." If we feel that our church is losing out and drifting with the world, let's not comfort ourselves by the examples of other churches who are losing out even faster. Let's instead look for those churches who are successfully stemming the tendency to drift, and ask ourselves, "If they can hold a standard like that, why can't we?"

And if we think we aren't drifting, if we believe we are holding our own against the corroding influence of the world, maybe we should do a little more checking up. Let's ask around and find out what the church was like thirty, twenty, fifteen, and even ten years ago? And the changes that have occurred, were they toward more

Biblical standards, or toward more worldly ones? Another good index is the difference between the way the parents and their children are dressed. If there is that much of a difference between the next generation, will any non-conformity remain?

Recently I talked with a grandmother from one of the larger Amish settlements. She said she saved quite a few of her clothes that she used to wear as a little girl. The clothes were still in good condition, and she felt it would be too bad to throw them away. Someone might as well get some benefit from them. So one day she took them out of her trunk, deciding to give them away. But when she looked at them, she knew she had a problem. Who could she give them to? "None of my grandchildren were dressed like that," she said. "I knew there was no use giving the clothes to them, for they would never wear them. So I finally ended up giving them to the Swartentrubers, as they were the only ones I knew of that still dressed their children the way I was raised."

It was a disturbing story to me, and I looked at her and asked, "How old are you?"

She said she was 61. Not really that old. And then she asked a question. She said, "If our church changes as much in the next 25 years as it changed in the past 25, where will we be?"

I think I know the answer. We will be where those higher groups are now who look so bad to us that they make us feel good. And by that time, those groups will have drifted still farther, and in comparison we still won't appear too bad.

It's a comforting theory that we have come to believe—this idea that nothing is bad as long as something is worse. It should carry many of our districts rather smoothly on out into the world within the next twenty-five or thirty years. That is, unless sometime between now and then we wake up and discover what the Bible says. "They, measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise" (2 Cor. 10:12). ■■

GRANDPARENTS

Mrs. P. T. Martin

I feel sorry for children that have never met their grandparents. They have missed something wonderful. I have many pleasant memories of my grandparents, and although they have all gone on to their reward, I think of them almost every day.

They were kind and loving and lived their faith, and followed the Golden Rule.

My father's parents always helped on butchering day. They taught us many things about butchering which we were eager to learn. They would also help when we planted potatoes. It was a joy to see them come.

They enjoyed having their children and grandchildren at home for a duck roast, or in the summer for watermelons and canteloupes.

In the spring we waded in the creek or watched the mother duck with her ducklings swimming along. Sometimes I was allowed to ring the dinnerbell to call the men from the fields. In those days we could hear six different bells and they all had a different sound. They would ring anytime between 11:30 and 1:00 o'clock calling the men home to dinner. To hear the bell was a very welcome sound when we were picking blackberries or working in the fields.

I enjoyed Grandmother's roses so much and to walk in Grandfather's watermelon patch. On Sundays we would go to church with them and sit with Grandmother.

I still remember in 1918 when the flu epidemic hit so many places. We all had it and my father had pneumonia with it, too. He was seriously ill. His parents came to our house and stayed 7 weeks while grandfather did the chores. Grandmother helped to nurse my father back to

health, using such old home remedies as onion poultice. My grandparents didn't help just one child, but all of the children and neighbours, too, when needed.

At my other grandparents, I can still see her standing in the yard gate smiling as we drove through the creek. While I stayed with them, I helped in the garden and Grandfather taught me how to set our plants.

There was a patch through the middle of the garden that went to the barn. She always planted phlox on each side of this path. As we walked to the barn, we could smell their spicy fragrance. Sometimes we went fishing in the meadow under the willow trees.

There were lots of birds singing in the tall maples around the house. Grandmother loved the birds and she raised dipper, pourds and put them up for wren nests. The wrens sang so sweetly around the yard.

The cardinals would sing in the morning. Then Grandmother would say, "Listen! It's going to rain today." She said it sounds like the cardinals are singing, "Bet you, bet you, wet-wet-wet." In observing this in the years since that, I notice that it seldom fails. The cardinals don't always sing the same things.

I also enjoyed going to the country store with them. Grandmother would take her homemade butter and a basket of eggs and exchange it for groceries. In those days dress material was 10 to 12 cents a yard and other things accordingly.

I wonder if we stop to think of our Christian heritage and respect and appreciate it as we should. I, for one, feel that I come short of this.

My grandparents were kind and loving and lived their faith and followed the Golden Rule. They were rich in the love of God. They loved to help the sick and needy and did good wherever they could.

They didn't try to see how many farms they could own, they had their hearts on more worthwhile things. I feel that each person who is blessed with Christian grandparents, comes into this world with something special. Children, if you have Christian parents and grandparents, then spend as much as you can with them. Do as many kind deeds as possible and cherish their love and admonitions. With the help of God you can make a small corner of this world a better place to live. ■■

SETTING UP A STANDARD

By Samuel Hertzler

"Set up a standard, publish and conceal not" Jer. 50:2.
"Set up a standard in the Lord, blow the trumpet," Jer. 51:27.

Why was it necessary for Jeremiah to write the above verses? At that time the Jews had an established religion for more than 400 years. The law of Moses was handed down from generation to generation and was as much in force as on the day the Israelites entered the promised land. Did Jeremiah want to change their religion? I doubt it. A Bible dictionary says at this time the Jews worshipped God along with two, false gods.

What Jeremiah had in mind was not another religion, but to purify the religion they had. He wanted to purge out the heathen religion so they would serve only the one true God.

To do so demanded a national change. There was a need of setting up a standard and making it known across the nation.

The conditions of our day are much the same. There is a need to set up a standard. There are people who are trying to serve God but they are also worshipping two idols. These are the gods of money and fashion.

Money can be used in such a way that it performs an acceptable service to God. But to do this, we must be able to use it as a servant instead of letting it become our master. To use the god of fashion in an acceptable way would be difficult if not impossible.

In the world about us we find that certain standards

Family Life

have been set up for the different professions. Anyone who wishes to be a nurse, must meet certain standards in order to qualify. Without meeting that standard, it is useless to try to be a nurse. The same thing is true of a doctor, a lawyer, a dentist, an electrician, etc. Each of these professions may have its place in society but none of them are as important as the calling of the Christian. In Matt. 5:13, the Christian is spoken of as the salt of the earth, a substance which is necessary for preserving it.

There is a need for setting up a standard in our service to God. We should have a standard which must be met before being admitted as a member into the church.

The standard, as it is written in the New Testament calls for love, purity, meekness, self control and such like. But too often it is entirely ignored. The standards of the church are often so low that it is difficult to tell the difference between the Christian and the non-Christian.

If the people in the world today were not better informed in their respective professions as many so called Christians are in theirs, than they could not be depended upon to give reliable service.

These are sad conditions but unfortunately, too often they are true. Shall we despair or shall we do like the prophet Jeremiah and call the people to set up a standard?

"Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His, and Let everyone that nameth the name of the Lord depart from iniquity." 2 Tim. 2:9. ■■

Love Not The World

Redeemed ones, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus blood
Are they not born to Heav'nly joys
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

Can laughter feed the immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time and waste the day?

Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honors of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
What children love and fools admire?

Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher,
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire
Then, with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.

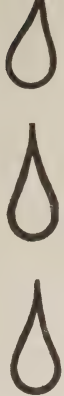
We'll look on all toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promised in the skies.

-Author unknown

The best way to get rid of a rival is to make him a friend.

By David Wagler

Daniel Kramer thought he was
needing rain badly but discover-
ed he was needing some-
thing else a lot worse.



NO RAIN IN SIGHT

It was after supper, one evening in February. Daniel Kramer sat at the kitchen table with his kerosene lamp. In front of him, he had his account book and a scratch pad and was busy figuring.

"I just don't see how we will make it. I just don't see," he muttered to himself under his breath.

Just then Savilla came into the kitchen, "Daniel, what's wrong with you? You look so sober. Did someone foreclose the mortgage or something?"

"Oh no, it's not really that bad," Daniel said as he gathered up his thoughts and brought himself back to reality again.

"Well, what's the problem? Maybe I can help you solve it. Did the hog price go down, now that we're in the pig business, or what?"

"No, it's not that either. I was just going over the figures and at the rate we did last year, I just can't see how we will ever get our farm paid off."

"But last year was a dry year," Savilla said, "and we didn't do so good, maybe it will be better this year. I don't see nothing to be alarmed about. As long as we stay well and—"

"I guess it's really not anything to be alarmed about, and yet, I wish we could arrange to have a little more income. Now I was just thinking, if we could raise more corn—"

"But you don't want to put the whole farm in corn, do you, Daniel? You know we have to have pasture and hay, and besides, it's so much work for you to plow and plant and take care of so much corn."

"Yes, it's more work, but if we had a good crop it would be worth it. Now I was just thinking that twenty acre field in the bottom across the road ought to be plowed up and planted in corn. That's really good soil. If we got a good crop there, it might make 150 bushels per acre. Just think of that."

"I think you're figuring pretty high, Daniel. But if you put that field in corn, how many acres would you have altogether this year?"

"I thought I'd put that field in corn again where we had it last year," Daniel answered, "So that would make forty acres altogether."

"Forty acres! I don't see how you could take care of that much. Why, last year you only had 20 acres and then you didn't hardly have time to plow my garden and cultivate the truck patch."

"Yes, I know it would keep me busy. I'd have to buy two more horses, and then I could use a gang plow and a tandem disk. With a favorable season, I don't think I would have any trouble."

"But suppose we have a wet spring, how will you ever get that much crop out?"

"I guess we'd just have to do the best we could. But I have a feeling this year will be a good crop year, and just think. If we had forty acres of corn and it made only a 100 bushels per acre, that would be a lot of corn."

"That sounds pretty high to me," Savilla said, "but what would you do with that much corn?"

"Well, we have those ten steers that will have to be fed

next winter, and then I asked Fred Hostetler to save me back 15 of the best gilts out of his bunch of hogs. If those 15 gilts have each 10 pigs next fall, that would be 150 pigs to feed next winter. That will take a lot of corn, and then another batch of pigs in the spring."

"That still sounds big to me," Savilla cautioned. "If I remember right, Dad used to say that if he can raise 8 pigs a piece from gilts, he is doing pretty good. I wonder if it wouldn't be better just to take a little more time, we have our steers and the milk cows, and now you have some pigs coming on, and I could take real good care of the chickens. I believe we could get the farm paid off all right before too long."

"Well, we have forty acres that needs to be put in corn," Daniel said, "If we happened to have a bumper crop, just think how much that would help us."

"If you have made up your mind to do it, then I would just as well agree with it," Savilla said, "But I still think it's taking a pretty big bite."

Spring came early that year. Daniel was able to buy a team of good work horses at a reasonable price at a farm sale. He kept himself busy getting the harness and machinery all ready so he could get an early start as soon as the fields were ready to plow.

"The weatherman says the outlook is for below-normal rainfall for the next thirty days," Merle Sandberg told Daniel one day when he was going by. Merle was a bachelor who lived down the road a mile. He lived with his mother and took care of the farm. Every evening Merle watched the weather report on T.V. and he always planned his work the next day according to the forecast. If the forecast was for rain, Merle would not dare to go to the back end of his farm to work for fear of getting wet. If the forecast was for fair weather, he would go to the fields, even if a thunderstorm was coming up in the west.

"I hope the weatherman is right," Daniel told him. "I've got a lot of plowing to do and if it doesn't rain, I can start by next week."

The next week, Daniel did start plowing. The first several days he took it rather easy until the horses got used to the work. Then he was out from early morning till evening. When the weather was warm, he would bring the team home to water them every afternoon, and let

them rest an hour while he chored around the barn. In the morning he was in the field early, and would come home in the forenoon to do his chores while the horses took a rest.

Saturday morning Merle Sandberg came driving by in his station wagon and stopped to talk with Daniel. "It's supposed to start raining on Sunday and keep up for three days," he announced.

On Sunday night it did rain a good shower. But by Tuesday morning Daniel was in the field again.

When it was time to plant corn, Daniel had his plowing finished and the ground worked down. One evening he said to Savilla, "Tomorrow I want to disc up that bottom field and maybe I can start planting corn by the day after tomorrow."

"Do I have to wait until you are finished planting corn before I can get the sweet corn planted?" she asked.

"I'll stop and plant it for you any time you say," he answered.

"I guess it's not that much of a hurry," she said, "You go ahead and plant the corn cause that is more important."

The weather that spring proved to be ideal. Every week, there was a shower of rain, just about enough to keep the soil in good shape and to start the corn growing.

"I'm really glad we planted forty acres of corn," Daniel said one evening, "The weather has been excellent so far. It's not been so wet as it usually is in the spring."

"But Dad used to say if it's dry in the spring, we are apt to have a dry summer," Savilla answered.

"We had a dry summer last year. Maybe we'll have more rain this year," Daniel said.

"I hope so," she answered.

The month of June started in dry. Daniel began to watch for signs of rain. One day when he was passing by Merle Sandbergs, he stopped in to chat.

"How's your corn growing?" Daniel asked.

"It's getting a bit dry," Merle answered, and then he added, "The weatherman said last night there's no rain in sight. They showed a picture of out west where the grass was all dried up and the cattle are going hungry."

"The weatherman isn't always right," Daniel said.

NEIGHBORHOOD GOSSIP

by Daniel Kauffman

There are a number of things plainly to be seen about those who love to talk about their neighbor's faults.

1. They delight in the downfall of others.
2. They are two-faced.
3. They have a wonderful imagination.
4. They are not interested in changing those whose character they like to tear down.
5. They do not pray for their neighbors except when they want to show off their own piety.
6. When they leave the neighborhood, everybody rejoices.

We should never talk about our neighbor's faults unless we are convinced that we can do him some good, or that his faults are of such a nature that others should be warned of them. The divine command, "**Love thy neighbor as thyself**" is a cure for all needless neighborhood gossip.

But if we are to strictly avoid all foolish or

idle talk and not talk about our neighbors' faults, what are we going to talk about? We can talk about our neighbors' good qualities. It is not likely that we possess all the virtue there is to be found in our neighborhood. If we can think of nothing to talk about except neighborhood gossip and foolish topics for conversation, we are showing an amazing lack of information. Why not talk about Bible characters, about books we have read, about Christianity in the home and church, about means of awakening a greater interest in problems which are confronting the church, and about other subjects that come up in connection with the home, the farm, the business or religious life?

Such topics as these are worthwhile talking about. Have we exhausted them? There are enough useful topics for conversation all about us to keep us talking for as long as we live, without stooping to engage in vulgar talk or airing neighborhood scandals.

— From the book, "**A Talk With Church Members**," adapted.

On the night of the 20th of June a thunderstorm came up but it rained only enough to lay the dust. Then it cleared up with bright blue skies every day and the stars twinkled brightly at night. When the sun came out the corn began to shrivel up during the daytime. But in the morning it looked better again.

During the first week of July, Daniels stopped in again to chat with Merle, "It's really getting dry, isn't it?" he said.

"The weatherman said last night there's a low pressure area moving in which will bring thunderstorms tomorrow night," Merle said.

"I hope the weatherman is right," Daniel said. Then he got on his buggy and went home. A car passed him on the road and kicked up a dust which almost choked him. "A good rain would settle this dust," he muttered to himself, but his mind was on his cornfields.

The next evening a thunderstorm did come up but it pulled around to the north. There was much thunder and lightning but where Daniel lived, there was only a sprinkle of rain.

The next morning Daniel said, "Looked like they sure had a good rain around north."

"We can be glad for them," Savilla answered.

At the end of the week, one evening a rain came up in the southwest but it pulled around to the south. The next day Daniel talked to Bill Hopkins, who lived a mile south.

"We had a good rain last night," Bill said, "I think you fellows over there must not be living right."

Bill Hopkins had laughed then, and Daniel laughed with him, but inside he felt like anything but laughing. Just what was wrong anyhow that all rains either went around to the north or to the south? Was this a punishment for something they had done? Or wasn't God concerned about them? Surely if God takes care of the sparrow. He would also care whether or not His people had rain for their crops.

Every day the corn was shrivelling up. "One good rain would make a lot of difference now," Daniel said one evening.

"I guess we'll just have to wait till it comes," Savilla told him.

The thoughts began coming to Daniel, maybe he should not have planted so much corn. Maybe he was going at it too big. He should have taken Savilla's advice and not put so many eggs in one basket. Here he had worked hard all spring, almost day and night, and now it looked like he might not get enough corn to pay for his seed and fertilizer. But Daniel gritted his teeth and thought to himself, "It's raining all around us. Surely our turn will come next time."

On Thursday night a rain came up and the patter sounded very welcome on the roof. The next morning Daniel hurried out to the rain gauge and when he came back he said, "It rained a quarter of an inch last night. That'll freshen things up."

But that day the feed man came to bring some chicken feed. They chatted awhile and then Daniel said, "Well we had a nice shower of rain last night."

The feed man said, "Just west of here down along No. 37 highway there was water standing in the fields while ago when I came through there." "Good for them," Daniel mumbled, but inside of him, he felt very discouraged. No. 37 Highway was only 6 miles west, and there they had a good soaker there. Something must be wrong. Surely Bill Hopkins was right, either they were not living right, or God didn't care after all.

Now the corn leaves were turning yellow at the bottom. The corn was beginning to tassel and very soon it would be shooting ears. One day Daniel went ten miles north to see about a wheat drill that he had learned was for sale. There the corn was dark green and was growing night and day. They had plenty of rain there, and in some places more than they needed.

One day Daniel stopped in again to chat with Merle Sandberg. "They're predicting rain tomorrow evening," Merle said, "and then again next Monday. They showed on the T.V. of a big storm out west and in some places they are having floods."

Daniel did not answer but he thought to himself that a flood would look good toward a field of parched and shrivelled corn.

The next evening a cloud did come up but it rained very little. Then it cleared off.

"The way the sun goes down, it looks like a nice-I mean, a clear day tomorrow," Daniel said.

"Do you mean a clear day is not a nice day?" Savilla asked.

"I didn't say anything like that," Daniel answered, "a clear day is a nice day, but-but a rainy day would be a lot nicer now."

Sunday was clear and cool but the wind was from the east. All day Daniel scanned the skies for any sign of rain. He could see none. But on Sunday evening there was a bank of clouds in the west. "Merle said it's supposed to rain tomorrow all day. I hope he knows," Daniel said.

Monday morning Daniel's heart leapt for joy when he got up. Looking eastward he saw a patch of red haze in the clouds as the sun was rising.

"It's a very good sign for rain," Daniel said, "but I suppose you want to wash anyway."

"Of course I want to wash," Savilla answered. "If it rains, we'll just be glad for that."

It was cloudy all morning and toward noon, a slow rain began to fall. It kept up over dinner and until three o'clock. The rest of the afternoon was cloudy. Daniel went to the rain gauge and poured out the water. It measured only a quarter of an inch of rainfall. But Daniel still had hopes, it was still cloudy.

Savilla had supper ready early. While they were eating, they heard a rumbling sound in the southwest. As soon as they had finished Daniel went outside. When he came back in, he said, "I think we'll get it this time. There's a big bank of clouds in the southwest and it looks like an old fashioned thunderstorm."

But the storm was a long time in coming. Soon it was thundering in the south. Before long they could see a white line below the clouds and it looked like sheets of water were falling from the clouds. But on Daniel's cornfields, it barely sprinkled.

Daniel looked towards the west to see if another shower was coming. Just then the wind changed over to the west and he thought he could see a break in the clouds. There was a black bank in the northwest and soon he could hear thunder in that direction. Apparently they were getting another rain around to the north where they didn't need it.

Daniel looked at the small clearing in the west. It could mean only one thing, the rain had missed them again. It would be at least a week before the next rain would come up, maybe two weeks or three. Daniel felt sure it wasn't going to rain all summer. "I just don't know how it would feel to have a good soaking rain. We haven't had much all spring," he thought to himself.

Daniel sat down at the edge of the lawn and gave a big sigh. What was the use of looking for rain, anyhow? What was the use in dreaming of gathering in a bumper corn crop, or of paying off their debts? There was no use in making plans, for nothing would work out. Just when he had the prospects for a good crop, it would rain all around but not a drop on his farm.

So deep in his own thoughts was Daniel that he did not hear Savilla until she was right beside him. "Daniel, would you like to help me hoe the cabbage before it gets dark? If we get a shower of rain tonight it would."

"No use looking for rain tonight cause it's not going to," he almost snapped at her.

"But how do you know it won't. I'd like to get the cabbage hoed just in case it does rain."

"It rains around the south and it rains to the north but it won't rain here," Daniel blurted out. "Now I know I ought to have listened to you when you said I shouldn't plant forty acres of corn. At least I wouldn't have spent so much on fertilizer and seed corn. And to think how hard I worked all spring and now it's all for nothing. We just can't make it - we can't, we can't!"

"Why, Daniel, I'm surprised at you. I had no idea you

felt that way about it. You shouldn't feel so discouraged. The corn is still there and if it should rain soon."

"Yes, that's just it, if it would rain soon, but it won't. I've been watching and waiting and hoping and praying for the last two months, and what do we get? just enough rain to lay the dust, that's what we get. Is this all we deserve? I've always tried to live right and this is what we get, while one mile to the south Bill Hopkins, the roughest characters I know of, sits and smokes his pipe and laughs at our predicament. It just isn't fair, that's what it ain't."

"But Daniel, you shouldn't feel that way about it. We can't control the weather, but we should make the best of what we get. You didn't complain this spring, did you, when it didn't rain as much as usual and you could get your plowing done early?"

"No, but that was different. I think we deserve a break sometimes."

Just then a buggy came down the road and turned into the lane. An elderly man with a flowing white beard sat on the buggy. "Why it looks like old Levi Hershberger," Savilla said, "I wonder what brings him here?"

The man drove up to where Daniel and Savilla were and started a cheery conversation, "Good evening, it looks like you are ready to do some hoeing. A rain would be nice wouldn't it."

"Yes, it would," Daniel said glumly, trying to hide his real feelings,

"It's awful dry over our way, too," the elderly man went on, "but I just told Henry, we'll have to make the best of it and just wait till it rains. The weather's one thing man can't control, and for my part, I'm glad they can't. We think we need rain bad, but I guess we don't or we would get it."

"Uh-huh," Daniel answered with a far-away look in his eyes.

"Somebody said you were looking for a wheat drill," Levi Hershberger went on. "I thought I'd stop in and tell you that if you are, we have one we'd sell."

"I went up north close to Carlisle to look at one last week," Daniel said, "but it didn't suit me."

"Well, the one we have is in pretty good shape yet. In fact it's a better drill than the other one we just bought but we wanted a bigger drill."

"I just don't know," Daniel said, "I would need a drill before wheat sowing time, but I just don't know. I can't see my way clear at this time."

"We got a good buy on the one we just bought," Levi said, "and I would let you have the other one very reasonable. I thought it ought to be worth \$150 but if you want it, I'll let you have it for \$100."

"I appreciate your offer and it sounds like it's worth the money," Daniel said, "but the way things have been going lately, I just just don't know. I really don't think I should spend any more money."

"I hadn't heard," the elderly man said soothingly, "did you lose some livestock or something?"

"No, I mean the corn crop, the corn is all drying up and I was figuring on the corn crop to help make our payments."

"It is rather dry, isn't it," Levi answered, "and I think I know just how you feel. The very first year we bought our farm, we had a wet spring and didn't get the corn planted till the second week of June. I felt bad about it, too, but that fall we still had a fair crop, and somehow the next year it meant more to me when we had a good year. farmer has to learn to take the good years with the bad. If he minds his business, it all has a way of averaging up in the long run. Now I wouldn't feel so bad about your corn crop. I see that field along the road is just beginning to tassel now. If we had a good rain before too long, you might just be surprised how much corn you get off of that field yet."

Daniel nodded his head in agreement but in his heart he found it impossible to believe that it would still rain in time to save the corn crop.

"Well, I'll have to be going now or it will be late before I get home. If you are interested in the drill, you come

over and take a look at it sometime. If you're not interested, that's perfectly all right." He paused a moment and then he went on, "If you decide you want the drill and it doesn't suit to pay for it this fall, you just come and get it and then next spring when you sell your steers you can pay for it."

"Thanks a lot for the offer, anyhow," Daniel said, "I'll let you know if I want it."

By the time Levi Hershberger had left, it was almost dark. Daniel noticed that the wind was back in the east and there was a bank of clouds in the west again.

Daniel was tired and his head ached. He was ready for bed but for some reason he could not sleep. His head kept going round and round. He felt ashamed for himself that he had complained so much about the dry weather. Why couldn't he take a different attitude and be like Old Levi Hershberger. Levi was certain that everything would work out one way or the other. Levi had a faith in God and that was what he, Daniel Kramer, was lacking. He had become so engrossed in his steers and his hogs and his crop of corn that he had all but forgotten that material things ought to come second. He could hear the voice of Bishop Bontrager preaching and he was saying "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." He Daniel Kramer, was seeking first of all to have a good corn crop. That was why he became so discouraged when it didn't rain. If he had a faith like he ought to have, it wouldn't bother him so much. Daniel clasped his hands together and prayed, "Herr, staerke uns den Glauben." He fell into a troubled sleep.

The next thing Daniel knew, Savilla was shaking him and saying, "Daniel, wake up Wake up, Do you hear that? Do you hear it?"

"Yes, yes," Daniel said, rubbing his eyes, "what do you want? What did you say?"

Suddenly realizing what Savilla was saying he sat up in bed and said, "What is it, what do you hear? Is someone in the house?"

"No, no, Daniel, Don't you hear it? It's raining against the window pane."

Daniel listened and then he said, "Yes, I hear it and it sounds good. It will probably rain enough to lay the dust. Why did you wake me anyway?" "Why, Daniel" Savilla said disappointedly, "I thought you would like to know it is raining, as much as you were wishing for rain."

"Oh yes, I'm glad you did," Daniel said as he lay down and tried to go to sleep again. He had resolved not to be so much concerned about the dry weather, but now it was raining.

At twelve o'clock Daniel woke up again, and listened. The rain was still beating softly against the window pane. At three o'clock he woke again and it was still raining. When the alarm clock went off, Daniel got up, dressed and went outside. It was drizzling a little. Quickly he walked to the rain gauge and measured the rainfall. It had rained 1½ inches during the night and practically all of it had soaked in. The dry spell had come to an end.

At the breakfast table Savilla looked at Daniel and said, "My, that was a nice rain. I think it rained all night, didn't it?"

"Yes, it really soaked things up."

"I hope you're feeling better this morning."

Daniel felt guilty. He knew he had been in the wrong. He decided the easiest way out of it, would be to admit it. "Yes, I do feel better. Yesterday evening, after talking with Levi Hershberger, I saw that I was lacking something badly, - I was needing a different attitude a lot worse than we were needing rain. I made up my mind not to let something like a poor corn crop upset me again. I realized that we really didn't deserve a rain at all, and then and then it rained all night."

"In other words, you decided to forget about making that extra payment on the farm?"

"I didn't forget about it," Daniel said, "and I would really be glad if we could. But but if we can't, we can't and there's no use in losing any sleep about it. Maybe next year we can." ■■

IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS

Author's name withheld

I told Maryann she should come in and help you get dinner. Didn't she come in?"

"No, she didn't and I thought she was helping you. I could use her to help me with the Saturday work."

Aden opened the screen door and called at the top of his voice. "Maryann! Danny! Joel!" He closed the door and turned to Mabel. "We better be quiet about this or the children will blabber it around in the school."

"But I don't think Maryann will do anything like that," the mother defended her daughter. "She is twelve already and she told me what trouble she had with some of the girls when they tried to question her to try and find out where we were last Saturday."

"You don't say. You mean she didn't tell them?" Aden sat down at the end of the table.

"She said she didn't. She--"

Just then the screen door opened and Maryann came in, panting. Her face was red. "What do you want?" she asked not very well pleased.

"Want?" scolded the mother "It is dinner time, and didn't Dad tell you to come in and help me?"

"Y-yes," she stammered, "b-but the boys said I can go along fishing if I help dig worms."

"Is that what you were doing?" asked the mother. "Where are the boys now?"

"Down below the barn, playing with a toad."

"Well, go and tell--"

"Just a minute," Aden held up his hand to calm down the mother. Then he asked Maryann, "Did the g'wunder noses in the school want to know where we were last Saturday?"

"They sure did!" Maryann's voice showed sarcasm. "They were mean to me and then I told them it was none of their business. You told me not to tell, didn't you, Mother?"

"Yes, and you did good not to tell. Other people go to the zoo and we can, too. And it isn't necessary that everyone knows about it either."

"You did good in not telling," said the father.

"Yes, but they found it out anyway."

"They did." The parents looked at each other and then at Maryann. "Where did they find it out? Did the boys tell?"

"They said they didn't. But yesterday in school that mean Clara told it all around. Her dad found it out somewhere. It made me mad and I didn't talk to the girls the rest of the day."

Years passed, Maryann knew nothing else but to be careful and not carry any of the happenings at home to the "outsiders". When she was eighteen she found herself with very few friends. It was difficult for her to find a friend whom she could trust. She did not want to tell of her personal life, of her personal feelings, or the things that she did, or of her experiences. She had nothing to share, for it was nobody else's business. When some of her private affairs did leak out she became bitter and disillusioned. Everybody seemed against her. Soon she was taking medicine for nervousness and other ailments.

Maryann also grew to feel like her parents, that Grandmother and the neighbors wanted to know everything—everybody wanted to mind her business. It was then just natural to try and be careful so she wouldn't tell more than necessary.

Maryann didn't know that Grandmother was lonely. A little personal news would have brightened her life. She didn't realize that Grandmother and many of the neighbours held a profound interest in her and her parents' welfare. It was only a Christian love which they wished to share with the Yoders. But this love and interest was quenched when the Yoder family drew a private fence around their lives. It was an unhealthy fence spiritually and physically. It bred back-biting and hatred. Mistrust and suspicion. Quarreling. Bitter words. The Aden Yoder family hadn't learned that true love brings a concern and interest in another person's well being.

In the beginning of creation God said, "It is not well for

The door flew open as Aden Yoder burst into the kitchen. "Mabel, what do you think—"

Mabel turned away from the sink where she was mashing the potatoes. It wasn't necessary for him to finish his sentence. She knew why his face was jubilant, for in his hand he waved a small slip of paper and an envelope.

"Did the pig check come?" she quickly asked, then added, "By the looks of your face it must be good."

With long strides he was soon by her side, and thrust the paper in front of her. "Look! Nine-hundred and eighty dollars!"

A smile broke over her face, then quickly she became more sober. Deep grooves formed between her eyes as she held a finger to her lips. "Sssst, don't talk so loud. Do you want the neighbors to hear?"

Aden glanced toward the door. "No one's around, is there?"

"I saw your mother sitting on her porch a minute ago."

"I'm sure she would be glad to know—and glad for us," replied Aden.

"Glad? She may act that way, but she would be glad to know so she could boss us and tell us how to use it. I wouldn't tell her."

"I guess it isn't necessary that we tell." Aden walked into the living room to place the check in the desk. They would make good use of the money. Their fourteen years of married life seemed like just one endless struggle after another. To them it seemed as if there was no one to trust. Everybody was against them. Everybody was trying to edge them out of a dollar. When they had dealings with a neighbor they always got a raw deal. When they went away with a taxi, along with friends, they always had to pay more than their share. "Everybody's for the dollar. You can't trust no one," Aden often mumbled to his wife.

"And everyone wants to mind our buisness, just so they can tell it to the next person and make a fuss," she would add.

Aden hid the check below some papers then he locked the desk lid and returned to the kitchen. "I suppose Al Mowry will be curious to know what I got for the pigs," he said rolling up his sleeves as he walked over to the wash sink.

"How does he know that we sent some to the market?"

"When we were loading them on the truck I saw him watching from the orchard."

"Nosey neighbor, I'd call that. He probably saw the truck pass and went up to the orchard to watch if it would stop here."

"Of course he did. I'm sure he wasn't picking apples. I don't know what to say if he would ask about them." Aden doused his face with water then reached for the towel. "At times I just feel to tell such people 'it's none of your business.'"

"Guess it would be the truth, but it doesn't work to say that."

"Tom Miller asked me the last time when the check was so low, 'How did the pigs do?' and I just answered, 'Not as good as before.' Then I walked away."

"That was a good answer. It isn't necessary that people know everything that we do."

"Of course not, and this is the nosiest neighborhood. Everyone wants to run the other fellow's business."

Mabel poured the gravy into a bowl and set it on the table. "Well, I wouldn't tell Mother either. She will forget we don't want it told around and soon everyone knows." Mabel turned and looked out through the window. "Aden, where are the children? Are they not coming in for dinner?"

"Oh, I forgot about them. I forgot all else when I saw the check." He chuckled as he followed her gaze out the window. "I told them to pick up all the corncobs down by the crib. And

men to be alone." Even so it is with Christian families. They need one another, through their trials and also when things go well. Paul wrote, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one toward another" (Romans 12: 15,16). How could this be done if each family would draw themselves apart into their own little circle.

This is a dangerous attitude. It is not the natural thing to do. And when a person goes against nature they will have a price to pay. Such an attitude encourages children to draw themselves apart from society. I believe many a person is in a mental institution because they drew themselves into a shell. When they draw themselves apart they will unknowingly become different from other people. This causes them to become self-conscious and will eventually be a cause for them to withdraw from society more completely.

Drawing themselves into a shell may be brought on by discouragements, in the past. It may have been caused by an overbearing parent that demanded too much from his child. Children become nervous and discouraged and do not care for other company. He may refuse to talk (although he would have much to say) and so finds himself in an institution.

This may also be caused by a pampered and sheltered childhood, when the parents do not teach a child to bear burdens, nor defeat, nor to carry responsibility. Such children may become emotionally disturbed later in life.

The Bible says that we should help bear one another's burdens. The one that draws himself aside will not help others bear their burdens. It is also difficult for others to help bear his. God knew that man is too weak to stand alone. He wants us to share with each other.

When we confide in a friend, he may at times prove untrue. He may tell others what we have said confidentially to him. It is at these times that we find it necessary to lean upon God to help us bear the extra burdens. But even if someone has proven unfaithful, this should not keep us from confiding to others. There are many who understand...or try to understand.

It seems strange but those that try to keep their lives secret are greatly in need of another person's love—and understanding. They may not realize this themselves. If they can find a person who fills this need, they may selfishly want this friend for themselves only. If the friend submits, there will be two persons drawn into a small circle two who will zealously guard their many secrets. Two who will stand together...with very few other friends.

If a person who is withdrawn cannot find such a friend, it may prove disastrous. He will have to stand alone.

Dick was a boy like this. He was intelligent and had received above-average grades in school and was quiet-natured. At one time he helped play ball in school, but something happened that caused him to lose confidence in people. He quit his activities. When he was eighteen he would sit in his room for hours thinking, refusing to talk. Dick did not have Christian parents to help him along.

Finally he was admitted into a mental institution. He did not respond to therapy. His case looked hopeless.

One day a minister offered his service to the hospital. The doctors told him about Dick. "If you are willing, just give him your attention," they said. "It won't be easy, because it will be like talking to a vegetable."

When the minister met Dick he received but a hollow stare. His greeting met no answer. As the visitor talked to him Dick kept staring out the window.

The minister was determined to help the poor boy. So day after day, week after week, he came to visit Dick. The minister did all the talking. He told of his childhood. He told stories. He spoke of events from the newspaper.

One day the visitor was about to resign himself to the hopelessness of the case, when he noticed a flicker of muscle movement in the corner of Dick's mouth. This gave encouragement to continue with his daily calls. As weeks passed there was gradual response with more movement.

One day the minister sat with Dick at the window. He told about a squirrel that he had seen earlier that day. There was a noise beside him. It was Dick struggling to speak.

"I...had...a...squirrel...once."

Dick had found that people should be trusted. He was coming out of his shell. After this short sentence the boy improved rapidly. He spoke of his past life and other things. He had regained confidence in man, Dick was soon released

from the hospital, a happy and normal boy.

We do not mean to say that all secrecy is wrong. But when it is used as a weapon to get even, it is wrong. If a secret is kept because of lack of confidence in others, then too, there is something drastically wrong.

There are secrets that should be kept. There are things that are best to be left unsaid. Samson was an example of this. He told that secret of his unusual strength to Delilah (Judges 16:17, 18) and paid a heavy price. The Philistines came and captured him. Samson was helpless. His strength was gone. His enemies put out his eyes and imprisoned him.

Things that should be kept secret and are not, can weaken us, too, spiritually. It is better not to tell of the good deeds we do, if we only tell it to try and bring honor to ourselves. It is better for parents not to keep broadcasting how wonderful their children are. If they deserve praise and honor, other people can -- and will -- see it.

I know of a mother who never tired telling of the honorable things her children accomplished, and of their good character, and of their success in life. (This was the other extreme of Aden Yoders who felt it was nobody's business what they did.) This wasn't fair to the children, for people judged them sharply to see if they measure up to the mother's praises. Their works didn't look so wonderful to others.

Jesus, too, was given to a certain amount of secrecy -- but for a purpose. Often he said, "Tell no man." This was an example for us to not seek honor of men.

There are many other things that should not be published. One of the most necessary things to keep secret is when a person confides their weaknesses and trials. Even if we can't fully understand we should not tell it to others.

When someone in a weak moment lets something slip from his lips, or does something that betrays a weakness in his character (we all have our weaknesses) it is best to remember the Golden Rule and keep it to ourselves. We should not say anything that is harmful to another's reputation.

Solomon said a talebearer revealth secrets: but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter. (Proverbs 11:13). So whether we keep things to ourselves or whether we tell it: we shall be judged for our motive in doing so. It all depends on how well we apply the Golden Rule to our lives.

Reflection On The Judgment

And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer, in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

How careful, then ought I to live!
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

Thou awful judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

If now thou standest at the door.
O, let me feel Thee near;
And make my peace with God before
I at thy bar appear.

-Author unknown

OF EATS AND EATING

The readers of *Family Life*, I dare say, are as well fed as any similar group in the world. We Amish and Mennonites are known for good food. No T-V dinners for us. No running out to a restaurant where the high prices squeeze a stomach to half its capacity. We like our food the wholesome old-fashioned way, and lots of it, thank you.

We do have an advantage over most people. Our gardens supply fresh fruits and vegetables all summer, and all winter we lug jars up from the cellar and eat the same stuff, canned. Our womenfolks get the eggs they need from the chicken house, and milk from the cowbarn. "Eat milk and eggs," Grandfather says, "they don't cost us nothing."

But even if it does cost money, we know a good thing when we see it. So our kitchens are stocked with stainless steel ware -- handy, clean, vitamin-preserving and safe.

And when we have company, or a wedding, or threshers, we spread a good table. No alcohol, mind you. Not these days. Just a variety of good solid food, fixed up to make the taste buds tingle--the kind of food that tempts most people to eat too much.

Food is an interesting subject. People talk about it all the time. They talk about new recipes, favorite family dishes, bargains at the grocery. But the most interesting thing about food is eating it.

We're all addicted to food. I guess it's a good thing, too, for it seems we wouldn't last long without it. To the man with an appetite, eating is a pleasant experience. It is especially pleasant when the food is cooked up just right, tastes like it should, and loved ones sit around the table to help us eat it.

THE PURPOSE OF EATING

Eating is pretty important to just about everybody. It has a right to be, for we use up ten per cent or more of our waking hours at the table. But to some people eating is more important than it is to others.

The wise old Greek, Socrates, once remarked, "Bad men live that they may eat and drink, whereas good men eat and drink that they may live." Those who live to eat (Socrates calls them bad men!) look forward from one meal to the next, almost worshipping food; it is the center of their lives. More sensible men eat to live. This is not saying they don't enjoy eating; it's just that eating is overshadowed by the many more important things in life.

I remember Alfred Piper from my childhood days. He was a huge man of perhaps 300 pounds, a bachelor whom we sometimes saw loafing in our village of North Adams. Though he didn't like to work, Alfred never turned Dad down when we needed an extra pitcher for the threshing crew. My brothers and I were the water boys then, and we had a lot of bad fun teasing Alfred. But we knew better than to bother him after dinner.

Perhaps we misjudged Alfred. Perhaps it wasn't true that he came to thresh just for the dinner. However, we did have some evidence. Other men ate because they were hungry, but it seemed for Alfred food had a deeper meaning. Somehow it filled a void bigger than his stomach. Eating was almost a ritual.

We boys couldn't understand Alfred. How could he enjoy a meal so much and be so grouchy afterwards? We didn't know then that people who eat too much are just as sick as people who starve. Nor did we realize that living to eat is a mighty poor reason for living, and that the big man who pitched our oats sheaves was unhappy from

inside out, even a half hour before dinner when he appeared to be jolly.

What really is the purpose of eating? From the physical standpoint eating is merely the feeding of the body, the refilling of the stomach much like a gasoline tank has to be filled to keep a motor running.

But is this all there is to it? I don't think so. If eating is to be just a mechanical thing, we should all gulp down what we think our bodies need and never mind the cooking and serving. We have all kinds of examples on the farm -- from the cows and horses and pigs.

I think God intended that we should enjoy our food, and that mealtime should be a pleasant time. In order to fulfil its purpose, it seems to me, food should be appetizing and attractive, clean and fit to eat. Surely there is nothing wrong with adding salt and onions to the soup to make it taste better.

I believe God expects more of us than He does of animals. Surely. As Christians, we will eat thoughtfully and thankfully, knowing that food is a gift of God. We will know that our sense of taste and our sense of smell have their rightful place, as does the stomach. But that there is also a wrong use of these faculties, even as Paul wrote of certain, "...whose god is their belly." (See Phil. 3:19).

INTOXICATED BY FOOD

I confess that in my thirty-five years I can't remember a genuine hunger pain. They say it's a grinding, gnawing thing that really hurts. For a long time I have wondered how hunger feels, yet my curiosity hasn't been strong enough yet to make me try it.

I don't have to wonder what it feels like to have a too-full stomach. You know how it goes. "Here now," says the hostess, "Pass the things around again. Don't you like my cooking? And there's pie in the kitchen yet." Rather than insult good friends (?) we commit a worse crime -- insult our bodies.

Or maybe the pudding is delicious, so we keep nibbling away at it. The cake is good too, so we add another half piece. Finally, that stretched feeling.

Did you know the Bible says a man can get drunk on food? I hadn't realized it either, but that's the impression I get from reading a verse in the tenth chapter of Ecclesiastes. The author, King Solomon, pronounces woe to any land whose princes think only of eating when they rise in the morning. Then he says, "Blessed art thou, O land, when...thy princes eat in due season, for strength and not for drunkenness!"

Drunk on food? Surely not. And yet everybody knows the mind is dull on a full stomach. Even animals are sluggish, and sleep after a heavy meal. I know of an Amish bishop who eats very little, if anything, at noon on Communion Day; he says his thoughts are clearer, and even his voice is better on an empty stomach.

The effect of over-eating may be mild compared to drunkenness, yet we cannot deny a sameness. I admit it is disturbing to learn that over-eating and drunkenness are twins in more ways than one. They even appear in the Bible side by side, with no hint that one is worse than the other.

Jesus said, "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness..." The German words are *fressen* and *saufen*. There are many other warnings in the Bible against feasting and banqueting and eating to excess. The question is, how can we best avoid the temptation of over-eating, or when the temptation is upon us, how can we best overcome it?

GOOD EATING HABITS

A doctor has claimed, "You are what you eat." Physically, there may be a great deal of truth in this

saying. Eating the wrong foods, or eating them in the wrong way, or even eating good foods in excess, all leave their harmful effect upon the body. By contrast, eating sensibly adds length and depth to life.

Eating is something that concerns us all. Pardon me for suggesting the following ten "rules" of good eating. They're just ideas gleaned from here and there.

1. **Control Your Appetite.** In eating, just as in other areas of life, the Christian should show self-control. Actually, it's not so much self-control as it is the evidence of a stronger force controlling one's life. This alone should outrule over-eating, expensive foods, and a fussy appetite.

King Solomon tells how to keep from over-eating: "When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is before thee; and put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite."

Hear also the wisdom of Samuel Johnson, the Englishman, "For I took upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else."

2. **Protect Your Health.** Overeating, especially of rich foods, is destructive to health. We parents must teach this to our children, and set a good example. In fact, some recent medical research indicates that over-stuffing a baby the first year of his life may so upset his metabolism that he'll have hard time as an adult not being overweight, even if he doesn't overeat then.

Sir Richard Burton made it pretty serious when he said years ago, "Gluttony is the source of all our infirmities, and the foundation of all our diseases. As a lamp is choked by too much oil, a fire extinguished by an excess of fuel, so is the natural health of the body destroyed by an intemperate diet."

The Greek writer Diogenes made this comparison: "As houses well stored with provisions are likely to be full of mice, so the bodies of those that eat too much are full of disease."

3. **Cook Simply.** For economy's sake and for health's sake, our cooks should go for simple recipes. One-dish meals require a minimum of labor and expense, and they are wholesome for the family (and company as well).

Sometimes it looks like the women have a competition to see who can cook the biggest and best dinners. This can be a bad thing, for pride in one's cooking stinks just as much as pride in one's clothes. If you must cook twice as much food as your company can eat, invite the poor, the crippled, and the blind, and let them come help eat it. (Luke 14:13)

4. **Learn to Like New Foods.** It's expecting quite a bit to learn to eat cooked caterpillars, or sheep's eyes, or birds' nest soup, or even raw eggs. Someone else's favorite may be more than we can stomach. All the same, most of us dodge certain foods without any good reason at all -- "I don't care for turnips, thanks anyway." - and we go through life **thinking** we don't like turnips. Actually, it's all in the head. Or don't you think so? I do.

Children are famous for being fussy with food. And it is in childhood where most of our eating habits are learned, bad ones as well as good ones. Really, it's not fair to a child to let him grow up eating only half of what is set on the table. Somehow he should be taught to try new foods and keep on trying them till he does like them. It's a great virtue to eat what's on the table without being picky.

Many boys and girls think leafy vegetables taste horrible. I remember the time when I wouldn't touch lettuce or cabbage (and certainly not spinach!), but now I'd gladly eat them every meal, and think them delicious. Which, of course, they are!

5. **Choose a Balanced Diet.** Everybody knows foods aren't all the same. Some are rich in vitamins and minerals, others are energy foods, others furnish bulk. The body needs a proper balance.

Through cooking and processing, some foods lose much of their value. To avoid this loss as much as possible is good common sense. Thus raw foods are often better than cooked foods, whole wheat flour better than

white flour, etc.

On the other hand, schemers selling health fad products find some of the biggest suckers in the world among people who are very diet-conscious. The diet is not the only thing that needs to be balanced. Eat foods that are good for you, but don't go off the deep end.

6. **Eat Politely.** To gulp down food is poor manners, but it is worse than that -- it is wasting your food. Half-chewed food, they say, makes hard work for the stomach, and you end up getting less than full benefit from the food.

7. **Be a Happy Eater.** Mealtime should be relaxed and pleasant. The health books say the stomach works efficiently only when the person is emotionally calm. Anger, excitement, fear, tenseness -- these all slow down digestion.

8. **Be Careful With Snacks.** Eating an apple or a banana between meals probably never hurt anyone very much; the trouble starts when sweets and candies become a habit between meals. Children soon expect their daily candy, yet it adds nothing to their health or happiness. They would be more content without it, and chances are their teeth would last longer too.

9. **Be Grateful For Your Food.** A farmer visiting the city ate dinner in a restaurant. The room was filled with high school students sipping milk shakes and cracking jokes. They giggled when the farmer bowed his head and prayed before eating. One bold fellow came over and said, "Say, does everyone at your farm mumble something before they eat?"

The farmer replied, "No, not at all. My pigs don't."

We're used to an abundance of food, and we certainly have reason to be grateful to God for every nourishing bite. How can we help being thoughtful when we know that many people have barely anything? Compassion for the hungry, and gratitude for the food given us should make every meal a time of thanksgiving.

10. **Eat to the Glory of God.** The Apostle Paul said, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

This is the sum of the matter.

- Guaimaca, Honduras

CHURCH AT BROTHER ELI'S

by Mrs. Amos A. Hochstetler

Rrrrrrr rrrrrrrr," went the alarm.

"Oh, no, not already," thought Sam Yoder as he reached up to press in the button, "but it's only 4:00 o'clock yet. I must have set it wrong last night."

He settled down to try to get some more sleep but soon his wife, Miriam whispered, "Sam, it's time to get up if we want to go to Brother Eli's to church today."

She hoped baby Susie would sleep awhile yet so she tried to be as quiet as possible. Miriam was starting the fire in the kitchen range as Sam got himself ready to go out to chore. "Miriam, the thermometer shows 20 below zero," he said.

Miriam shivered a little but said cheerfully, "We can take extra blankets along and I'll heat the soap stones so the children's feet won't get cold."

Brother Eli's lived in the other end of the settlement and it was nearly 20 miles.

"I'll make some cream-of-wheat, for that will be better for the children this morning," thought Miriam.

"Marvin, Melvin, it's time to get up," Mom called upstairs to the seven-year-old twins.

"Oh," groaned Melvin from his warm bed, "it's still dark outside."

"I know, but we want to go to Brother Eli's today to church. Now wake Marvin up and bring your clothes down to the living room to get dressed before I call the girls."

"C'mon, Marvin," Melvin said to his brother as he jumped out of bed, "lets get dressed and go out and feed

the chickens before Dad comes in from milking."

After the boys had gone out, Miriam woke the girls to help get breakfast on the table. Annie was 9 and Mary was 5.

"Oh, Mom," Annie said when she came into the kitchen, "do we have to have that cream-of-wheat. I just know I can't swallow it."

"You can eat a little. It will help you to stay warm on your way to church."

Just then the baby woke up. Soon Dad came in with the milk and the boys followed him shortly.

"Brr, it's cold," said Marvin, "may we wear our new socks today?"

"Yes, you may," Mom said. "Now come to the table while the cereal is still hot." Mom had to smile as the boys groaned when the hot cereal was mentioned. All of them took a bowlful.

After breakfast, Mom said, "Boys, you dry the dishes for Annie while I dress the girls. Now hurry or we'll be late."

As Daddy got up from the table, he said, "I'll hitch up the horses and tie them in the buggy shed until we're ready to go. Now children, don't play around with the dishes. At the rate you're going now, I think I can have my chores all done by the time you are half finished with the dishes."

Dad went out smiling for he knew they'd hurry, for they always worked better when he made a game out of their work.

"Let's hurry and see if we can beat Daddy," Annie said as she started washing the dishes.

"Yes, but we'll never get done if you don't wash the dishes clean." This was from Melvin as he handed back the cream-of-wheat pan.

Annie had just finished the dishes and was hanging up the towels when Daddy came in. "Well, well, so you beat me," he said.

Finally they were ready to go. Daddy and the boys took the soap stones and extra blankets out to the buggy while Mom helped the girls into their winter coats, and buttoned up their "mondas."

The buggy wheels squeaked as they drove through the snow. It was a long drive and they were cold when they got there. Before starting home in the evening, Mom warmed up the soap stones again. It was almost dark by the time they started home.

On the way home, Mom said, "Mary, I was very much disappointed in you today. You are old enough to listen to what the preacher is saying instead of teasing baby Susie by trying to take her toys away."

"But Mom, Eli's Elsie had lots of toys to play with and she goes to school next year, but I can't have anything."

"Now, Mary, don't talk that way to Mother. You do as Mother says, no matter what Elsie does. Eli's want their children to behave in church just as much as we want ours to." Daddy said.

After awhile, Daddy said, "Melvin, didn't you clip your fingernails again today? I thought I told you last week not to in church, didn't I?"

"Yes, Daddy," Melvin said shamefacedly.

"I think you'd better let me have your clipper," Daddy said. "You may use it on Saturday evening but when you're finished, with it, you'll have to give it back to me."

"But, Dad--" started Melvin.

"Melvin, that's enough," Mom spoke up, "Church is a place to go to listen to God's word, not to trim our fingernails."

"I know some men who clip their fingernails during church," Daddy said, "but it's very annoying as well as a poor example for the children."

"Daddy, aren't we about home?" asked Annie, rubbing her eyes trying to wake up.

"Yes, here we are," answered Daddy, "now it's time to change your clothes and get started on the chores."

"Yes, we have ice cream for supper," Mother said, "and that sticky upside-down chocolate cake you all

like so well."

The children needed no more urging for tonight they'd get the chores done in record time.

Daddy went about his chores and Mother started getting supper. Both of them were tired, but they had a pleasant feeling inside. They had done their best to teach their children by word and example that the worship of God is well worth a little extra effort and hard work.

—Ligonier, Indiana

IS CONFESSION SUFFICIENT?

Author's name withheld

It had been a long, hot day at church and everyone was tired. As they drove leisurely home in the afternoon, Anne's mind wondered.

Why was it that so many confessions had to be made in church? And most of all, why did even her own dear companion have to be one of those who had to make things right? Was there no way that these members could understand that being submissive to the church standards was a very important part of one's Christian life? Of course our first duty is to God, but was not this to be a Church of God?

After driving for some time, Dan broke the silence, "We had some inspiring sermons today, but I've been wondering, Anne, why do the ministers have to spoil it all by bickering after church about such trifling matters such as young people staying up too late or about rubber-tired wagons?"

Anne sighed for she had heard such statements countless times before. Hearing it again today only added to her burden. It was true that both ministers had preached inspiring sermons and it hurt her to think that Dan didn't get more out of it than this. Before she could answer, Dan went on, "It just looks to me like they like to pry into everyone else's business when they'd have plenty to attend to with things that really amount to something."

"But, Dan, I am afraid you are judging them wrongly. They don't want to bicker or belittle anyone. They are trying to do what is for the good of the church. They want to help us to be submissive and give up our own will."

"Well, I just can't help wondering who reported that I had a rubber tired wagon. I just had it about a month and only used it a few times. I didn't know anyone saw me."

"But someone must have known it, or Deacon Dave would not have come to talk to you about it. He told you that since several of the brethren knew about it, a public confession would be in order."

They drove on in silence. Dan was thinking and it was plain to see that he still could not understand the matter. Finally he said, "Well, I can tell you one thing, somebody didn't do their duty, or they would have come and talked to me about it instead of going to tell the preachers."

"It might have been better if they would have talked to you first, but if they had, would you have accepted it as an act of love or would you have become bitter toward them? Why don't you just try to accept it and live up to the standards of the church from now on. I think everybody would be much happier."

They rode on in silence as the horse plodded on. They lived to one side of the settlement. The day was warm.

After some time, Dan said, "Say, Anne, I've been thinking, why don't we help the group just west of here get the church started and change our membership there? Maybe we could help get the standards set up and have things a little more to our way of thinking."

Anne was shocked. She knew that some things in their church weren't like they should be but she could not think of any other church where she wanted to become a

member. She did not think that this would be what she or Dan wanted. She felt that they ought to stay where they were and help to build up the church.

"I can't see that this would be the thing to do," Anne said. "I think we should try to look at it from the ministers point of view, and maybe things would look different.

The rest of the way home was driven in silence. Both of them were lost in their own thoughts. Anne wondered what Dan was thinking, but it was plain to her that he had confessed his mistake only because he had to,

not because he really realized it.

This is only an imaginary conversation, but how often does it fit the cases in our churches today? What could be done to help members like Dan to understand that being obedient to the church wherever possible is an important part of their Christian life? How could erring members be made to realize their mistakes so their confession would be genuine and not forced, or done merely to please others? Would it be better to give them more time? Can either the church or the erring brother receive a blessing through a confession which is not genuine? ■■

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

Amish Life In

Young people today think it is hard to start up farming, but they really have it much nicer than the couples who set up housekeeping in the 1930's when the Great Depression was raging. Money then was tighter than it ever was before or since. Not only young married couples were affected—everyone was hard hit, but some harder than others.

In this month's and next month's "Yesterdays and Years" we are printing a number of first person accounts of what life was like in the Great Depression. For some people the years 1930-1940 were destructive; for others they were a time of family and neighborhood strengthening. They were years which no one who lived through them will ever forget. They are years well worth reading about in the prosperous times we now are living in.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION—1930-1940

PART ONE:

NAPPANEE, INDIANA —Joni D. Gingerich

It was along about 1928, if I remember right, when we first noticed things were getting a little dull. I worked in a lamp and chair shop at the time and the manager told me several times that it was getting hard for them to sell their products. And by 1929 it was worse. I got married that year and worked at the same shop until February of 1930 when it went out of business, just one of many which closed during the Depression. Work was getting scarce and I had no job the rest of that winter. Then that spring I let a fellow talk me into raising vegetables for a canning factory in Chicago. So I rented some muck ground and planted a bunch of carrots, parsnips, potatoes and other things. Yes, he had given me a contract all right, but never-the-less it turned out to be a fizzle. I think I got rid of 20 to 25 bushels of carrots, and that's all; the rest of all rotted in the field except what I dug up for our own use. The potatoes and carrots were fed to our cow all winter.

In March of 1931 our oldest boy was born. I had no income the summer before and had no work yet, just couldn't find work any place. I cut wood here and there for our fuel, but a steady job was hard to find. But then in May I landed a job on a farm nine miles southwest of Nappanee working by the day. I got one dollar a day for my work and had the house and garden rent free, also pasture for my driving horse and cow. The only real bad part was that we lived in a non-Amish community, having three miles to our nearest Amish neighbours.

The next year I rented the farm where I had worked by the day the previous summer. I went to the bank and took what money I had and put it into a checking account and started following the sales. By spring I had some im-

plements, a team of horses, seven milk cows, a few brood sows, some hay and grain, and that was about it. I had no manure spreader so I hauled my manure out on the wagon and spread it by hand; I did this twice a week so I didn't have such a big load at one time. I put out a little over 30 acres of corn and 12 acres of soy beans that first spring. I sowed no oats as I had no binder. I didn't try and borrow money to buy a binder as I couldn't see any chance to pay any debts. And I didn't borrow one as I wasn't very well acquainted with our neighbors yet and had the opinion that they were about all non-believers.

One day my closest neighbor came over and we had a nice visit. Before he left he said, "I notice you don't have any oats out." I told him I hadn't sown any. "Well," he said, "I just wondered if you would want to help thresh when we get ready as we have a big machine and are always short of help." I agreed to help and was glad for the chance to get better acquainted with my neighbors.

When my neighbors got ready to thresh, one of them came and told me. So I went and started in, but had a rather uneasy feeling being the only Amish man in a bunch of non-Christian fellows and some of them were pretty rough talkers. I was always afraid I might say or do something that would displease them, and I didn't want my neighbors against me. But I noticed right away that they all seemed to take the Depression in a good-hearted way, and it seemed to draw the neighborhood closer together. Everyone was hard up, but all seemed friendly and helpful toward one another. They treated me with respect which gave me reason to feel more at ease. I don't remember how many days we threshed, but when we were finished one man asked me, "Now how much do we owe you?" I said, "I know you fellows are all hard up moneywise, and I'm not going to ask for your money. What I need worst of all is your help and good will. I will probably shred some corn in the fall for bedding for my stock and maybe you can help me back." At this they gave me a hearty "Thank You" and vowed

they would gladly help me with anything they could, which proved out to be just that way. In all the rest of the ten years I farmed there, they treated me like a prince.

Speaking of being hard up money-wise, we had no income that summer with which to buy our groceries. So I shelled a bushel of corn by hand and took it to the milling company in Nappanee and asked them to grind it into corn meal. They said they would grind the whole bushel for 35c or for half the corn. So I told them to grind it for half; then I bought a bushel of wheat and had half of it ground coarse for cereal and the other half fine for bread. And that was the main diet around our place for a number of years: whole wheat cereal, whole wheat pudding, mush and milk, fried mush, corn bread, and potatoes—that made up our three meals a day, seven days a week. But I was raised out on the sandy plains of Oklahoma and was kinda used to living on what we happened to have without asking any questions. I remember the time when I was a boy when ground wheat and corn meal were considered kinda life savers out there, and I can still eat it three times a day and enjoy it.

It wasn't long before I thought if we had a second cow we might make a little more income. But cows were so cheap that it seemed like no one wanted to sell any. So one day I decided to drive 13 miles to the Wakarusa community sale and see if I could find one there. Sure enough there were five cows there from one place. The owner of them was along and I asked him all about his cows. There was a good looking Holstein in the bunch that caught my eye. He said she was four and due to come fresh real soon, and was a regular milk wagon. I noticed she had a tight bag and was slightly pot-bellied and never suspected anything was wrong with her. I bought her for \$24 and \$1.50 to get her trucked home. I noticed in a few days that she wasn't acting right and that her udder was shrinking so I went to Bremen and talked to the vet. When he looked her over he said, "That cow will not freshen; she was fresh some months ago and got a bad dose of Mastitis in all four quarters. Her udder is ruined and she'll never give another drop of milk in her life." I sold her to a butcher in Nappanee for \$19. Depression days drove some people to do some pretty desperate things.

Most people were rather calm about the conditions during the Depression, but not all of them. One day as I was going to Bremen, a fellow came out to the road and stopped me as I passed his place. I had met this man several times before and knew he talked a little rough. But this time he was really worked up. He cursed and swore something terrible about the Depression. Finally he told me his milk check had come just before dinner and it was 89c. He bellowed, "Now how do you suppose the government could expect two people to live on 89c for two weeks?" I said, "Well, I don't know." I tried to give him all the sympathy I could think of right then and moved on. He wasn't mad at me personally, just saw a chance to let off some steam. I had to agree with him in one thing—times were really tough.

Laboring men were especially hard hit by the Depression. The little town of Bremen had its share, as it had had a foundry which had employed over a hundred men for a long time. Then right in the beginning of the Depression it closed its doors and moved out, leaving 100 jobless men in a little town of less than 2,000 population. Most of those fellows would take any work they could get around town or out in the country. Wages then were 50c a day plus dinner—\$3.00 a week for six big, over-grown days of work.

It was in the summer of 1932 when one day I met an Amish man by the name of Perry Hochstetler who lived between Nappanee and Bremen. He said he heard I had no oats out and asked if I would buy some if I had the chance. He had inquired about the price at the elevators and they would only pay 12c a bushel, but if I took them I could have them for 15c a bushel delivered. Well the floor of my wagon wasn't tight enough to hold oats so I told him he could bring me some. So when he threshed the next week he ran 50 bushels onto his box wagon and

brought it down to me and shoveled it into my bin. By winter the price of oats dipped down to 8c a bushel; that was the way it went in the Depression, you never knew what something would be worth in a few months. The lowest price I heard of for corn during those years was a pitiful 20c a bushel. I don't remember for sure what wheat was at the lowest, but as near as I can remember it was 30c to 35c a bushel.

That summer I got caught with more work than I could do.

There happened to be a family of Mennonites living several miles northeast of us that were very hard up. They had five children and one of them was an invalid. The father was a day laborer but there was very little work for him. The Mennonite church of Nappanee had been helping them along with food and clothes. He was a man who talked freely about religion and his faith, so I decided since I had to hire someone to help get caught up with my work anyway, maybe it would be doing a good deed to offer him a few days of work. I went over one evening and asked him if he wanted to work a few days; of course he did. He said he hadn't had a day's work for at least two weeks. Because it looked so poorly in his house I said I would give him 75c a day and his dinner.

The next morning the Mennonite man showed up and I let him work all that week. I hadn't intended to hire him for more than two days, but when I found out how little they had I decided to let him work a while longer. His family ate only twice a day at times and the children slept on the floor since they had no beds. When the week was up and I wanted to settle with him he said I owed him \$1.25 a day. When I asked why, he said another fellow had offered him that much after he had already promised me. I told him I hadn't heard of such wages in the last four years. Here we had sent something home for his family each evening: milk, eggs, potatoes, corn meal; and then he turned around and bit my hand. I tried to talk it out of him but couldn't. So I gave him \$1.25 a day (it took all the money I had) and said as I handed it to him, "If you can get along with it, I'll try and get along without it. But from now on you can work for that other fellow." I found out later that he had pulled that same trick on others. Just one of many desperate deeds done in the Depression days.

I can't remember for sure but I think it was in 1933 when the banks began to go bad and closed their doors one after another. The Federal Banking Association stepped in and closed all banks by order of the President. Then the government reorganized the banks and rearranged their policies and systems. So when the banks reopened there were fewer but stronger banks. Nappanee had three banks before the Depression; then after they closed and were reopened there was only one. Bremen had two before and one after. I don't remember for sure how long the banks remained closed, but it must have been two or three months. During that time they allowed the business places to have enough money so they could get along, and some stores were allowed to cash the people's milk and egg checks. But the general public couldn't get a dollar out of them all the time they were closed no matter how much they had there on deposit.

When the banks were opened again, it gave the people renewed hopes, but the Depression was by no means over. In the summer or fall of that same year President Roosevelt began a program called W.P.A. which gave jobless fellows something to do and gave them some income. They were given mostly hand labor with shovels, picks, and axes. They worked on the roads and along side the roads, trimming trees, filling holes, digging ditches. Then there were small crews of three to four men each with trucks going from farm to farm offering to build outhouses. The farmer was to pay for material and the government provided the labor. It was a system to get money back in circulation. The W.P.A. started out all right, but those guys soon found out that the government didn't mind if they didn't work very hard; so many were out on the jobs just to draw pay

DEPRESSION PRICES

Record of Produce and Livestock sold in the early 1930's by Peter Yoder of Daviess County, Indiana:

165 dozen eggs for \$14.54 (9¢ a dozen)
 5 veal calves for \$53.67 (\$10.33 each)
 9 hogs weighing 1920 lbs. for a total of \$68.60 (\$3.85 per hundred)
 1 sow for \$10.62
 572 broilers \$195.31 (34¢ each)
 116 capons for \$87.30 (75¢ each)
 1 horse \$37.50
 corn 18¢ a bushel
 5 gallon cream \$2.70 (approx.)
 1 fat veal calf \$8.23
 2 sows \$15.37
 55 bu. wheat \$47.85
 88 heavy broilers \$36.30 (41¢ each)
 3¢ turkeys \$71.45 (2.04 each)
 1 cow \$20
 16 fat hogs \$117.57 (\$7.35 each)

checks and spend their money. Many a shovel got harder useage from being leaned on than it did from shoveling dirt.

Through these difficult years, the neighborhood where we lived went on without changing much, always kind and helpful but rough in their way of living. But then about 1938 and 1939 things began to change; the neighbors went for bigger tractors and combines and more modern ways of farming, until no one seemed to have any use for his neighbors any more. We still exchanged help to shred corn fodder and to buzz stove wood.

Thinking back over these Depression years, there is a question that lingers much in my mind these later years. Could it be that we are in a greater depression spiritual-wise than we were back there money-wise? It sometimes looks to me like we have passed out of one depression into another which could prove out to be much more harmful to the spiritual man than the material depression was in the 1930's. But anyway the Depression of the 30's is all over and a lot of us learned some good lessons from it even if we wouldn't choose to go through it again. I believe our younger generation today (at least some of them) could benefit somewhat by having a good taste of it.

BUCHANAN, IOWA —An Amish Minister (now of Ohio)

My mind often lingers on the Depression times and must think how true it is what is written in many passages of Scripture about how the Lord provides for His own. The Depression years were such a time when we all needed to look to a Higher Power. It was also impressvie how some people could have patience with each other, the creditor with the debtor.

During those years, the earthly treasures of which the Lord and Master commanded us not to lay up too much were not too plentiful. Many Christian-minded people today confess that those times did no harm to anybody. The good earth was still the Lord's and all that was in it, and He could easily demonstrate or prove that His promises are still the same.

I was born in Geauga County and grew to manhood

in Alabama; then spent seven years in New Year of 1931. It showed a teacher in a school who had a big stick in his hand, and the name of that teacher was 1930. Remarks were made about 1930 being a harsh teacher, but we all remember his lessons. And some of the years that followed were even harsher teachers as the Depression lasted nearly 10 years.

The man we rented our farm from on a 50-50 basis was Ed Gallup. In 1930 I had raised 115 pigs in which Mr. Gallup had half interest. They were not all ready at the same time so we had hogs going to market at different times. Mr. Gallup was a man to watch the markets. His aim was always to never sell any hogs unless the market was strong or up a little...So Mr. Gallup, poor fellow, kept watching the hog market come down. I think we had gotten some over 8¢ a lb. for the first ones we sent to market. Of course, we kept holding the pigs because experience seemed to indicate that the market would soon go back up. But we were not yet graduated from the school of 1930. Meanwhile the hogs got bigger and reached 300 pounds which knocked the price off still more. Finally we sold them getting a little over 6¢ a lb. I saw 3¢ hogs (prime) sell in Iowa, but never sold any for that myself.

We decided to move to Ohio in 1933 and had our sale. We sold all our cows over the sale and they averaged \$30 each. Twelve very good brood sows coming in soon sold for \$12 each. We sold between 50-60 tons of hay in the barn which brought \$3.60 per ton. Our oats brought 14¼¢ a bushel. I had bought a new John Deere gang plow about three years before and had paid \$110; it brought \$16 over the sale. So we moved to Ohio—took a train carload of horses, farm tools, and household goods along.

I had had a checking account in Iowa at the Fairview Bank. When the Depression first hit, and some banks closed, I trusted they would be all right. But finally I didn't dare trust it any longer and withdrew my money and hid it at home. Soon after that the bank did close and in time all the banks in Iowa closed. But when we arrived in Ohio there were still quite a few banks open and doing normal business. It seemed the West was harder hit because the people were more in debt and not as long established as most farmers in Ohio. But then President Roosevelt closed all the banks in the country, for what reason I do not know. I had most of my money in postal money orders made out to myself.

BELLEVEILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

—Ezra Kangay

When the Depression hit, it was quite an undertaking for my parents to provide for twelve children. A few years before, our home had burned down and they were in debt for the new house. So to make matters lighter the school-aged children were put out in other homes for their board. And in the summer I got \$1.00 per week; I was ten going on eleven.

I often marveled how my parents managed to keep us children clothed and fed, although I do remember going barefooted until the snow flew. We younger boys were pretty much "hand-me-downs" and were glad for these when it got cold. We ate a lot of corn mush and milk, corn pudding, wheat graham muffins, corn cob molasses, and pancakes. Our folks probably had to decide which was the more important to feed the corn and wheat to, the family or the cattle.

Clothes were patched upon patch to make them do a while longer. And I have never been ashamed to wear patched clothes since.

It raised a lot of excitement among us children when dad got an unexpected notion and brought us home a watermelon or candy or bananas or when someone got

new shoes. There's one thing I notice today that the children have many more play things and money and they aren't a bit happier or as contented as we were then.

People got desperate for work. I know of one instance of a farmer offering a bushel of wheat (which was about 50c), a day for labor. One man turned him down but

another man accepted the job. He saved as much as he possibly could of the wheat he got, and the next spring the price of wheat went up to a dollar per bushel and he kinda felt a little rich when he sold his wheat.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH)

THE NIGHT THE PILGRIMS CAME

In this story Pete and Mattie Hochstetler are imaginary characters; Mrs. Doering is not.

As she scoured the last window, Mrs. Mattie Hochstetler sighed. It was a sigh of weariness, but also a sigh of satisfaction. The new can of Ajax was not half-empty without a reason.

Mrs. Hochstetler scanned the sparkling windows once more, looking for any speck she might have missed. There were none.

She put the cleanser and the chamois away, poured a glass of Koolaid from the icebox, and sank restfully into the deep rocker. As she sipped the orange drink, her eyes fondly surveyed her shining house -- the waxed hardwood like a mirror at her feet, the walls newly-painted, the furniture spick and span.

"Other women my age have a girl come in and do the cleaning," mused Mrs. Mattie, "but I haven't seen a girl yet that knows how a house should look."

She heard a step on the porch. "I wonder if that is Pete already," whispered Mattie to herself as she quickly got up from the chair and headed for the door. "If it is, he'll have to clean his shoes before he comes in."

The rap at the front door indicated it was not her husband coming in from the barn chores. He wouldn't knock. A stranger, maybe a salesman, or a neighbor. Mattie glanced sidewise into the mirror as she passed it. No smudges.

The caller turned out to be a woman of about Mattie's age, thin-faced and dressed in dark clothes that fitted her poorly. She held a basket under one arm.

"You sell me ekks?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, we do have eggs to sell. How many would you like?"

"TTree dozent, please."

"Won't you...?" Mattie Hochstetler caught herself just in time, as she glanced down and saw the mud on the woman's shoes. "If you'll wait here just a minute," she corrected herself, "I'll get the eggs for you."

"Thank you," said the woman.

Who is she? wondered Mattie, as she hurried to the basement for the eggs. I haven't seen her before.

"Here you are," she announced a moment later, counting out thirty-six cream-colored eggs. "Do you live around here?" she asked, full of curiosity.

"Yes," answered the visitor. "We moofer on the Brinkler farm." She pointed to the house a half mile down the road. Then, without any announcement, she

By Joseph Stoll



asked in German, "Sie sprechen auch deutsch, nicht wahr?"

"Ya, ya," Mattie's face was suddenly all smiles. "Mir schwetzi deutsch, abbi es'iss pensilfawnisch deutsch. Ich bin net gut in hoch deutsch."

The two women tried to get acquainted using their different dialects of German, but found they had difficulty understanding each other. From time to time they switched back to English.

The visitor said her name was Mrs. Doering. She had been born in Poland, and her father had been a Mennonite. With the coming of the Second World War, her homeland had been overrun by the Germans, and she and her family had become refugees. Only by the grace of God had her life been spared, and she had come to America.

An hour later Mrs. Doering had left for home, and Peter and Mattie Hochstetler were seated at the supper table.

"Who was the little old lady who was here for eggs?" asked Pete, taking a big bite out of his cheese sandwich.

"A Mrs. Doering," his wife replied, "They've moved into the Brinkler house. From the way her dress was faded and patched, I'd say they are poor people, but maybe there is a reason for it. She says they were war refugees."

"Refugees? Hmmn, is that right?" Pete cut off another chunk of cheese.

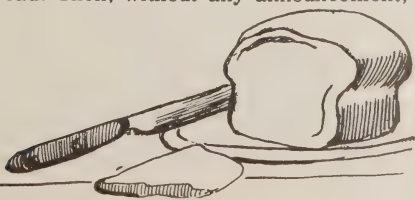
"Yep. Who knows, she might have an interesting story to tell. I think I'll ask her more the next time she comes."

"Why don't you bake an extra loaf of bread tomorrow, and take it down for them. That way you could get better acquainted."

"I think I will. Maybe a can of milk, too," Mrs. Hochstetler rubbed a grease spot off the tablecloth with her fingers. "You know, Pete, that old Brinkler house isn't hardly fit for the winter, and the snow will soon be blowing. I wonder if they know how cold it gets here in Indiana."

"Maybe they need blankets and things like that. Why don't you ask when you go down tomorrow, Mattie?"

"Uh, huh," Mattie was thinking. "I do have a couple of old comforters in the chest," she said at last. "I'd be ashamed to put them on my beds, but they'd be warm



enough even if they are old and torn."

Mrs. Doering opened the door for Mattie. "O come in, come in," she invited, beaming a friendly smile. Quickly she brought a chair.

"I brought some rolls for you," announced Mattie, handing a brown-paper package to Mrs. Doering. "And milk, too. You probably don't have a cow, do you?"

"No, ve don't," admitted Mrs. Doering. "Ve haf chust

powdered milk."

"I wanted to come last week already," apologized Mattie, "but I've been soo busy, getting my garden things and flowers in before the cold weather comes. But this morning I said, Pete. I'm going up to Doerings today, even if the work isn't all done. So here I am."

Mattie Hochstetler sat down on the rickety chair her hostess had set before her. She folded her hands in her laps, but her eyes went roving about the room. Some time or other the wallpaper had peeled in strips, dragging the plaster with it. But Mattie could see where Mrs. Doering had been cleaning and scraping the walls, trying to make the tired old house presentable.

"Maybe I can help you a spell with your work," offered Mattie, getting up again.

So Mrs. Doering brought out another rag, and the two women washed and scrubbed some furniture that Mr. Doering had bought. As they worked, the two women chatted, sometimes in German and sometimes in English.

At last Mrs. Hochstetler asked, "Did you have a really hard time during the war? You said something the other day that you were refugees."

Sorrow like a cloud cast a shadow over the lined face of Mrs. Doering. Clearly, the memories were not pleasant ones. Nevertheless, she began haltingly to tell her new neighbor about them.

Mrs. Hochstetler listened, sympathy showing in her face.

"Pete," began Mattie that evening, as she and her husband were seated in the living room after supper. "That Mrs. Doering was telling me her life story this afternoon. It's terribly sad."

"What did she say?"

"I couldn't repeat it all, and yet I believe she wasn't near done. My, what she didn't go through, and to think that all the while we had it nice and peaceful-like, and all we could eat."

"Tell me," Pete laid the **Farm Journal** on the sewing table beside his chair.

"One thing, she was married in 1930, the same year we got married," began Mattie. "That was her first husband. They belonged to a church called 'The Children of God,' and the way she talked they were a lot the same as we are, in what they believed and such."

"Then in 1939, I believe she said, the Germans took over Poland, but they divided it with Russia. The next winter the Russians came to their village with wagons one day and told them they had two hours to get ready to leave. They were hauled ten miles to a train station, and loaded into a freight car to be shipped to Germany. That was because they were Germans to start with. The weather was cold and they almost froze on that train ride."

"Later on that same year her husband died of T.B. She was all alone with him, and had to see about the burying and all. That was at a hospital, and then she went home to her children."

Mrs. Hochstetler paused and for a long time she looked, unseeing, out the window upon the dark world outside. Her husband, too, sat thinking, saying nothing.

"Boo, it's coldt," exclaimed Mrs. Doering through chattering teeth as she hurried into the Hochstetler kitchen. She set her egg basket on the floor, and huddled over Mattie's kitchen range.

"Yes, it's not far from zero today," agreed Mattie. "Pete said with this wind it's the same as twenty below. How many eggs were you needing today? The price has gone up, you know...it 'most always does in such cold weather."

"Two dozent, I tink," shivered Mrs. Doering.

"Did it get cold like this in Poland, too?" asked Mattie.

"Yes, yes, it didt." Mrs. Doering continued to warm her hands, and Mattie could see she was remembering. "It vass a night about like dis, mit coldt, snow, and vindt, dat ve hadt to leaf our homes again, in 1945 it vass. I vass liffig mit my childtren on a farm, and dey come mit wagons and gafe us one hour. Ve travel mit wagons 200

Love And Hate

Love and hate have been at war

For oh, so many years.

And causing all this blood and strife

And many, many tears.

At times it seems that hate may win

As dark clouds hover low

For we have all been born in sin

And Satan is our foe.

His snares and nets are all about

With love for his disguise;

He tries to tell us we are smart,

And oh, so worldly wise.

He even makes some to believe

That they can do no wrong;

It gives him pleasure to deceive;

His influence is strong.

It seems that selfishness prevails--

And everyone seeks his own--

It's your own fault if you should fail,

Please, do leave me alone!

On the other hand, I also know

Just what true faith can do,

It moves the mountains, hills, and dales;

It makes no difference who.

For love is overpowering,

And hate cannot survive;

A silver lining for each cloud

Shall keep sweet love alive

For God so loved this lowly world

He sent His only Son

To bear our sins upon the cross,

Over Satan He has won.

He led the way and cleared a path

To Heaven's open door,

For whosoever heeds His knock

Shall live forevermore.

Let's pray to God to lead us on

As we've never prayed before

That we may meet at Jesus' feet

Beyond this earthly shore.

E. D., Geauga County

miles into Polandt, and it vass coldt, very coldt. About all de time der were bombs falling, an dat make us nervous, you know. Airplanes and fires and bombs -- it vass like de endt of der worldt."

Mrs. Hochstetler had been listening closely. "How many children did you have?" she asked.

"Four. My oldest vass seven, and my baby ten months. Didt I tell you I marriedt again? But the Germans took my husband and make him a solidier, and so I vass alone mit my childtren."

"You traveled for two hundred miles in wagons?"

"Yes, and den the Russians came and vanted to shoot us all, but dey didn't. Dey took away all our foodt, our clothing, even our shoes. Den dey chase us out to care for ourself. So ve startedt back home, valking -- childtren and all."

"In the winter time, and no shoes?" Mattie had forgotten about the eggs.

"Yess. Some nights we slept in barns mit the cows to keep warm. In the daytime ve hadt to keep mooft, or ve vould freese to death. Many babies didt freese, and older childtren too, and the bodies lay in fields like sheafs of grain. O, Mattie, such suffering and trubel you never saw!"

Mrs. Doering lowered her head into her hands and sobbed quietly. "It vass terrible! In tree veeks ve got back home, but out house vass taken. Ven ve found a house, it vass vorse den a barn. Oh, I tank Godt for the nice house ve haf now."

Mattie Hochstetler was suddenly very conscious of her own beautiful home -- its floors like glass, the insulated walls, and the warm ooziness of the living room even when it was twenty below zero outside. Somehow, she didn't understand why, she felt guilty about it all.

The thin woman beside the kitchen range was struggling to go on with her story, and Mattie could see that the hardest part was still coming.

"Mein baby, mein poor little von, she could not eat the black bread and der vass no milk. Every day I could see she vass starft. But what could I do? Nothing, but cry and pray dat Jesus vould come and take us all out of our suffering. Before mein baby died, she gnawed the flesh from her fingers. It vass almost more dan I could bear."

Mattie Hochstetler shuddered. Fleetinglly, her thoughts went to the six children she an Pete had raised. They had grown up during the war, and barely found out that a war was being fought. All of them were now married, and the farthest one lived four miles away. All the fat sweet dear little grandchildren....Mattie felt a tear gathering in her eye...and Mrs. Doering's baby had starved to death. It didn't seem fair.

That night wind howled around the Hochstetler home, but in their bedroom Pete and Mattie did not mind the cold. There was good hard coal in the Riteway, and the warmth circulated to the outermost corners.

Before she went to sleep, Mattie told her husband the sad story of Mrs. Doering's life, and what the war had done to Europe. When she had finished, and Pete was snoring, Mattie lay awake, thinking of the mothers and children tramping through the snow with only rags around their feet, sleeping in cow stables to keep warm, starving on black bread. For a long time Mattie thought, but at last she dozed.

So when there was a knocking at the Hochstetler's front door, Mattie did not hear it at first. The rapping continued, and Mattie Hochstetler got up, slipped into her dress, and went to see who could be knocking at that hour of the night.

Even before she turned the night latch, she could hear the sobbing and crying of the children. Many children, and many mothers, and a few men. She knew they were there, so she quickly flung the door wide. The gust of cold air that greeted her snatched the breath from her lungs. No wonder the children were crying.

Quickly, passionately, she herded the people through the door into the warm kitchen and on to the living room. They filed in, thanking God in weary voices,

thin hobbling pilgrims with frosted feet and starving bellies. Mattie circled through the snow to the front yardgate to be sure no one had been left outside, and then she followed the last mother in and closed the door.

Mattie had baked bread the afternoon before, and the plump fluffy loaves were still on the worktable, wrapped in plastic bags. The refugees spotted the bread at once, and the children pointed at it, but they did not take the loaves until Mattie motioned to them. "Help yourself," she whispered, "and I'll warm some soup for you."

She turned up the light, and then for the first time she saw how dirty the people were who had crowded into her house. Earth, straw, and the marks of the cowstable hung crusted to their clothes, dried and frozen, mixed with snow. The Riteway sparkled, and soon the snow and dirt was dripping to the floor in puddles.

By the light, too, she saw the faces. The hopeless look, the tired stare, the pinched and wrinkled skin. Mattie jumped as she saw a familiar face. But no, it wasn't her granddaughter after all. Just a stranger.

Mattie jerked open two cans of vegetable soup and quickly placed it on the stove to heat. She watched as the bread was broken into pieces and passed out to each person, until everyone had a just share. Almost reverently the travelers ate the bread, and looked with longing toward the soup.

"Perhaps you should not eat too much, it might make you sick," Mattie warned the hungry strangers, remembering what Mrs. Doering had said about children dying when they at last got food.

Even before her words were said, one young lad of five or six held his stomach and was sick. The vomit splattered Mattie's nice floor, and she quickly ran to get a rag. But before she got back, other children had crowded in and the mess was being tracked all through the house.

The excitement was beginning to affect Mattie, and she felt like she might faint. But she had to feed these poor people first. She passed out the soup. There were so many people that she had to use her company dishes and silver, but the grateful look on the children's faces was reward enough.

It was only after the refugees were all fed, and they were stretching out on the warm floor to sleep, that Mattie Hochstetler began to relax.

And at that moment the soldiers came.

They pounded on the door with their rifle butts and cursed with loud voices. The tired pilgrims on the floor whimpered, overcome with fear and sick at heart. A child screamed. For a long moment Mattie was unable to move or talk. Fear hammered in her mouth, and she knew it was her heart beating. Terror-stricken, she did not move. But when at last, with a splitting and breaking of wood, the angry soldiers broke down the front door, Mattie found her voice and screamed, "Oh, Pete, what can we do?"

Pete Hochstetler woke up then, and helped his trembling wife to the rocking chair beside the stove. He stood beside her, waiting till she had quieted enough to tell him about her dream. After a time he walked to the window and looked at the thermometer outside. Twelve below, it read. The wind had died down a little and the moon was shining. Pete idly watched its reflection on his wife's smooth floor.

The morning dawned cold and wintry, and Pete and Mattie did not wake up till late. At the breakfast table, Pete asked, "What have you planned for today, Mattie? Oh, it's Saurday, isn't it, cleaning day?"

When his wife did not say anything, Pete continued, "That means I'd better find some work in the barn and keep out of your way."

"Pete," Mattie's voice was serious. "Today is Saturday, but it's not cleaning day at this house. I expect once a person lived in a barn or slept in the woods, a speck of dirt wouldn't seem so important. This house is clean enough, so why don't we look for something worthwhile doing? Do you think you'd have time to go with me to the Doerings for the day?" ■■

Heilung eines Blindgeborenen

„Jesus, Jesus, Brunn des Lebens!
Stell, ach stell Dich bei uns ein!
Daß wir jestund nicht vergebens
Wirken und beisammen sein!“

Gieb uns Augen, gieb uns Ohren,
Gieb uns Herzen, die Dir gleich,
Mach uns redlich ungeboren,
Herr, zu Deinem Himmelreich.“

Zu neunten Kap. Johannes können wir lesen die Geschichte von ein Mensch der blind geboren war, und Jesus ihn geheilet hatte. Diesen Morgen haben wir dieses Kap. gelesen, und es machte mich wundern ob wir diese Glieder wo der Herr uns am Leibe gesetzt hat gebrauchen zum rechten Sehen und zum rechten Hören; oder ob wir zu viel sind wie die Schriftgelehrte und Pharisäer. Ihre Augen schlummerten und ihre Ohren hörten übel. Mit sehenden Augen konnten sie nicht sehen und mit hörenden Ohren konnten sie nicht hören. Warum so? Nach meinem dünken war es nichts anders als dieweil ihre Herzen verstopft waren.

Wenn wir obiges Gedicht singen, tun wir bitten daß Jesus uns Augen, Ohren und Herzen geben soll die Ihm gleich sind. O, wie eine wichtige Sache ist es solches zu bitten von Gott, Augen, Ohren und Herzen haben die Jesu gleich sind. Sind wir vielleicht auch oftmals zu verstopft um aufzuleben zu seinem Wort und Willen? Wir können leicht hinkommen wo der Pharosch war, sein Herz war verstopft daß er Israel nicht wollte ziehen lassen, und wie ist es ihm ergangen? „Ich weiß nichts vom Herrn, und will Israel auch nicht ziehen lassen. Weßens Stimme ist es, daß ich gehorchen soll?“

Zu unserm Text Kap. fragten die Jünger: „Meister, wer hat gesündigt, dieser oder seine Eltern, daß er ist blind geboren?“ Jesus konnte bald antworten: „Es hat weder dieser oder seine Eltern gesündigt.“ Sie möchten schon angestanden haben zu denken, warum dann, ist er blind geboren? Sie konnten dieses nicht verstehen. Jesus aber gab die Antwort: „Sondern, daß die Werke Gottes an ihm offenbar würden.“

Jesus hatte öfters solche Sachen getan um die Menschen zum Glauben helfen, wie Er nun weiter sagte: „Ich muß wirken die Werke des der mich gesandt hat, so lange es Tag ist; es kommt die Nacht, da niemand wirken kann. Dieweil ich bin in der Welt, bin ich das Licht der Welt.“ Dann spürte er auf die Erde, und machte ein Klot aus dem Speichel, und schmierte den Klot auf des Blinden Augen. Dann sollte er hin zu dem Teich Siloah gehen und sich wäschen, dies hat er getan und kam heim sehend.

Wenn wir Mangel haben an Gesundheit tun wir auch Arznei brauchen, aber wie oft tun wir vielleicht vergessen im Teich Siloah gehen um uns zu waschen. Das ist die Sache zu Gott bringen und die rechte Reinigungs-Process bekommen durch das Blut Jesu Christi. Wenn dieser Mensch sich nicht gewaschen hätte in dem Teich zweifeln wir nicht, er wäre niemals sehend worden.

Die Nachbarn wo dieser Mensch gekannt hatten und wußten daß er ein Bettler war, sprachen: „Ist dieser nicht derjenige der da saß und bettelte?“ Etliche sprachen: Er ist, etliche aber, Er ist ihm nur ähnlich. Er selbst aber sprach: Ich bins.

Dieses Wunderwerk war wohl untersucht. Die Juden haben ihn gefragt: Wie sind deine Augen aufgetan worden? Er sagte: Der Mensch, der Jesus heißt, machte ein Klot und schmierte meine Augen und sprach: Gehe hin zu dem Teich Siloah und wasche dich. Ich ging hin und wusch mich und ward sehend. Sie fragten ihn, Wo ist derjelbige? Er sprach: Ich weiß es nicht. Nun führten sie ihn hin zu die Pharisäern, da ist er abermal gefragt worden, und er sagten es ihnen wieder. Es war auf den Sabbath da Jesus dies Werk getan hat, nun meinten sie er wäre nicht von Gott dieweil er den Sabbath nicht hält. Andere aber sprachen: Wie kann ein sündiger Mensch solche Zeichen tun? Und es ward eine Zwietracht unter ihnen.

Die Juden glaubten nicht daß dieser Mensch blind gewesen und sehend geworden wäre bis sie seine Eltern beiriefen und sie fragten. Ist dieses ener Sohn und ist er blind geboren? Sie sagten: Ja dies ist unser Sohn und wir wissen daß er blind geboren war, aber wie er nun sehend ist, wissen wir nicht, er ist alt genug, laßet ihn selbst für sich reden. Die Eltern fürchteten sich. Denn die Juden hatten sich schon vereinigt, so jemand ihn für Christum bekennte, daß derselbige in den Bann getan würde.

Die Juden hielten nur an der Mensch zu fragen: Gieb Gott die Ehre: Wir wissen daß dieser Mensch (Jesus) ein Sünder ist. Der Blindgeborene antwortete: Ist er ein Sünder, das weiß ich nicht; eines weiß ich wohl, daß ich blind war und bin nun sehend. Sie hielten an bis er nach meinen dünken fast unwillig geworden ist. „Ich habe es euch gesagt; habt ihr es nicht gehöret? Was wollt ihrs abermal hören? Wollt ihr auch seine Jünger werden? Da schalten sie ihn und sprachen: Du bist sein Jünger; wie aber sind Moses Jünger. Sie meinten sie wußten daß Gott mit Mose geredet hat, aber sie wußten nicht von wannen Jesu wäre.

Der Blindgeborene hat sich schön, klar und deutlich verwantwortet. Das ist ein wunderlich Ding, daß ihr nicht wißet von wannen er sei, und er hat doch meine Augen aufgetan. Wir wissen aber daß Gott die Sünder nicht höret, sondern so jemand gottesfürchtig ist und tut seinen Willen, den höret er. Von der Welt an ist es nicht erhöret, daß jemand einem Blindgeborenen die Augen aufgetan hat. Wäre dieser nicht von Gott, er könnte solches nicht tun.

Sie antworteten und sprachen zu ihm: Du bist ganz in Sünden geboren, und lehrest uns? Und stießen ihn so unbarmherzig die Tür hinaus. Wo Jesus nun hörte daß sie ihn ausgestoßen hatte kam er zu ihm, und wir können ihn fast hören ihn so antmeindend fragen: „Glaubst du an den Sohn Gottes? Er antwortete: Herr, welches ist? auf daß ich an ihn glaube. Jesus sprach: Du hast ihn gesehen, und der mit dir redet, der ist. Nun sprach er: Herr, ich glaube, und betete ihn an.

Ein schönes Kennzeichen von wahre Buße und Glauben an Gott. Wiewohl sie dieser Mensch ausgestoßen hatten ist er doch nicht schwach geworden. Er glaubte an die Wunder-taten Gottes, ich glaube er fühlte die Kraft Gottes in sich selbst.

Jesus sprach: Ich bin zum Gerichte auf diese Welt kom-

men, auf daß die da nicht sehen, sehend werden, und die da sehen blind werden. Da solches etliche der Pharisäer hörten, fragten sie: Sind wir denn auch blind? Jesus sprach zu ihnen: Wäret ihr blind, so hättet ihr keine Sünde nun; ihr aber sprecht: Wir sind sehend, bleibet eure Sünde.

So ist es noch Heute, so lange wir uns nicht als Sünder anerkennen, dann bleiben wir stecken in unsere Sünde.

Zu Sündern spricht Er: kommt zu mir! Und nimmst sie gnädig an; Fühl dich als Sünder, daß er dir, Ein Heiland werden kann.



Die Tomate — ein sehr angenehme Speise

Welch eine wunderbare Entdeckung war die Tomate als Speise. Es sind noch viele Leute am Leben heute, die sich noch bestimmen können an die Zeit, wo der Tomate gedacht war nur als eine Blume oder Ornamentik. Zu der Zeit war es angesehen als giftig und gefährlich und es waren wenige Leute, die es angreifen wollten. Aber des Aberglaubens ist endlich zunichte gemacht worden und so langsam haben Leute es gekostet und ausgefunden das es sehr gut ist.

Von diese Zeit ist es angenommen worden bis auf den heutigen Tag ist die Tomate gefunden auf der Tische von fast alle Familie im Lande. Die Ursache warum es so hoch geachtet ist, ist klar. Es ist keine Speise ihm gleich für den Appetit machen, und ist so schmackhaft das jeden es gerne haben will.

Und die Gesundheit ist auch nichts zu finden ihm gleich. Die Tomate kann leicht weg getan werden für den Winter in glas Gefäße, und wenn es aufgemacht würd, kostet es fast wie das frische Frucht. Das rote Saft ist auch gut um zu trinken und ist auch sehr gesund für auch den schwachste Magen.

Gleich wie das Weiskorn, die Tomate ist gekommen von Amerika und ist nun über die ganze Welt gegangen. Sie ist so reichlich vorhanden das der armste Mann so wohl als der reichste Millionär es genießen kann.

— von ein alter Almanac von 1908

Gerne helfen

Wir wollen allezeit behilflich sein jedem wo es bedürft so viel als möglich ist. Aber wir wollen nicht gedenken eine große Lohn dafür zu kriegen. Oftmals bekommen Leute gar keine Dank für ihre Mühe, die sie anwenden um andere zu helfen. Die folgende Geschichte ist genommen aus einen alter Almanac von 1906:

In London war ein Kaufman, der hatte ein kleines Kaufhaus. Er arbeitete fleißiglich und hatte etwas Geld gespart, damit hoffte er sein Kaufhaus größer zu machen. Er hatte ein 14-jährigen Knabe, der arbeitete für ihn, der war sehr arm. Eines Tages sagte der Knabe, „Ich kann nicht in die Kirche gehen denn ich habe nicht Kleider die gut genug sind um die Kirche zu gehen.“

Da jammerte es der Kaufmann und es kam die Zeit das er etwas Geld nahm welches er gespart hatte um sein

Kaufhaus größer zu machen und ging und kaufte ein Stück Tuch um Kleider zu machen und gab's dem Knabe. Der Knabe nahm es mit großer Dank und ging heim.

Am folgende Montag Morgen ist der Knabe nicht an die Arbeit gekommen wie gewöhnlich. Da forschte der Kaufmann nach an des Knabes Mutter und fragte, „Ist der Knabe krank, das er nicht zu arbeit gekommen ist?“

„Nein,“ antwortete die Mutter, „Ich machte dem Kinde ein neues Kleid und er sah so sehr hübsch und anständig aus das wir meinten er kann ein bessere Arbeit bekommen als in dein Kaufhaus. Er ist gegangen für schönere Arbeit zu suchen!“

Ein Abendgedicht.

von D. A. Trojer.

O großer Gott! von Ewigkeit,
Wir loben Dich von Herzensgrund,
Der Du uns hast geführt heut,
Bis an die finstre Abendstund.

Durch Deine starke Gnadenhand
Hast Du gemacht die ganze Welt,
Ja alles, was da lebt im Land,
Auch alles, was der Himmel hält.

Wir bitten Dich, Herr Jesu Christ,
Bewahre uns vor dem bösen Feind,
Der Du das Licht der Menschen bist
Wenn schon die Sonne nicht mehr scheint.

Der Mond steht jetzt am Firmament,
Da er die finstre Nacht regiert,
Der jetzt noch über alle Welt
Durch deine starke Hand wird g'führt.

Die Sterne prangen ohne Zahl
In der dunklen finstern Nacht,
Von dem blauen Himmelsaal
Und zeigen ihren Glanz und Pracht.

Ach! daß wir doch den Sternen gleich
Dort in der langen Ewigkeit,
Ja glänzend in dem Himmelreich
In einer unerhörten Freud.

Nun wollen wir zu Bette geh'n,
Gott, deine Engel sende Du,
Daß sie uns an der Seite steh'n,
Dann schließen wir die Augen zu.

Und schlafen unter Deinem Schutz
In guter sanfter Leibesruh,
Den bösen Feind zu seinem Trug
Kein Schaden kann er uns jügen zu.

Nun, wir uns zur Ruh' begeben
In des Herrn Jesu Namen,
Befehlen uns mit Leib und Seelen
In Gottes Schutz und Segen, Amen.
— Gerold der Wahrheit (1921).

CHILDREN'S SECTION

— By Elmo Stoll

BERT, THE BRAGGER



MONROE FELT LIKE asking Bert to shut up. He had just started telling the other boys at school about his banties when Bert had to butt in with a big brag story. But that was just like Bert. Always talking. Always bragging.

"It's sort of fun each evening when I get home to see another egg in her nest," Monroe had been telling his school friends, Johnny and David. "If she hatches any little banties, I'm planning to sell them at the community auction."

That was when Bert had started in bragging. "Pewww," he said. "Banties! I wouldn't bother with banties. Anybody can raise banties. I had fifty banties when I was seven. They're easy to raise. And it's just a waste of time. No money in them that amounts to anything. You should come over to our place and I would show you—"

"Yeah, we know what a lot of money you make," Johnny broke in. "We know you're almost a millionaire from raising all those big, juicy mushrooms."

All the boys laughed except Bert, who didn't think it was funny. Bert's mushrooms were a big joke. The summer before Bert had bragged all spring about how much money he was going to make on mushrooms. He was going to raise them in the wood room in their basement at home, and he already had it all figured out how much money he would make. The boys had been sick of hearing how many mushrooms he was going to raise, and how much money he was going to make. They had really laughed when the whole mushroom project turned out to be a flop. Bert hadn't been able to raise a single mushroom. Every day he had gone down to the basement to see the first little mushrooms pushing up through the sawdust mulch, but none ever came. And how the boys had rubbed it in.

"Maybe that'll teach him not to brag so much," Monroe had said after the mushroom failure. But Monroe had been wrong. If anything, Bert bragged more than ever. He always had everything bigger and could do everything better than any of the other boys.

But at least the mushroom failure helped some, because now when they got tired of hearing Bert brag, they would always throw his big mushroom deal up into his face, and that would quiet him down. Usually. This time when Johnny mentioned the mushrooms, didn't stop Bert from bragging.

"You always bring up those mushrooms," Bert said. "It wasn't my fault they didn't turn out good. My little brother left the window open one day, and the mulch dried out too much. If he hadn't done that, they would

have come up."

"Oh, sure," Johnny said. He wasn't convinced. "Nothing is ever your fault. You couldn't do anything wrong. You're the biggest, brightest, bestest person that ever lived."

Bert was used to having the boys give him a hard time, but this was going a little too far. He looked hurt, and didn't answer.

Monroe felt a little sorry for him, then. Bert was sort of likeable in spite of his bad habit of bragging all the time. "Don't take Johnny too serious," Monroe said to Bert. "I know you're right that there isn't much in banties. I just raise them for fun."

That was enough to really get Bert started in bragging. "You should sell your banties and raise pigeons," he said.

"Pigeons," the boys laughed. "You don't have to raise them. They raise themselves about like sparrows."

"No, no," Bert said. "I don't mean just common old barn pigeons. I mean fancy pigeons. You stop in at our place tonight and I'll show you what I mean. I have the best pair of pigeons you ever saw. They cost a lot, but you can sell the young for a lot, too."

"Ho, how do you know—"

Before Johnny could finish his question, the teacher rang the bell and they ran for the classroom. This was the last week of school, and all the pupils were anxious to get the test over with so they could be free for the summer.

Just as soon as school was dismissed, Bert was talking about his pigeons again. Bert lived only a quarter of a mile from the school, and most of the boys passed his home anyhow. Only Johnny lived in the opposite direction, but he said it was worth walking that extra distance to see such a famous pair of pigeons.

"How many hundred dollars did you say you gave for them?" Johnny asked as they walked up the road toward Bert's home.

Bert made a face. "I didn't say."

"You'll have to tell me what they're worth," Monroe said. "Cause you advised me to sell my banties and buy pigeons. If you don't tell me how much they cost, I won't know how many banties to sell."

"Okay, it's no secret. I paid \$12."

The boys whistled. "For one pair of pigeons!"

"Wait until you see them before you have a fit," Bert said. "They're solid black with beautiful tails and—"

"Oh, of course," Johnny said. "How could we forget what an extraordinary pair of pigeons they are."

Bert led the boys into the cow stable where he had the pigeons penned in a rabbit hutch. They were indeed unusual. Monroe had never seen any pigeons that looked

like that. The other boys hadn't either. They were a pair of jet black fantail pigeons.

"What's wrong with them?" Johnny asked. "Why do they keep putting their heads back so far. They act crazy, if you ask me."

Bert laughed. "Shows that you don't know much about fantails. They're supposed to put their heads back. That means they're good pair."

None of the boys had ever seen such a funny sight. The pigeons walked around with their heads pulled so far back that their heads actually touched their tails. They could barely see forward, and walked as if they were about to fall backwards.

"They're sick," David said. "I'd call a vet if I were you."

"I'd send them to a mental hospital," Johnny said. "That's where they belong, along with anybody dumb enough to pay \$12 for them."

"Laugh if you like," Bert said. "He that laughs last, laughs best. They'll make more money for me this summer than any pets the rest of you have got."

"We'll take you up on that," Johnny said. "If Monroe's banties don't make more money this summer than your pigeons, I'll be surprised."

"I'll be surprised, too," David said.

So that was how it came about that Monroe and Bert got into the race to see whose pets made the most money.

The other boys let Monroe know that they hoped his banties would win.

"Take good care of your banty hen," Johnny said. "If Bert's black pigeons win, we'll never hear the last of it. The way he brags already."

When Monroe's banty started setting, she had 12 eggs--an even dozen. And Monroe was busy doing some figuring in his head. "If they all hatch and I raise them all, and sell them at 35c each, that will be only a little over \$4. But she can raise more than one bunch in a summer. But even if she squeezed in three sets of chicks, and raised 12 each time, that would be only \$12."

Bert only had to raise one pair of pigeons to equal that.

Monroe was afraid he didn't stand much of a chance to win. And if Bert won--how he would brag. He could hear him already.

Meanwhile the fantails laid two eggs. And sat on them. One week. Two weeks.

The pigeons eggs were due to hatch any time. So were Monroe's banties.

The banties hatched first. One egg was bad, but eleven hatched. Yellow balls of downy fluff--eleven little banties. Monroe cared for them the best he knew how. Every half hour he ran to check and see if they were all right. He fed them at noon and they were still all there, but a little later when he came back, he could only count nine. Two were missing. He looked everywhere for them. Then he saw the grey cat stealing over to the pen and he didn't have to ask what happened. If he hadn't been right there, she would have made off with a third. Monroe felt bad about it, especially when he considered that his chances of making more money than Bert were slimmer than ever.

Both of Bert's pigeon eggs hatched. Bert was bubbling over, and he talked all the time about how much money he would make.

"He acts like he's won the contest already," Johnny said sourly. "There's still a lot that could happen. They're not raised yet. And then he'll have to find someone to pay that much money for them."

"If I were him, I'd wait to brag until I had them sold," David said. "But not Bert. He brags and brags."

"Bert, the Bragger," Monroe laughed.

The other boys laughed, too. They liked the sound of it. Bert, the Bragger.

They repeated it several times. And that was how the name got started. From then on, when the boys talked about Bert, he was always Bert, the Bragger. Sometimes they almost forgot themselves and called him that to his face, but so far they had always caught themselves in time to avoid saying it.

July 1971

The little banties grew, but now there were only eight. The family driving horse had stepped on the ninth one.

Bert's pigeons were growing, too. They were doing exceptionally well, or at least, that was what Bert claimed.

One evening in June, Monroe had just come in from chores and was washing his hands at the sink when a buggy drove in the lane. His sister, Sue, called to Monroe, "Look out the window. Someone drove in. Who is it?"

Monroe saw that it was Bert. "It's Bert, the Bragger," he said automatically, without thinking, and without realizing that his father was in the living room and heard what he said.

Monroe went out to see what Bert wanted.

"How are your banties?" It was the first question Bert asked.

"Oh, all right," Monroe said. "They're about half grown."

"The pigeons are starting to eat on their own. I suppose I'll sell them before too long. I look for it that the old pair will be laying again soon."

There Bert was, bragging again!

The next morning Monroe was out in the barn getting ready to start milking when his father said, "Ahh, Monroe, what did you call Bert last night when he drove in?"

Monroe felt his face turn red. "Did I call him anything?"

"Yes, you did," Father said. "And you should remember what. It didn't sound like it was the first time you had said it."

"Oh, Bert, the Bragger," Monroe said. "I didn't mean anything by it. That is what all the boys call him."

Monroe soon found out that his father didn't think much of the idea. He got a real scolding.

"But, but, Dad, Bert's always bragging," Monroe said in defense of himself.

"That doesn't give you the right to make fun of him. It's wrong to brag, but it's just as wrong to mock someone. How would you like to be called, Monroe, the Mocker?"

"I--I guess I wouldn't."

There was a short silence. Then his father said, "Why do you suppose Bert brags so much?"

"Don't know. Guess because he feels so important."

"It may be that," Father said. "But from what I've seen of him, I think he feels left out and pushed back. Bragging may be the only way he knows to draw attention to himself. And if he feels left out and insecure, part of his bragging may be an effort to persuade himself that he really is important, and that he can do things well."

It was a new idea for Monroe. He had never thought of anything like that. He decided to tell his father all about the summer's contest between the banties and the pigeons. And how they hoped Bert's pigeons wouldn't win, because then Bert would be worse than ever for bragging.

"Oh, I don't know," his father said. "If Bert's pigeons are doing that well, you boys better be a good sport about it, and admit that maybe he did have a good idea, and that his pigeons were a better investment than you thought. Perhaps if you gave him the credit he deserves, it might help him overcome his urge to brag."

Monroe thought about what his father had told him for quite a while. In a way it didn't make sense, yet in a way it did. And every time he went over there to look at Bert's pigeons, the better he liked them. They really were good-looking birds. He didn't like to admit it to himself, but in a way maybe the fantail pigeon business wasn't such a bad thing to be in. Too bad it had been Bert's idea.

It was about a week later than one evening Monroe decided he would go across the fields and see how Bert's pigeons were making out. He had his father's permission

to go. Bert showed him the pigeons. The young ones looked almost exactly like their parents. "They're old enough to sell," said Bert. He seemed very pleased.

Monroe couldn't wait any longer to say what he had to say. "Dad said I can get myself a pair of pigeons if I sell all my banties."

Bert looked surprised. "You want to raise pigeons?"

"Sure. Who wouldn't? But you'll have to teach me how, because I never had pigeons before. And you've proven that you know your pigeon business."

"Awww, I'm just learning myself," Bert said modestly. "But I'll be glad to sell you this pair of young ones, and we can learn together."

Monroe could scarcely believe his ears. It sure didn't sound like Bert, the Bragger. ■■

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

By JOSEPH STOLL

The life of Elizabeth Kemp Stutzman

This is the true story of an Amish girl. She grew up when the American Midwest was still pioneer country, and experienced many of the hardships common to that era.

Born ten years after the Civil War, Lizzie Kemp lived her childhood in a mixture of laughter and tears. From her foster parents she learned to trust in God, and early in her youth committed her life to His keeping.

Then came marriage, the thrills of home-making, and motherhood. From Indiana the scene shifted to the barren plains of western Kansas, and battles with dry weather, grasshoppers, dust storms, and tornadoes. But these were the happy golden years, albeit not easy ones.

The story of Lizzie Kemp's life is fascinating, and is told in a way so even children can understand. A fine combination of history and human interest, with many real-life anecdotes and a faithful portrayal of the Amish way of life. Last, and most important, it is a story of Christianity in work-clothes, of sustaining faith in the Good Shepherd.

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ALONG NATURE'S PATHS

A story of interesting facts
about many different
kinds of birds.

GOD'S LITTLE HENS

By Agnes Ranney

"Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." Matt. 6:26.

When I heard that verse as a child, I imagined a kind God scattering grain to the "fowls of the air" very much as my mother scattered corn to her chickens. Grain and seeds do make up a large part of the food of many birds. But they eat numerous other things, too. Each bird is beautifully adapted to find the foods that suits it best. And each bird has a place in God's plan of creation, for the way it lives and the food it eats affect many other creatures.

"God's little hens" is the name French children give to the tiny house wrens. They are friendly, industrious little birds, common in both Europe and America, who like to build their nests near people's homes. They like bird houses, and have been known to nest in old shoes, jugs, even the pocket of a pair of trousers left hanging on a line!

The mother bird lays five or six eggs, and may raise several families in a summer. When the babies hatch, she is busy from dawn to dark finding food for her hungry family. She hops about among the rose bushes, using her long slender bill to pick off the plant lice that damage the leaves. She forages among the flower beds for grubs and spiders. She searches the garden for caterpillars and beetles. Though so tiny that it would take seventy-two of her to weigh a pound, the number of harmful insects she destroys each day must number in the thousands. And no matter how many of these pests she carries home, her hungry children are always ready with wide open beaks, cheeping for more!

The hummingbird is smaller still—it is the tiniest bird of all. In the western United States the rufous hummingbird is most common, while the beautiful little ruby-throat is the one seen east of the Mississippi. Many other kinds are found from Alaska to the southern tip of South America. The hummingbird might be called a feathered helicopter, for his wings move so rapidly that he can hover in mid-air, and dart from flower to flower almost too swiftly for the eye to follow. It is a good thing he can move so quickly, for each day he needs a quantity of food equal to the nectar of a thousand fuchsia blossoms!

Not all his food is nectar, however. He eats many small insects, catching them on the wing, or finding them in the hearts of the bright bell and trumpet shaped flowers he loves. The hummingbird has a remarkable tool for catching these tiny insects. His tongue is double for almost half its length so that it can grasp them as if his long sharp bill were equipped with a pair of tiny fingers.

If you were asked to name a water-loving bird you might say a duck or a goose or even a sea-gull. But if you were in a canyon in the Rockies or the mountains of the west coast, walking along beside a swift stream, you might see a dipper, a small chunky dark grey bird that loves the water just as much. She would be flying along above the rushing stream, then suddenly dip and disappear beneath the roaring water. Would she drown? No, indeed. Though she is really a land bird—she

Family Life

hasn't webbed feet and she doesn't really swim--the dipper, or water ouzel, loves the water. She uses her strong feet and sharp claws to walk on the bottom of the stream while she feeds on snails or the larva of water insects, and her stubby wings to "fly" through the water in pursuit of tiny fish.

If you watched carefully you might see her suddenly dart out of the water, fifty feet or more from where she disappeared, and fly to a perch on a rock or snag in the middle of the stream or close beside it. If you were lucky, and kept very still, you might hear her flute-like song, the bubbling warble blending with the sound of the rushing water.

No water is too swift or too cold for the dipper. Her compact waterproof outer feathers cover an inner coat of oily down that keeps her warm in the coldest mountain stream. In the high Sierras of California observers have seen her "fly" under the thin ice from one air hole to another. One of her favorite tricks is to drop into the top of a waterfall and come out at the foot of the falls.

When nest-building time comes, the dipper and her mate build a cup-shaped nest near the stream. They disguise the nest by enclosing it in a mass of moss, with an opening at one side. Often the place they choose for it is a rocky ledge behind a waterfall. When the time comes to bring food to the hungry babies, they dash back and forth through the spray.

The wren, the hummingbird, the dipper--how different they are! Yet Jesus was speaking of each of them, and of the hundreds of other birds, that day on the mountain when He said, "Your Heavenly Father feedeth them." For the Sermon the Mount was given for people of all countries and all ages--as much for a little boy watching a hummingbird in New Mexico, or a little girl watching a dipper in the Rocky Mountains, as for the boys and girls and mothers and fathers who listened to Him on the mountain of Galilee, long ago. ■■



THE ROD THAT BLOSSOMED

All the people had been greatly frightened when they saw the earth open and swallow the men who had complained against Moses. Yet, strange as it may seem, already the very next day they seemed to have forgotten their terrible fear the day before. They started to complain against Moses and Aaron again. They said accusingly, "Yesterday you killed some of God's people when you made the earth swallow Datan and Abiram!"

What a wrong thing to say. It had not been Moses, but God who had punished the wickedness of Datan and Abiram.

When Moses and Aaron heard what the people were saying against them, they ran quickly to the tabernacle. Already a cloud was hanging over the entrance of the tabernacle, and the presence of the Lord was there. "Leave these wicked people at once," God said to Moses and Aaron. "Go away from them so that I can destroy them all."

But Moses and Aaron loved the people so much they did not want to see them destroyed, even though they had sinned greatly. Quickly Moses and Aaron fell on their faces before the Lord, and Moses said to Aaron, "Take your censer, put fire from the altar in it, lay incense on it, and run out among the people with it. It may be that God will yet be moved to forgive them."

Aaron hurried to obey.

But when he reached the people, already many of them were dying from a terrible sickness God had sent among them. When Aaron saw what was happening, he took his

incense and ran in among the people and stood between the living and the dead. There he offered up the incense, and God forgave the people and took the terrible plague of sickness away. But even though the plague was stopped so quickly, already fourteen thousand seven hundred people had died.

Now God decided to give the Israelites one more sign by which they could know that he had chosen Aaron for the priesthood, so they would never murmur against Moses and Aaron again. God said to Moses, "Tell the children of Israel to bring twelve rods to you, one for each tribe. Tell them to mark each rod with the name of the head man of its tribe. On the rod for the tribe of Levi put Aaron's name. Then lay all the rods in the tabernacle in front of the ark of the covenant, and the one that I have chosen will begin to sprout and grow. In this way I will put a stop to the people's grumbling against you."

So Moses told the people what God had said. Each tribe brought a rod to Moses with the name of the head man of that tribe written on it. Moses then took all the rods and placed them in the tabernacle as God had commanded.

The next day, when Moses entered the tabernacle, he looked and saw that a wonderful thing had happened. Aaron's rod had not only sprouted, but had gotten blossoms, too, and even had some ripe fruit on it! All this had taken place in one night!

Moses carried the rods outside the tabernacle and showed all the people which rod had blossomed. God had again, in a wonderful way, made known his choice and no one could speak against it.

The Lord said to Moses, "Put Aaron's rod back in the tabernacle to be kept there as a warning to the rebellious, so that they won't grumble again. If they do, they will die."

Moses did as God commanded him.

Some time later the Israelites traveled to another place and came to where there was no water to drink. The hot desert sun beat down upon them, and soon the people were thirsty, and their animals were bleating for water.

Now the people began to complain again, as they had complained so often before when things didn't go right. They blamed Moses for all their troubles. They said, "Oh, if God would only have killed us with the others that died already, and then we would be out of our misery." They said to Moses, "Why did you bring all of us out here in this desert just to let us and our livestock die? Why did you lead us out of Egypt to this wretched place where nothing grows to eat? Here there is not even water to drink."

Moses and Aaron did the only thing they knew to do. They left the grumbling people, and went to the door of the tabernacle, where they fell on their faces before the presence of God.

And the glory of the Lord appeared to them. The Lord said to Moses, "Gather all the people together, and take Aaron's rod and tell the rock to bring forth water. Take your brother Aaron with you, and do this where all the people can see you."

So Moses and Aaron sent word for all the people to assemble themselves before a large rock.

When everyone was there, Moses turned to the people and said, "Listen to me, you rebels! Do we have to bring water out of this rock for you?"

Moses was so vexed at the people that he was not careful to do as God had told him. God had said he should speak to the rock. Instead Moses lifted his hand and struck the rock with the rod. When no water came, he struck it the second time. This time water gushed out and ran over the dry sand--lots and lots of water. Now there was plenty of water to satisfy all the thirsty people and their animals.

But God was displeased with Moses for not being more careful in obeying his directions. Even though Moses was a special servant of God, God still could not overlook the smallest act of disobedience. Moses would need to be punished. God said to Moses, "Because you struck the rock instead of speaking to it as I told you, you will not be allowed to lead the people all the way into the land of Canaan."

—E.S.



A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS

Am I the kind of mother that God wants me to be?
This I so often wonder as each day is before me.

Do I teach my children to be kind and true
To help and love each other and to others good deeds do?

Do I scold and complain or do I with patience guide
Through each day of work and play— teach them in God's
Word to abide.

Do I take time to wipe away tears and see a happy smile
And hear them say, "I love you?" This makes a day
worthwhile.

Do I take time our Bible to read and teach them how to
pray
And keep God's commandments so we may greet Him
some day?

— K. G., Pennsylvania

Every homemaker is glad for hints to learn to do things in a different way. From Mrs. Enos Burkholder of Fleetwood, Pennsylvania come a few ideas. She says: "When canning pears, use a vegetable peeler such as is used for potatoes. Leave the pears whole and peel first the top half. Then the bottom. Peel several pears, then cut in half and use such a tool as is used to make melon balls to take out the cores. This also works for apples.

"I put some pears through a french fry cutter and can them for fruit salad or jello.

"When canning cider put it in gallon jugs. Set jugs in water. Heat to 180 degrees. Dip off scum with spoon. Seal while hot. When sealed, dip tops in paraffin. This tastes almost like fresh cider when opened."

Speaking about canning, one friend— S. Anna Yoder of Millington, Maryland,— sent in a warning concerning pressure cookers. Quote: "We were canning peas. When we took the top off the pressure cooker the hot water flew all over my chest and stomach. The burner had been turned off for at least an hour. It must have been that the valve had been stuck. It showed as if the steam was out of the cooker. I received the worst kind of burns— third degree."

Mrs. Ivan W. Shirk of Kutztown, Pa. would like to know how forsythia are made to bloom. She sees many such bushes along the roadside, in bloom. These probably don't receive any care, while hers are well tended and remain almost flowerless.

From Mrs. Jonas Good of New Holland, Pa. comes more ideas about canning. Use very ripe tomatoes, peaches, apricots, and it is a must to use very ripe plums or they will be sour. She writes that the fruit tastes almost fresh when canned in this way. Her advice is to peel the tomatoes. Put the seeds through a strainer and save this juice. Pack the tomatoes into jars, place in canner, and put water to the top of the jars. Heat slowly to almost boiling. Hold heat about 2 hours at that point, never boiling. Seal and cover tightly. Turn off heat. Let stand in hot water till cold, or overnight.

Quote: "I don't think those hard cherries, like oxheart or very large Bing cherries would keep that way. I don't add honey or sugar until opened. Peaches will turn brown, like raw ones, if opened and let set overnight."

If you have a lot of peas to shell, place them in a bucket, and pour boiling water over them. Cover, and let stand for 10 or 15 minutes. They shell easier this way.

Mrs. Martha Schlabach of Cochran, Pa. sent in a recipe that she considers a very convenient dish for company. She writes: "All our company has really liked this so far. I usually serve a salad yet. The children make the meatballs, as that is rather time consuming. This makes a big batch and is handy when left over."

Meat Ball Chowder

2 lbs. ground beef	4-6 small onions, cut in eighths
2 teaspoon salt	
1/8 teaspoon pepper	2-3 cups diced celery
2 eggs, beaten	3-4 cups diced potatoes
1/4 cup finely chopped parsley	1/4 cup long grain rice
(I omit this and add some garlic salt.)	6 cups tomato juice
1/2 cup fine cracker or bread crumbs	6 cups water
2 tablespoon milk	1 tablespoon sugar
3-5 tablespoon flour	1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon salad oil	2 bay leaves (optional)
	1 can mexicorn

Combine meat, salt, pepper, eggs, crumbs and milk. Mix thoroughly. Form into balls about the size of a walnut. Dip in flour. Heat oil in large kettle. Lightly brown meat balls on all sides. Add remaining ingredients (except corn). Bring to a boil. Cover and cook slowly until vegetables are tender. Add corn last. Cook 10 minutes. Serves 12 people.

Hints: Not having celery on hand, I used carrots or peas and celery leaves. Peas make it extra good. And I started using V-8 juice, but less water. Just adds the right flavor as I use no bay leaves. I use about a pint of frozen corn for I don't even know what mexicorn is.

— Mrs. Martha Schlabach

Aunt Clara's Dessert

1 pkg. raspberry gelatine	2 eggs, separated
1 cup boiling water	1/2 cup melted butter
1 cup pineapple juice	1/4 cup brown sugar
1/4 cup butter	16 graham crackers, crushed
	1 cup drained, crushed pineapple

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water. Add pineapple juice. Chill until mixture is slightly thickened. Cream 1/4 cup

butter and powdered sugar. Blend in well beaten egg yolks. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold into creamed mixture. Combine melted butter and brown sugar with cracker crumbs. Pat half of crumb mixture in bottom of buttered 9 inch square pan. Spread evenly with egg mixture. Spread pineapple over filling. Sprinkle on remaining crumbs. Pour gelatine over top. Chill until set. Cut in squares. Top each serving with whipped cream. Makes 9 servings. -Mary Hochstetler, Millersburg, Ohio

Pickled Beets

3 quarts small beets
4 cups sugar (white)
3 cups vinegar
1 1/2 cup water
2 tablespoons salt

Cook beets. Put hot in jars and pour boiling syrup over them, and seal. I cold pack them 10 to 15 minutes yet, as they keep much better.

- Mrs. Eli Yoder, Millersburg, Ohio

Whole Wheat Cookies

Measure into mixing bowl:

2 1/4 cups whole wheat flour
1 1/2 cups sifted white flour
1 1/2 cups brown sugar
1 1/2 teaspoons soda
1 1/2 teaspoons salt

Mix together then make a well and add:

1 1/2 cups sour milk
2 eggs
1/2 cup melted butter
1/4 cup molasses
1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla

Beat well, then stir in: 1 cup chocolate bits.

Drop on cookie sheet and bake.

Variation: Omit vanilla and chocolate bits and add: 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon and 1 cup raisins. -L. Rhodes

THE EASY WAY TO GRAPE-NUTS

I noticed the grape-nut recipes in F. L. called for the baked cake to be cut in strips, dried, then ground. I rub the warm cake through a coarse sieve, then toast and dry the crumbs in a slow oven. (I like to use honey-instead of syrup.)

A piece of 1/4 inch mesh hardware cloth may be made into a good sieve for this, by tacking a wooden frame to two sides of the hardware cloth. It will make the cloth rigid, and may be placed over a dish pan. (This sieve will also be handy to clean fresh shelled peas.) Just roll them over the screen, and it will sieve out dirt, and un-matured peas.) An inverted deep-fat fry basket will also do the trick.

Remove baked cake, and cover with cloth. Rub through sieve, as soon as it can be handled with the hands. Care must be taken that the oven is not too hot, and stir the crumbs frequently. Crumbs will dry quicker if only a thin layer of crumbs are placed in pans to dry.

Mollie Zook

A WARNING ABOUT JUMPER-WALKERS

It was Friday. A very nice day and our family seemed happy. But what a change! One of the children was playing with baby in her walker. They pushed the walker down and left it jump up which made baby laugh. We had done

this many times before.

This time when she came up she started crying instead of her usual smile. I went to see what was wrong and found the tip of her second finger almost off. Her hand was free, but must have been pinched in the folding part for the spring was covered with plastic. I could hardly believe what I saw.

I called the doctor. He said, take her to the hospital. My husband was at work, so I sent our 4-year-old boy to the neighbor.

As he was going he banged the door so hard it broke the glass in it. I expected to see him cut when he came back crying but he didn't have a scratch. The oldest girl (6 years old) then held the crying baby. Leaving four crying children, I went for help.

The neighbors were very kind. One took us to the hospital while others stayed with the children, cleaned up the glass, washed the dishes and folded the wash. What a blessing neighbors can be!

The baby slept when we came home. I then asked our four-year-old about the door. He said he was cross because the baby pinched her finger (although he wasn't playing with her when it happened), so he banged the door. I then explained to him that it doesn't pay to get cross, for it only makes things worse.

At the hospital they put the tip back on and bandaged it to stay on for a week. My husband made the jumper-walker solid so it's just a walker.

- Mrs. Mark Horning, Ephrata, Pa.

Some Mothers Write

While passing the "Lots for Sale" sign at the lake one day our little girl asked, "Mom, do they have pop to sell there?" "No," I said, "they don't sell anything there. They haven't any store there." "But it says, 'Lots for Sale'," she answered. She thought it meant they had lots of things to sell there.

- Mrs. Y., Ohio

While driving toward home one very cool, fall evening, children tired and hungry and everyone cooler than comfortable, I was so grateful to reach our destination. Then I found myself thinking, how much more should we be longing toward our "heavenly home" which the good Master has prepared for those that love and follow Him.

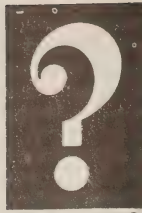
That we may honestly say with the Apostle Paul, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing." II Timothy 4:8.

- M. Z., Pa.

Thoughts from
My Rocking Chair



A change
of heart
will change
the tone of
your
voice.
- Aunt Becky



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

??

Question:
I have often wondered why an Old Order Amish settlement has not lasted in the western mountain states. I have been out there several times, and thought it would be more fitted for Amish than the east. Towns and cities are farther apart and it would be harder for our young folks to get there, as that is where a lot of our trouble is. I have seen plenty of married, and not just young folks, get in trouble in factories as well as in towns. What would the chances be of starting one now? What are the main reasons against it?
-A Pioneer Spirit
??

PLEATED CAPS (May FL)

It isn't the fine pleating that makes a cap stoltz. It is the thin material, the way it is made and ironed—and the way it is set upon the head. If it is small, has large pleats and doesn't fit against the head is what makes it hochmuthig. If you don't pleat it fine, just to be in style then that is hochmuth. Or in other words "was hoch ist unter den Menschen ist ein Greul vor Gott."
—hoping to be understood

If your conscience pricks you about finely pleated coverings by all means pleat them otherwise. But to spend time feeling badly against others about it, I can't feel is a good spirit over something that doesn't alter our appearance to the casual observer. Some likely never thought of it as being "hochmuth." —Against Legalism

I also live in a community where most of the women's coverings are pleated so fine that not half of the women can do the pleating themselves. I do not think our heavenly Father would call it a "demüttig kleid." So many of the women wish that we would have a covering that would be a simple one that everybody could do themself.
— A Mother, Ill.

TIMES ARE CHANGING

Times are changing in so many ways. The materialistic emphasis of the times is being felt more and more in our plain churches. Years ago young girls, who were growing up in the home, helped their parents on the farm and were available to lend a helping hand to their neighbors and others in the church who needed help.

When it was canning time, families helped each other. Also, there were the sewing bees and the quilting bees, as we still have them today somewhat.

But times are changing. Young girls are encouraged to work away from home to bring in added income. They no longer can help others in the neighborhood or church, for they are tied up with day work in town, earning on the average \$8.00-\$10.00 a day.

The cost of living is ever increasing, and plain families are no longer content with what they have. Girls also want

a good wage to be able to buy extra furniture for their bedrooms, to have several pairs of shoes, many new and expensive dresses.
When there was a new baby in the home someone came to help. (The mothers then had to have help, for they stayed in bed about ten days or more.)

Girls are hardly available anymore to help mothers who have new babies. Mothers hardly know where to turn to find help. Probably one reason mothers cannot find help is because they cannot afford to pay a high wage.

Then there is the matter of paid baby sitting. Years ago, it was unheard of to have to pay someone, especially a neighbor, to come in to watch the children for an evening or a few hours during the day when the mother wanted to do a little shopping or call on someone. But today young neighbor girls, twelve to fifteen years of age, want 50¢ to 60¢ an hour to care for children and are encouraged by their mothers to ask for it.

Young school girls in the eighth grade or younger, want 75¢ an hour to help with regular household duties.
A young Amish mother, with a number of pre-school children, told me she could hardly afford to can peaches as she had to hire help to assist her with the canning. Should it be this way? I could well understand her problem, however, for I myself am a mother of four children, ages 1-4.

It is right and good for young women to marry and have families: "I will therefore that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house..." 1 Timothy 5:14
Therefore, let us give them a helping hand.

Let us not lose our Bible simplicity and get caught in the drift and change of the times. The Bible teaches that we should live simply (11 Cor. 11: 3), that we work for ourselves (11 Thess. 3:10-11) and also help each other (Eph. 4:28), that we be content (1 Tim. 6:8), that we be not covetous of others' goods (Acts. 20:33, Heb. 13:5), and that we be understanding and sympathetic with our brother (Eph. 4:32, Rom. 12:10). -A Mother from Ohio



I am a believer in nature as part of God's creation. The plain people are becoming somewhat indifferent as to what used to be the rule for mothers in the past. In Lamentations 2:3 we can read, "The daughter of my people is become cruel, like the ostriches in the wilderness." I have heard that the hen ostrich cares very little for her nest or her offspring. The male cares for them nights which is quite the reverse from most all other creatures.

"The tongue of the sucking child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst" (Lam. 4:4). I once read a doctor's article that dealt close to nature. He remarked that the invention of the bottle has been the greatest single cause of colic.

Man also is given an example in nature. Even the sea monsters draw out the breast. They give suck to their young ones. (This is their life.)

This is not meant to offend anyone, but it says not "my people" but "the daughter of my people." It may seem incorrect to say, "Thy will be done" when no effort is made to use members in the way God intended.

Also in these times some may be tempted in other ways not to have a family or limit the size. Read Genesis 38:9. The pill, I would say, is not pleasing to God who has made us pure and holy. Paul writes the young woman should marry, bear children, and guide the house.

— one concerned about the trend of the plain people



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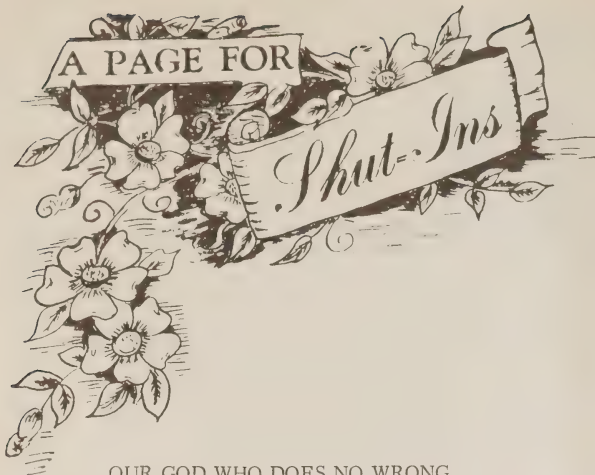
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OUR GOD WHO DOES NO WRONG

Have you ever stood by one you love
And watched as she wasted away,
And your hidden fears and Satan's jeers
Say, "Where is your God today?"
It's then you're glad your choice was made
Ere the trials came along
And you placed your life in the hands of One—
One who has never done wrong.

Oh, yes, it's hard just to watch and wait,
And your heart grows heavy, too;
Friends are sad, some say it's too bad,
And the tempter says, "God is not true."
It's then you hear a voice of cheer,
Above all the earthly throng;
You know that voice, you've heard it before,
It's God who never is wrong.

That voice is tender and oh, so sweet
And speaks of infinite love
And tells of a home already prepared
For this loved one of yours above.
And you can say as she's taken away,
It's best as we journey along
To place your all in the hand of God—
Our God who never is wrong.
-Selected by Ephraim D. M. Martin, Ontario

THE LIFE OF TWO HANDICAPPED CHILDREN

Julia was born December 24th, 1964. She seemed to be a normal child as far as we knew, even though she cried very much the first three months. We thought she had colic. Then for several months she seemed improved.

When she was six months old she went into convulsions. We were frightened for we had never before seen anyone with convulsions. Soon after, she had another one. We rushed her to the doctor and then to the hospital, where she stayed for two weeks. Xrays were taken and a brain wave test was given.

When we took Julia home she did not improve. The doctor had said that her brain cells were overgrown and this caused pressure in her head.

As time progressed her cries became more as she threw herself around in bed. Many times she screamed and thrashed around until midnight. After midnight she was more restful.

We did not hold Julia at such times for it seemed to

make her suffering worse. At times she would cry continuously from evening until the next morning. We couldn't see how she could cry so long, and many times we thought her end to be near. The doctor had given medicine and even if we gave it double strength it didn't seem to help her much.

We live on a farm and I work as hired man. I would try to get some rest during the day. Sometimes it would be almost a week before we would get much rest. When her pains were not to great we would take turns to sleep with her. She only slept twenty minutes at a time.

When her pains were very severe she would bite her tongue so that the blood ran from her mouth. She would also bite her fingers until they bled so we put gloves on her hands to prevent this.

The last three months Julia was with us we placed heavy blankets on the floor for she was no longer safe on a bed. Because of her struggles, friends offered to help us care for her and for this we were very thankful.

On Thursday November 10, 1966 her sufferings became worse so that it was almost unbearable to witness it and be unable to help her in some way. Soon she stopped taking food and we realized we would soon have to part with our only child. She stopped crying but continued to throw herself around until Monday morning. On November 14, 1966 she was released from her sufferings.

Faye was born April 25, 1964. She seemed like a healthy child but didn't smile until she was two and one half months old. We read in a book if a child will not smile until it is three months old, its brain is fifty percent retarded. We watched her very closely.

Faye didn't cry as Julia did and we saw she did not do the things other children did when they were five months old, but we still hoped she would be all right.

When Faye was almost six months of age she had convulsions. This brought fresh pain to our hearts. Our hopes were dashed that our only child would be normal. After this she had many convulsions and at times they lasted for a day and a night. She cried more. Her pleasant days were few. We again took turns to care for a suffering child at night and again friends were there to help.

On Tuesday, March 12, 1968 I went into the house to see how she was. My wife said, "Faye seems so warm." Her temperature was over 108. It seemed as if a dart went through my heart. She died before the doctor arrived.

It is a sad thing to see our loved ones suffer, but we learned much through this experience. How thankful can parents be who have healthy children! There is also a blessing in caring for the handicapped child, even though it hurts to see that they can't do the things other children do. In this way we may be caring for angels unawares as it reads in Hebrews 13:2. Glenn M. Zimmerman R.2 Lebanon, Pa. 17042

(The Zimmermans have two healthy children now, Lamar, aged two, and Audrey nine-months-old.)

Wants Pen Pal

I would like a pen pal; someone who is a "shut in," or needs encouragement. It doesn't matter if the person doesn't like to write, I'll try to keep the letters coming anyway. I'd rather have it be a woman or girl, and in some other state than in Pennsylvania. I live in Pennsylvania and am 25, and married.

Write in care of "Shutin Page."

Family Life

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold, beside the river Dee;
He work'd and sang from morn till night, no lark more
blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song, forever used to be:
"I envy no one-- no, not I, and no one envies me."

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal. "As
wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine, I'd gladly change
with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing with voice so loud
and free,
While I am sad, tho' I'm the King, beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap-- "I earn my bread
quoth he;

"I love my wife, I love my friends, I love my children
three.

I own no one I cannot pay, I thank the River Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn to feed my babes
and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while, "Farewell
and happy be;

But say no more, if thou'dst be true, that no one envies
thee;

Thy mealy cap is worth my crown; thy mill my kingdom's
fee;

Such men as thou are England's boast, O miller of the
Dee!"



HOME REMEDIES and suggestions-----

Sage was a must in our garden. It is good for all common ailments and no luxury. To me it is my cure for a sore mouth and stomach. A doctor also recommended it for the same with a little honey in it. I often use it for seasoning fried chicken, dressing and gravy. I also use thyme. It takes so very little of either, with onion and even a bit of garlic which I use when possible.

L. J. Indiana

I discovered honey is very good for sore throat. Just taking some on a teaspoon every hour or so. I take some as soon as I feel a little sore throat. I haven't had severe sore throat all winter.

I used the soda method for sinus and think it helped a lot, too.

— A.S., Meyersdale, Pa.

For sore throat I squeeze a lemon and gargle with it, every hour or more.

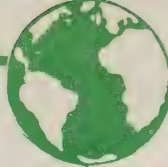
For cough I take the juice of one lemon and add about 1 teaspoon honey and sip that.

— M.J. Mast, Etna Green, Ind.

For Summer Complaint, And Diarrhea

Use a wide mouth bottle or small jar. Put in a layer of blackcurrants then a layer of white sugar. So on, until not quite to the top. Have the last layer sugar. Close, and set it on the window in the bright sun. Keep there until fall. Then it's ready for use. Use juice and also some berries. I like to get enough sugar on so juice comes over the berries. (Keep away from children, for it tastes good.) Dosage: Adults—1 tablespoon every few hours, if necessary. Children—1 teaspoon.

—Mrs. Noah Gascho



THE BUMBLEBEE



Nearly everybody knows that without bees many of our common flowers and fruit crops could not exist. When Columbus discovered America, there were no honey bees here. The honey bee, which is a variety of the Italian bees, was brought to America by the white man. How, then, did these flowers and fruits exist before that time?

The truth is that there are more than 10,000 species or kinds of bees in the world. The largest of these, and one which is native to North America is the **bumblebee**. The bumblebee is about an inch long and its body is covered with hair which look like a velvety coat of fur. It has a stinger which is about half a inch long and the sting of the bumblebee is more painful than the honeybee.

The bumblebee is very common throughout the eastern half of the United States and in Southern Canada, and it was here long before Columbus discovered America.

Most species of bees are **solitary** bees for they do not

live together in a hive. But the bumblebee, like the honeybee, is a **social** bee because they live together in colonies. But the colony of the bumblebee does not live through the winter, only the queen bee survives. The queen finds a sheltered spot, usually underground and hibernates during the winter. With the first warm days of spring, she emerges and starts looking for a suitable place to build her nest.

That lone bumblebee buzzing around early in the spring around old buildings or lumber piles is a queen bee. She is looking for a deserted mouse nest, but she will settle for an old buggy cushion or even an old empty box. This queen bee is harmless. Although few people would have enough nerve to catch her, she does not have a stinger.

When she finds a suitable place for a nest, she makes a little honey pot out of wax and fills it with honey. Besides it she makes a little cell out of wax and lays a few eggs in it. She also surrounds this cell with nectar and pollen from early flowers.

In a few days the eggs hatch into larvae which feed on the honey and the nectar. These larvae spin their own cocoons. Three to four weeks from the time the eggs are laid, the little bumblebees emerge from the nest, ready to go to work.

All of the bees in the first hatch are females but they cannot lay eggs. They go to work at once to gather honey and to build more waxen cells in which the queen lays more eggs. When these hatch, the workers help to feed the larvae.

Now that the queen has help, she does very little except to lay eggs, and only a limited number of these. Later in the season a few drones, or males are hatched. Last of all a limited number of queens are hatched out. These young queens mate with the drones and then go into hiding for the winter.

The colonies of bumblebees seldom contain more than 200 bumblebees. This is very small compared to the 60,000 to 80,000 bees in a colony of honeybees.

At the end of the warm weather, all the bees die except the new queens. These go into hiding for the winter and then emerge in the spring to start the life cycle again. The life of the bumblebee is short, none of them live a full year except the queens and these live for only a year.

Because of their painful sting, many people consider the bumblebee an enemy. But actually they are the farmer's friends for they help him to pollinate his crops. Without the bumblebee, there would be no red clover seed. The honey bees do not visit the red clover because their tongues are too short to get the nectar out of the long tubes of the clover head. But the tongue of the bumblebee is long enough to reach this nectar.

The clover fields are a favorite place for bumblebees to build their nests. Forty years ago they were much more numerous than they are today. At that time it was a common occurrence to be stung by bumblebees while putting up hay.

A bumblebee sting is painful, and anyone who is stung more than once is apt to become sick with a headache and he may vomit. It has happened already that small children wandered onto a bumblebee nest and did not know enough to go away. If they are stung over their bodies, they usually become seriously ill and some have died.

Ordinary stings are nothing to be worried about. Discomfort can be reduced by making a dressing of baking soda, or bathing the affected areas in hot epsom salt water. In serious cases, a doctor should be consulted at once. Some people are allergic to insect bites and these should see a doctor for the proper treatment both before and after a case of bee sting.

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1971
AUGUST



letters to the editors

KATIE'S CUPBOARD

The article, "Katie and Her Well-Stocked Cupboard" (June issue) was well written and worthwhile. In our plain communities, many families have gone off the farm during the last decade and moved to the towns. Of course, with the man taking a job and the regular pay checks coming in it is "easy come, easy go."

Yes, there's a big list of groceries to be bought every week, when possibly substitutions could be made from the cellar or pantry. Of course, we sometimes need supplies, but are they actually needs, or merely wants? Years ago the trips to town were not very regular, maybe only when repairs were needed for the washing machine or the sugar bag got low.

Today the cupboard must be stocked with ready-made puddings and pie fillings, crusts and cake mixes, along with an assortment of soups and vegetables in tin cans. Most of these things could be raised in our own gardens, but some people like to mow the lawn better than to hoe weeds. Surely the parents who teach their girls to cook and make meals with whatever is at hand are doing their future sons-in-law a great service.

The same thing can be said with sewing and mending. There are families whose men never wear patched clothing. Why? Are they ashamed to wear out their clothing? A neat patch is no disgrace but of course garments finally get too worn to mend.

Some think they can not make their home sewn clothing fit as neatly as store bought. Is it not mostly in the mother's eye. Home sewn clothing is good enough for the children. Some mothers think their girls' slips must be of the wide ruffled kind when a plain skirt would be easier to make and serve the purpose just as well. The only difference is that it might not make the dress stand out so much. Is this demuth? The old saying is true that you can see what is in the mother's heart by the way she dresses her children.

—Mrs. M.K. Pennsylvania

I wish we could have more stories so "down to earth." This could happen to any girl who has worked for "English" people. But the sad part of it is that a lot of them do not learn their lesson in such a short time but go right ahead spending their husband's hard-earned money. Of course, sometimes the husband wants to "eat good," too, but he does not do the cooking. Home made puddings, etc, are just as good as the "dream whip" ones and they are really better for us.

—A mother, Ohio.

It made the tears come when I read about Katie and her well-stocked cupboard. I am glad there is still such sound teachings in regards to the kitchen. How about having some like it for the machine shed or the wardrobe?

—H.Y. Tennessee.

WHAT KIND OF LOVE

The story, "What Love Can Do" (June Issue) gave us only one side of the story, before Elizabeth was married. I can think of three different people who married such partners and have been very sorry since.

At one time I was also tempted to become a nurse. I was going to wear Amish clothes, but when I asked my father about it he said, "You might intend to stay Amish

but if you would go, others would follow you and some would not stay Amish." Since I was taught to mind my parents, I dropped the matter. I feel I am much better off than if I had taken my own way.

Now I have been married 12 years, and we have three children and we still have our parents on both sides as well as my husband's grandparents. During this time there have been weddings and funerals, including an infant of our own. Such things will come sooner or later and how will Elizabeth Yoder be able to take them?

There are lots of things we can do for the sick without wearing a white uniform and sitting by the phone. Suppose that ambulance would have brought one of her parents or a brother or sister? Would she have no regrets that she has caused so many heartaches and most important of all, what will she have to look forward to?

—Ohio.

I think the story had better not been printed. It seems the girl is using her parents' love to cover up her own self-will and rebellious nature. It is true that parents can have too much material love for their children. If parents love their children more than Christ, they are not worthy of His name.

If the story would have mentioned that the girl was sorry for her disrespect of her parents and the church and if she would have had a word of admonition for others, it might have been a help. But as the story goes, she was entirely wrapped up in her own selfish ways.

—Alvin A. Miller, Ohio

I wonder how the story would have turned out if Elizabeth's mother would have told her of the dangers of living in worldly surroundings when she first talked of going instead of ridiculing her. Reading nurse novels can be misleading. I used to read them and the excitement of being a nurse and wearing a swishy uniform and perky cap appealed to me. It was my desire to become a nurse when I grew up. Finally I realized I could not wear them and still be apart from the world. If we don't want our children in places like that it is important to nip their plans in the budding stage and explain in a Scriptural way why it should not be.

—S., Indiana

We felt like weeping after reading the story, "What Love Can Do." Some people may think it was all the parents' fault and they certainly weren't blameless. But why don't the ministers and all of us as members take this as a warning that excommunication should be applied while there is still hope and while it can still be effective? I indeed met of a similar case where a wayward member was past caring before the ban was applied.

How many souls will have to suffer the torments of hell because the church waited too long to do what the Scriptures require?

—S.T. Arizona

ANSWER - The story brings out the fact that even well-meaning people can insist on having their own way to their own destruction. We feel the most important point of the article is that it is the church's responsibility to point out to the erring member where he is making a mistake. It is the church's responsibility to use every means available to help the erring member, including

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where necessary, the ban, and to do it while there is yet hope.

IMPRESSIONS WERE POOR

It was shocking and unbelievable the way the two couples spoke to each other in "My first Impressions Were Poor," (May Issue). Why do they let Satan make them so miserable? Don't they know they would all be happier if they would use more self-restraint and consideration?

-B., Pennsylvania

Now about this business of people needing a maud and not being able to find one, I think we could use a few more sermons and a few more stories on it. Seems to me I read in the Bible somewhere that we should help each other.

Right now there is a case in our neighborhood which is hard to believe. A young family with a new-born baby can't find a hired girl while in the same community is a family of five grown-up women with no children. Surely something is wrong somewhere.

What are flower beds and painted walls and smooth clean yards and white painted fences compared to a new-born soul? God's little flowers can't survive without love and care. What are we putting first? Ohio

EVIL IMAGINATIONS

The article entitled "Old Dame Gossip" was a good one for it showed the outcome of evil imaginations. Too much of this is found among Christians and it certainly is not according to the Lord's will. We should stop and consider if we would like it if others would imagine evil about us.

Only the devil profits from such things for it helps to build mistrust, and keeps us from esteeming others higher than ourselves. When a person's deeds are interpreted wrongly it usually causes hard feelings. Sometimes even things that are true had best not be repeated. If a person can refrain from passing on an evil report, even if it is true, this is charity.

E., Pennsylvania

JINGLING BELLS

Thanks, sister, for the article on bells, (June Issue) you have my sympathy for I, too, am a victim of the bells.

I suppose we should have patience with the young mothers for they're probably too busy for little things like removing the bells from their children's shoes. Possibly they have even less time to question as to why they are there in the first place. And in church they may be so occupied with other things that they do not notice the disturbance the tinkling bells are to those around them.

Every time we Mennonites have council, someone mentions that there is too much unnecessary noise during worship service. But with all the bells tinkling, no wonder the mothers fail to hear that statement.

I know bells can keep baby occupied while mother is working and they may tattle on Junior when he wanders out of her sight, but is there one reason for having them on Sunday shoes?

Confused by the bells

I was glad to see the article about bells on children's shoes. I remember when almost every mother had black shoes on her baby. Now black shoes are scarce.

During the last few years many parochial schools have been opened which is good to get our children away from outside influences. But the sad part of it is when Sunday comes around the precious little jewels on mother's lap are dressed in all the fashion and pride of the world. Somehow something doesn't seem to correspond.

A Mother From Penna.

I say a hearty "Amen" to the bells article. I've been told that harlots wear bells on their feet to attract the

opposite sex. There is another kind of bells or belles which in my way of thinking does not belong to the plain people, the naming of innocent children, pure as angels, giving them a name like Belle, Annabel, Clarabell, Donnabell, etc. Since a bell is to draw attention, why draw the world's attention to your innocent child which you wish to raise up to be a Christian?

And why give a child noisy playthings in church to distract attention away from the sermon?

A Concerned Grandmother, IOWA

ANSWER — We are glad that so far, to the best of our knowledge, the problem of bells on baby's shoes has not presented itself in our O.O. Amish churches. But a word of prevention now may be worth as much as a whole magazine on the subject after once it got started.

IF THE HEAD IS NOT HERE

The article, "Head Of The Home" (June issue) was challenging to the fathers. Now what I would like to know is what are we women supposed to do, whose husbands work in factories and are gone from morn to night and then go the a sale or fishing or hunting on their days off? They are really very seldom at home to take their place as Head Of The Home. Yes, I know the best place would be on a farm but it does take a lot of money to get started and we would have to go so deeply in debt.

But I'm getting off the subject I started out to write about. I do find myself making a lot of decisions without asking my husband, simply because he isn't there to ask. Should we go ahead and do this or what can we do?

A Mother From Indiana

HOW SHALL WE PRAY

Praying in our own language is all right at times, but I don't think I could think of all the things that ought to be prayed for. The prayer which was given in **Family Life** (June issue) is a nice prayer but two important things are missing. In 1 John 1 we read, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from unrighteousness." In 1 Timothy 2, "I exhort, therefore, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks be made for all men, for kings and for all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty." None of these were mentioned in the prayer. I think if we are in earnest when we pray and keep our minds on the prayer, then the prayers written up for us are as good or better than we can do ourselves. I do not feel that I could think up a better prayer than the first one in **Christenpflicht** for mornings and the second one for evening prayer. I think these prayers include about all that concerns me and my family. And if you learn them by heart, you are just about bound to keep your mind on them.

— C. Deleware

ANSWER — If you will read the referred-to article closely you will see that the prayer published in **Family Life** was not intended to replace the prayers in the **Christenpflicht**. The author wanted to point out the advantages of being able to pray to God in our own language when we are alone.

TO HIM WHO OVERCOMETH

I thought the story "My Struggle in Overcoming a Habit" (June issue) was a very good article. I hope people take it as a warning and especially those who have never started smoking. How can a person be clean and pure in heart when he inhales smoke into his lungs and body just for pleasure or to look smart?

— Pennsylvania

I thought the article "Time To Settle Up" in April issue and the two in June issue, "What Love Can Do," and "My Struggle in Overcoming A Habit" were very good. If articles like these do not wake up some of the people in our larger communities, I don't know what it would take.

— A.M.B., Indiana

SLEEP ON YOUR BACK

"How To Stay Dry" was an excellent article but no one mentioned the trick I gave credit for helping me. If the child is old enough to cooperate, then train him to sleep on his back. It will reduce the pressure on the bladder. I was going to school already and well remember the relief at being able to overcome the habit by this suggestion of my mother.

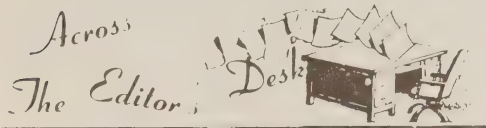
—Lancaster County

MORE SAMMY, PLEASE

I'm an eight year old boy and I would like to know if you would please print some more Sammy stories in Family Life. I like them very much.

—Daniel Detweiler, Garrettsville, Ohio

ANSWER — Yes, we would and we are, in this very issue.



Some time ago we asked for suggestions from our readers on the problem of bed wetting among children. We got a good response, except for one thing, many of the replies were slow in coming in. Some, in fact arrived too late altogether.

Now we are needing help again. Several years ago the suggestion was made to us for an article on suicide. Because of the nature and the magnitude of the subject we were reluctant to undertake it.

During the past year an increasing number of persons have expressed their opinion that there is a need for something to be done. We would be glad to hear from our readers and especially anyone who has any suggestions as to the cause or prevention of such a thing.

We know it is a subject nobody likes to talk about but if any help or hope is to be offered to those who need it, then

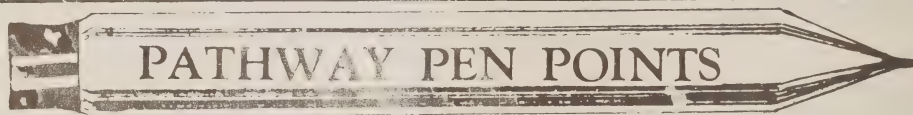
everybody ought to be willing to do what they can.

If you have ever known anyone who took his own life or attempted to do, so then you should be able to offer some suggestions as to the cause, or what might have been done to prevent it.

Especially those who at one time considered committing this act, but have overcome the temptation, have a responsibility to help others who might be tempted in the same way.

If you have any suggestions, please write to "Editor, Family Life, RR 4, Aylmer, Ontario" and it will be kept strictly confidential. But do it today, if at all possible have your letter in the mail before August 31.

ONCE again we would like to say that we do not ordinarily publish accounts of sickness, accidents, or death. We can use less than one-tenth of such stories which are submitted for publication simply because we do not have the space for anything which is not of general interest to our readers. The Budget is a weekly newspaper which does a very good job of publishing news items and stories. We regularly write for the Budget ourselves. On the other hand, Family Life is a magazine instead of a newspaper.



A Man From The Dead

There is a man who lives about 40 miles from here who jockeys in buggies. He went to Wisconsin and hauled them down here by the truck load so it happened that I was well acquainted with him.

Last fall I was told this man had a heart attack and had died. This did not surprise me for he was well up in years, was heavy set and short in breath. The thought bothered me that now this man is in the grave awaiting the judgement day for I did not feel that he was a Christian.

Lo and behold, about 4 or 5 months, later, the man walked into my shop. I was stunned but I tried to gather my thoughts together. I did not know whether I was yet in this world or not. I did not have the nerve to tell him why I was so surprised to see him.

After he left, I talked with my helper about having seen a man from the dead. Now I wonder if I should have told him what I had heard about him, and the thoughts that had occurred to me. It might have helped him to get ready for the resurrection day and to prepare for eternity.

E.M. Indiana.

have a concordance. He kept asking questions such as do we understand everything we read in the Bible, do our children ask us about Heaven, and can we explain it to them. I listened patiently but did not buy anything.

Then last year another one came around with about the same books. He tried to hand me one, wouldn't I just like to look at it? I told him I looked at them last year and I didn't want any. The price of his book was about twice of what a similar one could have been bought at the bookstore. After he left I thought those are about the pestiest salesmen I ever saw.

This year we were right in the middle of the busy season with weeds coming up everywhere when another one of those salesmen showed up. He said he was selling Bible story books. I told him we don't need any books, but if he needs money we would pay him \$1.00 an hour for pulling weeds. Needless to say, he was soon gone.

I guess our people have a reputation for being long-suffering when we are imposed upon, but I find that sometimes my patience nearly comes to an end if someone tries to sell me something I don't need.

M.B. Pennsylvania

Those Troublesome Salesmen

Two years ago this summer, a salesman came to our door and asked, "Do you shoot salesmen?" Then he went on to say that he was from out-of-state and how friendly everyone was in our area. He was selling Bible story books but I tried to tell him that we do have a Bible story book, yes, it does have pictures, yes we do

A Summer Storm

It was a hot sultry day and my husband was away. There was a light wind but at around six o'clock it became very still. I could almost feel there was something in the air, I thought it must be the lull before the storm. I hurried to get my wash in.

The sky darkened and distant rumblings of thunder could be heard. It continued to get darker until it was

Family Life

to, so when the time came I did, and tried to serve them with humble courtesy. Then I went to bed but there was an ache in my heart.

Several months later the lady of the house came to me and said, "I have something I would like to tell you. The other day I was visiting some close friends of mine who had been to McCleary's Sanatorium. They said the evenings there were rather long so to pass the time, they would sometimes play bingo. They said there was an Amishman there at the same time and one evening they asked him to help play bingo and to their surprise, he helped them play. 'Were we ever surprised,' they told me, 'that Amishman sat down and played bingo and he enjoyed it. Why, we didn't think Amish people would play bingo. We had just asked him to be sociable.'"

In good natured defense, the lady I worked for replied, "They don't all play bingo for I have an Amish girl working at our house who won't play bingo. She says it's a small form of gambling and it is!"

In thinking back over the incident, the part that stands out most clearly to me is that the people at the clinic used the same expression when the Amishman accepted their invitation, as the group of ladies did when I refused. "We just wanted to be sociable!"

I'm afraid it's just a net that Satan uses to catch our wayward feet. There are many things we are tempted to do "Just to be sociable." Often times the people who ask us don't really expect us to accept, it's just a way to find out where we stand. I'm afraid too often, if we haven't made up our mind before hand already, where we stand, then we will yield and go along with something we really ought not to, "just to be sociable." ■■

Soon the rain came down more gently and I relaxed as I thought the worst was over. Suddenly there was a bright flash of lightning followed by a loud crash of thunder. It was so close, I looked to see if it struck anything. In the eerie semi-darkness, I could see but little. Then hail started rattling against the windows. It was no longer safe to stay on the sun porch so we went inside and sat on the couch.

I was still holding the two-year-old and had my arm around our daughter. There we stayed for the rest of the storm. Neither of the children cried, the two year old had stopped as soon as I had picked him up.

We could see green leaves being blown across the window, but then the hail stopped as suddenly as it had started. Light was coming through the clouds. The storm had lasted 1½ hours. As things returned to normal, I sat the two-year-old up on my lap. I noticed that the sweat was rolling down both sides of his cheek. The front of my dress was wet where he had lain his head against me through the storm. He had his arms around me and not once did he cry.

It left a deep impression on me. Not only did he make me feel that I want to be worthy of his trust in me, but it also taught me that I should have such a child-like faith in God. I felt the Lord had truly revealed the meaning to me of Mark 10:15, "Verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

Ontario

They Just Wanted To Be Sociable

A long time ago I spent several years working in a home in the city. The lady of the house worked in an office and several times a week she worked nights, leaving me in charge of her house.

Once she invited a small group of ladies to come and play bingo but it so happened that she had to go and work that evening. She regretted this very much but felt that she had to go and work.

Before leaving for her work she introduced me to the group and said to me, "Go on and help them play and when it's time for refreshments, you can serve them cookies and something cool to drink."

Since I did not wish to play bingo, the situation was rather humiliating to say the least, yet I decided to abide by my conscience.

The ladies proceeded to set the table and then they asked me to help. I timidly asked to be excused, saying, "I do not play bingo."

They readily agreed. "Yes, we will excuse you," they said, "but what we don't understand is, what is it that is wrong with playing a game of bingo?"

"I do not play bingo because it is a small form of gambling," I answered, "You're playing for a prize."

"Oh, we didn't mean to do anything wrong," they answered, "we just asked you to be sociable." Naturally this was followed by some snickering.

I picked up a book and sat down in a chair to read, which I admit was rather difficult. As I sat there, the thought came to me that they probably think I will not serve them refreshments. But I could see no reason not

to, so when the time came I did, and tried to serve them with humble courtesy. Then I went to bed but there was an ache in my heart.

Several months later the lady of the house came to me and said, "I have something I would like to tell you. The other day I was visiting some close friends of mine who had been to McCleary's Sanatorium. They said the evenings there were rather long so to pass the time, they would sometimes play bingo. They said there was an Amishman there at the same time and one evening they asked him to help play bingo and to their surprise, he helped them play. 'Were we ever surprised,' they told me, 'that Amishman sat down and played bingo and he enjoyed it. Why, we didn't think Amish people would play bingo. We had just asked him to be sociable.'"

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WORLD WIDE WINDOW



Biggest Stockyards Must Go

Fifty years ago Chicago had the largest stockyards in the United States. In 1924, eighteen million head of cattle went through the yards. But since that time, as the city continued to grow, the stockyards became smaller. Last year, it handled less than a million head.

On July 31, 1971, the yards will be officially closed. The buildings will be demolished and removed and the 345 acres tract will be turned into a park.

Because of the awful smells coming from the stockyards and the packing plants surrounding it, the residents of Chicago are not sorry to see it go.

Catholics Agree With Luther

In 1521 an assembly of Catholics at the city of Worms, in Germany decided that Martin Luther was a heretic and excommunicated him from the church. Just recently, some 450 years later, a group of Catholics from the city of Worms, appealed to the Pope to reverse the condemnation of Luther. They point out that the practices to which Martin Luther objected, are no longer kept up in the Catholic church so there would actually be no disagreement at present.

Among our people many believe that the Anabaptists and their descendants, the Mennonites and Amish are a branch of the Protestant church. Anyone who holds Martin Luther as a hero of our faith would do well to look into what he really did stand for.

Long Range Forecasts Foggy

In spite of all the latest electronic equipment and high altitude data available today, long range weather forecasting is still proving to be a headache, both to

forecasters and the public.

In England, the Weather Bureau has received a lot of criticism lately in the House of Commons. The long range weather forecast for June was "Hot and dry" whereas it rained nearly every day. A member of the parliament said the long range forecasts are "Causing the people a lot of inconvenience and bringing the meteorological services into disrepute."

Even the daily weather forecasts have come in for a large amount of criticism. An official of the Weather Bureau asserted that their forecasts were 86 per cent correct, but one survey showed they were right only 6 out of 31 days.

It looks like the kind of forecasting our forefathers did with an eye to the sky and the nose to the wind is still as reliable as anything. ■■

PREACHER, WON'T YOU HELP?

As I sit here in the back of the churchroom, the preacher rises and greets us with "Friede sei mit euch!" and the other usual comments and then he starts to preach.

I hear him say, "In des hellish fire" as he glances at three boys in the front row (one has his eyes shut). Everybody knows they're living a wild life. They think hell is so far off. Preacher, why don't you tell them in simple words they can understand (don't just use big words out of the Bible) that they would be so much happier if they'd let Jesus come into their heart. Picture shows get so tiresome, drinking makes you feel bad, and life gets plain boring. To get a thrill, they always have to keep on doing something worse. They have lost all their ambitions of being honest respected persons. Can't you tell them they'd feel like the jailor turned the key and let them out if they'd just let Jesus be their Master. He would give them a new heart and free them of that terrible guilt. Life would mean something and that empty place deep inside would be filled.

Across from the boys sits poor Emma. She has such a bad name. Boys snicker and the women whisper when she passes through the room. Preacher, can't you make her understand that Jesus doesn't want to see her get hurt. He loves her so much it hurts Him that she is the laughing stock of the church. She wouldn't have to keep monkeying around with those bad fellows just to feel wanted.

Then there's Mrs. Miller and she has such a burden. Four little children sit beside her and the oldest one is only four years old. She is kept busy with diapers and bottles and then diapers again. Tell her God is not trying to test her. She should just take time to enjoy those little ones, for they're a gift from God. Through those little children she will come to understand what God's love is like. She will learn that God will never desert His children or let them be without something they really need.

Beside Mrs. Miller is Mrs. Lapp. Their little

boy is crippled and they feel God is making them pay for the sins of their younger days. Preacher, can't you help them? None of us could stand if we had to pay for our sins. Through this little crippled boy, they'll be brought to do the things God wants them to do. You never slap your child for something he's truly sorry for. Well, God doesn't either.

Mrs. Yoder came to church alone today. Her husband has been drinking again and he needs help. He's in the clutches of the devil. They say, preacher, that the disciples couldn't cast out a devil because they didn't fast and pray enough. Why don't you ask the church to fast and pray instead of letting this poor man suffer with a hell here on earth and another one to look forward to.

Now the preacher is saying something about sleeping in church. Mr. Slabaugh is softly snoring. He works day and night to pay for the farm he just bought. Someone ought to tell him that God will help him get that paid for if he trusts in Him. He might as well slow down for God doesn't want him or his family to starve.

A silent tear runs down Mrs. Hochstetler's face. Her husband passed away three weeks ago. Preacher, tell her that death doesn't hurt nearly so much if you're getting ready to make that trip yourself.

Now Mr. Byler gets up and goes out. He is so heavy that he huffs and puffs to walk and his feet hurt so. We all know God doesn't want us to be so miserable. That's why He made a rule that we shouldn't over eat.

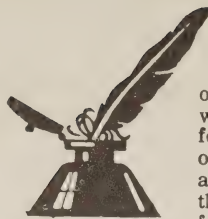
God made all His laws for our own good and if we disobey we hurt ourselves. His love is so great, He doesn't like to see us make a dummy of ourselves.

The sermon is coming to a close and I hear him saying "Love one another." Preacher, maybe if you'd tell the people that God's love is like a mother's love, they'd understand. When children fight, she punishes them all, and one child is just as dear to her as the other. When one is bad, she whips him but she still loves him. She even loves the one who feels he is better than the other children because he's been so good!

The need of the people is so great that I just thought I had to tell you, preacher.

—Author's name withheld.

Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

Animals And Wild People

Mosie Klein looked at his three companions, who ranged in age from ten to twelve. "Let's go out in the barn and see if we can find a sparrow nest with young ones," Mosie said. "We found out something at home that is really fun to do with young sparrows."

It was a Sunday afternoon, and while the parents visited after church, the children looked for something to do. The four boys, Mosie, and his three friends, Sam, Ben, and Aden, headed for the barn. They climbed into the loft and immediately they could hear the chirping calls of hungry young birds.

"Oooohh," Sam said enthusiastically. "So many sparrow nests. It's easy to see that these people don't have any boys."

Mosie was already climbing up the side of the barn to where he could see straw and feathers and hear young birds chirping. When Mosie neared the nest, the birds suddenly grew silent as they realized that some stranger was outside.

Mosie plunged his hand into the nest and pulled out a sparrow that was already partly feathered. "Goody," he shouted. "They're just the right size. Here, Sam, catch!" He tossed the young bird into the air. It flapped frantically, but couldn't fly yet, and fell heavily onto the layer of hay that covered the barn floor ten feet below.

"You're some catcher," Mosie scolded. "See if you can do better this time." He tossed the second sparrow into the air.

Ben picked up the first sparrow. "The poor thing is still alive," he said. "Somebody kill it."

"No, no," Mosie shouted down. "Don't kill them. Wait until I get there."

There were four sparrows in the nest. Mosie tossed the other two down and joined the boys on the barn floor. He was grinning broadly. "Just right enough," he said. "One for each of us. Here, Aden, this is yours. Sam, you take this one. Ben, here's yours. And this one is mine. Now follow me."

He led the boys to the water tank outside the barn. All the while the other boys were wondering what the fun was going to be.

"Now," Mosie announced, "each of us will put our sparrow into the tank at exactly the same time, when I say 'go.' Then we have to keep track which sparrow is our. The one that can swim the longest, wins the race."

"I hope mine wins," Sam said quickly.

Ben didn't say anything. A look of uncertainty flickered in his eyes and he glanced around to see if anyone was nearby watching. Seeing no one, he plunged his sparrow into the water with the others when Mosie shouted "go."

The sparrows struggled in the cold water, flapping their stubby wings. Gradually their efforts grew feeble, and one by one they sank lower until they disappeared below the surface.

Ben's sparrow was the last to sink. He tried to act pleased, but inside he felt sorry for the sparrows. He didn't want the others to guess his real feelings. They would be sure to laugh at him for being such a sissy to pity a bird.

Mosie was just a young boy and, in the thoughtlessness
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of childhood, never stopped to think that the game which was so much fun for him, wasn't really very enjoyable for the sparrows. Yet his age doesn't completely explain or excuse the incident. For Ben was almost the same age, and he thought immediately about the feelings of the sparrows and pitied them when he saw their suffering needlessly prolonged.

What caused the difference between the two boys? Undoubtedly much of it was the training they got at home. Mosie's father had a reputation for being rough with animals. Visitors at his place soon noticed that his cows were jumpy and that his horses jerked their heads back nervously when approached from the front. Ben's parents, on the other hand, had taught him to be considerate of helpless animals. He had been told that animals have feelings, too, and that it is wrong to make them suffer. He had been trained that when something needed to be killed, it should be done as quickly and mercifully as possible.

What actually is the right attitude toward the feelings of animals? Do animals have feelings like we do? Is it "sissy" to feel sorry for an animal that is suffering? Does the Bible teach anything about the way animals should be treated?

Is the treatment of animals a question of right and wrong, or is it just a matter of personal likes or dislikes? I once heard a man say, "Some people can't stand to see an animal suffer; others are just natured differently and it doesn't bother them."

It's true that cruelty to animals doesn't seem to bother some people. But maybe it should. Let's consider the following four points: 1. Compassion is a godly virtue. The Bible speaks again and again of God's mercy, his kindness, pity, and compassion. Usually it is said in regard to people, but in at least one instance, we know God felt pity for animals. When the prophet Jonah was all upset because God wouldn't burn up Nineveh, God gave his reason for sparing the city. God said, "You had pity on the gourd; should I not spare this great city?" And God mentioned not only the thousands of people in Nineveh, but also the "much cattle."

2. The person who is unkind to animals will find it easy to be unkind to people. Girls have often been told to consider the way a boy treats his horse, and they can have a pretty good idea how he will treat his wife once he is married. The rule may not always hold out, but there is certainly some truth in it. The same hard-heartedness that can stand to see an animal suffer, is also likely to be unmoved at the suffering of a human being.

3. Even the world expects animals to be treated decently. Every community has a humane society whose business is to see that animals do not suffer needlessly and that violators are punished by law. Such societies sometimes sponsor a yearly Be Kind To Animals Week to promote better treatment of animals. If even unbelievers and worldly people know enough to be kind to animals, how much more should people who profess godliness?

4. The last and most important point in the list of four is simply this: The Bible teaches kindness to animals. Proverbs 12:10 declares in a very final tone that "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." The German makes it clearer yet, "Der Gerechte erbarmt sich seines Viehs." This verse doesn't say that the righteous man should be kind to animals. It just says the righteous man is kind. Could we turn the verse around and conclude then, that the man who doesn't pity his animals, is an unrighteous person? Makes it sound pretty serious, but maybe it is, too.

Recently I saw a news item which told about the Detroit zoo hiring four extra security guards. The additional help was not to protect the people from the wild animals, but to protect the animals from the wild people. For during the past two years, the zoo has had a number

of cases in which visitors have seemed to delight in torturing the caged animals. When a baby kangaroo ventured from the safety of its mother's pouch, some straight-throwing visitor stoned it to death. A duck was killed when someone shot a steel-tipped arrow into it. A group of young people hurled fire-crackers at a pregnant reindeer until the frightened and hysterical animal went into convulsions and miscarried. Other visitors enjoyed dropping a lighted cigar on the back of an alligator and standing back and laughing when the ashes burned through the thick skin and the alligator began to thrash frantically to escape the painful burns. But the last straw for the zoo officials came when an almost unbelievable incident took place. The zoo's male hippopotamus liked to lie in the water with his giant mouth open three or four feet begging for peanuts. Some imaginative visitor decided to give the four-ton beast something a little more worthwhile, and rolled a tennis ball into his gaping mouth and down his throat. The huge beast struggled violently, but was unable to swallow the ball, or to spit it out again. It choked to death.

When I read of the zoo's troubles, I had to wonder what it is that makes a person enjoy seeing an animal suffer. Surely it takes a warped and perverted character to get pleasure out of deliberately and gleefully torturing another living creature.

Hopefully none of us are quite this insensitive to suffering and pain. Yet in lesser degrees, all of us probably have been guilty of mistreating animals. As plain people professing godliness, we would all do well to examine ourselves and see where we stand. Since we do not drive cars, or use tractors to do our farming, we work around animals much more than other farmers. Correspondingly, there is that much more opportunity to be kind or unkind to the animals under our care.

It may help us to avoid occasions of cruelty to animals if we ask ourselves how and why such incidents take place. Probably the No. 1 cause of brutal treatment of animals is temper. It is possible that a man who is normally very kind and considerate, in a sudden fit of temper, may beat his horse or cow mercilessly. Be that as it may, anger may explain a wrong action, but it does not excuse it. Not only is the resulting brutality wrong, but the senseless anger in itself is sinful, as the Bible teaches, "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God" (James 1:20). If we would be followers of Christ, with his help we must learn to control those emotions within us that in a moment of weakness threaten to overpower us and cause us to behave with cruelty and harshness.

Another cause of unkindness to animals is thoughtlessness and lack of teaching and training on the subject. Cruelty to animals can take many forms other than beating and whipping. We can be unkind when we let a horse stand in the hot sun without shade for an unnecessary length of time, or in a cold wind without shelter or a blanket. The same is true for working a horse too hard, driving it too fast, or too far, or neglecting to feed and water it. It is also true for reining a horse so high that he is forced to hold his head at an unnatural angle. There are dozens of other little ways in which everyday people choose between being kind or unkind to

their animals; many of those decisions are made automatically and without thinking that there may be a question of right or wrong at stake.

Another very common cause of unkindness to animals is some personal frustration within the person. When a man is upset about something, maybe he had an argument with his wife, or the milk check was disappointing, the slightest provocation from an animal can trigger him off so that he "takes it out" on the animal. In a more tranquil frame of mind, the man might not have found the action provoking at all, but because he was already disgruntled, he was subconsciously looking for some victim upon which to vent his frustration.

One other thing can be a factor in the mis-treatment of animals. It is the all-too-common mistake of reading human motives into animal actions. A dog may be trying his hardest to please us, but not understanding what is expected of him, he does the wrong thing. It appears to be a deliberate and wilful act of disobedience to us. "You contrary dog!" we shout. "You know better than that!" But the truth is the dog didn't know better. There is hardly a dog in the country that wouldn't run himself thin for his master if he knew what to do. Or, to give another instance, we absent-mindedly walk behind the cows and brush against one of them. She is startled and kicks. We take it as a personal insult, done intentionally and on purpose. We grab a fork and beat her across the back, fuming as we do so, "I'll teach you better than kicking at me!" The poor cow dances around, and next time, chances are, will be more nervous and jumpy, and that much more likely to strike out when startled. All she had done wrong to start with was react like a cow; which certainly wasn't wrong, for she was a cow. We should remember at all times that animals are just animals; they don't plot and think and reason like humans do.

Let me correct that. I mean like humans **should**. Because the way people act sometimes, it makes me wonder.

An animal has no reasoning power. It acts from instinct, training, and habit.

As humans, God has given us minds with which to think and reason, and hearts with which to pity.

Let's make use of our minds and our hearts. When we lash out angrily, when we are indifferent to pain and suffering in another living creature, when we return brute strength with brute strength, we are sinning against God, and lowering ourselves to the level of animals--and beyond. For we were created for better things. Animals weren't. ■■

The World Is Like A River

- Author wishes to remain anonymous

It seems to me this world is like a wide and deep river, in which all who are born into this world must enter. If we stay near the shore and anchored to the rock, **Jesus Christ**, we need not fear the rising waters.

If we say, "I am not afraid for I can swim," and go into the deep water, the strong current will soon pull us under and we will drown. We may feel that a little more liberty will not be any harm, yet when we get there the current is stronger than we expected. The lust of the flesh and the pride of life soon drown out our love for God and we find ourselves lost in the destruction of the world.

There is yet another place in the water which may be dangerous. We may say we are always careful, we were always taught to keep ourselves near the shore. We keep all the rules of the church, we dress even plainer than most and then we think we are better than everyone else. This is not honoring God. If we are not anchored to the Rock, **Jesus Christ**, then we shall be washed away when the waters rise.

"Gethsemane"

All those who journey soon or late,
Must pass within the garden gate:
Must kneel alone in the darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say;
"Not mine but thine," who only pray
"Let this cup pass" and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane.

-Selected

Abraham believed and obeyed although the promise seemed impossible. Even so we must believe in Jesus Christ and obey His commandments, so that His righteousness can be imputed unto us.

We can be among the plainest and yet not be humble at all. Would we be willing to be mocked of men in order to help some poor soul take his stand for Christ? If not, then we may drown with them in the end.

There is yet another area in the waters (world) we would like to look at. We may wade in deep waters and be careful ourselves not to be carried away with the current. But others will see us and follow our example and lose their footing. Then who will be to blame? We may think there is no harm in a little more liberty for we can still love God and live a clean life. But will our children see the dangers in this world if they are not constantly warned against them.

So often we see the sad facts of parents who want more liberty and yet try to take their stand for Christ. But their children choose the world. Others who are watching can think, they can go just as far, but when they get there, the love of this world gets so strong that before they know what has happened, the water is too deep. Would it not be better to stay back a few steps nearer to the shore? Jesus, our refuge is standing there ready to help us, even before we fall.

The ordnung of the church is given us as a protection against the evils of this world. Why should we not want to hold fast to them so that we will not be carried away by the stream?

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THE PARABLE OF THE WRONG WAY TRAIN



In a certain land there is a great plain called the Plains Of Life. This plain slopes upward and leads to a hill. On the very top of this hill is an exceedingly fair city called The Beautiful. This city is made up of many mansions. The walls are of Jasper and the streets of gold. There is no night found in this city, only eternal day.

In the other direction as the plains slope downward, there is a great valley. In this valley is a large city called the City of Destruction. This city has a large lake in the center of it that burns with fire and brimstone. This city is not quiet and peaceful like the other one, but there is much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Across this plain run two railroads. One is a narrow gauge railroad called The Narrow Way. The other one is a wide gauge railroad and they run side by side.

On each of these railroads there is a train carrying the passengers who want to make the journey to the city. The coaches of the train on the wide railroad are plush lined all around, the seats are reclining with cushioned headrests and there is plenty of room to go to sleep.

The coaches of the train on the narrow way are small and bare. The door is so narrow that a person has to squeeze to get in and so low that one must bend over to enter. There is no room for excess baggage on this train and everyone must leave all luxuries and unnecessary items behind when he enters. This road is rough and the

passengers receive many jolts on the way to the eternal city. But the Engineer is dependable and if everyone stays in his place, the train can go steadily forward toward its goal.

But the coaches of the train on the wide way are made of shining steel. Inside there are full length mirrors and there is plenty of room for all the baggage and things of this world the passengers want to take along. Eats and drinks of all kinds are served on this train and there are plenty of games and other pastimes to keep the passengers occupied all the time.

The engineer of this train is called Lucifer, and many years ago he used to live in the Beautiful city. But he was cast out because of his pride, and condemned to spend eternity in the city with the lake of fire. Since that time he has been jealous because people want to go to the city where he can not go, so he tries to entice them away.

He is also the conductor of the train and he can change himself and make himself look like an angel of light whenever he so wishes. This Lucifer is continually running his train back and forth and when he sees a group of people standing idle, he tries to entice them to enter his train.

"I will give you everything," he tells them, "the whole world is mine and all that is in it. If you will come with me, you can live in pleasure all your lifetime." With such talk he is able to persuade many people to enter his train.

There are a number of different coaches in his train and he lets everyone enter the coach they want to. The engine of this train is headed for the city of destruction, but the train is constantly shifting back and forth so that many of the passengers really do not know which way they are travelling.

Each coach in his train has a name. The first one is called "Atheism." In this coach there is found much rough language, dirty talking, drinking, smoking, low moral standards and much idle talk. The passengers in this coach think the train is merely going back and forth and will stay on the Plains Of Life. They are busy eating and drinking and doing what they please for they do not believe there is such a place as a city of destruction, or a place like the Beautiful city.

The next car back is entitled "Worldy Churchism." The people here say the train is going to the Eternal City. But the people are busy doing what they want to do. In this car are found pride, fashion, dancing, low moral standards, and only a very slight interest in spiritual

things.

The next coach is called "The Awakening." Here we find some more changes. These are professing godliness and are loudly proclaiming that they are going to the Eternal City. They have much to say about their forefathers, the Anabaptists, and how they have kept the faith through four centuries. A few of the women in this car have small head coverings, but their hair do's and their mode of dress are fashioned after the world. Some of the men are carrying a Bible under their arms so that others can see they are planning on going to the Eternal City.

The next coach is entitled "Plain." Here the passengers are dressed simpler than in the other cars and they have less of the luxuries of this world. The women do not have cut hair and their coverings are larger. From their conversation, we gather that many of these people are farmers. One is telling a neighbor how he plans to change his six cow milking parlor so he can milk his sixty-five cows faster. Another is talking of trading his truck for a semi so he can haul more feed. These people seem to be interested in spiritual things and one of them is telling how he was to a revival meeting last night where a popular evangelist preached to a hundred thousand people.

The last car on the train is called "The Plainest." The people who are riding in this coach are dressed very plainly. Their clothes are home made and the women have large head coverings and long dresses. The men have black hats and long beards. When we listen to their conversation, we find they are talking about their farms and their livestock. The young boys are telling how fast their driving horse can go, and an older man is saying that he pulls his forage harvester with his four big Belgian horses. Another one is saying that he expects to buy another farm, which will make six for him, just as soon as he sells his fat steers.

Just then the train stops at a station to pick up more passengers. The engineer comes off the train to persuade the people to get on. But suddenly we hear another voice and see a preacher with bent back and a flowing beard and he is calling to the passengers in the train, "Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

The passengers in the first several coaches laughed and said to each other, "Who is that queer little man out there and what is he saying? He must be out of his head."

But the passengers in the three last coaches said, "There is nothing to worry about, We are headed for the Celestial City."

Then we notice that the seats in the three last coaches are turned around and the passengers have their faces toward the Beautiful City. When the engineer sees the passengers are talking to the preacher, he jumps into the engine and starts the motor with a roar. The preacher calls out over the noise of the engine, "I tell you, you are headed for eternal destruction."

Slowly the train starts and we see the engine is in reverse and the train is really travelling toward the Beautiful City. But the Preacher runs after the train and calls to the passengers, "Take heed lest your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness and cares of this life and so that day come upon you unawares."

Slowly the train backed out of the station in the direction of the Beautiful City. After some distance it stopped and went forward, then backward again. After shuffling back and forth for sometime, it came roaring through the station toward the City of Destruction. By this time the passengers were lying back on their seats,, they had been lulled to sleep, confident that they were on their way to the Eternal City. When this train had passed out of sight the train on The Narrow Way came chugging along and stopped at the station.

The preacher was there entreating the people to get on the train, but they said, "This train is too old fashioned, we want one that rides better."

Again the preacher enjoined them, "Strait is the gate and narrow the way that leads to life eternal, and there be few that find it."

— Virginia

"I HAVE FORGIVEN YOU—BUT..."

by Sarah M. Weaver

Grandfather Crist Yoder set his best straw hat on his head and started for the door.

"Where are you going, Dad?" asked Grandmother as she cleared off the table.

Grandad rested his hand on the doorknob as he looked back at her. "I happened to think that the plowshare is broken so I think I'll take it to the schmitty and get it fixed for Joe. He's quite busy, you know. I want to be back to help him put up hay yet. They do so much for us, I think we should help them what we can; maybe the time will come when we can't help much, and we'll be needing more help ourselves."

"That's true. I thought I would bake some bread for Emma. She has the garden to do. Maybe I'll have the children this afternoon while she goes to the dentist."

"Well, don't you overdo yourself, Mother. You know when you get down I'm quite helpless myself."

This brought a smile to Grandmother's face. She knew only too well how helpless Crist was when she was sick. She thought of the potatoes he tried to cook in an open pan, uncut and almost drowned in water - the beans that were burned - the macaronis that boiled over about a dozen times - the stinking stove - and the rice to feed the multitude.

"I'll try not to overdo myself, but I find it such a joy to help them along."

"Yes, it's so nice to be able to work together in peace. We do have much to be thankful for, don't we, Mother?"

"Yes," she answered as he went out the door.

That evening Joe Kramer plopped himself on the floor of Grandfather Yoder's porch. "I ought to be working. There's plenty to do but going away makes me more listless than if I work hard a whole day."

"How was the sale?" inquired his father-in-law as he leaned forward on his rocking chair so he could hear better. Beside him sat Grandmother Yoder busily knitting a stocking cap.

At this moment Joe's wife, Emma, the Yoders' youngest daughter, came across the walk with a dish of cookies in her hand. "Joe," she said, "will you quiet down the children so Granddad can hear what you are saying?" She handed the cookies to Grandmother. "I hope you'll like them. I didn't have as much luck as I did the last time that I made pinwheels."

"Oh, but these look nice. Thank you," said Grandmother as she laid down her knitting and made a motion to get up.

"Oh, stay sitting, Grandma," said Emma quickly. "Tena can take it in for you." She took the dish from her mother and handed it to her four-year-old.

"I want to have a cookie, too," begged Tena.

"Me, too, want one." two-year-old Cristie reached up and tried to grab one out of the dish. Emma caught his hand in time.

"No, Cristie, we have cookies at home. You'll get crumbs on Grandma's porch and that will bring the flies." She took one out of the dish. "Here, you give Granddad one."

This pleased Cristie for he always enjoyed giving Grandfather and Grandmother something.

"Now you run and play so we can talk," said Joe kindly. He turned to Grandfather Yoder. "You wondered about the sale. Sure was a large crowd. Guess the farmers all had a vacation since it rained."

"How'd things sell?" asked Grandfather.

Joe went into lengthy detail to explain about the cattle and the people. He pulled his watch from his pocket. "It's getting so dark I can't see the numbers very well so I guess that means it's time to go home. Goodnight," he said as he started for home followed by Emma and the children.

Joe Kramer was a hard-working man and Crist Yoders were glad that their daughter, Emma, had found such a worthy husband. In church he was well liked and always willing to lead in the singing when called upon.

He was a joy to his parents, and they often thanked God for a son that was concerned about living a righteous life.

At first Crist Yoders were a little skeptical about having Joes living with them. They would have preferred to have one of their sons, Noah or Sam, or even their daughter, Laura, that was married to Demas Gingerich and was living nearby. But Emma was the last to get married and she and Joe were in need of a place to live, so the decision was made - they should move home.

Crist Yoders weren't sorry. They felt they couldn't have a better son-in-law. Minor differences arose but these seemed to be soon forgotten, and life went on as usual.

Then it happened.

For quite a while Joe had been looking around for a good driving horse. He went to sales but couldn't find exactly what he wanted. He asked different friends whether they knew of such a horse that was for sale. Weeks passed and he couldn't locate a young one that would be safe, a good traveler with good endurance. Joe loved horses. He cared well for them but he was particular what kind he had.

One day Grandfather Yoder was on the way to town. A man stopped him. "Aren't you the old man that lives with Joe Kramer?" the stranger asked.

"Yes, I am," answered Crist.

"I'm Simmons from Orwell. I heard Joe wants a good horse."

"That's right."

"I have just what he wants. Right off the race track and a beauty."

"Is he safe for a woman to drive?"

"Yes, very safe. The only thing he's afraid of is his shadow." Simmons threw back his head and laughed so that the cigar almost fell from his mouth.

"Simmons, you say, of Orwell?"

The man nodded.

"May I have your phone number and I can tell Joe?"

"If he's interested he better call me tonight yet. Horses like this sell fast, you know." He took a card from his shirt pocket and handed it to Crist.

"Okay, I'll tell him." Crist pulled on the reins and started again on his way to town.

Crist Yoder was not long in town until he met his son-in-law, Demas Gingerich. "Simmons stopped me on the way and told me about a good horse that he has," Crist told Demas.

"What kind is it?" Demas asked.

"A driving horse. Said he's safe and just off the race track."

"I know Simmons and he has provided some good horses for some of the people but, of course, you never know how far you can trust a horse jockey," Demas replied.

"I know that's true but it won't hurt to look and see what kind of a horse it is. Well, I must hurry so I will get my things done and be home in time for supper."

That evening Crist told Joe about the horse Simmons

had.

"I'll hurry and get the chores done and phone right away," answered Joe as he went on his way to feed the pigs.

Later that evening Joe found his father-in-law putting around in the garden. "I thought Simmons said I should call tonight," he began.

"He said you should call tonight for a horse like that sells quickly," answered Crist.

"I guess it does," remarked Joe drily. "His wife said someone had called in about an hour before. She didn't know who it was and then Simmons left with the horse."

"Well, I sure am sorry about that." Crist leaned on the hoe and stared at the ground. "Guess you should've gone as soon as I came home."

"I guess so." Joe shrugged his shoulders as he turned to walk away. "Maybe it wasn't what I wanted anyway."

Several days later Demas Gingerich came down the road. Crist was helping Joe fix fence by the roadside. When the buggy drew near, Crist exclaimed, "Well, Demas, I didn't know it was you. Where'd you get the new horse?"

Demas laughed a little, "This is the one you told me about the other day."

Crist's mouth opened in surprise. "You mean the one from Simmons?" He glanced at Joe who stood silently by his side and didn't say anything.

"Yes," answered Demas with a broad grin, "and she happens to go just as good as Simmons said she would. I have her on a two weeks trial, and he only wants two hundred and fifty for her."

Joe remained silent as he looked at the sleek, shining body of the black mare. The horse hoed the ground with her hoofs, eager to go.

Demas looked at Joe. "How far are you with your hay, Joe? I don't have any ready for a few days so I thought I could help you tomorrow."

"I have some lying and it will be ready tomorrow afternoon," Joe replied without much expression in his voice.

"Well, I'll be down." Demas tugged on the reins. The horse started off with an easy trot.

Crist stared after the horse, hardly knowing what to say. Joe had very little to say the remainder of the time they worked together. Several times Crist made an effort to start a conversation. Joe's lips set in a thin line. They finished their work in silence.

That evening Crist felt wearier than he had for a long time. Neither Joe nor Emma came over to their porch. The next morning after Crist had gone outside to tend to his few chickens, Emma went over to her mother.

"Joe is certainly hurt about that horse business," she said.

"Dad told me about it last night," Grandmother began. "He didn't know Demas was going to buy that horse."

"Demas knew we were looking for a horse a long time. Why did Dad have to tell him in the first place?"

"Dad thought Demas knew that Joe would be interested," Grandmother nervously twined the corner of her apron around her finger as she tried to think of a way to appease her daughter.

"I think it's a dirty trick, after all we do for you," remarked Emma as she started for the door.

"I'm sure Grandpa didn't mean anything by it." Tears glistened in Grandmother's eyes. Her words fell on deaf ears as Emma turned and went out the door.

That afternoon when Demas came to help Joe with his hay, he found an unusually quiet brother-in-law. It seemed as if he were drawn into a shell. Demas would try and start a cheery conversation only to lapse into silence when he received very little response. He was glad when evening came and it was time to go home.

A few days later Demas' wife, Laura, came home. Grandmother soon told her of Joe and Emma's hurt feelings. "I'll go over and talk to Emma," Laura ventured.

"Well, if you can go and work peace I'll be glad," answered Grandmother. She continued to work on the patching she was doing for Emma.

Emma was picking strawberries when Laura approached her. "Good morning," said Laura cheerily, "do you still have strawberries to can?"

Emma didn't look up but continued picking. "I'm not canning today. I want to make jam."

"I bought a crate of strawberries but they are so expensive I didn't bother to make jam." Laura opened the gate and walked along the garden path. "Here let me help you." She began picking the row beside her sister.

"You needn't help. There's not many and I can do it myself." Emma continued picking without looking at her sister.

"Of course, I want to help. I'm here with Mother anyway for the day."

Emma didn't answer.

"Demas wanted me to try the new horse but I didn't want to go alone so soon," Laura remarked trying to bring the subject to the root of the trouble. When Emma didn't answer Laura continued, "Did you see the horse?"

With this Emma stood up and faced her older sister. "You mean the horse that we wanted? I suppose Grandma told you all about it that we were hurt, but I feel we had a right to be hurt." Emma's face turned red.

"I'm sure you were hurt, Emma," Laura answered softly. "When Grandma mentioned something I was shocked. I never dreamed that we had hurt you by buying the horse."

"You knew we were looking for one a long time already didn't you?"

"Why, yes, we did." Laura tried to keep her voice calm. "But, Demas too, was glad to get a better one than we had."

"I didn't know you wanted another one."

"Well, we weren't exactly looking for one but - -"

"-- but you didn't care whether we wanted it or not."

Laura could see that Emma was not just upset, she was angry.

"Well, Emma," Laura finally said, "I don't know much about it but I don't think you should be angry with Mommy and Daddy. They can't help it."

"Of course, they can help it. Daddy told Demas about it before he told Joe. Here we are good enough to do their work and help them along and this is the appreciation that we get."

"Mother and Dad appreciate what you've been doing for them. They've often said how kind and thoughtful you and Joe are and you are teaching your children to be the same."

Emma considered what Laura said then thoughts of the horse came again-- the horse that she felt should be theirs. "We try to be good to them, and we try to teach the children also to be kind regardless of how we are used."

"Why Emma," rebuked Laura, "you talk as if you're persecuted!"

"At times we feel like that," She stooped and continued to pick strawberries. "And nobody cares either," she finished.

Laura felt that her attempt to make peace was a failure. She didn't know if she should continue to help pick berries or if she should go and try to console her mother. At last she decided on the latter.

When Laura returned to the house Grandmother was sitting on the rocking chair crying. "Don't worry, Mother," Laura tried to comfort her. "It isn't your fault."

"Yes, but they're blaming Granddad. I know he would never want to hurt anyone."

"He didn't, even if they think he did. They must realize that we had just as much right to that horse as they did."

"I wish at times it were a horse that nobody liked."

"I guess that would settle the problem," answered Laura with a smile. "But it happens that we never had a horse that we liked so well and I'm sure Demas wouldn't want to give her up."

"Not even for peace?" Grandmother wiped the wet streaks from her cheeks with her handkerchief as she looked at Laura.

"Well," she began thoughtfully, "would there be any difference would we do the forgiving, or they?"

"But if it works peace," insisted Grandmother.

"I'm sure it wouldn't work peace with Demas if he'd have to give up that horse now."

"But having peace is much better than having the best horse."

"I guess you're right, Mother. If you can tell that to Demas and persuade him then I'd be willing to let Joe have the horse."

This gave Grandmother some hopes and made her feel better.

"I wish we could just forget the horse for the time being and talk about something else," continued Laura.

"I see your windows need cleaning. I'll make some hot water and do it for you." She got up and started for the kitchen.

"I'm glad you'll wash them for Emma's so busy these days. Maybe I can do your mending, too, before you go home. I'm just about finished with Emma's."

Several days later Crist Yoder came through the yard with measured steps. His head was hanging forward. All at once he had become an old, old man. No longer was he the spry man who had helped Joe with the work at every opportunity. Now Crist was often not feeling well. He couldn't eat or sleep well. His clothes hung loosely around his narrow frame.

Grandmother was worried. She kept him well supplied with vitamins but nothing seemed to help. She forced tea upon him, and urged him to see a doctor. "Oh, I guess it's just old age creeping up," he would say, forcing a smile.

Today his steps seemed to be even slower. He pushed open the kitchen door and hung his wraps on the hook. With a sigh he sunk down upon the chair at the end of the table.

"Do your legs hurt?" Grandmother asked anxiously looking in his direction. She was peeling potatoes.

"Oh, I guess not more than usual" he answered slowly.

"Was Demas at home?"

"Yes."

"Would he be willing to let Joe have the horse?" she asked hopefully.

He shook his head and remained silent as he sat staring at the floor. Grandmother washed the potatoes and set them on the oil stove. She found a used match and held it above a lighted burner awhile. When it caught fire she lighted the other burner.

After awhile she asked, "Did Joe talk to them, too?"

"I guess. Demas told Joe that I didn't tell him that Joe wanted the horse. If I didn't, I guess I just forgot it." His head seemed to bow lower.

"But Demas knew Joe was looking for a horse, didn't he?" Grandmother pulled out a chair from the table and sat down.

"Certainly he did, but I guess it's all my fault. If only I would've mentioned to Demas that I believe Joe would look after the horse. I'm sure then that Demas wouldn't have bought it."

"Well, why can't he give the horse now to Joe?"

"Guess because they like her too well."

"But if it would work peace."

"If Demas is so attached to the horse already it won't make peace even if he'd have to give her up. I just wish I could locate another horse as good as that one for Joe."

After this Crist Yoder attended every sale in the vicinity and contacted the horse dealers. When once he had hopes that he had found one that would satisfy Joe and Emma, he told Joe about it. Joe didn't pay too much attention, but walked away saying, "You don't need to bother. I'll find one sometime."

But Crist wanted to bother. He wanted to help. He was willing to do anything to bring more unity between them. When he offered to help Joe with the work - - the work that he helped before - - Joe would say, "I can do it alone. You're getting older and I've got to learn sometime."

This was true. Crist was getting older - and older fast.

He could hardly harness his horse anymore.

One day while he was struggling to get the harness on the horse so they could go away, he looked up to see Joe standing at the horse stable door. Without saying a word Joe walked forward, lifted up the harness and set it on the horse. Then he turned to go again.

"Thanks," said Crist.

Joe didn't answer but went his way.

Crist's eyes filled with tears so that he could hardly see where to buckle the harness. If only things were different, he thought. This wasn't the Joe of several months ago. The Joe who always had a smile and a friendly word for him. And now this.

Crist drove over to the house and waited while Grandmother put on her shawl and boots, soon she came out and they were on their way. Grandmother sensed that something was weighing heavily on Grandfather's mind. "Aren't you feeling well again?" she asked with concern.

He slapped the horse with the reins and didn't answer right away. Finally he said, "No, I'm not feeling very well."

"Why didn't you say so?" The furrows grew deeper in her forehead as she looked at him. "We could've stayed at home."

"Yes, I know, but we should go to visit our sick friends while we can."

Grandmother looked even more troubled. "What do you mean, while we can? We aren't helpless yet."

"No, but I guess we should stay at home more if I can't harness the horse alone."

"I guess it would be in Joe's place to help you along. Isn't that why they got this farm cheaper?"

"Yes, but - but -"

"But what?"

"But somehow I'd rather do things myself, that is if the help comes through duty and not through love."

"Dad, what do you mean?"

"Well, if Joe helps me just because he feels he has to, instead of feeling he wants to - well, it makes a world of difference." His voice became hoarse. "It seems he just - he just can't forgive."

"Oh, Dad, are you sure?" exclaimed Grandmother. "Surely Joe knows that he has to forgive to be forgiven."

"You said Emma hasn't been the same either."

"No, she hadn't been for a few days but now she comes over again. Emma, you know, isn't spiteful."

"No, she isn't and I didn't know Joe was either until - until this happened." Crist took his handkerchief out and blew his nose.

"I sometimes wish that horse would die!" This came emphatically.

A slight smile crossed Crist's face. Age had not erased all of Grandmother's spunk. "I don't know if that would solve our problem." Grandfather shook his head.

"Surely, surely man is born of sorrows...and of troubles."

Grandfather Crist Yoder sat on his chair in the living room, slowly rocking back and forth. The sun had gone down behind the hill an hour before and darkness was creeping into the room. Nothing could be heard but the creaking of the chair and the loud tick of the grandfather's clock in the corner. Occasionally he would take his hand and wipe a tear from his eye. He didn't hear the steps on the porch, or the screen door open. Nor did he notice when Grandmother Yoder entered the room. "Dad, why don't you light the lamp; it is dark in here," she said as she removed her bonnet.

He looked up at her with a blank face.

"I'll light it," she quickly added when he didn't answer. She pulled a drawer out from the library table and rubbed the match head on its bottom. Then she held it to the wick and soon light flooded the little room.

"How'd things go today?" Grandfather asked finally as Grandmother seated herself in her favorite rocker.

"Oh, I thought it was an interesting day and I was wishing you could be there, too. So many asked why you

weren't there."

"Did you have any strange ministers?"

"Yes, John Byler was there. He had the main part. On the way home we stopped at Demases. That's why it took us so long."

There was a moment of silence again, then Grandmother continued, "Did you have a long day?"

"The afternoon seemed long. I laid down and tried to sleep but I couldn't. But I feel better than I did this morning."

"I was worried all day and thought I should've stayed home with you."

"Oh, I could make out all right. Did they have an enig roth for Gros Gma?"

"Yes, everything seemed to go smoothly and they also got an enig roth to make a preacher. I believe Joe is worried. He didn't have much to say on the way home."

"He'll likely be in the lot. It is -" His voice drifted into silence.

Grandmother waited. When she saw he wouldn't finish, she asked, "Did you speak to Joe this morning before we left? I saw him come into the house while I helped Emma with the children."

"Yes, he came in and wanted me to sing the first line of page 666 - 'Ich will von ganzen Herzen mein.' He thought maybe someone would ask him to lead it."

"Did you say anything about your trouble then?"

"Yes," answered Grandfather sadly, "and he just answered 'I have forgiven you.'"

"Well, we sure can be thankful for that, can't we?"

Grandfather didn't answer. He swallowed hard as he rubbed his hand across his tear glistening eyes.

"Aren't you glad for that?" Grandmother asked again, thinking maybe he hadn't heard.

Finally he answered, "Do you think God forgives that way?"

"Which way do you mean?"

"Forgives, but doesn't forget."

"Oh, but it will probably take some time for Joe to forget. He should forgive for he bought a horse now, too, that they can use."

"Yes, but it isn't as nice as the one Demas has and it was more expensive."

"But still I'm glad Joe has forgiven you for we sure wouldn't want to go to communion if he hadn't. I'm sure he realizes how serious this is."

Grandfather was lost in thought. Maybe he did judge Joe too harshly. Maybe he did blame Joe unreasonably because he didn't smile and talk as before. Maybe Joe was too busy to come and sit on their porch and visit, as he did before the horse incident. And maybe he was burdened with his debts that he didn't feel like smiling and laughing. Maybe it was true that Joe had forgiven but - but...did Joe forget?

Grandfather sat in silence awhile then he reached over and got his Bible from the table. He leafed through it a few minutes then he muttered to himself. "Here it is."

Slowly he read, "- I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." For awhile he sat staring into space. "Can we do less? Can we do less?" he said softly.

"What are you saying?" asked Grandmother.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he answered.

But Joe did not change. He went his way, not paying any attention to Dahdys unless they needed help. Joe didn't bother any more to tell Grandfather about the livestock sales he attended. Grandfather missed this keenly.

The neighbors didn't seem to notice that anything was wrong between Joe Kramer and Crist Yoder. Even Demas thought Joe had fully accepted the loss of the horse. But Demas didn't know the ache in Joe's heart whenever he saw Demas drive the horse he got from Simmons. Joe still blamed Grandfather. But it was time for communion and he had forgiven him, but - -

Several months have passed. Joe still sits in church as one of the singers. He is highly esteemed and is looked up to as a fine example of a young married man. He was in

the lot, but he wasn't chosen. The people think old Crist Yoder is a lucky man to have such a worthy son-in-law. They do not know why Crist's step has grown so much slower, his hair thin and greyer. They only know that Crist Yoder isn't well, and that he's aging fast. And they do not know the sadness that is his daily lot.

Crist Yoder walks out to the barn gate. He leans on it and gazes out across the fields where Joe is doing his work...alone. For a long time he lingers there, then he

retraces his steps to the house.

He looks at the hands of the clock. Are they at a standstill? He listens. No, the clock is still running. Why does it travel so slow compared to only a few months before? He lives in the past when there was laughter...and happiness. Crist Yoder realizes that life could again be this way if Joe could only forgive...as God forgives. Forget...as God forgets. Over and over he recalls the words, "I have forgiven you,"...but-- ■■

FIRESIDE CHATS

JOSEPH STOLL

Why Oranges Don't Just Happen

I learned a lesson out in the orchard today, and it wasn't all about trees.

You see, about six months ago we planted a hundred fruit trees. They are mostly citrus -- oranges, tangerines, lemons -- but also a few mango trees and avocados. We bought the young trees from the government farm and planted them at just the right season, while the rains were falling regularly. The trees began to grow at once -- all except the little lemon the horse stepped on while we were cultivating.

It was a pleasure to see the trees greening up and getting bushy. By closing the eyes it was easy to imagine the trees grown tall and hanging full of delicious fruit. And it wouldn't be sour scrubby little fruit either, for our trees were from proven stock.

The government man had told us how the grafting is done. Really, he said, the process is **budding** and not **grafting**, but most people don't know the difference between the two. To get a rootstock that is resistant to diseases, they plant the seeds of a wild sour orange. When the seedlings grow to the thickness of a pencil, buds from proven trees are grafted onto them. Now the tree will bear sweet fruit.

Our trees grew rapidly. It didn't look like there was much to raising citrus fruits.

But I guess we were counting our oranges before they were ripe. For one day as my wife and I examined a tree, the truth dawned on us. We should have known better, in the first place, but somehow it had not soaked in. It was plain as day that our trees had been growing out from **beneath the budded branch**. The new limbs were already finger thick. I didn't have the heart to cut them off.

We asked a neighbor to come over and look at our trees. He is a native Honduran, and an experienced fruit man. Of course, when he saw our bushy young trees, he got out his pruning clippers and skook his head sadly. Without hesitating a moment, he began snip-snipping off those fine-looking limbs.

By the time he had finished snipping, our trees had been chopped down almost to the size they were when we planted them. All that was left was the original center stock, looking very pale and anemic.

This operation took place several weeks ago. Coming as did at the beginning of the dry season, I suppose our trees took it as quite a setback.

Today I was out watering the trees and I had time to examine the branches closely. The pruned-off limbs lay where they had fallen, but by now they were withered and shrunk. Then for the first time I noticed the great thorns. By contrast, the grafted-in branches were smooth and had no thorns at all.

The two kinds of branches had been competing for the

nutrients being brought up from the roots. Anyone could see which branches had been winning the contest. If our neighbor hadn't chopped off the wild limbs, we would soon have had only wild trees -- thorny, bushy trees that would have borne us sour little fruits not fit to eat. It had been high time to do something.

As I stood out there today watering our trees, my thoughts went beyond oranges and lemons and grapefruits. For when it comes to having wild roots, trees have nothing over men. Our rootstock is descended from Adam, and because of his sin the nature of humans is wild and sinful.

But it is not God's will that man should be a thorny rebel that bears no fruit. Therefore, He had made it possible for a new heart and a new spirit to be grafted into any man who wishes to serve Him. The prophet Ezekiel foretold what God would do: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you."

What impressed me this morning out in the orchard is this: Even though God grafts a new heart into a man, the rootstock is still human. Every Christian is like our fruit trees -- the **old** is still at the bottom and pushing to get a branch out into the sunlight, pushing to choke out the life of the better growth above. Unless the evil is kept constantly pruned back -- unless temptations are overcome, sins confessed, the new growth fed -- there is danger the old will crowd out the new and the tree will revert to a wild one again.

Edward was a young lad in his late teens who sincerely wanted to be a child of God. He was baptized upon his confession, taken into the church, and for a time seemed to be doing very well. But then he gradually began to slip. He took less interest in spiritual matters and lost out in conduct. Soon he was like our fruit trees -- a mass of jungle growth smothering out the good in the center. As far as I know that is the way he is today -- the wild limbs growing and the grafted ones being choked out. Unless major surgery takes place and his life is recommitted to God, he cannot bear good fruit.

The young Christian must be kept growing, or he won't survive; he will die of starvation. He can grow only if he gains a daily victory over the selfish human desires of his flesh. The good can prosper only if the evil is controlled.

Some people make the mistake of thinking the human root is no longer alive within them. This is a dangerous mistake, for it is hard to combat something we persuade ourselves is not even there! It would be just like saying, "Look, I've finished grafting those young fruit trees. They're good trees now, and therefore they won't need any further attention."

We tried it, and it doesn't work with fruit trees! We hoed our trees, too, and fertilized them, and watered them, but it still wasn't enough. I'm convinced many

people have tried the same method spiritually, and it works no better there.

And so, it seems to me, the Christian life can flourish only if there is a vigorous defense against the forces of evil -- against the old inborn nature that would smother and choke the new life.

There is a popular doctrine that says, "God is all powerful. He can protect against every danger. Once you're in the fold, relax, the Lord won't permit you to be snatched from His hands. Once saved -- always saved."

True, God is all powerful. He is so powerful that I don't doubt for a minute that He could change every man on earth into a godly person, and cause that none of us would ever again have an evil thought. But up to now it hasn't been His will to work that way.

Instead, it seems that God gives spiritual victory only to those who are willing to wage a spiritual battle, to

those who are willing to follow His commands. The very idea of a victory doesn't mean a thing unless there is a battle. In the Christian Life the victory is a continuing one, for the battle continues until death.

Although God is more powerful than Satan, that is not saying that God is always victorious in the soul struggle within a man. The young christian who sits down and expects God to henceforth bless and protect him without his lifting a finger -- that young man or women is forgetting the rules. The forces of evil will spring up and choke out the good intentions, just as brushy thorns were about to take over our fruit trees.

I hope that someday we can pick oranges and grapefruits and lemons and tangerines from our own trees. And I trust that when the time comes, the fruits will be large and sweet and delicious. If they are, I'll know why.

- Guaimaca, Honduras

UNCLE MOSE'S SUNDAY VISIT

Author's name withheld

Part Two

The clock was striking twelve as Barbara entered the living room. "Dinner is ready," she said.

"Well, you're right on time," Uncle Mose said, "You and the clock said, 'Dinner Ready' at the same time."

"Aunt Sarah and Katie helped me," Barbara said, "That's why it's ready on time."

"A round table," Uncle Mose said as he entered the dining room, "I haven't seen one in a long time."

"Amos, I prepared the meal," Barbara said, "now you can tell them where to sit."

"O.K. Uncle Mose, you and Sarah take these two chairs and John and Katie, can sit on the side and I'll sit here with the prettiest woman in the neighborhood."

Barbara's face turned red as she said, "Amos, you quit teasing me."

But Amos couldn't resist saying how nice she looks when she blushes, "Now just look at the healthy glow on her cheeks."

John said, "But didn't you ever hear the saying that beauty is only skin deep?"

"Well, in that case she must be skin all the way through," Amos said.

"Did any of you plant garden yet?" Barbara asked to change the subject.

"I didn't," said Katie. "John said if I wait till the moon is right he'll help me."

"Do you go by the moon?" asked Uncle Mose, "or did you just say so because you thought you would be done planting corn by that time?"

"Didn't you plant by the moon when you used to farm asked John.

"No, I usually planted when I had the ground in good condition and the season was here to plant."

"Talk about the moon, did you know they made another trip up there and two men walked on the moon?" asked Amos.

"No.

"No, I hadn't heard," answered Mose, "and when was that?"

"Oh, that was way back in February already," replied

Amos.

"I don't believe any of that stuff," said Aunt Sarah.

"Oh, yes, but it's true," said Amos, "for people saw them walking on the moon on T.V."

"Well, I've seen pictures of a cow jumping over the moon, too," said Sarah, "now do you believe a cow could really jump over the moon?"

"No," replied Amos laughing.

"Well, then I don't believe that men were on the moon, either," replied Aunt Sarah.

"Don't you believe it either, Uncle Mose," asked Amos.

"Yes I can believe it. Men are really getting wise, but the Word says 'The wisdom of the world is foolishness before God.'"

"Well, what did you read in **Family Life** lately that you liked," asked Mose.

"I enjoy all of it," said John and then he added, "I'll take that back for I don't even read the recipes."

"Oh, I always read them first," spoke up Barbara.

"Katie likes poems," said John, "and she even memorized that one in the last issue that was so good."

"Now I wonder which one you mean?" asked Mose. "I like poems, too, and I thought there was more than one good one in the last issue."

"Yes, of course, but the one I meant was 'For oh, if the righteous shall scarcely be saved, then where shall the sinner appear.'"

"I liked that one, too," said Mose, "it's just like a real sermon in poetry form."

"But that one wasn't in the last one, was it?" asked Barbara.

"No," answered Katie, "that was back in the yellow cat one."

"Yellow cat one!" exclaimed Mose. "Now if that isn't some name. That was the February one, wasn't it."

"There was one thing in one of the verses that stuck to me," continued Mose, "and that was that we can't be careless and unconcerned here in our spiritual lives and still expect to inherit a home in heaven."

When they had finished eating, Uncle Mose said, "My, that was a good dinner." They went into the living room and sat down on the rocking chairs.

After a pause, Amos said, "Uncle Mose, how do you

understand that 5th verse in Romans 4. You know we talked about it two weeks ago. That verse sounds like the young preacher might have been right when he said 'to cease from good works is spiritual gain.'

"Well," Mose said, "in things like this we need the help of God to understand it right. You know it says the Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than a two edged sword. So we want to be very careful how we handle or explain the Bible or we might cut ourselves or even make a big gash in the church. We should do as Paul says, to study to show ourselves approved unto God, rightly dividing the Word of Truth. John, did you bring your German-English Bible along?"

"Yes, but I left it on the buggy. I'll go get it."

When he came back with the Bible, Mose said, "I like those German-English Bibles for they have some useful references. Now let's turn to the 4th chapter of Romans." Soon he began to read aloud, "But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness."

"Now what is it that you don't understand," asked Mose, "is it where it says to him who worketh not?"

"Yes," Amos said, "it plainly says he that worketh not, his faith is counted for righteousness."

"Well, let's just leave that verse for now," Mose said, "and take some other verses in consideration. We'll come back to that verse later. What did you read in the 2nd chapter of Romans, Amos?"

Amos thought for awhile and then he said, "Well, I think it's in that chapter it says if we judge someone else and do the same thing ourselves we condemn ourselves."

"Very good", said Mose, "I see you've got a good memory. Let's start reading at the 6th verse in the second chapter. It says about the judgement of God, 'who will render to every man according to his deeds. Now what does that mean, John?'"

"I guess it means God will reward us according to our works."

"That's right, and now let's read on. 'Tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that **doeth evil**,...But glory, honor and peace to every man that **worketh good**...'"

"Now, Amos, I'd like for you to take special notice of the words, **worketh good**. I think Paul probably wrote this only a short time before he wrote **worketh not**."

"Now let's turn to the fifteenth chapter of John. Here it says 'I am the true vine.' These are Jesus' own words and He says, 'Ye are the branches' and that includes us. Now he says, 'Every branch that **beareth not fruit**, he taketh away and every branch that **beareth fruit** he purgeth it, that it may bring forth **more fruit**.'"

"Would 'bear fruit' be the same as good works?" asked Amos.

"I would hardly know how else to understand it," Mose said. "Now He goes on to say that the branch cannot bear fruit except it stays on the vine and He also said, 'Without me ye can do nothing!' Of course, He means nothing good. A lot of things are done without Christ's help, but nothing good."

"And in the 8th verse He speaks of bearing **much fruit**. Remember that Jesus spoke first of being able to **bear fruit**, and then He spoke of **more fruit** and lastly He says **much fruit**. So it is with us, as we grow in our Christian lives, we have more responsibilities."

"Well, if bearing fruit is good works," Amos wanted to know, "why would Paul say that **without good works** our faith is counted for righteousness?"

There was a pause and then Mose said, "Amos, Paul didn't say anything like that, that I know of. Where did you read it?"

"Well, we just read it in Romans 4," said Amos.

"No," answered Mose, "you didn't read anything about good works in Romans 4."

"Uncle Mose, you must be getting old and forgetful fast," Amos answered, "John, didn't you read it in Romans 4:5?"

"Well, I don't know what that means," John said, "but Uncle Mose usually knows what he is talking about so I'd be careful if I were you, Amos. There may be a trick to it."

"No, there's no trick to it. Let's turn to that verse again, and, Amos, you read it aloud so we can all hear."

"But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness."

"Now who was right?" asked Mose

"I was," said Amos.

"You still can't see it?" asked Mose.

"See what?"

"That it doesn't say good works?"

"Well, it says works, surely it wouldn't mean bad works."

"No it doesn't mean bad works, but it also doesn't mean good works. In the Bible we read of another kind of **works** which was once required by God, but not anymore. Now, can you guess what it is?"

After thinking awhile, Amos said, "I can't think of what it is."

"Well, on this same page is a verse that might give you a hint. Just back up 8 verses from the verse you just read."

"That would be the 28th verse of chapter 3," said Amos, counting them.

"Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds (or works) of the law."

"Well, that's plain now," said John.

"Yes, I see it, too," said Amos, "so it was me that was wrong after all."

"Now let's read it like Paul meant it. In the German we only need to add one word: Den aber, der mit (Gesetzes) Werken umgehet, usw."

"Why didn't Paul write it like he meant it?" asked Amos.

"Well, I expect the people he wrote it to understood it very well. This was written about 2,000 years ago and mainly to the Jews at Rome. I doubt if Paul had any idea that people all over the world would be reading his letter, 2,000 years after he wrote it."

"You mean to say Paul didn't intend to write it for the Bible?" Amos asked.

"I don't believe any of the New Testament writers ever thought that their writings would become part of the Bible, except maybe John when he wrote his Revelations."

"What makes you think that Paul didn't expect his writings to become part of the Bible?"

"Well, he addressed about all of them to certain churches or to a certain man. And he wrote to Timothy to bring his coat along to a certain place. Do you think he would have included that if he had thought about it becoming part of the Bible?"

"I guess not," Amos said, "but I just never thought about it in that way."

"Well, we kinda got away from our subject about works of the law," Mose said. "If we had lived at the time we would probably have understood better why Paul wrote so many things pertaining to the law of Moses. He wrote much about circumcision, eating meats and keeping holidays pertaining to the law. Those things don't concern us much, who now have the plan of salvation."

"If we turn to the 21st chapter of Acts, we find that Paul went to Jerusalem, which was a very dangerous place for him to go."

"Why was it dangerous," asked Amos.

"Because he taught against the works of the law. Beginning in the 19th verse it said there were thousands of Jews who believed and yet were zealous to do the law of Moses. These Jews heard that Paul was teaching the people to forsake Moses since he was saying they do not need to circumcise their children."

"Did Paul really teach them that they should forsake Moses?" asked Amos.

"Paul did teach the people to forsake the law of Moses. We could understand from this that he wanted them to

forsake Moses, but that is not true. It was only the law of Moses, for that had come to an end. "In the same way we could understand that Paul was writing against good works in Romans 4:5, but that is not true, either. I have never read anywhere in the New Testament where it discourages good works."

"I see what you mean," Amos said, "but how could it be that thousands of Jews believed on Jesus and yet were zealous to keep up the law?"

"They were born under the law and taught in the law. Although they did believe in Jesus, they still could not realize that Jesus was the fulfillment of the law. They could not yet grasp the fact that Jesus was the perfect Lamb of God and that His blood was the perfect sacrifice for all and for all times. That is why Paul had to write so much about faith and works of the law. Faith and good works go together but faith in Christ and works of the law do not go together. Do you understand why?"

"I guess because Christ took the place of the law," answered John.

"That's right," said Mose, "but maybe we ought to turn it around and say that law took the place of Christ until the time was fulfilled and Christ came in the flesh. In other words, the law was only a substitute for Christ.

"Now we also have Scripture which says that Christ is the end of the law. If He is the end of the law, do you think everyone can do as He pleases?"

"Maybe it says the end of the law of Moses," Amos answered.

"Whether it says it or not, apparently that is what it means."

"Are the ten commandments a part of the law of Moses?" John asked.

"Now that's a good question, and I don't remember ever hearing it discussed just like that," Mose said, "but I think they are nearly all brought over into the new. We find most of them repeated in the New Testament."

"Don't we have any commandments or laws in the New Testament?" John asked.

"Oh yes," Mose replied. "We have lots of commandments in the New. So many, in fact, that it would take a long time to mention all of them."

"Like what?"

"Well, when Jesus started to preach he said '**Repent**, for the kingdom of God is at hand.' In Luke, he preached **baptism and repentance**. He said that whoever has two coats should give to the person who had none. He taught that we should be **merciful**. He told the soldiers to **do no violence**."

"How could they be soldiers if they could not use force?" Amos asked.

"Well, as I see it, a Christian just can't be a soldier. Now how many do's and don'ts do we have? We should **repent**, be **baptised**, be **merciful**, **non-resistant**, so there we have four rules already before Jesus even started to preach.

"In the sermon on the Mount Jesus said we should **not be angry** with our brother, we should **swear not at all**, we should **love our enemies**, and I know that if we would go through the whole New Testament we would be able to make a long list of things we are to do or not to do."

"Uncle Mose, how about that last verse in Matt. 5?" Amos asked.

"Read it once."

"Therefore be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.' Can we be perfect?"

"That reminds me of a little incident that once happened years ago," Mose said.

When he paused to think, John said, "Okay, we're listening, so tell us about it."

"Well, there was a visitor here from Iowa one Sunday and he wasn't Amish anymore. After church a group of us were discussing some things and we talked about the 5th chapter of Matthew and someone brought up, can we be perfect. Then this man said, yes, we can be perfect if we just make up our mind to be.

"Now in this same chapter we read 'Let your yea be yea and your nay, nay. Whatsoever is more than these cometh from the evil.' Anyway a short time later, one of

the brethren asked him, 'Do you know all the people here today?' He replied 'Erdarbt wenig.' So that showed me that he made some unnecessary words at times and that he wasn't as perfect as he thought he was.

"Did you tell him about it?" asked John.

"No, I didn't. Maybe I should have, but I figured, I have bigger faults than that myself."

"Well, Uncle Mose, tell us what that verse means, that is if you know," Amos said.

"I don't claim to know, but I have studied it somewhat. Let's see, what was Jesus talking about just before He said that last verse? If we go back to the 38th verse, He tells us that we should not return evil for evil such as if anyone would knock out a tooth, we must not knock out one of their teeth. He tells us we must be merciful to others and not resist evil.

"He goes on to say that if anyone would smite us on one cheek, we must show mercy toward him also and turn the other cheek rather than strike back.

"And if anyone sues us at law and takes our coat, we should also be merciful toward him and give him our cloak also. He goes on to say that we should give to them that ask and not turn away from those who need to borrow something. All these things are being **merciful**.

"Luke writes about these same things in the sixth chapter of the Gospel of Luke. But where Matthew says 'be ye therefore perfect' Luke uses a different word and says, 'Be ye therefore **merciful** even as your Father is also **merciful**.'"

"Then you think Jesus didn't really say that we should be perfect?" Amos asked.

"Well, I want to be careful what I say, but some people think that since Matthew and Luke both wrote about the same things, and Luke uses the word **merciful**, then that may have been the meaning instead of perfect.

"In the different translations, some words are given a little differently. In the Lord's prayer, we find that Luke does not give it exactly the same way as Matthew does.

"That's my first interpretation of that verse about being perfect." Uncle Mose said. "Now I will give you another one. If Jesus said we should be perfect, then He didn't mean in the same way God is perfect. In another place He said, 'None is good except the Father,' so if we're not even good, then we are not perfect like the Father.

"But maybe Jesus meant we should have a perfect will to do what is right. Another meaning could be that we are considered perfect through Christ. In Col. 2:10 it says we are complete in Him, in the German it uses the word 'vollkommen' which is ordinarily translated as perfect.

"Now I've given you three different interpretations of being perfect. Which one do you agree with or maybe you don't agree with any?" asked Mose.

"Well now, they all three sound reasonable," said Amos, "I don't hardly know which one I would put first."

"Well, Katie, I think it's time to go home for it will soon be choring time," John said.

"Don't rush off," said Amos. "We didn't hardly get any ordinary visiting done yet."

"But we did talk about a lot of things this afternoon, and I can't hardly believe it's this late already," Uncle Mose said.

"Just one more question before we go home," Amos said. "We have been talking about good works as a necessary part of our Christian lives. Still it would not be right to say that we are saved by our good works, would it?"

"No, of course not," Uncle Mose answered, "if we have the true faith then we will not be slack on good works. But there is something else still more important than either of those, and that is grace. Like we said the Old Mennonite preacher felt that he is only a poor sinner saved by grace. Faith and good works are both on our part, but grace is a gift from God. To have faith means to believe. We must believe in Jesus before God can give us his grace. The Scriptures make it plain that we cannot earn our salvation and that we are saved by grace. So really after all is said and done, grace is by far the most important word in the whole Bible." ■■

Amish

Life In THE GREAT DEPRESSION— 1930-1940

Part Two

BELLEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

— Jonathan R. Byler, Sr.

The Depression, as I recall, came on us almost overnight when Wall Street went flat around October 1929. The laboring man felt the bump first, then came the farmer's turn. The laboring man is one who eats so long as he has money and work; soon there were a lot of men out of work and had no money for food. So the prices for farm produce dropped sharply, which were followed by other products as well.

Herbert Hoover was President when the Depression hit. The government started giving free hand-outs but nothing elaborate. People were seen lined up at welfare centers with burlap bags or whatever was at hand to carry things in. Children of poorer families went in rags.

Now let's go on to a year or two later when things got really pressing. Milk sold at 90 cent per hundred before hauling was deducted. Laboring men left their cars at home in the garage and walked for they had no money to buy gas. Many left home and rode freight trains in search of work. Train crews handed out eats to prevent trouble.

People were at the point where they wanted to do something worth-while. So the government found the W.P.A. (Works Progress Administration) which gave men jobs building and repairing roads. Most work was done by pick and shovel and they did a good job.

Here is something I was told by a party whom I considered reliable. When Route 322, which crosses our valley, was widened and new concrete laid, there were still men in dire need of work. One day as they were working at the Church Hill bridge a man came on the scene asking for work. He was hired and started to work; at noon he disappeared so some men followed him without his knowing it. They found him eating lunch, only potato peelings. They questioned him which caused him some embarrassment; he had left the potatoes at home for the family to eat. After receiving his first pay check he carried lunch like the rest. I think it shows there were concerned people in all walks of life during those hard times.

As for myself and family, the Depression taught lessons not soon forgotten. It was sometimes hard to tell one's life companion how little money was at hand, especially when clothing and so forth were needed. But being farmers we usually had plenty to eat. Faith in God and honesty were a great help. I doubt if anyone can know the mercy God has bestowed upon mankind since the beginning of time.

One more instance I would like to relate is how men of thinking ability got along. I needn't mention this particular man's name, but he made up his mind he was tired of living off welfare. So one day in May he came to

my brother-in-law's place asking for work; he also came to my place offering to help us during harvest and hay making for 10 cent a day plus bed and board. I told him he couldn't possibly live on that. He said, "I'll prove to you I can, for 10 cents a day will buy a loaf of bread for my family." We hired him and he proved a reliable hard working man. We gave him a dollar a day. He usually went home Wednesday evening and returned Thursday morning promptly at 7 o'clock. He had five or six miles and could have taken the bus part ways but mostly walked.

This man picked apples on shares that fall; also picked cherries in the early morning. He did some fall plowing for a neighbor for a fat hog that weighed about 200 lbs. Now for the climax. This is a fact as well as the rest; he carried his winter's fuel supply home piece by piece. Someone about one and a half miles from his home let him have poles from an old chopping. So that winter he had a well-stocked basement of canned goods and fuel. Willing hands and God's help does a lot.

MIDDLEBURY, INDIANA

— Ora A. Graber (now of Bronson, Michigan)

I believe I can say the Depression years of 1930 to 1940 were the happiest time of my life. I was young, barely going on nine, and had a happy home with father, mother, 5 brothers, and 3 sisters. When the stock market dipped and took a crash, banks closed and people went out of work which brought on much stealing for many years. Chickens seemed to be the main item stolen sometimes grain. Among other things were the gypsies going from house to house carrying canned goods from the cellars, and the women were good pickpockets. They usually held the attention of the man of the house while others were carrying out things from the basement. The woman holding the man's attention often left with his pocketbook which he never missed until they had left.

This was to a certain extent exciting, but again sad to hear the older people talk of events taking place such as losing homes by not being able to pay the taxes, interest, and payments. I remember my father later telling of the time his payment had come due on his Federal Land Bank loan. After checking his money available at the time, he found he was short and could not meet the payment. This brought a sad feeling that he would have to face the bank manager and not be able to meet his debt. But after consultation with the manager, the bank decided to carry him on and just add this interest to his principal. But others weren't always so lucky and lost their homes and farms.

We children had our time to play but not until our day's work was done - pulling weeds, hoeing thistles, herding

cattle on the road, and finally in the evening carrying in the wood supply for the next day. In those days kerosene stoves were rare and in danger of exploding. It took a lot of wood to keep the stoves going. In the evening yet before the sun went down, if we were lucky enough to get our work done before then, we went to the sandbox. With a spoon we plowed the fields, a fork was the harrow, a corn cob the cultipacker, and chicken feathers the horses. And I mean we had fun. Mother was often disappointed that she couldn't get us away from the sand to come in for supper. And I remember I'd of rather played on if I had had my choice and missed my supper. Yes, I believe we had much more fun, to my idea, in those lean years of the depression than today's children have hidden among a roomfull of toys, and maybe yet a T.V.

Wood to burn was scarce during the Depression. Pioneers had used their forests wastefully, and during these years people realized the value of trees. It was badly needed for firewood and lumber as people did not have money to buy coal or lumber from the fuel companies. People who had nice woods wanted to save them and only allowed dead trees to be cut down or fallen branches to be used. We went 10 miles to a large woods to cut wood on shares. we cut all the wood, buzzed it, stacked it, and took our half home. Today some people look at such work as drudgery. But fun it was for us to eat our lunch out in the woods even if it was in zero weather. We wore clothes to keep warm, not for decorations.

Many labor men from the cities and towns were out of work during the Depression, and the government had to feed them. When Roosevelt became president in 1932 (I was 12 then) he started the WPA (Works Progress Administration.) This was an attempt to give many men work on the government payroll. This was a method of getting work out of them while at the same time helping them financially. This could have been a good project, but by being on the government food line for some time, the men didn't care to work and mostly just "put in time." Often we went past where they were working along the roads and saw them standing around a fire they had built, talking and having fun. People who were hard workers and had made a go of it without government handouts thought this WPA program a very expensive and useless thing to help the people.

Also at this time there was a surplus of grains and livestock which was nearly worthless to try and sell as there was no market for it. So the Roosevelt administration had a plan to pay farmers to burn their wheat and to destroy their pigs to get prices up so farmers could make a living again. The Amish did not go along with this plan. They were not compelled to, but their farm income was lower as a result of not participating. We felt this was a cruel way to get money into circulation again being so many people were going hungry. Many people lost faith in Roosevelt like they had in Hoover when the stock market crashed.

To my opinion what followed was much worse than anything the Depression had brought. A drought hit the Mid-West and West during 1935, 36 37. Sand storms were common but not in our part of Indiana; although I can still remember when the sun didn't shine very bright for weeks. It looked hazy all over as a result of dust particles in the air. It was an AlmightyPower who took away the surplus crops during those years, not a manmade power which a few years before had burned wheat and destroyed livestock. That surplus then could have been used during the drought years to feed the hungry people.

I remember through those dry years corn wouldn't yield except on unusually wet spots. Also there was no pasture through the summer so we cut corn to feed the cattle. In the winter we'd sometimes run short of hay and had to go up north to get marsh grass hay which had been put on stacks through the summer. This hay was not pleasing to a cow's taste and they usually wouldn't eat it except as a last resort.

I feel the Depression years and the dry years were a great teacher in my early life, teaching me to appreciate

Speak before you're spoken to,

A friendly word or two

Will help the other fellow

Who may be scared of you,

By following this simple rule

You'll see that this is true;

When you make others happy, it

Will make you happy, too.

You'll find you'll make and keep good friends

If you will always do

To people as you wish to have

Them to do unto you.

-Selected

what we have. If we have plenty, I still feel we should not be wasteful, just as well as in times of shortage. We are too inclined in this time of plenty to forget Who gives and again in shortage Who takes away. Neither should we forget our parents who through hard times with sweat worked to raise their family and were satisfied and content with what God provided. Today many of these parents are in their graves. They worked that their children might live and be nourished and have clothes to wear. Is it not terrible what we see today and hear, comparing it to the beautiful sacrificing lives of our forefathers.

I'm old-fashioned I guess, but the most wonderful time of my life living yet in my memory was 1930 to 1940, the time when people were people.

MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO

— Uria R. Byler

I was sixteen when the Depression hit, so I was a little young to really be affected financially in the sense that Dad was. We older children got a weekly allowance of 10 cents to 25 cents and our pants were patch upon patch. But in spite of such small inconveniences young people my age still ate, slept, and enjoyed life - blissfully unaware of what our parents were going through.

And they were going through plenty. Many lost their farms because the banks foreclosed on them. It was impossible to borrow money from the banks and many banks closed their doors going bankrupt themselves. Thousands of people lost their life savings.

In our immediate neighborhood everyone was farming, but down the road a few miles was a little hamlet, Burton Station. About six young families lived there each with 4 or 5 children. These men had depended on day labor and had made a fairly decent living. But when the Depression hit all this was changed. There was no work available, still the children had to eat. No one starved, but many, many a child went to bed more than once without proper nourishment for their little bodies. Now and then Daddy would find a day or perhaps a week of work at 10 cent an hour. Of course, people chipped in and helped those families with potatoes, vegetables, and in other ways. People bought their chicken mash in white or colored bags, and these made wonderful goods for shirts, dresses, bed ticks etc.

Of course, all Dad's financial worries were hidden behind his weather-beaten face. Being young and carefree, we children couldn't have cared much less, unless someone had told us, and no one did at that time. We worked away from home for a dollar a day or \$15 a month, here and there wherever a dollar was to be made. We brought the money home to Dad who in turn, as mentioned before, gave us the "Huge" sum of 10 cents to 25 cents per week.

We were aware, though of our parents' scratching and scimping as never before. Very little was spent on

groceries. Wheat was ground whole and served as breakfast cereal, bread, muffins. Corn was shelled and cooked as mush or bread. Then we had our potatoes, vegetables, and fruit: in fact, we as well as almost everyone else was practically self-sufficient. This was a matter of necessity not choice. Bananas, oranges, tapioca, jello, cake mix, corn flakes - all those items and many more were unheard of luxuries for most people.

When we were sixteen our dads didn't rush into buying us a fast horse and a new harness and buggy. We often walked to where we wanted to go, but sometimes we'd use Dad's buggy horse. The first horse I hitched up to go to a singing weighed 1500 pounds with a speed of an ordinary farm plug.

One Monday morning after breakfast Dad asked me to come into the living room. I was nineteen, and the facts he told me jolted me out of my rosy happy-go-lucky outlook. With a set look on his face, he said, "Uria, I've hired you out to Pete Miller. A few years ago I borrowed money from him to make my payments which I had to do to keep the farm. Now Pete wants you to work that debt out, and you are to start this morning."

Dad paused a little to let it sink in, then continued. "You know if you boys stick with me in this and get jobs and stick to them no matter how hard the work is, we may be able to keep our farm. If not, we will probably lose it. (Dad had bought our 60 acre farm for \$6500, a good price, just a few months before the Depression hit.)

A half hour later I was on my way to Pete Miller's. I walked and carried my clothes in a bag. Two years of working there at \$30 a month paid off the loan.

In the spring of 1934 I hired out to a farmer near Atlantic, Pennsylvania about 55 miles east of us. I was 21 and on my own, and I felt as if I was really something

now. My own boss. My own money. Dad had asked me if I would send my wages home to him instead of putting them in a bank, for he wanted to build a silo. At the end of the summer out of my \$18 per month I had sent Dad \$130 and he had his silo. I came back in November and cut wood for a dollar a day. Then on January 31, 1935 I married. The cost of our wedding in hard money was \$9. Noah Detweilers had their own meat, flour, butter, sugar (maple sugar) - everything home raised or made except a few odds and ends. And we had a real nice wedding.

So we started housekeeping at \$25 per month plus horse feed and two quarts of milk per day. In a year we got a raise of \$10 which was a big thing for us. Then in the spring of 1937 we were sitting atop of the world with wages of \$65 per month.

Two years later we decided that with our savings of \$400 we wanted our own farm; so henceforth we rented a run-down farm of 139 acres for \$25 per month. We borrowed \$1200 and bought an outlaw team, ten cows a brood sow, a plow, scratch tooth harrow and started farming on our own.

At that time we were still very much in the Depression. Milk was \$1.10 cwt (had been as low as 75 cent cwt) and other things were also low. Believe me it was rough for awhile with three little mouths to feed, rent and payments to meet along with other expenses. It didn't help matters that we had rented one of the poorest farms in the county. The first year we had 8 loads of hay and very little corn or oats. But we hung on and worked hard and lived thriftily. By the fourth year we could see daylight ahead.

What was the impact or influence of the Depression on our Amish churches? Well, it's rather hard to describe. One sure thing stands out: there wasn't the discord in the

SOLITUDE

-Anna E. Weaver

Solitude, ah, solitude...

In solitude I spend
Some precious moments every day
Away from kin and friend.
Gracious God, all-loving Guide,
Amid the cares of life,
Give me, yea, oft more solitude
And keep me far from strife.

Solitude, ah, solitude...

The tears that fill my eyes
I now no longer can retain,
May my grief make me wise.
"The fear of the Lord," God has said,
The beginning of wisdom is,
By prayer and faith this can be found;
May I remember this.

Amid the busy toilsome day,
Amid the circling throng,
Thy fear, Oh, Lord, that fear, oh, God,
Keep in me deep and strong.
And may I know compassion
Towards all my fellowmen
Then solitude, yea, solitude
Will be more blessed then.

When the evening shadows fall
On a day which seemed so long
Ah, solitude, blessed solitude
Will fill my heart with song;
Not a lilting melody,
Yet not a mournful drone
But just the song within my heart
That praises God alone.

Ah, solitude, yea, solitude...

Into thy depths I go
And find there in the inmost parts
The Friend I long to know.
I feel Him near—I see Him not,
Yet faith just says He's there
That in those hours of solitude
Are blessings beyond compare.

Had not those hours of solitude
In which the Lord was pressed
Been the portion of His day
We would not yet be blessed.
Yet now we know in our agony—
In groanings however deep,
The things we cannot utter
The Spirit it doth keep.

-Lebanon, Pennsylvania

church as there is today. Also in this county almost everyone was farming. That alone, in my opinion, is a big plus in any Amish Community. And the young folks? What could they do with 25 cents per week? Therefore I'd venture to say that the Depression had a favorable impact on our Amish community. And by the same token, prosperity can be a curse if we aren't on our guard. As an example: When we married we went to Cleveland to a second-hand furniture store and bought the following: 1 table, 6 chairs, 1 desk, library table, dresser, kitchen cabinet and 2 rockers. Price? \$15.40. With that plus a Katamazoo kitchen stove and a small heating stove we started house-keeping. (She had her own bed and bureau from home.) Nowadays what do we see? Breakfast sets, overstuffed davenport sets, bedroom sets, etc. With Depression wages and conditions those expensive luxuries could not be purchased.

LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

— Jonathan Zook

We were married Dec. 5, 1918 and started farming and housekeeping in the spring of 1919. We had good years until the year of 1930, as near as I can tell around May or

June when it seemed the bottom dropped out of everything. That spring we had torn our old barn down (116 years old) and were building a new one. The carpenters had charged us 65 cents an hour which was a good wage then. But that fall when we built a chicken house, their price had dropped to 35 cents an hour. And by 1931 most building stopped altogether; carpenters were glad if they could find work at 25 cents. Many contractors went broke because they had new houses on hand at high prices and could not sell them.

Farmers also had a tough job of making ends meet. If we broke even till the end of the year we were well satisfied. Hogs sold for 2 cents a pound, steers 4½ cents a pound, potatoes 25 cents a bushel, and milk 80 cents a hundred. In 1934 it got better and about 1936 things leveled off and supply and demand took care of itself. In 1939-40 when Hitler in Germany started to invade countries, prices started to rise and have risen ever since.

During the Depression the Church members needed one another and church affairs went along nicely. But things have now changed because there is so much money that comes easily and buys so many worldly things.

Editorielles —

Ein wenig von der Allmacht Gottes

„Groß und wunderbar sind deine Werke, Herr, allmächtiger Gott; gerecht und wahrhaftig sind deine Wege, du König der Heiden. Wer sollte dich nicht fürchten, Herr, und deinen Namen preisen? denn du bist allein heilig; denn alle Heiden werden kommen und anbeten vor dir; denn deine Urteile sind offenbar worden.“ Offenb. Joh. 15, 3. 4.

Schon etliche Tage ist es sehr warm in dieser Gegend, und doch auch viel von die Zeit eine schöne Luft. Dies alles tut der allmächtige Gott regieren der so große und wunderbare Wege hat. Und es heißt auch: „Denn du bist allein heilig,“ so wohl als allmächtig. Glauben wir es, daß Gott allein heilig ist, oder tun wir Menschen uns zu Zeiten ein wenig in dem Vordergrund stellen?

Diesen Nachmittag wie wir heim fuhren von der Gemeinde sahen wir sehr helle Bliz-Strahlen durch die Wolken fahren, und dann ein Donner-Streich. Wenn der Streich nahe ist, dann geht er gerade mit der Strahl. Es verursacht mich immer an die Allmacht Gottes denken wenn ich solche Bliz-Strahlen sehe. Solches kann die Furcht Gottes erneuern in uns, wie Solomo uns zu wissen tut: „Die Furcht des Herrn ist Anfang der Erkenntnis.“ Spr. 1, 7. „Die Furcht des Herrn ist der Weisheit Anfang; das ist eine feine Klugheit, wer darnach tut, des Lob bleibet ewiglich.“ Ps. 111, 10. In unserm Text heißt es auch: „Wer sollte dich nicht fürchten, Herr, und deinen Namen preisen?“

Wir lesen viel von fürchten, und auch viel von nicht fürchten. Wir müssen daran denken, die Furcht ist zweierlei. „Fürchte dich nicht du kleine Herde; denn es ist eueres Vaters Wohlgefallen euch das Reich zu geben.“ Lucas 12, 32. „Fürchte dich nicht Zacharias! denn dein Gebet ist erhört.“ Luk. 1, 13. „Fürchte dich nicht Maria! du hast Gnade bei Gott gefunden.“ Luk. 1, 30.

D, so viel können wir finden wie wir uns nicht fürchten sollen. Dies will uns alles sagen daß wir frei fühlen können zu Gott zu kommen, wir brauchen nicht angst haben. „Wer Ihn fürchtet und recht tut, der ist Ihm angenehm.“ „Fürchtet Gott und haltet seine Gebote.“

Dieser große und wunderbare Gott tat Wunder und

Zeichen in Ägyptenland, er führte die Kinder Israel durch das rote Meer als wie durch trocken Land, er machte das Wasser stehen auf beiden Seiten im Jordan so daß sie trockenes Fuß durch gehen konnten. Dieser Gott suchte die Kinder Israel heim durch mancherlei Plagen welche er unter sie schickte, er ließ sie hungern und dürsten; dann speiste er sie mit Himmelsbrot, und tränkte sie mit Wasser aus einem Felsen. Mit all diesem hielten sie nur an zu murren wider Mose und wider Gott.

Tut nicht der Herr uns heut noch oft und manches Mal heimsuchen durch vielerlei Sachen und Wegen, er will sehen ob wir noch ihn fürchten, und recht tun wollen. Denken wir an seine große Allmacht? Tun wir ihn noch halten als der allmächtige Gott der alles in allem erschaffen hat? Dieser Gott trieb einstmal die große Hiß aus einem glühenden Ofen, wo Menschen Holz hinein steckten bis der Ofen so heiß geworden ist, daß die wo Sadrach, Mesch und Abed-Nego hinein geworfen haben verdarben von des Feuers Flammen. Denken wir daran, die welche beiseits standen verdarben von der Hiße, und die drei Männer welche gerade ins Feuer geworfen waren, man keinen Brand an ihnen riechen konnte, ihre Manteln waren nicht verbrannt, ihr Haupthaar war nicht verengt. Ein wenig zurück denken wo der König im Loch vom Ofen schauete sprach es: Haben wir nicht drei Männer hinein, wie sehe ich doch vier und einer gleich als ein Sohn der Götter. Der König schauete so in dem Loch vom Ofen und sagte zu die drei Männer: Gehet heraus, und kommt her! Sie hatten sie gebunden um sie hinein zu werfen, jeß konnten sie selber heraus kommen. Was hat es gegeben mit die Stricke womit sie gebunden waren? Das weiß ich nicht; aber eins weiß ich, dies alles hat der große allmächtige Gott getan.

Wöchte der Herr uns alle helfen, ist mein flehen, daß wir besser begreifen können vor welsch einem allmächtigen Richter wir einstmal zu erscheinen haben, dessen Augen sind wie Feuerflammen und seine Füße gleich wie Messing das im Ofen glühet.

Wir wollen es recht bedenken warum wir Gott fürchten sollen, seine große Allmacht bedenken, und dies kann die

Liebe gegen ihn stärken; das erste Gebot daß Verheißung hat, „Gott zu lieben von ganzen Herzen, von ganzem Gemüt und voll all unsere Kräfte, dann zugleich unsern Nächsten als uns selbst. Wir wollen auch nicht vergessen warum wir uns nicht fürchten sollen. „Die göttliche Liebe treibt die Furcht aus; denn die Furcht hat Pein.“ Es ist nicht daß wir angst haben vor Gott zu kommen, wir brauchen nicht angst haben, Gott will uns helfen. „Siehe, ich stehe vor der Tür und klopfe an. So jemand meine Stimme hören wird, und die Tür aufthun, zu dem werde ich eingehen, und das Abendmahl mit ihm halten und er mit mir.“ Offenb. 3, 20.

Wir wollen uns noch erinnern daran, daß dieser allmächtige Gott wird einstimmal richter sein über alle Menschen auf Erden. Die wo noch leben und alle die jemals gelebt haben. O! daran zu denken, billions von Leute wohnen auf Erden jetzt, und die Zahl wo schon gestorben sind von er-

schaffung der Welt her wird wohl dieses noch übertreffen. Dann zu gedenken daß dieser allein einiger Gott wird sagen zu alle: Gehet hin, oder kommet her. Kein Mensch auf Erden wird können ihm widersprechen, sein Urtheil wird recht sein.

Denn wird oftmals gesagt: Dies oder jenes war nicht recht getan, und wird verändert. Menschen können ihre Wahl haben in diesem Leben, sie können tun was sie wollen, aber nicht so an jenem Gerichtstag.

Laßt uns noch beischließen mit die Worte des Schreibers im Christenpflicht.

Denk oft an die vier letzte Dinge:

An den Tod, da nichts gewissers;

An das jüngste Gericht, da nichts erschrecklichers;

An die Hölle, da nichts unerträglichers;

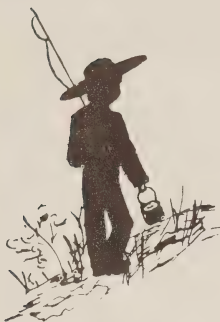
Und an den Himmel, da nichts erfreulichers ist.

Sammy

und

der

Daniel Boone



„Huh!“ antwortete der Sammy.

„Sammy!“ ruft die Maud Miller, seine Mutter, von die Küche.

„Huh!“

„Sammy!“ ruft sie zum drittenmal. Dies kommt mit ernst. „Nimm dein Nase aus fell Buch und höre was ich sag.“

Sammy hebt sein Kopf auf zu hordchen was sie sagen wird.

„Geh in dem Keller und hol Grumbeere.“

„Ja.“

Er legte sein Buch mit dem Deckel in die Höhe so es er weiß wo er am lesen war. Ich wunder was g'happened hat mit dem Daniel Boone, denkt er. Es war bald nacht und die Indians waren dem Daniel Boone nach. Sammy zitterte bald dran zu denken.

Sammy nimmt die groß mixing Bowl und geht für da Keller. Er sieht unter die Stege ob ein Indian sich versteckt hät dort. Dann ging er leise die Treppe hinunter. Er sieht in alle Eck ob er ein Feder sehen kann.

Wo er an die Grund-Keller Tür kommen ist siehet er hinein. Es war dunkel. Er stellte die Bowl g'schwind auf dem Boden und springt die Stege hinauf. „Ich brauch ein Licht,“ sagt er zu seine Mutter als er in die Küche kommt.

„Ach, du weißt wo die Grumbeere sind“, spricht sie zurück.

Er kriegt ein Flashlight und ist mol wieder die Stege nunter. Er blist in alle Eck. Es dünkt ihn da Grund-Keller war dunkler es an andere Zeiten. Er blist herum mit eine Hand als er die Grumbeeren aufleset mit da andere Hand. Er hat gedengt ein Indian möchte raus jumpen mit sein Bow und Arrow.

Wo er fertig war springt er die Stege hinauf als wäre ein Indian hinter ihn. Er pufft als er die Grumbeeren auf

der sink stellt.

„Run geh du nicht in die Stubbe wieder,“ sagt die Mutter. „Ihr sollt mir helfen das Mittag-Essen bereiten. Gehe in da Garten und hol mir Salat.“

Sammy hat schon oft müssen seine Mutter helfen aber er wünschte die sieben Jahr alt Anna wird bald auf wachsen. Er kriegt eine große granite Schüssel und ging für der Garten.

Als er im Garten-Pfad läuft sagt er zu sich selber: „Ich wünsche ich wäre ein Hunter wie der Daniel Boone, dann müßte ich nimme schaffe. Ich würde Bären und Wölfe schießen. Boom!“ Er schmeißt sein Messer gegen ein Krautkopf.

„Sammy, willst du bald kommen?“ ruft die Mutter. „Bring ein Zwiebel mit.“

„Ja, Mäm,“ ruft er zurück.

Er brach die Sachen ins Haus und legt sie wieder auf dem Eink.

„Du kannst der Salat wäschen und die Zwiebel kochen,“ sagt die Mäm.

„Ich wünsche ich könnte nicht,“ antwortete er als er Wäsejer über dem Salat leerte.

Die Mutter sieht ihn mol an. „Fürwas wünschst du das?“

„Wann ich nicht könnte, dann müßte ichs nicht tun.“

Die Mutter lächelte ein wenig. „Wann du nicht kannst, dann werde ich dich mol g'schwind lernen wie's zu tun.“

„Ich bin kein Mädchen. Dies ist Weibskent Arbeit.“

„Ei Sammy, ob dein Bruder Amos so groß war dann hab ich oft in die Schener und in das Feld g'holse wann es not war. Ich helf noch Welschkorn basten und in andere Wege auch. Es ist gut für einander helfen. Der Andy wird helfen wann du mol so alt bist als der Amos.“

„Zwei Jahr. Zwei Jahr zu warten!“ murret er zu sich selbst.

„Wann du fertig bist mit dem Salat dann kannst du da Tisch rüsten.“

„Ich wünsche dies wäre ins Jahr 1775.“

Die Maud Miller siehet ihn an mit großen Augen. „Fürwas?“ fragt sie.

„Dann werd ich ein Hunter sein wie der Daniel Boone und müßte nicht mehr schaffen.“

„Der Daniel Boone hat eine Familie gehabt und er hat auch müssen schaffen. Wir müssen schaffen für leben.“ Sie macht ein Kan Beef auf und mit ein Gabel tut sie es

Family Life

raus in eine Pann. „Dein Leben wäre noch viel harter wann dies zweihundert Jahr zurück wär. Du könntest nicht ein Ice Cream Cone kaufen wann du in die Stadt gingst.“

„Wir werden dann Buffalo, Bären und wilde Turkeys essen. Ich werden sie schicken.“

Die Mand Miller dreht sich herum gegen ihm. „Well, du bist kein Hunter, dies ist nicht 1775, und du bist noch der Sammy und du sollst der Tisch rüsten.“

Er ging an da Schank und macht die kleine Tür auf. „Eins, zwei, drei, vier, fünf, sechs,“ zählte der Sammy die Teller auf dem Haufen. Er nimmt sie und tut sie auf dem Tisch. Ueber ein wenig war er fertig.

Das Essen war glei bereit.

Wo sie gegessen hatten sagt die Mutter zum Dat: „Ich wünschte der Sammy könnte mir helfen nach Mittag auch. Ich habe so viel Arbeit.“

„Ich weiß nicht fürwas er nicht kann,“ antwortete der Vater. „Ich habe noch der Amos und Andy für mich helfen.“

Der Andy lächelte ein wenig gegen Sammy. Dies ärgerte der Sammy und er gibt der Andy ein Riß unter da Tisch.

„Eiza Ann, wäsche geschwind das Geschirr,“ wispert der Andy zum Sammy als er weg von da Tisch ging mit die andere.

Der Sammy bleibt an der Tisch sitzen. Seine untere Lippen schüben raus als er gegen der Andy guckt. „Es ist nicht fair,“ sagte er. „Ich mußte die Mäm helfen wo Ich so alt war wie du.“

Der Andy tut sein Stroh-Hut auf sein Haupt und lächelte ein wenig als er mit sein Vater und der Amos die Tür hinaus geht.

Der Sammy war froh wo der Andy draus war.

„Willst du helfen?“ fragt die Mutter als der Sammy sitzen bleibt. Sie tut ein naß Tuch über das Brot.

Der Sammy war am wünschen er könnte sein Buch fertig lesen. Wo denn die Mutter geschwächt hat mußte er es nicht anders war zu sagen, so antwortete er: „Ja,“ und steht langsam auf vom Tisch. „Ich glaube aber nicht es der Daniel Boone Geschirr gewaschen hat,“ sagte er weiter.

„Vergiß du mol der Daniel Boone und mach es du fertig wirst mit deine Arbeit. Ich will in die Stubbe gehen und nähen, und ich will dies Geschirr hören klappern.“

„Darf ich mein Buch lesen wann dies Geschirr fertig ist?“ fragt der Sammy als er Telleren auf ein Haufen tut.

„Willst du hie sitzen und lesen weil die andere schaffen. Schäme du dich, Sammy.“

Wo die Mutter in die Stubbe ging dann sagt der Sammy zu die Anna: „Es dünkt mich wir müssen immer tun was wir nicht wollen. Im Winter müssen wir in die Schul gehen wenn wir Schlitten fahren wollen. Im Sommer ist unsere Vacation, dann müssen wir schaffen. Am Abend heißt es ‚geh ins Bett,‘ am Morgen wann wir schlafen wollen müssen wir aufstehen. Wir haben keine Zeit für lesen.“

Anna hebt die Messer und Gabeln auf vom Tisch. „Die Mutter sagt wann wir schaffen müssen wenn wir klein sind, dann wollen wir schaffen wenn wir groß sind, du bist nur verdroffen es du nicht deine Story fertig machen kannst.“

„Ich glaube wir sollen some schaffen, aber zu viel schaffen nimmt die Freud aus dem Leben und ich hab keine Zeit mein Buch lesen.“

Die Anna fing an singen und höret sein Klagens nicht mehr.

Wo sie fertig waren ist er in die Stubbe gangen sein Buch kriegen.

„Hast du die Rüd gekehrt?“ fragt die Mutter.

„Nein,“ antwortete der Sammy.

„Das geht mit dem Geschirr wäshen.“ Als der Sammy gangen war, sagt sie nach: „Tue das Sach im Platz und tue es recht. Und wann du dies gethan hast kannst du der Hof fertig mähen.“

„Der Daniel Boone hat nicht der Hof mähen müssen. Das weiß ich!“ schimpft er zu sich selber als er hinaus geht in die Rüd.

Wo er fertig war ist er wieder hinein gangen. Das Buch war weg. „Wo ist mein . . .“ faugt er an.

„Du hast nicht zeit für lesen,“ unterbrecht die Mutter. „Es ist zeit für die Eier holen. Wenn du das getan hast dann ist es zeit für die Abend-Arbeit tun.“

Der Sammy blükt die Tränen zurück als er die Tür hinans geht. Mein Buch versteckst! denkt er. Und ich weiß nicht ob die Indians der Daniel Boone gefangen haben! Wann ich ein Hunter wär wie der Daniel Boone und die Indians werden mich fangen, dann werden meine Eltern wünschen sie hätten nicht so getan gegen mich. Sie werden denken: „Ach, wann wir doch der Sammy nicht so hart schaffen gemacht hätten. Ach, hätten wir doch nicht sein Buch genommen!“

Run wäre ich bei die Indians. Meine Eltern werden suchen und suchen für mich. Sie könnten nicht Abends im Bett gehen es sie nicht weinen und sagen mühten: „Ach, wäre doch der Sammy wieder bei uns!“

Die Tränen kommen im Sammy seine Augen als er an dies denkt. Er kann die Eier schier nimme sehen. Ein Ei fällt von seine Hand und verspricht auf dem Cement Boden. Die Hinkel kommen springen und tuns wieder auffressen. Sammy gibt nicht viel drum. Seine Gedanken waren bei die Indians.

Sammy stellt der Eier Korb neben sich und sükte auf ein Sack in die Futter Stubbe. Er sieht traurig aus. In seine Gedanken kommt er von ein Bigwam herans und sükte sich auf dem Grund bei ein Feuer. Der Chef White Cloud und die andere Indians waren am Konzilen was sie tun wollen mit ihm. Dasein ist der Andy am sagen: „Wann ich nur nicht gelacht hätte gegen der Sammy als er ins Haus schaffen mühte!“

Sammy schlükt hart. Run wirds sie gereuen wie sie waren gegen mich, denkt er.

„Wo ist der Sammy?“

Sammy seine Gedanken waren geschwind weg gerissen von die Indians. Sein Buckel ward steif als er der Amos hörte rufen von die Scheuer.

„Ich weiß nicht,“ hörte er die Anna antworten.

„Der Sammy ist gangen die Eier holen,“ ruft die Mutter dem Fenster nans.

Sammy sieht der Amos gegen 's Hinkel-haus kommen. Melken — chores thun — ein Hunter thut nicht solche arbeit“ gehen seine Gedanken. Versteckeln — das ist was. Dann muß ich nicht chores thun. Ich bin ein Hunter.

Geschwind springt er hinter eine große Futter-bog. Er hörte die Tür aufgehen aber noch eine Weile ging sie wieder zu.

„Er ist nicht da,“ ruft der Amos gegen s'Haus.

„Vielleicht ist er oben in die Scheuer gangen dem Andy helfen Futter nunter machen,“ sagt sie. „Nuset wann es zeit ist für melken dann will ich kommen helfen.“

Mit dies ist der Amos wieder nunter in da Scheuer gangen.

Sammy kommt aus sein Eck und sükte sich wieder auf dem Sack. Er hörte der Amos ihn rufen in da Scheuer. Andy antwortete von da Heustall: „Er ist nicht da!“

Er siehet herum. Ach, ich kann mich nicht gut verstecken

hier. Nun denkst er an der schwarz Schop neben die Scheuer. Aber die Mäm möcht mich sehen gehen. Nun hörte er die Mutter und die Anna hinten an s'Haus.

Er schleicht geschwind durch die Tür und springt an die andere Seit von die Scheuer und ging in da Schop. Sein Herz klopft hart. Er steht inwendig an ein Kraak und siehet hinaus ob er gesehen worden ist. Er siehet niemand.

Der Schop war ein wenig dunkel. Darcin war der Binder, ein Wagen und der Hack und ein Buggy.

Ueber ein Weil hört er irgend einer kommen. Geschwind machte er sich unter dem Binder und versteckt sich dort. Das Schop Tor geht auf. Dann sagt der Vater: „Ich kann nicht verstehen wo er ist.“

Er hörte die Anna antworten: „Der Amos hat gesagt, der Sammy hat die Eier gesucht und der Eimer steht im Hinkel-Haus aber der Sammy ist nicht dort.“

„Wir melken mol. Vielleicht kommt er bei,“ antwortete der Vater. „Er hat vielleicht ein Vogel gehört in dem Baumgarten und ist gangen zu sehen was für ein Vogel es ist.“ Sie laufen fort und ließen das Schop-Tor ein wenig aufstehn. Es war ein kühler Tag und ein wenig kalt für auf dem Grund liegen. Der Sammy wünscht er hätte sein Wamos an.

Ueber ein Weil hörte er ein Tor aufgehen. Da Schep fing an zu ganzen und Sammy hört der Amos rufen. „Hoi! Hoi!“ die Küh blattern als sie in die Scheuer gehen und ihre Hufen klicken wie sie über dem Cement springen.

Sammy hörte die Stimme seine Mutter, die Anna und der Andy. Sie waren alle in da Küh-Stall am melken. Wo sie bald fertig waren kommt die Mutter ihre Stimme durch s'Tor: „Anna, tue das Rüklein runter und spring ins Haus und siehe ob der Sammy dort ist. Gehe auf der Speicher auch.“

„Sammy, Sammy!“ ruft die Anna als sie gegen's Haus geht.

„Sammy! Sammy!“ Kommt sein Vaters Rufen von die andere Seit von die Scheuer.

Das Schop-Tor ging weiter auf. „Sammy! Sammy!“ kommt da Amos seine Stimm.

Es donnert bald im Sammy seine Ohren. Ghills gingen auf und ab von sein Rück. Er zitterte, aber nicht allein von die Kält. Unten durch da Binder sieht er dem Amos sein Fuß. Er war näher und näher am kommen.

Sammy schämte sich selber. Er fürchtet sich jetzt zu antworten, und er fürchtet sich zu schweigen.

„Hast du ihn gefunden?“ fragt der Vater als er ans Tor kommt.

„Er ist nicht dahin,“ antwortete der Amos. Die Mäm sagt er war verdrossen es sie sein Buch genommen hat.“

„Was für Buch?“ fragt der Vater.

„Er war am lesen von da Daniel Boone und die Indians. Er hat das Buch kriegt von da Boak-Mobile. Er war am wünschen für ein Hunter sein wie der Daniel Boone.“

„Hat das Buch etwas drin von schießen — Indians schießen?“

„Ich glaub.“

„Humm, er sollte nicht ein solch Buch haben am ersten Platz. Ich hoffe es hat nichts schlechtes in seine Gedanken gebracht.“

Amos und sein Vater gehen außer das Tor und schauen hernum. „Ach, Dat, habt ihr ihn nicht gefunden?“ hörte er seine Mutter klagen. Es lautete als sie bald am weinen war.

„Nein.“

Der Sammy hörte es sein Vater betrübt war.

„Andy hat gesagt er kann ihn auch nicht finden,“ spricht

die Mutter ängstiglich. „Er ist an die Kreef gangen sehen ob er verjoffen ist.“

„Ach, du willst doch nicht so Gedanken kriegen?“ Dies kommt vom Vater.

„Wir haben allewo gesucht,“ antwortete der Amos. „Ich habe oben in die Scheuer gesucht und durch s'Haus. Er ist nicht in da Schop und nicht in da Sän-Stall und nicht im Hinkel-Stall.“

Der Sammy hörte Steps kommen springen. Es war der Andy. Er schnauft hart. „Ich bin gesprungen und ich habe gerufen und niemand gibt antwort,“ sagt er.

„O, Dat, was sollen wir tun?“ Die Mutter fing an zu weinen.

Wo der Sammy dies hört fing er auch an stille zu weinen. Er wünschte sehr er hätte geholfen mit die Chores und sich nie versteckelt. Ich wollte lieber ein tausend Mal helfen mit da Chores es dies, denkt er.

„Dat, sollen wir nicht die Nachbarn kriegen?“ bettelte die Mutter.

„Oder der Sheriff?“ fragt der Amos.

Sammy sein Herz nimmt ein großer Zump als er dies hörte. Der Sheriff! Er hat nicht an dies gedenkt. Er verregt sich und kann bald nicht helfen für naus greisichen. Aber er fürchtete sich auch dies tun. Er fühlt es wann er bald verfriert. Ach, was soll ich tun? weint er.

Er hörte daß sie alle gingen für s'Haus. Geschwind krattelt er aus sein verborgnen Plak. Er schlägt da Staub von seine Kleider und ging für das Haus.

Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong!

Sammy hört die Uhr auf dem Laden vier schlagen. Es war schon ein wenig am Tag werden. Sammy wünschte es wäre zeit für aufstehen. Er kriegt sein Schnupftuch unten sein Riffen und bukt seine Nas. Einmal, zweimal schniekt er. Sein Hals tut weh. Es dünkt ihn er kann bald nimmte schlucken. Sein Kopf fühlt heiß. Er dreht links, dann rechts, aber sein Glend läßt nicht nach. Er klickt die Decke ab, denn es dünkt ihn warm. Als er sich herum schmeißt rennt er gegen dem Andy sein Bein.

„Was ist Ick, Sammy? Heb dich still!“ zankte er.

Sammy weint, „Ich bin krank.“

Andy hebt sich auf sein Elbow. „Ich hab es nicht gewußt, Sammy,“ sagte er. Er dauert da Sammy. „Bist du schlimm krank?“

„Mein Haupt fühlt heiß. Mein Maul is trocken und ich hab Halsweh.“

„Ich hole dir ein Glas Wasser,“ spricht Andy als er aus dem Bett krattelte. Er war willig für irgend etwas tun für sein Bruder es verloren war. „Sammy,“ faugt er an als er Wasser gebracht hat, „wir sind froh es du nicht verjoffen warest. Aber ich glaube nicht daß du allezeit versteckelt warst.“

Sammy schämte sich und antwortete nicht.

„Ich weiß was du am tun warst,“ halt der Andy an. „Du warst am spielen du bist der Daniel Boone und bist gangen hunten.“

Sammy war froh es er so meint.

Der Andy sagt weiter, „Der Dat hat gesagt schlechte Bücher machen schlechte Buben, und er hat gesagt es sind bessere Bücher zu lesen als solche von fedten mit die Indians. Du darfst dein Buch nimmte haben.“

„Ich geb nichts drum,“ antwortete der Sammy. „Ich will kein Hunter sein. Ich wollte lieber Küh haben für melken und ein Bauer sein wie da Dat.“

CHILDREN'S SECTION

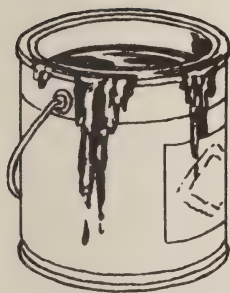
WILBUR'S

WILL

TO

WORK

by David Luthy



WILBUR WAS EAGER TO START PAINTING THE SHED, SURE THAT IT WOULDN'T TAKE HIM LONG TO FINISH THE JOB.

Wilbur Yoder knelt on the grass and pried the lid from a can of dark red paint. With a sucking sound the lid loosened, and Wilbur flipped it off onto the grass. A shower of tiny drops of red paint speckled the grass and weeds where the lid landed. Wilbur slowly stirred the paint and looked up at the shed he was planning to paint. "This job shouldn't take long," he told himself. "Especially not for me 'cause I sure like to paint."

He lifted the long stick he was stirring with and watched the paint run off into the can. "Painting is fun," he smiled. "I'm glad I got to do an easy job like this instead of helping Dad put up hay." He thought of his dad and his brother Andy working in the hay field and breathed a sigh of relief. "Yep, I have it nice here in the shade, painting the shed. Won't take long either. Let's see there are one, two, three, four..." Wilbur counted the boards along the south side of the shed. "There are fifteen boards. So if I paint one every couple of minutes, I should have this side done in half an hour. And the other sides shouldn't take any longer, and I'll have the whole thing painted by noon."

Eagerly Wilbur dipped his brush into the paint and began painting. He hadn't done more than a few strokes with his brush when he thought, "This paint's like glue. The brush just seems to drag along instead of gliding smoothly." He bent down and stirred the paint and lifted the stick out, watching the paint run off. "But the paint isn't thick, it stirs real easily and runs off real fast. It looks thin enough, but it sure goes on hard."

Back and forth, back and forth Wilbur pushed the paint brush over the first board. Each time he dipped his brush into the paint, he thought he had a lot on his brush and it would surely cover a large area. But each time it seemed the paint didn't spread very far. "Why it's going to take me ten minutes just to paint this one board," mumbled

Wilbur. "This board is full of grooves and so dry that it drinks the paint up like sandy soil does rain."

"Come on get in there" ordered Wilbur as he poked his paint brush into an empty knothole. He twisted his brush trying to make it pointed enough to fit inside the hole. But when the brush was removed, Wilbur saw that there were still tiny islands of unpainted wood inside the hole. He dunked his paint brush into the can again and thrust it at the knothole. "There," he grinned as the knothole filled up with paint and the surplus ran down the board. "That's the way to paint a knothole."

Lazily Wilbur flicked his paint brush at the top of the second board. His eagerness had disappeared. His hand moved slower as he thought of all the painting that lay before him. Instead of speeding up or staying at the same painting speed, Wilbur slowed down. His mind wandered from his work and so did his eyes. What was that he saw at his feet? "A toad," thought Wilbur. He stopped painting and squatted to watch the bumpy-skinned creature. "Your bumps don't frighten me," he laughed to himself. "I never got warts from the ones I caught last summer."

The toad sat perfectly still as if it were no more than a clod of broken earth. Wilbur reached his paint brush toward it and gave it a quick dab. The toad leaped into the tall weeds beside the shed. "I got you," smiled Wilbur. "Now you've got my mark on you, and maybe I'll see you again sometime this summer. I'll tell everyone in the family to be on the watchout for Mr. Red Toad."

Wilbur straightened up. He gazed at the board and a half he had painted. "Why did I ever tell Dad I would paint this shed, anyway," groaned Wilbur. "This is going to take all week. The boards are like sponges and soak up too much paint." Wilbur looked at the shed and then at the paint can. "I'm thirsty," he told himself. So off he went to the pumphouse for a cool drink at the stone cistern.

"How's the painting going?" smiled his mother who was dipping cream off a can of milk in the pumphouse.

Wilbur shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, so-so I guess. Couldn't Levi help me?"

"Levi is out in the hay field with Dad and Andy," she answered. "Why do you need him?"

"Is Dawdy busy too?" wondered Wilbur.

"Yes, he is," his mother answered. "Dawdy is fixing a part for the threshing machine. Before we know it threshing time will be here. Is there anything wrong, Wilbur?"

"No, well..." he hesitated. "It's just that it is taking so long."

"Well, you just keep at it and before you know it, you'll be finished," encouraged Mother. She turned and carried her pitcher of cream into the summer kitchen.

"I wish it were that easy," mumbled Wilbur. "I'll

never get finished."

Back outside at the shed, Wilbur dunked his paint brush into the paint and slowly moved it back and forth over the board. He hadn't been back at the job five minutes when his work was interrupted again. There was a crunching of gravel. Wilbur swung around and saw the mailman's car stopping at the mailbox. "Wonder what came?" He hesitated for a second, wondering if he should leave his job again so soon, but he told himself, "Oh, I'm not going to get done by noon anyway."

Wilbur tossed his paint brush on the grass and ran to get the mail. His sister Nettie, was just starting down the front steps when he came around the corner of the house and whizzed past her.

"Hey, that's not fair," called out Nettie. "You're

supposed to be painting."

But Wilbur didn't slow down. He opened the mailbox and pulled out a handful of... "Junk," he called to his sister. "It's just some ads from the IGA and Murphy's Hardware and an envelope from the Briggs and Stratton Engine Company."

"So there aren't any letters anyway," chided Nettie. "Serves you right for having run off from your work."

"Oh, it will still be there when I get back," answered Wilbur. But inside he did feel a little sheepish for having gone after the mail. But he wasn't about to tell his sister that.

The morning passed. A few more boards were painted, but it just didn't seem like Wilbur was making much headways. At noon when Andy, Levi, and Dad came home from the hay field, they were surprised to see how little Wilbur had painted.

"Maybe something happened, or maybe Dawdy needed Wilbur to help him with the threshing machine," suggested Levi, seeing the puzzled expression on his father's face.

"Maybe," said Dad, lowering his eyebrows slightly.

In the kitchen the noon meal was ready. Wilbur and the younger children were already seated. Dad and the boys hurried to get washed up.

"How's the painting going?" Dad asked Wilbur after the prayer had been said, and the mashed potatoes passed.

Wilbur shrugged his shoulders. "All right, I guess."

"I think Dawdy better give you a hand," said Dad "or you'll never get done."

Wilbur's face brightened. Suddenly the job at the shed didn't look so mountainous. "Can he help this afternoon?"

"I imagine he can," said Dad. "He probably has the part on the threshing machine pretty well fixed."

As it turned out, Dawdy had the part on the threshing machine completely fixed. He was planning to do some other work, but when he was asked to help Wilbur, he readily agreed. Dad and Dawdy had stood by the pumphouse door for sometime. Wilbur wondered what they were talking about but imagined that they were discussing how soon threshing would start.

Wilbur was at his painting job at the shed for nearly a half hour before Dawdy arrived. In fact Wilbur began to wonder if Dawdy were ever coming. All sorts of thoughts had travelled through his mind the last five minutes. He even imagined that Dawdy had told his Dad that he was too old for that type of work. But all Wilbur's imaginations were cast aside when the familiar figure of Dawdy Yoder appeared at the pumphouse door and came walking toward the shed. His white beard looked so clean that Wilbur wondered it it were safe for him to paint for red paint would really be noticeable in it.

"Well, how's it going?" smiled Dawdy. He stooped and poured some red paint into the can he had brought along.

"It's going better now," grinned Wilbur. "Now that you're here."

Dawdy laughed. "I'm not very spry anymore, so I might not be as much help as you think."

Dawdy set right to work at the opposite corner of the shed from where Wilbur was painting. His long even strokes soon filled a board and then another. Wilbur was astounded at how easily Dawdy's brush seemed to travel over the boards. "Maybe his brush is better than mine," mused Wilbur. "Or maybe the boards at that end are smoother and not so dry." But Dawdy's brush looked older than Wilbur's and the boards looked the same at each end of the shed.

Wilbur was awed when the shed's south side was completely painted. "You can really paint, Dawdy, I wish I could paint like that."

Dawdy winked at Wilbur. "You can."

"Oh, no I can't." Wilbur shook his head. "I'm too slow."

"Oh, yes you can," smiled Dawdy. "You can if you will."

Now what did that mean: "You can if you will."? Wilbur was puzzled by the saying. He wanted very much

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

By JOSEPH STOLL

The life of Elizabeth Kemp Stutzman

This is the true story of an Amish girl. She grew up when the American Midwest was still pioneer country, and experienced many of the hardships common to that era.

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RAIN

-by Enola Chamberlin

I like to watch the rain come down.
It wets the roofs all over town.
It shines along our own wide street,
And far away it wets the wheat
And makes it grow. It wets the trees
Where plums and peaches hang, and
these

Grow big and ripe till they become
The sweetest kind of peach and plum.
Oh, rain may not let me go out
Upon the walk to run and shout,
But it is good for one and all,
And I thank God who makes it fall.

to be able to paint as fast as Dawdy.

"I'm just too slow," said Wilbur. "I could never paint like you do."

"You can if you will, answered Dawdy. "It's up to you."

"But I don't understand what that means," said Wilbur nervously. He didn't know if Dawdy was mocking him or what.

"Well, I don't think you lack speed," smiled Dawdy. "I think it's your 'will' that is lacking. Let me tell you how it went this morning. Okay?"

"Okay," answered Wilbur.

Dawdy kept on painting as he talked. "Well, you see you came out to the shed this morning and began painting. You had an idea in your head about how long it would take you. But when you found that the first board didn't get painted as fast as you had planned, you lost your will to work. Instead of making your brush go faster you let it go slower. And you probably stopped now and then to do other things.

"Were you watching me out the shop window?" asked Wilbur. His paint brush hung limply in his hand and he started at his grandfather.

"Watching you out the shop window?" repeated Dawdy. "There isn't any shop window that faces this direction."

"But how..." began Wilbur.

"I may be a little unsteady in my joints," smiled Dawdy "but my memory is still plenty good. I guess I imagined you were about like I was when I was thirteen."

"Did you paint this shed then?" questioned Wilbur.

"No, this shed wasn't even built then. But see those rows of pine trees west of the barn. I remember when my brother and I had to plant those. We had to dig the holes, fill each with a quart of water and put the trees in. I figured it would take us a day and a half, but it wasn't long before I saw that it was going to take much longer. So do you think I speeded up? Nope I lost my 'will to work' and slowed down instead. Now that doesn't make much sense does it, slowing down instead of working faster. Why, anyone knows that if you slow down the job is going to take even longer yet."

"Did you plant the pines, too, on the other side of the pasture?" asked Wilbur.

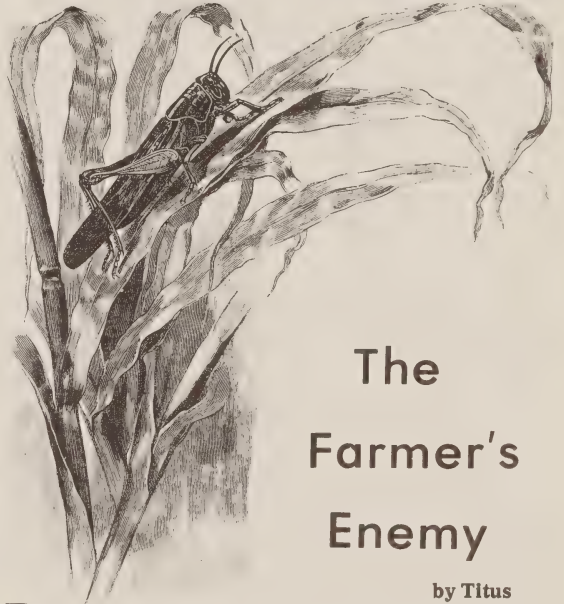
"That's what I'm getting to," winked Dawdy. "That grove was the same size as the one by the barn, but it took one day less to plant. And the only difference was that I had found my 'will to work.'"

"How did you find it?"

"I found it in something I read. We had a story that week in a farm magazine we got which talked about mountain climbing. It told about how no one thinks anything special of a man who climbs a little hill nor does the man himself get any feelings of satisfaction from it. But climbing a mountain, that's something else. It is hard work, but it is a challenge to the climber. When he has reached the top he can look down and have a deep feeling of satisfaction. He has accomplished something-- something that wasn't easy. And that is how that second job of planting trees appeared to me, like a mountain which I wanted to conquer. I did conquer it too, and what a good feeling I had within me when I finished the job a day earlier than it had taken me to plant the first grove. Ever since then I don't mind a job that is difficult. In fact those are the ones I enjoy, for when they are finished I feel good inside knowing that something in me met the challenge."

Wilbur suddenly knew what Dawdy was talking about. His thoughts flashed back to when he had gone in for dinner. He felt like he hadn't accomplished a thing that morning and now he knew why--he had let the shed defeat him. Instead of putting forth more effort, he had relaxed and even become sluggish. His 'will to work', as Dawdy called it, had left him. But now as Wilbur stooped to dip his brush into the paint can, he looked at the shed with determination on his face and said, "By suppertime I want to have you painted." ■■

ALONG NATURE'S PATHS



The Farmer's Enemy

by Titus

Bennie Raber sat on the chair beside the living room desk. The family was quietly waiting for the morning devotions to begin. "I wonder where Dad will read in the Bible this morning," thought Bennie. "I wish he would read about Joseph and his brothers again."

Mr. Raber cleared his throat and opened the large family Bible which was resting on his lap. "I think I'll read from the Book of Exodus this morning -- the tenth chapter."

The opening verses of the Bible reading seemed familiar to Bennie. "This is the story about when God sent terrible things to the Egyptians so that they would let His people loose from their slavery," thought Bennie.

"...if thou refuse to let my people go," read Mr. Raber, "behold tomorrow will I bring the locusts into thy coast; and they shall cover the face of the earth..."

Mr. Raber continued reading, but Bennie's mind lingered on the word "locusts." "I can't remember what

they are," he said to himself. "Maybe they are snakes, or are they wild birds?" He shrugged his shoulders and listened attentively as his father read. Perhaps the chapter would somewhere explain what a locust was.

But it didn't. So Bennie asked his father when morning devotions were finished.

"A locust is like a grasshopper," explained Mr. Raber. "In fact I think it is a kind of grasshopper. Maybe the dictionary will tell us." He reached for the dictionary which was on top of the desk nearby. Soon he was reading the definition out loud: "A locust is a type of grasshopper but is different in that its feelers are shorter."

"What are feelers?" questioned Bennie. "Are they hands of some kind?"

"Oh, no they are like hairs, or..." Mr. Raber paused in his answer to think of a better way to describe them. "Why don't we go out to the garden and catch a grasshopper and then I can show you."

Bennie didn't need to be told a second time. He had his straw hat on and was out the porch door before his father had the dictionary back in its place between the bookends.

When Mr. Raber reached the garden, Bennie had already captured a grasshopper. "I caught it in the rows of sweet corn," he said. His hands were tightly cupped together so that the grasshopper wouldn't escape.

"Okay, open you hands and I'll pick him out," said Father.

Bennie opened his hands a tiny bit and the grasshopper thrust its head into the crack and tried to wiggle out. But Mr. Raber kept it from escaping.

"Ugh," said Bennie, after his prisoner was no longer in his hands. "Look at what it did on my hand."

"That's tobacco juice," laughed his father. "Grasshoppers spit a brown fluid on you if you take a hold of them. Most people drop them and wipe their hand off; then the grasshopper goes free."

"It isn't really tobacco juice, is it?" asked Bennie.

"No, it's just called that because it is brown like tobacco juice and the grasshopper spits it like a man would," said his father.

"Let me hold it again," said Bennie. He took a firm hold on one of the grasshopper's hind legs. It kicked, thrusting its body forward and nearly escaped, but Bennie pinched it tightly between his thumb and finger.

"Those are amazing legs," said Mr. Raber. "I once read in a book that a grasshopper can jump 10 times its own height and 20 times its own length. Why, if you could do that, you'd be able to jump over the barn from either direction."

Bennie laughed. He imagined himself squatting down, thrusting himself forward, and sailing over the dairy barn roof.

"Does the grasshopper sort of pinch your finger with its toes?" asked Mr. Raber. "He's got tiny barbs on his feet so he can walk on leaves."

"I feel them," answered Bennie, "but his leg feels that way, too, all along one side."

"He uses those to sing with."

"Sing with," marveled Bennie.

"He takes his wing and rubs it along those tiny points on his hind leg and it makes a sound," explained Mr. Raber. "It's sort of like playing a fiddle. That's the noise we often hear in August when we walk past the corn field."

"Those in the corn field are bigger than this one I found in the garden," said Bennie.

"They grow bigger as they grow older," said Mr. Raber. "This one you are holding is only half the size he'll be by the end of the summer. He'll get to be three inches long."

"Oh," exclaimed Bennie. "We almost forgot why we came out to catch a grasshopper. Show me where the feelers are."

"That's right, we didn't do that yet," said his father. "They are right here on his head." He rubbed his finger lightly against the two thread-like hairs. "A grasshopper uses these to feel with and to smell with."

"To smell?" questioned Bennie. "Doesn't it have a nose?"

"No," answered his father. "And its ears are down on its front legs."

Bennie stared blankly at his father as if to say "Are you joking?"

Mr. Raber could tell by the expression on his son's face that it was hard for him to understand. "I'm not teasing you. All creatures just aren't created the same."

"It's hard to believe," said Bennie. "I always thought ears were on someone's head."

"They are for most animals, but some are unusual,"

GRASSHOPPER PLAGUES OF PAST TIMES

In ancient times and on through history to the present, one of man's worst insect enemies has been the grasshopper. Some grasshoppers do little harm, but there are kinds that sometimes appear in such tremendous numbers and do so much damage that people speak of them as a "plague of grasshoppers." A plague is something that causes great trouble.

The grasshopper is one of the most important insects in the world. This is not just because it is widely used as food in some countries, but because it has so often played tragic parts in the life of man—has so often brought him hunger, sickness, and death. Millions of men in many lands, since time began, have died through starvation caused by the grasshopper, and especially by the kind called locust. The locust has played no small part in the history of the world.

The Bible tells of the locusts, or grasshoppers, in Egypt that "covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened, and they did eat every herb." History records many such visits. In Roman times there were fine cities on the north coast of Africa. But now and again grasshopper swarms from inland were swept to sea by the winds. There they drowned in uncounted millions and washed ashore, so that there were piles of them four or five feet high along the beaches, reaching for hundreds of miles. Sickness followed, and thousands of people died.

There are many grasshoppers in Africa. Within its great waste areas they hatch in huge numbers. From time to time swarms of them sweep down on the countries along the northern coast, destroying the crops and bringing starvation.

Sometimes they ride the winds and cross over large bodies of water, such as the Mediterranean Sea, and great stretches of land. History shows that these visits were made now to Italy, now to Spain, now to France. In 1744 all Europe was swept by grasshoppers from Africa. They stayed for years, the swarms sweeping as far north as Sweden.

In 1825 a traveler journeying from Moscow to southern Russia reported meeting such masses of the insects on the ground that his carriage dragged as heavily as though the earth were freshly plowed; these swarms continued for four hundred miles.

A wanderer in India in 1811 met a swarm of grasshoppers which was forty miles across and took three days to pass. In a single city in their track, half the population of 200,000 died as a result of this attack. Wherever they passed there was no food left for man or beast.

— William Atherton DuPuy

said his father.

Bennie ran his finger across the grasshopper's back, touching its delicate-looking wings. "Why don't grasshoppers fly like birds if they have wings," he wondered. "I never saw one fly more than a few feet."

"Oh, but they can fly great distances if they need to," said Mr. Raber. "I remember hearing my grandfather tell about grasshoppers out in Kansas. He was homesteading out there and saw clouds of grasshoppers. He said the sky was dark, it was so full of them."

"Why were there so many?" wondered Bennie.

"Grandpa said they must have flown in from a great distance and were terribly hungry, for when they settled down on a field they ate every bit of green plant they could find. Millions of grasshoppers ruined the wheat harvest that year. They would completely strip a field of all its greenness and then fly off and attack someone else's farm a few miles away."

Bennie looked at the grasshopper which he was holding. He shook his head in disbelief. "Do you mean they ate every plant?" Somehow the creature in his hand looked so harmless.

"Yes, they ate every green thing in sight just like the locusts did in the Bible story this morning. They left nothing for the cattle and horses to eat. Of course, the whole state of Kansas wasn't attacked by the grasshoppers, just certain places, but it caused millions of dollars worth of damage to crops that year."

"Are grasshoppers good for anything?" asked Bennie.

Mr. Raber shook his head. "Not that I know of. They ruin corn around here and are the farmer's enemy. Maybe they help some people somewhere, but I have never heard of it." He turned to go back into the house. Then he stopped and turned around. "But I do know of one time they were a help to someone."

"When?" asked Bennie.

"We read about it this morning," smiled Mr. Raber. "They helped free the children of Israel from their slavery." ■■

livestock drink any of your water, we will pay for it. Surely there is no harm in merely letting us march through."

But the Edomites would not consider it, no matter how careful the Israelites promised to be. They said, "No, you shall not pass through." And the king brought his army out, ready to fight against the Israelites if they should try to pass through his land without permission.

Moses did not want to fight with the Edomites. He turned away and led the people around the land of Edom. He was willing to travel many weary miles out of the way rather than fight.

As the children of Israel travelled around the land of Edom, they came to a mountain called Hor. The Lord told Moses that the time had come for Aaron to die. "Take Aaron and his son Eleazar," the Lord said, "and bring them up on Mount Hor. Then take the priestly garments off of Aaron and put them on his son."

Moses did as the Lord commanded. All the people watched them climb slowly up the side of the mountain. Many years had passed since they had left Egypt and Moses and Aaron were now both old men. At the top of the mountain, Moses took the garments off Aaron and put them on Eleazar, in this way showing that Eleazar should now take his father's place as high priest in Israel. Then Aaron died on top of the mountain, and Moses and Eleazar went down again without him. The people in the camp below saw them coming, and noticed that Aaron was missing, and that his son Eleazar was dressed as the high priest. They understood what had taken place and for thirty days they mourned the death of Aaron.

When the days of mourning were past, the Israelites set out once again on the long, tiresome journey to bypass the land of Edom. The many extra miles wore them out, and they began to feel impatient. Finally they became so dissatisfied that they began to complain against God and Moses. "Why have you brought us up from Egypt to die in this desert, where there is no food or water. And we're tired of eating this manna all the time!"

God was greatly displeased with the people again. When they had had no food they had complained, and now when he sent them food from heaven each day, they still complained.

As a punishment for their complaining, God sent poisonous snakes into the camp. The snakes slid here and there, biting the people wherever they went. Their bites were painful and burned like fire. Soon the poison began taking effect. People were sick and dying everywhere throughout the whole camp.

Now the people were frightened. They were sorry for their complaining. They ran to Moses and confessed, "We have sinned against the Lord and against you. Ask the Lord to take away the poisonous snakes."

Moses felt sorry for the dying people, even though he knew they had deserved to be punished. Moses prayed to God and asked God to take away the deadly snakes. But God had a better plan. God said to Moses, "Make a snake out of brass, and put it on top of a pole in the camp. Everyone who is bitten and looks at the brass snake will be healed."

Moses hurried to obey the instructions God gave him. He made the snake out of brass and hung it on a pole in the midst of the camp. Quickly the news spread, that everyone who came and looked at the brass snake would be healed from the deadly poison.

All those who believed the news, came running to gaze in faith upon the brazen snake hanging high in the air. As they looked they were healed from the fatal effects of the venom. In this way all those who were bitten could be healed. If God had just taken the snakes away, there would have been no hope for those people who were already bitten.

Thus the brass serpent which Moses hung on a pole in the wilderness became a symbol and foreshadowing of how Jesus would thousands of years later hang on the cross so that all who were dying in sin could lift their eyes in faith, and look, and live.

-E.E.S.



THE POISONOUS SNAKES

As the Israelites journeyed through the desert they came to the land of Edom. The people who lived in Edom were the descendants of Esau, the brother of Jacob, so the Edomites were actually related to the Israelites. But even though they were relatives, Moses did not want to travel through the land of Edom without first asking permission.

Moses sent men to the king of Edom with this message: "Your brother Israel has this to say. You know of all the hardships we have gone through, how we were slaves in Egypt, and how the Lord finally heard our cries and led us out. Now we have come to the edge of your territory. Kindly let us pass through your country. We will not cross any fields or vineyards, but will stay on the road without turning to the right or the left until we have passed through your land."

But the king sent a message back, saying, "You shall not pass through here. If you try it, I will bring my army out and fight you."

The Israelites thought maybe there had been a misunderstanding, or that the Edomites were afraid they would trample their crops. They sent a second message to tell the Edomites how careful they would be, if only they were allowed to travel through their land. "We want only to go up along the highway. If we or our



Across The Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

DON'T FORGET THE POTATOES

An old lady sat in her old armchair
With pale and hunger-worn features;
There sadly she sat in deep despair
For days and weeks her only fare
Had been nothing but potatoes.

And now they were gone, both bad and good,
Not one was left for the old lady's food
Of these her stock of potatoes.
And she sighed and said, "What shall I do?
Where shall I send and to whom shall I go
To get some more potatoes?"

Then she thought of the neighbor over the way—
The neighbor so ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes.
She said, "I'll send for him to come;
I'm sure he'll not mind to give me some
Of such a stock of potatoes."

The neighbor came over as fast as he could
Thinking to do the old lady some good
But he never thought once of potatoes.
The neighbor asked her to tell her chief want
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant
Immediately answered, "Potatoes."

But the neighbor's religion went not that way,
He was more accustomed to talk and to pray
Than to give of his hoarded potatoes.
So, of course, not hearing what the old lady said
He arose to pray with uncovered head,
But she thought of the potatoes.

And when he prayed, "Dear Lord, will you please,
Give the old lady much courage and peace,"
She audibly sighed, "Give potatoes."
The neighbor knew not what he should do
It was very embarrassing to have her act so
About those wished-for potatoes.

So ending his prayer, he started for home
As the door closed behind him he heard a deep groan,
"Oh, give to the hungry potatoes!"
That groan it followed him all the way home;
In the midst of the night it haunted his room,
Oh, give to the hungry potatoes.

He could bear it no longer, he arose and dressed,
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste
A bag of his best potatoes.
He started for the lone widow's hut,
Her sleepless eyes she could not get shut
But there she sat in the old arm chair
With the same worn features and the same sad air,
Thinking of potatoes.

The neighbor opened the unlocked door
And poured his bounty on the floor
A bushel or more of his goodly store
Of his very best potatoes.
The widow's heart leaped for joy. No more
Was her face sad—a smile it bore.

"Now," said the neighbor, "Shall we pray?"
"Yes," said the widow, "Now you may;"
He knelt on the rough, unpainted floor
And poured out his soul as never before;
No more embarrassed, but free and full:
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded with a loud Amen
And said no more of potatoes.

And you who hearing this simple tale
Pray for the poor, and praying prevail,
Preface your prayers with alms and good deeds,
Search out the poor with their cares and their needs,
Pray for peace and for heavenly food,
For guidance and wisdom, for these are all good—
But don't forget the potatoes.

-Selected

It seems like only a few weeks ago when seeds were put into the ground and now canning time has come already. It is surprising how well the vegetables have grown when we consider the little rainfall we have received all summer. In such dry seasons man feels his helplessness and we can more fully realize where our blessings come from. But the Lord has blessed us hitherto (Joshua 17:14) and we have been well provided for.

It won't be long until the martins will be leaving us. From out of somewhere comes the suggestion to line the inside of the martins' box with tin foil. This will keep the sparrows away but the martins won't mind it, so it is said. If any of the readers have tried this method with success, I would be glad to hear.

Will the increase in postage have any effect on our writing? Will we write less? Somehow I don't think so, for most people do not write any letters or cards unless necessary, then there are those who do not write unless there's a great necessity, and of course, there are those who do not write whether it is necessary or not. Somehow I think I too often rate with the second group who do not write unless there's a great necessity, and there are times, too, that I would rate with the last group—the negligent. But even if we find ourselves in this group, we find it hard to excuse others who do the same.

I'm glad though that not all the readers are in this last category but have continued to send in material even if the postage has gone up, and even if we are in an extremely busy season of the year. Because of this I think the few who have taken time to send in comments and questions for What Do YOU Think? deserve an extra big "Thank You."

If we'd take the readers' contributions out of a maga-

Family Life

zine, there would be quite dull reading, I'm afraid.

In the last month's issue we had a question about the possibilities of a western Amish settlement. I was hoping that those who are informed on this subject will send in answers, for I know this brother and his group that are considering such a move are wishing for good advice. Do not let them down. Let me hear from you. Address:

What Do YOU Think? c/o Pathway

We are now giving \$3.00 credit for the questions that are being used in the What Do YOU Think? column. The sender's name will be kept confidential and will be omitted but the full name and address must be enclosed.



BISCUIT MIX

8 cup flour
1/3 cup baking powder
8 teaspoons sugar
2 teaspoons cream of tartar
2 teaspoons salt
Method: 1 cup biscuit mix
1/3 cup milk
Bake 450 10-12 minutes.

sift 3 times. Add
1 3/4 cup shorten-
and cut in. Pack
loosely in air-
tight containers.

Mrs. Thom Hinkley, London, Ont.



QUICK ROOT BEER

2 cups white sugar
1 gallon lukewarm water
Use some hot water to dissolve sugar.
4 teaspoons root beer extract
1 teaspoon dry yeast

Put in jars. Cover and set in sun for 4 hours. Chill before serving. Ready to serve the next day. No need to bottle.



Mrs. Perry Stutzman of Millersburg, Ohio has given me a ketchup recipe that she considers the best she has ever tasted. I'm always glad for those "best" recipes for there are always many others who will agree with the sender.

1/2 bushel tomatoes
Cook soft and juice. Put hot juice in clean white feed bag and hang on the clothes line or over the wash house drain for about two hours. While it is draining off cut up 6 large onions and cook soft. Force onions through a colander, into a large kettle where you plan to cook the ketchup in. Add tomato pulp and boil for 10 minutes. Then add: 8 cups sugar
6 tablespoon salt
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon cinnamon
3/4 pint vinegar

Bring to good boil. Bottle and seal. 1/2 bushel tomatoes will make about 14 bottles.



Hints

Add a teaspoon of epsom salts to each gallon of water and colored garments neither fade nor run.

Add a touch of peanut butter to cream that is difficult to whip. It will help the whipping and add a new zip to the flavor.

Stains between the tines of silver forks can be removed by dipping them into boiling water containing a teaspoonful of baking soda.

You can soften hard lumpy sugar by placing it in the ice box.

A folded dish towel on drain board is a precaution against chipping glass ware and scratching silver.

P. B., Pennsylvania



Some Mothers Write

To get mice out of a building and keep them out, without using traps or poison and having dead mice to dispose of, place a few mothballs around--out of reach of little children which would be tempted to eat them. Mothballs won't kill mice but they can't stand the smell and won't linger around or nest nearby.

—A. H., Ohio

I read lately in Family Life that many mothers can hardly get their children ready in time for school in the morning. The way many have started to practice I think would be worth trying--to have them brush their teeth in the evening before they go to bed as they would have more time and get twice the protection for their teeth at the same time.

T. S. Pa.

One place where I was working their two-year-old came running in, all excited. "Mom, come quick! Die katz hat ihr zung haus und is on sich ess-ah!" (The cat has its tongue out and is eating himself.)

—A. M. Burkholder, Pa.

Have trouble finding decent lunch boxes for the children? Make them!

I used a gallon sized plastic bleach bottle. Cut the top off so that a short half pint thermos fits in nicely. Then, using a sturdy piece of material, make a draw-string bag with a round bottom so that the plastic bottle fits inside. I use a shoestring to draw it—this is also the handle. Make a couple extra bags to use while the dirty ones are getting washed.

Mary S. Lehman, Salem, Ohio

While sitting beside my 2 1/2 year old son on the rocking chair I told him about the birth of Jesus, his cruel death and his glorious resurrection. Also that Jesus is now in heaven where everything is beautiful and everyone is happy. I suggested there will be singing, birds, flowers, golden streets and lovely rivers of waters there. I told him we all want to go there.

Each time I paused to think and shed a few tears he would say, "Nach a mal" (repeat it). At the end I guess he kept thinking of the nice waters in heaven so he bend down and touched his little brown shoes and said, "Ich uns sister sedda net unsree shoe dirty greea. Mir sedda boots awe zigga."

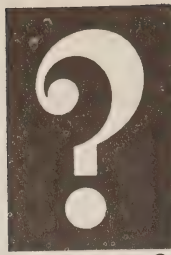
—M. R. Ont.



Thoughts from
My Rocking Chair



A father is
a man who
takes time to
teach his
children in the
ways of
righteousness.
Aunt Ruby



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

??

Question:
"Do parents have a right to call their children by nicknames? My husband came from a large family and he was named after his grandfather. But neither of his parents liked the name so he was called by a nickname. He was the only one of the family with a nickname and it made him feel unwanted and unloved. He refused to name any of our children after his parents since they did not call him by his right name and still don't. They probably don't know it but he still feels resentful toward them. It is driving them further apart.

—Mrs. "Nick"

??

MOON SIGNS (JUNE FL)

We had a neighbor that would not set a fence post on the "up" sign of the moon. He thought they would freeze up during the winter. He did not know that a moon turned up would also be turned down before twelve hours were up. If the sun were ahead it would be turned down and later turned up. Now I may be wrong on this but if I am please inform me.

As far as it being right or wrong to watch signs of the moon, to plant things, I would not say. We always planted our things when we had time and when the ground and the temperature was right.

—A Southerner

The June Family Life had an amusing question, to my way of thinking, about cutting one's hair in the different phases of the moon. To me it would not work. My faith in moon signs isn't strong enough. I believe if the almighty God has willed for some one to be bald, no moon watching will make the hair grow. To me this is some superstition. I might be wrong but that is the way I understand the Bible. I was taught by my father and mother to put my trust in the Almighty instead of in man's signs.

—A Doubter

Increase or decrease? I have a brother that used to always cut his hair on the increase. Well, there are eight of us boys and we are all partially bald, including him. Although his hair got thin later than some of ours. He always mentioned about the moon sign, and now he's silent on it.

TO "JUST WONDERING" (JUNE FL)

I agree about eating before council meeting and communion is over. I feel in communion a person can take a little something along to eat. Then go out for a few minutes to eat. I, too, think the women waiting on the table should be able to be listening to the sermon instead. I've seen already where some men stayed out a half hour during communion to visit.

—D. F., Pennsylvania

About eating in Ordnungs and Grosz Gma. I am indeed glad there are others concerned about this matter, too. You have a good point there. But I have also thought already, how less work would it be for the women that have the church if each person would bring their own eats along. Dismiss church for a half hour or so, sit down

and eat in a nice orderly way. (Somebody told me a settlement in Canada does that way.)

I often feel sorry for the preacher that is standing. Being disturbed a whole hour sometime till the people are settled again. Let's give it a thought.

—A Sister, Ohio

The article on children being loud and unruly after church hit me. Thank you.

About eating in Grosz Gma and Ordnungs Gma. (June FL). Never thought about it but agree with what was written and I may just stay in and listen while others eat next time. I always wondered what I missed, after I got back in.

—Ohio

If a person doesn't want to eat they don't have to. There have been times I didn't and it seemed my mind was clearer to take in Leides Christi. I've noticed some folks get sleepy after they have eaten and I'm no exception. But some people don't feel well when they don't eat. I'm not saying how others should do things, but I like to see when the hostess has friends in from other church districts to do the work so she can sit in and listen to the sermons. Then I've seen folks who stay out quite long. Guess they don't realize they are greatly needed inside...to help build the church.

—Not Judging

"Hochmütthige" Cap

The comments in the July issue of FL caused me to think. Do we consider the "cap" or covering as being hochmütthig? Isn't it just an outward sign of pride in the heart? The cap in itself is innocent and cannot help the way it is made, whether it is small pleats, large pleats, thin material, small, close or loose fitting. Anything we do to draw attention to ourselves can be labeled as pride, regardless of whether we are considered "demütthig" or not.

I am a firm believer of strict obedience to church rules, and cannot convince myself that God will not mete out punishment to the offender, if not repented of.

- Against disobedience.

NO MIDDLE ROAD

It seems many people today are trying to travel on a middle road. They want to fit in with the crowd for some occasions and yet follow the word close enough to be a member of the church. The Bible says there are only two roads. There is no middle road so that means we will eventually go one way or the other, before we reach our destination. Which way do we want to go? Do we want to become humble as a child of God or fall to the world? By the fruits ye shall know them.

—An Interested Reader

HOME REMEDIES AND SUGGESTIONS

What causes rheumatic fever and what can be done for it?

—From Pennsylvania

GALLSTONE TROUBLE

Wife and I each drank about 6 oz. of olive oil, then immediately took some pure lemon juice, to help keep this down. Now this morning at least 30 gallstones or more were expelled, (some were as big as cherries), without pain, and we did not even know we had gallstones.

HERE'S THE REMEDY

With not much food in the stomach, the afflicted one should take a dose of ordinary olive oil at bedtime (six ounces). Take a little water with it to aid in swallowing. Then lie on right side to allow the oil to seep down into the gall bladder, which softens the stones, causing them to slip out easily. Take a small dose of epsom salts in the morning. The stones are easily identified, as they are green in color, and there will be anywhere from 20 to 200 of them. The gall bladder is not injured. Some victims have to oust them once a year.

—W.M., Centerville, Michigan



(Little Esther, Cont. from pp.34)

day.

Esther loves her Bible story book and likes to hear the story of Jesus, and also knows the other Bible stories well. Once during her sufferings she remarked, "When I can be with Jesus I won't have any pain."

There were times when she spent days in her vapor tent because of her heart and lung condition. Large doses of digitalis has helped her much. Pneumonia and broken bones seemed to be her lot in life. When she has a break she can tell her parents where it is. Esther has been lucky though. Her legs are not as badly deformed as many children with this disease.

Once when she was in the hospital a reporter came to see her. In a feature story in the newspaper Esther was referred to as "Little Miss Sunshine" because of her sunny disposition.

The latter part of 1969 brought a remarkable change in Esther's life. The Bylers learned that the Shriner doctors were experimenting with magnesium for brittle bones. They grasped at this faint ray of hope and Esther began using a certain amount of this mineral a day. What seemed almost like a miracle, her small body began to gain in strength. Until February of 1970 she could sit awhile, so she received her small wheel chair, which she can maneuver a little. (A wheel chair was bought with some of the money friends had given to her.)

Later the parents took her to Cleveland to have braces fitted to her legs. A small box was then made for her in which she can stand when wearing the braces. The box comes up to her arms and has an opening at the top. Around the top a table was built for her toys. In this box Esther can stand awhile each day.

When she received her braces she decided she was taller than her brother Lester, but when she stood on her feet she only came to his shoulder. Lester is a normal sized four-year-old.

Since January 1970 Esther has been taking school lessons. She studies reading, arithmetic and spelling and she receives all A's. Only time will tell of the progress that can be made with a disease like Esther's. During her suffering her mother wrote, "It is hard to express the feeling we had the many times she was sick or had broken bones, the ache in our hearts to see her so innocently suffer. But always first in our thoughts was that God's will shall prevail. We could do just so much, and trust in Him. We feel we have had an experience which we hope has helped us to live nearer to Him. We will never regret the time and money we spent on her. The joy of seeing her get over a bout of pneumonia, heart trouble, or a fracture and see her happy and singing again was worth the worry and anxiety we had in her sickness."

Her parents are still hurt in the heart when they think of how she suffered those first few weeks. They think the doctor should have taken an xray earlier and told them everything. He told them just a little at a time. He probably thought this was the merciful thing to do.

Once a strange doctor asked to see Esther. He said he had often heard of her. After seeing her he remarked, "There are no hopes for her. If God will let her live she will help you raise your other children. They will think twice before they will do anything against your will, when they see her suffer."

(The following words were written by a Bishop's wife after she and her husband had visited Esther.)

Darling little Esther
So innocent and pure
Inflicted with a malady
For which there is no cure.

Yet tiny little Esther
With her sweet and loving smile
Spreads sunshine all around her
With her singing all the while.

Her singing pierced my very heart

For crippled there she lay,
Never was able to take part
When children romp and play.

Oh, folks, why not visit her—
At least send her a line—
To help pass long hours for her
With a card at any time.

An Angel here on earth she seems
Crippled though she be;
God can straighten out her limbs
When comes eternity.

B.E.S.

EATING WITH EVE

— Samuel Hertzler

When the serpent came to Eve in the garden, it came with the argument that they were not getting fair treatment. With a "let's talk it over" attitude, the serpent presented a mixture of truth and untruths to make it appear to be to their advantage to disobey the Word of God. The method proved so successful that the devil is still using it today. He no longer needs the serpent to do this as there are church members who will do it for him.

A person who is interested in doing as he pleases usually does not refer to the Word of God, instead he wants to make comparisons. This thing is not worse than such and such a thing. If so and so can do this and get by with it, then surely I can do so and so. There is always a way to REASON AWAY or get around almost anything. It does not seem to matter that we promised at baptism to be loyal to God and the church and to deny the desires of the flesh. Paul makes reference to this type of person and says that if we measure ourselves by ourselves then we are not wise." 2 Cor. 10:12.

This kind of a person is not interested in finding out what the Bible says about a matter, for he does not want the authority of the Scriptures. On the other hand if a person is interested in improving matters, he generally does not go around making comparisons and using his own reasoning. The Bible is the only safe guide to build upon. He that doeth the truth cometh to the light that his deeds may be made manifest. John 3:21. He has nothing to hide. If a mistake was made, he will seek to correct it with an honest heart, not fearing to come to the light.

Human reasoning is not recommended in the Scriptures as a way to advance the cause of righteousness. In Acts 17:2 we read that Paul reasoned with the Jews on three different Sabbaths, but it says it was "out of the Scriptures." In the first chapter of Isaiah it speaks of reasoning but first it says, "Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes, cease to do evil, learn to do well, seek judgement, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Then follow the words, "Come now and let us reason together saith the Lord though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

This is the basis which God wants us to reason upon. If we are seeking the truth, then the above verses give us the foundation we can work upon. Salvation is not by works but by faith, however faith without works is dead. It is a matter of presenting our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God which is our reasonable service.

There are many things in this life which we can not solve by reasoning with our feeble minds. We must accept the teachings of the Bible by faith. If we depend on our own reasoning, we will likely end up by eating of the forbidden fruit.



Little Esther

When we stopped at the Ben A. Byler home near Mercer, Pennsylvania (route 4) this spring, we thought we would have but a few minutes to stay. But we did have an important mission, for I wanted for the first time to meet Ben's little seven-year-old Esther, (June 18th she was eight.). Fannie, her mother, carried her tiny form out to the car in the blanket and set her on the seat beside me.

Esther looked sober as her big eyes turned up toward me. I asked questions but there was very little response. Not until we finally decided to go into the house did she bubble over with enthusiasm. There she pulled off her shoes and stockings and showed us her deformed legs which had been broken so often.

When I asked if she would sing for me she immediately broke forth with an English hymn. Then she followed with "Bedenke, Mensch, Das Ende." Halfway through the second verse, she suddenly stopped. "That's all I know," she said.

Even at birth Esther was an unusual child. She arrived twenty minutes before the doctor came. It had been three years since Ben and Fannie Byler had a baby so they were overjoyed when little Esther came into the home. Their eight children eagerly awaited to take their turn to hold her.

When three-year-old Clara first heard that she had a baby sister she said, "Oh, goody, now I'm not the 'bup' anymore!"

But something was wrong. Instead of sleeping most of the time, little Esther cried and cried. Thenurse that was there couldn't quiet her. The child cried throughout the day and into the night, until midnight.

The next morning Ben Byler's daughter Mattie, who is married to Crist Byler, held the baby awhile. She stroked the infant's head. "Mother," she exclaimed, "what's wrong with Esther's head? It feels as soft as her cheek!"

They knew something was wrong but the doctor refused to xray.

For two weeks, day and night, the Bylers rocked and tried to quiet the crying infant. After nothing seemed to help, the parents, accompanied by their daughter Mattie, took the child to a hospital in Pittsburgh.

When Fannie Byler, the mother, related the story she said, "Later that day Ben and Mattie went home and I stayed alone in that large hospital. I felt lost. It seemed the world was so large. Four days and nights I spent there and had to pay five dollars for a hard cot on the 5th floor. During the night the nurses would knock on my door and say, 'Mrs. Byler, your baby is hungry.'"

"The hospital seemed so quiet at these hours and my footsteps resounded down the long hallway. I had all kinds of thoughts the first night that I walked down those long quiet halls. The elevator was easy to find but I didn't trust myself in pushing those buttons. I had never operated an elevator before. I was afraid I would push the wrong button and it wouldn't stop at the right place.

"The people were kind though. One day a nurse took

me to see the poor children. One had a water head, one had only one eye, several had tubes in their head. After I had seen this I didn't think our burden so heavy."

There in the hospital Fannie Byler learned that her baby was born with osteogenesis imperfecta (brittle bones). Her two little arms and both legs were broken at two places. Her collar bone and also most of her ribs were broken and one section of bone was missing in the back of her head. She was also born with congestive heart failure.

When Fannie Byler left the Pittsburgh hospital with little Esther the doctor said, "Take tender, loving care of her. That's her best medicine. She will have a rough time the first two years. You know, these children get pneumonia very easily." Then he told her of all the bones that were broken. He said if Esther would live to her teens then they would have to take out all her bones between the joints and turn them around so that she could be stronger.

Not until she was on the way home with her precious bundle clasped in her arms, did Fannie realize what the doctor had said. Only then did the truth dawn on her that there was very little hope for their daughter. As she looked down at the sleeping child the tears came unheeded.

When Esther was two years old the doctor said, "I don't think the child will see her third year."

Up until her fifth birthday she had fourteen fractures and maybe more. Her fractures were mostly caused by merely turning herself over in bed.

After the parents learned the cause of Esther's crying, she was placed on a padded masonite board and in this way carried about. Extreme care had to be taken to move her so that no bones would be broken. At the time of the breaks she was cared for at home. No cast was used. This would've caused more breaks.

During the years she was often plagued with pneumonia so that she was hospitalized at different times because of this. Once when she had pneumonia the doctor didn't urge them to take the child to the hospital. They realized later that he thought she wouldn't survive anyway and in this way he would save them a large hospital bill.

At the age of four Esther weighed only 22 pounds and she doesn't weigh much over 25 at present. Her head is the only part of her body that has grown to any degree since birth. This is only natural for children with this disease -- a disease that has no known cause nor cure.

The first six years, Esther could not sit up but she was very content and cheerful. If she wasn't talking or singing the parents knew she wasn't feeling well. During her breaks she suffered much so that at times it would take sedatives to give her rest. Even during these trying days she had her joys. "Now I'll get more greetings again," she would say.

Esther is an extremely intelligent child. When only two years old she could speak German and English and could sing. She is active and alert. Even when lying on her mat her little hands would be busy doing something. She has received many books and other gifts from which she derives much pleasure. In the hospital she gladly shared some of her gifts with others on the children's ward because she felt she had "more than she needed."

In their home is a "windowed" door between the living room and the kitchen. When any of the other children have a cold, Esther and her mother keep themselves isolated in the living room for a slight cold can turn to pneumonia for Esther. Through this door the other children can play with her. The mother has spent much time rocking her. At times when Esther was sick her mother kept vigil at the little bedside, and wondered with a heavy heart if that would be the suffering child's lucky

(Continued on page 33)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Our art work for this issue came from Ephrata, Pennsylvania. The cover was made by Mrs. M. W. Stauffer, and the full page by Mrs. Mark Horning.

We all know the sparrows which chirp in the trees,
That sing in the summer, oh, happy are they!
For they have no trouble, their hearts are at ease--
They trust in the One who keeps them each day.

Will He

Storm clouds oft gather and the heavens grow dark,
And the tempest in fury the earth does surround;
But soon as the tempest is over; then hark!
'Tis the song of the sparrows, they are all safe and sound.

Leave

Oh, look at the lilies that grow in the field,
Which bloom in the spring-time and gladden the day,
For God cares for the, their days have been sealed,
For fairer than Solomon in glory are they.

Us Alone?

The God who's above us, who cares for His own,
Who cares for the sparrows and lilies so frail,
Will He ever leave us-- His children alone?
On life's stormy ocean-- will He ever fail?

When storms gather round us, and tempests beat down,
And blot out the sunshine which once brightly shone,
When undreamed-of sorrow our hearts does surround;
Will God who can help us then leave us alone?

Let us trust in our Master all through this great storm
That the tempest may cease and the clouds pass away;
He surely will keep our souls from all harm
And care for His children, who trust Him each day.

—David L. Wagler
(from C. P. S. days)



WEATHER FORECASTING

By Science Or By Senses?

About fifteen years ago a computer was set up and information fed into it about the weather conditions throughout the country. After the proper adjustments were made the weather forecasts came out automatically. Of course, at first they were not as accurate as the manmade forecasts, but it was hoped that within a few years they would improve.

Five years later the first weather satellite was put into orbit. This device went around the earth every 100 minutes and sent back pictures and information about the cloud and weather conditions over the whole world. The weathermen rejoiced, convinced that they would now be able to make accurate forecasts, not only for a few days but for much longer periods of time.

An article on long range weather forecasting appeared in a farm paper at that time which ended something like this:

"Within a few years you should be able to call your computerized weather station in July and ask, 'How will the weather be on Christmas day?'"

"Chances are the man at the other end of the line will answer, 'Do you mean in the morning or afternoon?'"

But that was ten years ago. Since that time it has become plain, not only that this goal has not yet been reached but that it is unreachable. There are simply too many different forces which can affect the weather, many of them unpredictable, to guarantee an accurate forecast even for a few days ahead.

Because of the disappointment in these latest scientific devices, considerable interest has been revived in old

fashioned methods of forecasting. Apparently the man who notices the sky, the clouds, the wind, the earth and even the behaviour of birds and animals has a better chance of predicting the weather than some of the professional forecasters.

The trouble with most of the professional men is that they are trained only to go by the information which is supplied to them from various parts of the country. They lack the experience of the person who has spent years out-of-doors and uses his senses to see, listen, feel, and smell. Those who do this are not often caught unawares by a rainy day or a blizzard.

During the past several years, some of the weather men have set out to prove that the old weather saying are false. But they have been surprised to find that many are accurate much of the time.

Of course, no weather saying is right all the time. Neither are they wrong all the time. Any weather proverb, or any weather forecast has a fifty-fifty chance of being right. If it is correct 75 per cent of the time, all that would need to be done would be to reverse it and then it would be worthwhile.

If you are interested in weather, then there are many things you will want to watch. You should notice the type of clouds, and the amount of light coming through them, the direction and the strength of the wind, the color of the sky, and whether or not there is any dew in the morning. You will want to be on the lookout for any variation from the "fair weather pattern" for the day.

The normal pattern is for the wind to come up during the daytime and die down again at night. A steady wind in the evening or during the night during the summertime denotes rainy weather ahead.

The normal pattern for temperatures is to warm up during the daytime, reaching its peak around 2.00 p.m. Standard Time. In the evening, especially after sunset it will cool off, reaching the low point at dawn the next morning. If it is warmer in the morning than it was the evening before, stormy weather is likely to be on the way. If it cools off during the daytime, look for much colder weather that night.

The normal pattern is for dew to form on the grass at night. The old saying is often true that "When the dew is on the grass, rain will never come to pass. When the grass is dry at morning light, look for rain before the night."

Even birds and animals act differently in different kinds of weather. It has been found that crickets will seldom chirp when the temperature is below 37 degrees. The warmer the weather, the faster they chirp. One observer was able to determine the temperature by counting the number of chirps the cricket makes in 15 seconds. He added 37 to the number and found out that it gave the approximate temperature.

In like manner, ants travel faster in warm weather. One man was able to estimate the temperature by watching the speed at which the ants travel.

There are several devices on the market which are of considerable help to the amateur weather forecaster. Most important of these is the barometer. It does not need to be an expensive one. For around \$5.00 you can buy one suitable for your needs. Disregard the words "rain," "change," and "fair," for they do not mean anything. The important thing is to notice whether the pressure is rising or falling. A rising barometer means fair weather while a falling pressure indicates rainy weather. The faster and farther it falls, the more severe the storm.

You can test the humidity in the air with a thermometer and a tin can. Take a tin can, preferably the 48 oz. size and fill it partly with water of room temperature. Add either ice cubes or colder water and stir with the thermometer. Watch the outside of the can closely for water condensing from the air. We have found that if the temperature must go below 56 degrees before water starts to condense, there is little chance for rain that day. If it starts to condense at high temperatures, there is a good chance for rain.

If you are interested in the weather, there are a number of books available on the subject. Maybe we will even have a feature article on this subject in **Family Life** sometime...

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SEPTEMBER 1971

letters to the editors



find out what she is doing and putting for a whole day because someone else learned something which should have been no secret in the first place.

- One who likes to visit with his neighbors, Ontario

PLENTY OF EATS

I liked the article on Eats and Eating (July issue). Perhaps this is one thing that affects the plain people more than other people. It seems the attitude of women in general is, it isn't any use cooking so much when they go somewhere else to visit, but when it comes their turn they don't realize it's the same thing.

I once ate where the cook said she likes to see things get all. It is certainly nothing to be ashamed of as I believe most of the cooking during the week is done with that in mind, hoping there will be very little left over. John Wenger, the bishop of Dayton, Virginia, for many years was one to be careful in his eating and he said one should leave the table just a little bit hungry. He lived to be 95 years old and while the age is not important, whether it be 45, 95, or 105 it still holds a good lesson in temperance. I visited him, I think in his 93rd year and though he was hard of hearing it seemed his mind was clear. He spoke of us both being in the hospital at the same time some 20 years earlier. We both had pneumonia.

I once read an article on experiments on rats. Divided into two test groups, they were all fed the same food. One group was given all they wanted. These looked well and reproduced but in a year's time they were nearly all dead. If I remember right the oldest one got to be 15 months old. The other group got three-fourths as much food as the first group and at the end of two years, half of these were still living. Buy maybe I'm getting off the subject for after all, we are not rats.

- Marvin Rhodes, Pa.

CONFESSION BRINGS QUESTIONS

Concerning the article, Is Confession Sufficient (July Issue) when the desire for material things invades the heart, God's presence fades away. It is our iniquities that separate us from God, and our sins hide His face so that He will not hear us (Isa. 59:2). If we lose humility, then the desire to work out our salvation with fear and trembling vanishes, too.

The unyielding self wants its own way, rebels against authority and wanders after things more tempting to its carnal taste. When God is neglected, the heart is hardened against the church and the erring one feels, "I'm not the one that's wrong."

- L., Pa.

Of considerable interest to me was the article, "Is Confession Sufficient." I believe there are many such cases and we must pity the Dan who makes a public confession to satisfy the ruling of the church. Whatever is not of faith is sin. No wonder he starts thinking of other factions with standards more to suit him.

To the last paragraph in the article I would like to raise a few more questions. When and for what reasons is a public confession required in church? Why go to the

THE TRUE MEASURING STICK

I read in the July Family Life about a false measuring stick. This put me in mind of cutting wood, if we always take the last piece as our measure then in time we get the pieces far too long. So we must go to Jesus, who is our true measure.

Now I will give you what I use as my measuring stick. Since we so often come to places where we have to decide, I first stop and think if everybody would do as I have in mind to do, would it be a light unto the world? Would it be a help or a hindrance and above all, would it be pleasing to God?

Surely if we want what is right, then God will let us know. All we need to do is to be truthful and act accordingly and we shall never be sorry for it. This is God's way of talking to us, all we have to do is listen.

- Simeon Bauman, Conestoga, Ontario

We need more articles like the "False Measuring Stick." Am wondering how many of us are free of the use of the false measuring stick? Christ should be our true yardstick. By His teachings we need to strive to continually press onward toward perfection. Not that we are able to attain perfection in this life, but that should be our goal and aim.

- Georgia

SUSPICION OR TRUST

I liked the article in the July issue, "It's None of Your Business." I believe it's like the article says, but on the other hand, isn't it true that sometimes people have a reason for not wanting others to know what they are doing? It seems that many people like to talk about the faults of others but their good points are seldom mentioned. Today we hear many false reports.

Talking over others is probably the cause of many arguments and it also causes false reports. It seems some people make a hobby about talking over other people. I think this is a sin for God made people. It seems too often we can see the faults of others in the twilight while we can't see our own in the bright daylight. Even if a person does something wrong, the worst thing we can do is talk over him around his back.

I think false reports should not be found among us who are supposed to be the salt of the earth. Let us love others as we love ourselves. How much better it would be if we could say to the people we meet, "I know something good about you."

- By one who is trying hard to overcome the habit of talking over others.

If Aden Yoder loses friends by refusing to reveal personal things such as how much money he got from his hogs, he loses only those that pry. We can not appreciate those who watch over us like a hawk. Why should a person ruin his reputation by prying?

- L. Pennsylvania

A very timely article (It's None of Your Business) for there is nothing more needful than to be able to share with others when things work out good for us and also when they don't. If we can't talk about such things to others, it shows that our hearts are full of mistrust and suspicion. When the parents show such an attitude, the children soon learn it, too. Pity poor Maryann as she goes through life, always afraid that someone else will

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ministers with the complaint instead of to Dan? Let us search the Scriptures for only there are the answers found. If we see our brother sin a sin that is not unto death (that is if we have a complaint against him fearing it might lead to spiritual death) we are not to pass by him as one who does not love his soul, but we should admonish him with the Word of God. If he will not hear, then acquire the help of one or two more. Then if he still does not hear, it can be brought before the church, not only that he made the mistake but that he refused to listen to the first two admonitions. If with the prayers and efforts of the brotherhood, he can from the heart confess his error and obvious sin, a public confession is in order and he can gladly and willingly do it.

Before accusing a brother of a fault we must first find out from him why he did it and whether with or without repentance. The church officials can not accept any complaint against a brother or sister before the two afore mentioned admonitions have taken place, except it be a gross or flagrant transgression.

Everyone has a conscience and if we work together, God will keep his church pure. He has given us orders and rules to go by and when the weak fall, the strong can assist. If you intend to partake of the Lord's supper and can not forgive your brother from the heart, then you have a duty to do first, in the spirit of meekness, for he might not be as guilty as you are. Correspondence invited.

- Anson Hoover, Wallenstein, Ontario, R.3

ANSWER: The procedure given in Matt. 18 deals with a "Bruder-suend," that is a sin between brother and brother. Such a transgression can be made right between brother and brother and need not be made public. Where there is a serious violation of church regulations it is a different matter and possibly different procedures would be needed to make it right. If a member of a church where automobiles are forbidden were to buy a car and drive it through the neighborhood, it becomes a public transgression and would no doubt require a public confession to make it right.

WORLD WIDE WINDOW



SLEEPING SICKNESS MOVES NORTH

A new strain of sleeping sickness in horses which originated in Venezuela is making its way north. For several years, many horses have died of the disease in South and Central America and in Mexico. Now there is an outbreak in two counties of Texas and it is estimated that more than a thousand head of horses and mules have died.

The new disease, which is spread by mosquitoes, affects the horse's central nervous system and causes fever, loss of appetite, and general disability.

A vaccine is available which authorities say was very effective in checking the spread of the disease in Central and South America.

RAISING RABBITS MASS PRODUCTION

A new breed of rabbits has been developed by Norfolk Rabbit Farms in England, which is reported to be able to raise more than 100 rabbits per doe per year.

The doe is not affected by the seasons, but continues to produce litters the whole year. It is reported to be capable of raising 10 litters per year averaging 10 young per litter.

The new breed should enable commercial rabbit producers to double their output without enlarging their buildings.

CATHOLICS CLOSE DOOR TO SCANTILY CLAD

Vatican officials recently placed a nun at the door of St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome to keep out women who are not sufficiently clothed. For the first time in history, a woman has been assigned the task of deciding on hemlines and necklines.

Vatican officials said male security guards had been getting too liberal. The nun took a harder line and it was reported that at times she was turning away half of the women who wanted to enter.

An American girl with a mini-skirt was turned back the first time but got in the next try by borrowing her boyfriend's sweater which came to her knees. A woman from California with her dress 3 inches above the knees was not allowed to enter.

A New Yorker with a short dress did not take kindly to being stopped. She is reported to have said, "Are they

crazy? I go to confession in shorts at home."

Some women with too little clothing at the top borrowed their husbands shirt to get in. But the husbands were not allowed to enter without any shirts. Also the men in shorts were turned back.

Apparently Catholics are becoming alarmed over the lack of clothing among its members. But what is hard to understand is why St. Peter's Church is governed by different rules than the thousands of other Catholic Churches in the world. Or if they are really serious they should try to keep the mini-skirts out of the homes instead of merely trying to keep them out of St. Peter's Cathedral.

DAWN AND DOLLY DOING DANDY

The pair of twin mare colts born on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Good, RR 2, Dayton, Virginia have been named Dawn and Dolly. They arrived the middle of June and at last reports are doing fine.

Dawn was larger than Dolly, as is usually the case with twin colts, for it is seldom that both twins survive. It has been estimated that one out of a thousand births are twins, and only one set out of fifty that both survive. A set of twin mares is very rare.

DOOMSDAY FLIGHT SHOWS HOODLUMS HOW

Are people influenced toward disobedience and crime by watching it on television? Modern psychologists say, "no" in spite of the mounting proof to the contrary. During the past year some concrete evidence has come to light which leaves little doubt in the minds of any open-minded individuals as to what influence television has on its viewers.

About a year ago a television play entitled "Doomsday Flight" showed how an extortioner put an altitude bomb aboard a big plane and then demanded \$100,000 money from the airlines to tell them how to keep it from exploding. A high altitude bomb is fixed so the trigger is set whenever the plane goes above 5,000 feet in altitude. If the plane comes below 5,000 feet altitude the bomb goes off. In the television play, the airline officials agreed to pay the money and the extortioner told them to land at Denver, Colorado which is more than 5,000 feet in altitude. In the television play the extortioner died of a heart attack and the money was never paid.

Since the show was first put on television, there have been four bomb scares. More than \$500,000 was actually paid in ransom money, and several times the plane was sent to Denver, Colorado to land. All of the threats were a hoax as there were no bombs on any of the planes but there was no way of knowing. On August 3, a huge Jumbo Jet carrying 380 people from Montreal to England was forced to turn around and go to Denver to land. The plane was searched and no bomb was found, whereupon it proceeded on to its destination.

Recently when the show was scheduled to be shown in

the Detroit area, the public was so aroused that it was cancelled.

The evidence is plain that people are affected by what they see on television. If the public would only become similarly aroused over the shooting shows, the immoral

sex scenes, and the other evils which are constantly being shown on television, there might be some improvement in the morals of the nation. But apparently the public enjoys these kinds of shows and is not ready to give them up. ■■



The article on child training which appears in this issue makes mention of Dr. Spock's book, "Baby and Child Care" It is pointed out that some attitudes and statements in that book do not agree with Biblical teaching. This leaves us in a predicament.

We have sold quite a few copies of this book through the bookstore during the past seven years. We have always considered it one of the best books available as far as baby and child care are concerned. Within its nearly 500 pages, answers can be found to almost any problem in feeding and caring for the baby.

But approximately 10 per cent of the book is devoted to training and discipline problems. Actually only a fraction of this part is objectionable, for most of the advice is consistent with our way of believing. In glancing through its pages, I did not see the particular objections which the article referred to so I do not know if they have been removed from the latest editions or not (incidentally there have been two editions since the one referred to and the price jumped, first from 50c to 75c and then to 95c). However it is likely that some of the offensive passages are still there.

Now the question arises, should we discontinue selling the book since it does contain some unsound advice in child training? Most of our homes receive one or more farm magazines. Nearly all these farm magazines contain some reading material we can not approve of. The reason for subscribing to farm magazines is to get information about farming. We do not look to the farm magazines for religious instructions, so if we occasionally see something we do not agree with, we dismiss it because such things can be expected from the people who publish farm magazines.

Perhaps the book on child care could be classed somewhat the same. We buy such a book to learn how to feed and care for the baby and what to do about various problems which may arise concerning the baby's health. We do not get it to learn whether or not a child should be spanked. We look to other sources to learn how a child should be trained and whether or not its will should be broken.

We, as Christians, have a much better and more dependable method of child training than to listen to what the psychologists have to say. But we must face the fact that by far the majority of parents in the world today are not born - again Christians. For these, child training and discipline is a very complicated problem. If the Bible is not the guidebook in other areas of their lives, then it may not work to try to use the Bible in training their children.

We thought perhaps it might work out all right to use such books as a guide in caring for children, as far as their general health is concerned. But in matters of discipline we must use the Bible and ignore anything which conflicts with its teachings.

The article in this issue should serve a valuable purpose in putting us on guard to be on the lookout for unsound teachings. It should help us to spot advice and attitudes which are contrary to our beliefs.

PRAYERS IN SCHOOLS is a topic on which we occasionally receive poems and articles. Just lately we received a very good poem lamenting the fact that

prayers are no longer allowed in the public schools of the United States.

It is hard to understand why the government should change its mind after having allowed and encouraged prayers in public places for nearly two hundred years. On the other hand we do not feel that we are in a position to tell the government what to do as long as they do not persecute the Christians. Neither do we feel that we should try to help them decide what is constitutional or use pressure to force them to do certain things.

As far as prayers in schools is concerned, we feel that God has provided His people with ample provisions so this should not affect them. Up to the present time, we have the privilege of having our own schools and are in no way hindered from having all the prayers or Bible reading we want.

Instead of working on the government, perhaps our time would be more wisely spent in providing better schools of our own, and in persuading those of our people who do not send their children to such a school, to do so.

A GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER WRITES--

A few lines over the trail of the past. Some eighty years ago I was born into this world by all appearance with a rupture. Home remedies were used and what not. One evening Father told me, "Tomorrow morning you must get up early. We are going to the city to a truss fitter."

The next morning I was called long before daylight. Father had hitched old Doll to the one-seated carriage and we started on our way. Near the city I saw a barn with very bright lights which I had never seen before. Our light at home was candlelight. These my mother made with molds of many tubes. The wicks were fastened in the tubes in the center and the hot tallow poured in. A coal oil lantern was counted to be dangerous at the barn.

I had a lot to see in town - the cling of the heavy horse shoes on those cobblestones and the rattle of the wheels which was not heard on the dirt roads in the country. All at once I heard the children on the sidewalk yelling, "A horseless carriage!"

I did not know what all the noise was about, but all at once I saw a red covered wagon without a horse. By the sound, it had a one cylinder engine and went about as fast as a good walking horse. It was the first one in that city.

If the world is spared for 75 years more, how will it be. Could it have been like this before the flood? We are told the end will come as a thief in the night and Matt. 24:22 except those days should be shortened no flesh shall be saved. For the elect's sake the days shall be shortened.

Airships are now roaring over our heads by night and day and men landing on the moon. How long will God endure such things? Is it any wonder we grandparents lie awake at night and pray for our children, grand, and great-grandchildren? Do we show an example to the on-coming generation that we are a help to their never-dying souls?

—E. R. Pennsylvania.

And Yet—

To think of it! He knows me
Through and through;
And yet He loves me,
Tenderly and true.

—Arthur B. Rhinow

Family Life

Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

ALL THE WORLD IN KINDERGARTEN

They did it again! Man on the moon.

The whole nation was excited about it. Newspaper headlines carried the news. Eager space fans watched their T.V. screens in fascination—children, teen-agers, parents, and grandparents—their faces glowing with the pride of national achievement.

The voyage of Apollo 15 (July 29-Aug.4) was hailed as "the most perilous journey yet." Three men to the moon. Yet everything was under perfect control. It was a stunning success. While one man circled in orbit keeping an eye on the scene below, the other two landed on the moon. On previous trips the astronauts had walked around on the moon picking up samples of rocks. But walking on the moon with a bulky space suit was too slow, too hard work, and required too much time and energy. So this time the astronauts arrived with better arrangements. This time they had a motor vehicle along, built and designed for moon travel.

The two men climbed into the vehicle and steered it across the moon's surface. The vehicle, which cost 13 million dollars to make, could go only 8 miles an hour at top speed, but it was still a lot faster than walking.

As the two men drove around sightseeing on the moon, they spotted some rocks that caught their attention. They quickly picked them up and reported their find excitedly back to earth. They were almost certain that the rocks were remains of the moon's "original crust." They hoped the rocks would enable scientists to figure out how the moon came into being. That was one of the main purposes of Apollo 15—to learn more about the origin of the moon. (At least, that is what spokesmen say in defense of the moon program—that the reasons for going are scientific. The real reasons are probably political—to bolster the nation's ego. Were they scientific, the U.S. and Russia would work together.)

But even if the moon trips really were to gain more scientific knowledge, such as learning about the origin of the moon, that surely would be a poor excuse for all the money spent. The moon program has been costing the U.S. from 4 to 5 billion dollars a year. And to think that for around \$5 it would have been possible to buy a copy of the Bible and read the account in Genesis explaining all about the origin of the moon: "And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, the lesser light (the moon) to rule the night, and he made the stars also" (Gen.1:16).

Up until now the trips to the moon have been disappointing to the scientists as far as solving the origin of the moon. Before the first trip, one scientist had confidently predicted, "One single sample of moon rock will solve the major lunar riddles." But it hasn't turned out to be that simple. Even before this last trip, a total of 218 pounds of the moon has been brought back to the earth, and about the only conclusion the scientists have been able to reach for sure is that they didn't know as much as they thought they did, and that their theories need revising. After the first moon rocks were examined, one scientist said despairingly, "We could go a million times to the moon, and never have all the answers."

All this reminds me of something I once read, "The whole world is a kindergarten class trying to spell GOD

with the wrong blocks."

Trying to spell GOD with the wrong blocks! I immediately pictured a group of children in my mind, sprawled on the floor, turning blocks over and over, trying to find the right letters to spell GOD. Lacking the G, I could imagine them substituting other letters. One child might plop down a block with the letter S. That looked almost like a G. Perhaps it would do. But no, that didn't spell GOD. All it spelled was SOD. Maybe S didn't look too different from a G, but certainly SOD was a long way from GOD! Another child might try a N that spelled NOD. Still wrong. Or an R, perhaps. ROD. Still not what they wanted. And still the children would keep on trying, not realizing that in order to spell GOD, they needed to have the right blocks.

Yes, the Bible has the answer to the riddles of the moon, as it has the answer to many more pressing problems. But modern man has chosen to discard that answer in favor of empty theories and scientific guesses. Thus regardless how many more men land safely on the moon, and regardless how many pounds of lunar rock are examined by the smartest scientists in the world, it will always be the same story: "Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth" (2 Timothy 3:7). For even children in kindergarten should know that in order to spell a word, they need to have the right letters. No matter how clever people become in spelling, there is no other way. ■■

(GRUDGES, cont. from page 12)

over with, I would for I must. Maybe God would not give me another chance.

Aaron and Fanny arrived and we chatted pleasantly through the noon meal. Finally the opportunity came. After we had finished the dishes, Fanny walked out into the yard. I followed her.

Taking a deep breath and glancing down at my trembling hands, I started, "Oh Fanny, I want to, to, er I would like to ask forgiveness for carrying a grudge against you."

Fanny was surprised and gasped, "What did you say?"

"For a long time I couldn't forgive you for what you said about me, but now I have.

"Why, what do you mean? What did I say?" Fanny asked.

I mentioned a few of the things which she said about me which hurt me the most and then I added, "I thought it was in your place to come to me, but it has been such a burden on my heart that I want to get rid of it. I'm sorry I felt so bitter against you."

I had expected that she would say she is sorry she said these things and ask me to forgive her but I was disappointed as she answered lightly, "Why Ruth, I can't even remember I said anything like that, but certainly I will forgive you. I do say a lot of things, but next time you'll just have to consider where it comes from and not mind what I say."

I was at a loss as to what to answer but finally I mumbled, "Well, I don't know how you stand before your God, but for me, I want to make my things right so I can go along to communion with a clear conscience."

Then the conversation ended and no more was said about it. That night as I lay in bed, I related to my husband all that had happened. He listened sympathetically while I poured myself out. "It wasn't nearly as hard as I thought it would be and I'm so glad it's over with."

Still I was sad when I thought of Fanny and how lightly she had taken the matter. The thought came to me that maybe I should have warned her more how wrong it is to talk about others.

But for myself, I felt much better. Tonight I could go to sleep with a clear conscience. But I hoped and prayed that never again would I become involved in something like this. I learned the hard way that carrying a grudge is a very dangerous thing physically, mentally, and spiritually.

FIRESIDE CHATS

JOSEPH STOLL

TAKING SCRIPTURES OUT OF THEIR CONTEXT

"We can only weaken a good cause by using
questionable means to defend it."

The Bible is intended to mark out God's will for man. If rightly used, and rightly studied, the Bible does just that; in its pages is the answer to what life is all about.

And yet, sadly enough, people can read the Bible all the way through, and still have twisted ideas of life and sin and salvation. I suppose there are a good many things that can get in the way of understanding the Bible the way it was intended to be understood. In this article we'd like to discuss one of them -- the common mistake of taking Scriptures out of their context.

What is meant by taking a verse out of its context? Simply this -- lifting a verse or part of one out of the paragraph in which it is found, and letting it stand by itself. Thus isolated, the verse can be badly misinterpreted.

I dare say we've all been guilty at some time or other. It's not an uncommon thing at all, but that doesn't make it any less wrong or dangerous. One of the easiest things in Bible reading is to mentally build a fence around a few words in some Bible message, and then ignore the context. In a broader sense, it is quite possible to put the pressure on some verse or chapter until we have it contradicting other Scriptures. Every verse, to be rightly understood, must be studied in relation to its immediate context -- what was written just before and just after-and also in the larger context of the whole Bible.

The Wrong Meaning

Being more or less human, we all have some tendency to see what we want to see and hear what we want to hear. This weakness is present when we read the Bible, too. We are likely to put great emphasis on those verses that support our own understanding of the Scriptures, but when a verse "leans the other way" we hardly ever mention it. Much of this we may do subconsciously; in fact, we may consider ourselves entirely honest in seeking truth from the Bible. Yet when we look closely at the evidence, it is hard to deny the great influence our convictions, or lack of convictions, have upon our Bible reading.

The trouble seems to be that we have the proverbial cart before the horse. The only proper way of studying the Bible is with an open mind -- searching for truth and further enlightenment. In this way sound Christian convictions can be formed by what the Bible says. In real life, though, most of us read the Scriptures with our minds pretty well made up already, and as we read we are on the lookout for Bible verses to support our views. No wonder we are at times tempted to lift verses out of their context!

Way back more than fifteen hundred years ago, the famous Catholic churchman, St. Augustine, had a problem with a group of nonconformists called Donatists. The Donatists insisted on having their own Christian worship, and did not care to join the Catholics merely because the emperor had become a Catholic -- and therefore, had made the Catholic church the state religion.

In order to bring the Donatists into the fold, St. Augustine turned to Luke 14:23 for support of a new

program of forcing dissenters to fall into line. As far as is known, Augustine was the first to thus interpret the parable of Jesus, found in Luke 14, in which are the words, "Go out to the highways and hedges, and compel people to come in, that my house may be filled."

Unfortunately, when Augustine died, his interpretation did not die with him. For a thousand years and more, the Catholic church persecuted "heretics" and burned them at the stake, in order to "compel" them to righteousness. And then when the Great Reformation swept Europe, the leading Protestant reformers at once grabbed the same bloody doctrine as their own, in order to force their opinion upon all who disagreed. Martin Luther, however, expressed grave doubts at first, and taught tolerance, but in later years he too decided that the only remedy for heretics was to "compel" them.

A church historian, Frederick Norwood, in his book **Strangers and Exiles**, has stated concerning Luke 14:23, "Rarely has a passage of Scripture been so completely distorted over so long a span of time." The verse is indeed a classic example of how the Scriptures can be taken out of context, and interpreted to mean quite the opposite of what God has intended.

Today, Bible scholars, not being under the shadow of an all-powerful state church, and not having an axe to grind for themselves, agree that the expression, "compel them to come in," can mean only in a spiritual sense, and never to force conformity. Adam Clarke says that unwilling guests should be compelled "by the most earnest entreaties...No other kind of constraint is ever recommended in the Gospel of Christ. Every other kind of compulsion is antichristian, can only be submitted to by cowards and knaves, and can produce nothing but hypocrites."

And yet for many centuries Luke 14:23 was torn out of context and held like a sword in the hands of those who would compel all men to be one faith. It played a major part in the persecution of our own Anabaptist forefathers.

Sometimes a Bible verse can be wrongly interpreted without serious results. But the example given above, of "compelling" wedding guests to come to the feast, is an example of how serious misinterpretation can be, how dangerous it is to take Scriptures out of their context, and how willing men are to believe a lie if it is to their advantage.

"I Will That Thou Affirm"

No doubt most people who take a Scripture verse out of its context do so sincerely, and with a pure motive. Frequently they are trying to uphold some Bible doctrine that is in itself sound and Scriptural. When we learn of a brother who has made this error, it is our duty to humbly speak with him, and help him to a better understanding.

I remember when it happened to me, and I am certainly grateful to the brother who corrected me. Several years ago I was writing a "Fireside Chats" on the oath, or swearing before a court of law. In studying the subject, I came across the writings of a well-known Menonite author, now deceased, who explained three points

of difference between the oath and an affirmation.

I had a lot of confidence in this author, so I decided to quote a paragraph from his writings. In the paragraph the following sentence appeared: "While the Bible positively says, 'Swear not at all' (Matt. 5:34) it also says, 'I will that thou affirm' (Titus 3:8).

When a fellow-editor at Pathway checked the manuscript, he at once called my attention to the quotation from Titus, and said he thought it was being taken out of context to apply it to an affirmation.

A careful reading of the third chapter of Titus, and comparing the King James version with other translations and languages, convinced me that the apostle Paul certainly did not have in mind affirming before a court when he wrote to Titus. My article was accordingly revised.

But what I still can't understand is why a Mennonite bishop and author should have quoted the verse from Titus in the first place. There is plenty of Biblical evidence against swearing, and he had presented this evidence very well in his book. The case was complete without getting out on the shaky ground of quoting a verse out of its context. To add the words from Titus could only weaken the argument, rather than strengthen it.

But who am I to criticize? I got caught in the same thing.

The Holy, and the Heathen

Usually there are two sides to a controversy. The trouble in a disagreement is that both sides may overreact to each other, and withdraw to opposite extremes, so that in the end both are wrong!

Also, when there are disputes and disagreements about church matters, the temptation is especially great to pick out a verse or two and hold them up for "the other side" to see what's what. If ever violence is done to the Scriptures, it is when the Bible is used as a tool in an argument.

The subject of missionary work is one in which there are wide disagreements in Amish and Mennonite settlements. On the one hand are those who are strongly opposed to any open witness to unbelievers, and on the other hand are those who have a lop-sided view of the church's role in the opposite extreme. It is perhaps enough to state here that both camps have at times taken Scriptures out of context to support their position. The two examples that follow may help us all to be more cautious:

In the fifth chapter of 1 Corinthians, the apostle Paul advises the Corinthian church to expel known sinners lest a little leaven should corrupt the whole church. He warns them against fellowshiping with apostate brethren, and emphasizes that it is the church's duty to keep house faithfully, and to judge the spiritual standing of its members. In the twelfth verse he says, "For what have I to do to judge them also that are without?" The German reads, "Denn was gehen mich die drauszen an, dasz ich sie sollte richten?"

A young brother once quoted this verse to explain why his church was not interested in making converts from the world. One of the ministers had preached about that verse, he said, and surely the matter was clear if even Paul had admitted, "Was gehn mich die drauszen an?"

And yet, had this young brother stopped to think, he could have known that Paul meant something quite different. Otherwise, why had he risked his life preaching the Gospel to Gentiles throughout the world.

There was another sentiment in the poem selected by a reader, and sent in to one of the Pathway papers for publication. The poem had been clipped from some modern missionary magazine, and was entitled, "The Cry From Heathendom". The poet asked why those who have long had the Gospel have not shared it more readily with the heathen.

The poet and the reader who had submitted the poem were undoubtedly both sincere persons. Nevertheless, the poem was rejected. One big reason was the text verse that appeared beneath the title. The text read, "Preach

the gospel in the regions beyond you. 2 Cor. 10:16."

The editors, frankly, could not recall that Paul had directed such a command to the Corinthians, so they looked the verse up. Just as they had expected, the words were there, but not at all in the context in which they had been used with the poem. Someone had let himself be carried away by his own zeal.

Seriously, we might ask, how far are such tactics removed from dishonesty?

Using such methods - quoting from the Bible word for word without regard to the intended meaning, - we could come up with such misleading statements as the following:

"Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." 1 Cor. 15:32.

"There is no God." Psalms 14:1.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy." Matt. 5:43.

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine." Romans 14:21.

The list could be extended, but these few examples are enough to show how easy it is to change the meaning of a Scripture message by quoting only part of it.

Perhaps though, we can be pardoned for relating one more instance of the extreme to which Bible verses can be twisted to bring out a desired meaning. It may well be that the following story is just fiction, but having heard it in my childhood, I recall how forcefully it brought out the point.

A minister was quite displeased with the fancy hats the women of his congregation were showing off in church. For a long time he searched his Bible for a suitable text, so that he could preach to the ladies about the folly and pride of their hats. At last he chose a text verse.

When Sunday morning came, he opened his Bible and announced, "My text this morning is taken from Matthew 24:17, 'Topknot, come down.'"

The minister's text, of course, was ridiculous, although preaching against the hats was not. And thus, it seems to me, we can only weaken a good cause by using questionable means to defend it. There is nothing wrong with zeal if it is kept in its harness, but it fast loses its capacity for good when it gets out of the tugs.

To move a Scripture out of its setting is no light matter, whether by mistake or by design. And yet it is something each one of us is subject to, something all of us must guard against. It seems the sincerest of Christians are at times tempted to read into the Bible something that is not there, and to overlook things that are. Knowing this, we can but pray to God for wisdom and guidance, and further enlightenment in the treasures of His Holy Word.

■ ■

Life is so Short

There's a matter I often give thought
Deep and rather sincere,
Can't we treat each other more kindly
For the little time we're here.

How can we waste one single hour
On malice, envy or hate,
When even a day or an hour from now
To amend it may be too late.

Life is at best but a shadow
Across the face of the sun;
How can we then spare time to make
Sorrow for anyone.

On the sloping hills past the city's gates
Lies many a one, I fear,
Whose lives might have been vastly different
For a little more kindness here.

THE SHEEP AND THE SHEPHERDS

(A Parable)



by Elmo Stoll

A number of years ago there was a man who had a very fine flock of sheep. He had taken good care of his flock, and culled out the bad ones until all his sheep were well-kept and in good shape. He raised his sheep for export, so it was important that his sheep all be good sheep.

This man thought a great deal of his sheep. The sheep thought a great deal of him, too, and they knew his voice and followed him gladly wherever he led them.

It happened that the time came for the owner of the sheep to go on a long trip to another land to make arrangements connected with the exporting of his sheep. So he chose six men as shepherds to care for the sheep during his absence.

Now the sheep owner's business was of such a nature that he could not tell exactly how long he might be away. He was much concerned that the sheep be cared for, even if it should happen that he would tarry longer than expected. So he spent much time preparing a manual called "The Care Of Sheep." When the manual was finished he gave the six shepherds each a copy.

There were many other things in the manual, but three points were stressed.

1. **The sheep must always remain one flock.** The owner did not want to come back and find that some of the sheep couldn't get along with the others. The sheep were all to be exported to the same country, so if they could not get along with each other, how could he export them?

2. **The sheep must by all means be kept apart from wolves.** Even if wolves acted friendly, or appeared to have had their teeth removed, as long as a wolf remained a wolf, he shouldn't be trusted.

3. **The sheep must be fed properly in order to keep them healthy.** There was plenty of good grass on the farm, but care should be taken to keep the sheep from wandering into the valleys, where many poisonous weeds grew.

Finally everything was ready for the departure of the owner. Very earnestly he told the shepherds to be faithful until he returned, and he would give them a great reward.

The six shepherds were happy with their work. They all liked sheep and they worked together every day, singing and talking as they labored. When one needed help to rescue a straying lamb, one of the others dropped his tasks and came running. If it took more than two, another volunteered his help. In that way a feeling of mutual concern was built up between the shepherds, a feeling that bound them together. Every evening the sheep were penned into the fold for the night.

It happened that one evening a sheep hung back when the others were being taken to the fold. The shepherds noticed what was happening and quickly two of them urged it back to the others.

The next day the sheep felt out of sorts for the way it had been forced against its will the evening before. Evening came and this sheep hung back again, this time

having arranged for the other sheep to make a commotion at the front of the flock. Thus the shepherds' attention was distracted, so that they did not notice the wayward sheep skipping gaily off to the valley in search of forbidden plants.

The next night the same thing happened, only by this time two other sheep also stayed outside the fold. Five of the shepherds were dismayed, but one shepherd said he couldn't see what was so bad about it, as apparently no harm was resulting from it. He believed the rumors about wolves was greatly exaggerated, anyhow. He hadn't seen many wolves around for a long time, and the ones he did see didn't seem so wicked to him. In fact, they appeared to be very friendly and harmless.

The shepherds got out the manual and checked up. Yes, it did say the sheep were all to be penned into the fold at night. But the shepherd who believed wolves weren't so bad, said, "Don't you know that manual is out-of-date?"

The sheep soon learned that one of the shepherds wasn't as strict as the others. Every night there were more sheep staying outside, and the five faithful shepherds were more alarmed than ever.

Things went on like that until finally the sheep were so bold that they went down into the valley to eat forbidden weeds right in broad daylight. And the five shepherds were helpless to do anything, because the one shepherd didn't see any danger. They called a meeting to discuss what to do. The shepherd who thought wolves weren't so bad, said he would leave and take his sheep with him. So he left with a good number of sheep who had developed an appetite for weeds, and grazed them on another part of the farm. This shepherd became known as The-Shepherd-Who-Felt-Wolves-Weren't-So-Bad.

The five remaining shepherds were puzzled what to think of it. They knew the manual said the sheep were to remain united. That was the first point the manual stressed. Yet, they also knew that the arrangement they had before wasn't any good, because with one shepherd no longer willing to discipline erring sheep, more and more sheep were being misled. So they didn't know what else to do but let the sixth shepherd leave, and hope for the best. Maybe the owner would return soon and put things back into order.

Time went on, as it has a way of doing. For a while all went well with the five shepherds that remained, and they worked together in peace and with one purpose. But then one shepherd noticed that one of the other shepherds was more popular than he was. When the Popular Shepherd came to the fold in the morning, a greater number of sheep greeted his voice with bleats of welcome than what bleated in answer to the Unpopular Shepherd's voice. The Unpopular Shepherd began to feel jealous of the Popular Shepherd. No matter what the Popular Shepherd did, the Unpopular Shepherd found

fault with it. Things got so bitter between the two, that finally the Unpopular Shepherd said he was going to leave and take all the sheep with him that weren't ashamed to stick with an unpopular shepherd. A number of sheep left with him, not because they liked him so well, but because they didn't like some of the sheep who stuck up for the Popular Shepherd. Thus the unity between the Unpopular Shepherd and his sheep was based largely on the fact that they were all opposed to the Popular Shepherd and his sheep.

By this time all kinds of reports were drifting in from the other part of the farm where grazed the sheep of The-Shepherd-Who-Felt-Wolves-Weren't-So-Bad. Some said every night the wolves killed a few sheep. When one of the four faithful shepherds that remained chanced one day to meet The-Shepherd-Who-Felt-Wolves-Weren't-So-Bad at the watering hole, he asked if the reports were true that wolves were eating many of his sheep.

"The wolves have eaten a few sheep, it is true," admitted The-Shepherd-Who-Felt-Wolves-Weren't-So-Bad, "but all those eaten were the sick and lame. They wouldn't have gotten well anyhow."

At that the Faithful Shepherd was about to ask why so many of his sheep were sick, whether perhaps they had been grazing on poisonous weeds too much, but then he decided the question would only cause ill feelings, so he held his peace.

Meanwhile things were not going too well in the flock of the Unpopular Shepherd. Since their unity had revolved around all being against the Popular Shepherd, as soon as they were away in a separate corner, they lacked the common enemy to bind them together and they fell to finding fault with each other. Soon the sheep began scattering in every direction. Some of them were devoured by the wolves, some joined The-Shepherd-Who-Felt-Wolves-Weren't-So-Bad, a few went back to the fold of the Faithful Shepherds, but a good number just wandered around the farm. Some of these wanderers finally decided to be shepherds themselves so they became The-Shepherds-Without-Any-Sheep. Others of them decided that all shepherds were bad and corrupt, and they became The-Sheep-Without-Any-Shepherds.

As time went on, the four Faithful Shepherds noticed that an alarming thing was taking place. The poisonous weeds in the valley were spreading wildly. For years they had remained about the same, but all of a sudden they multiplied in number and size beyond anything that any of the shepherds had ever heard of before. Hundreds of new kinds of weeds sprouted that no one had ever seen before. Some were not even recognized as poisonous until sheep began dying from them. Worse yet, some of the new kinds looked so much like nutritious herbs and beneficial plants that only the experts could tell them apart and sometimes even they disagreed. But the most dismaying of all the new kinds of weeds were those whose poison had a delayed effect; they were poisonous, but the harm didn't show up until months after the weeds were eaten. Thus it was almost impossible for the shepherds to convince the lambs that such varieties were actually dangerous, since they had never seen any harm come from them. Then, too, when sheep did get sick from the effect of these delayed poisons, there were always some older sheep around who would claim that the real cause of the sickness was some other weed.

With the overwhelming prevalence of weeds and the increasing difficulty of diagnosing the various kinds correctly, it soon became clear that the Faithful Shepherds needed more help in shepherding the sheep. So they carefully chose four more shepherds to help them. Things went better for a while, but the weeds just kept on increasing and spreading until it became almost impossible to keep the sheep from eating some. Of course, some sheep had a weakness for weeds anyhow, and watched their chance to get a mouthful, but even those sheep who didn't like weeds found that weeds were so plentiful that they often got a bite by mistake. Clearly something had to be done. More drastic measures needed to be taken to combat the growing danger to the

health of the flock. The shepherds wished by this time more than ever that the owner would return and tell them what to do. But when he did not come, they turned to the manual. In the manual they found plenty about the danger of weeds. In fact, they even discovered that the manual had predicted exactly what was happening, that the weeds would greatly increase, and that many sheep would get sick. But alas, the shepherds could not agree as to what solutions the manual recommended.

Three of the shepherds felt there was only one way to keep the sheep healthy and that was to build fences around the fields that were still safe for grazing, so there would be a clearly defined line between safe and unsafe grazing grounds. But the other five shepherds did not think that was a wise solution. "We must teach the sheep how dangerous weeds are so they won't want to eat them," they said. "That is better than making a fence. It would make a fence unnecessary. Besides, we never had fences before."

The three in favor of fences said, "Yes, we must teach them as well as we can. But the weeds have spread so wildly, and there are so many new kinds each year, that even with all the teaching we can do, we need the fences as an extra measure to help us survive."

The five could not be persuaded.

Nor could the three.

Meetings were called to dissolve the differences. All they produced were harsh words, bitterness, and ill feelings.

The five in favor of no fences took their sheep to one corner of the farm. The three in favor of fences took their sheep, hunted out the fields that still were the freest of weeds and prepared to build fences around them. Thus the two groups became known as The Fencers and The No-Fencers.

It seemed wrong to separate. The manual said it shouldn't be done. But it had been done before. All the shepherds knew that. So why couldn't it be done again? Somehow, it didn't seem quite as wrong as it had the times before.

By this time many changes had taken place among the first group of sheep who had gone with The-Shepherd-Who-Felt-Wolves-Weren't-So-Bad. The sheep had made friends with the wolves, and after a while, began to wear wolf hair instead of sheep wool. Things continued in that trend until the sheep and even the shepherd not only looked like wolves, but also acted like wolves in nearly every way. It was even whispered that they were wolves, for as some reasoned, if a sheep looked and acted like a wolf for a long period of time, for all practical purposes he was a wolf.

Because of the way they looked and acted, the first shepherd and his flock will henceforth be dropped from this parable, and no longer be considered as sheep or shepherds, in spite of what they call themselves. Furthermore, as has been mentioned before, the Unpopular Shepherd and his flock had also dispersed. So now the only two groups of sheep on the farm were The Fencers and The No-Fencers.

The No-Fencers bleated to each other in a friendly way for a while. The shepherds of The No-Fencers worked hard to train their sheep not to eat weeds, and pointed out examples of how sick they became when they did. Still they had sick sheep all the time. So the shepherds put forth greater efforts. They started special training schools to train the lambs and held special meetings to stress the importance of not eating weeds. But ironically enough, the very training schools that were meant to keep the sheep from eating weeds, in time caused the eating of weeds to be accepted. Young shepherds came into control and they believed that eating weeds was only harmful if done to excess. They reasoned that a few weeds tended to make sheep stronger, since it built up their resistance to the poison in weeds. It was a good theory and it came to be widely believed. But before long they couldn't agree as to what should be classed as a "few weeds," and how many weeds a sheep could eat until it was eating an "excess"

of weeds. Some sheep claimed to have a fantastic resistance to the poison in weeds. It happened in this way that very soon many sheep were living almost entirely on weeds. The poison in the weeds destroyed the soft fibers in their wool and made their coats look disturbingly similar to wolf hair. With the passage of time, more and more sheep in the fold of The No-Fencers looked exactly like wolves.

Meanwhile The Fencers were having troubles of a different nature. To begin with, it was hard to decide where the fences should be erected. None of the grazing grounds were entirely free of weeds. Nor were any of the grazing grounds entirely weeds. It was a matter of degree ranging from places with a few weeds to places with a majority of weeds. All the shepherds were agreed that the worst places were unsafe. They were also agreed that the best places were fairly safe. But what about those places half-way between, those places with almost too much good to mark them out as bad, but almost too much bad to class them as good? Should such places of grazing be inside or outside the fence?

Nevertheless, by giving up to each other, the shepherds at last came to a somewhat satisfactory agreement, and fences were built. Along with the building of fences, the shepherds also sought to train the sheep not to eat any weeds that might be inside the fence. Everything went fine for a while.

Then some of the lambs began to wander under the fence to graze outside. Some of the shepherds thought it shouldn't be allowed, but others reasoned that since they were lambs and not sheep, the fence didn't apply to them. Many of the sheep also felt that the lambs should be allowed to wander rather freely, for after all, they were lambs only once.

Thus many lambs grew up with a well-developed appetite for the weeds that grew freely outside the fence. When they grew to adult sheep, the shepherds had a hard time getting them to kneel low enough to get inside the fence again. Then, too, there was always the question about just exactly when a lamb was no longer a lamb and should be a sheep. Some lambs claimed to remain lambs for a remarkable length of time, so they could graze outside the fence.

The shepherds had to do much hard work and endure many heartaches because of so many lambs grazing outside the fence. But after a while it became the custom so that most of the sheep and many of the shepherds expected nothing else. In fact, they even thought there might be something wrong with a lamb when it didn't go outside the fence to graze.

It is true that many of the lambs did come inside the fence when they grew into sheep. For this the shepherds were thankful. But soon many of these sheep inside the fence began to remember how good the grass had tasted outside the fence, and they walked along the fence, reaching through as far as they could to eat grass.

One day a sheep did a bold thing. At a place where the barbs weren't tight, it pushed through the fence, and grazed on the outside of the fence in sight of all the others. But it was careful not to go too far away from the fence. For if it stayed close to the fence, who could prove that the grazing there was so much more unsafe than it was a few hundred feet away, just inside the fence?

Nevertheless, when the shepherds saw what happened, they chased the sheep in and repaired the fence. After a while, the same sheep found another place to get through the fence. Others watched, then followed. The shepherds chased them in, giving the wayward sheep a few whacks with their staffs. But having gotten once again a taste of the grass outside the fence, old appetites were awakened, and the sheep kept walking the fences looking for holes. Every once in a while they would break out.

The sheep became very skillful in finding and making holes in the fence, and the shepherds were kept almost constantly busy chasing them back in and trying to strengthen the fence. Because of this, they hardly had time to train the sheep not to eat weeds. Lacking this

training, more and more of them could see no reason why they shouldn't go outside the fence to graze. Thus it became a vicious circle, and endless round of breaking out and chasing in, of breaking out and chasing in. The sheep figured that if enough of them did it often enough, the shepherds would get tired punishing them for it. In turn the shepherds began to feel aggravated at the sheep for acting in such an unreasonable manner, and they began to whack rather harshly with their staffs. The sheep did not like to be scolded all the time, and ordered around by the shepherds. They began to feel cross at the shepherds, so that they had to be driven from one place to the other. They no longer willingly followed the shepherds as they had formerly done.

At last one of the shepherds had a brilliant idea. "Look," he cried, "those sheep always go just outside the fence to graze about a hundred yards. Let's move the fence over two hundred yards, and then they'll be well inside the fence. The weeds aren't that much worse in just a distance of two hundred yards that it really matters."

One of the older shepherds shook his head. "It won't work," he declared. "The more you give them, the more they'll want."

"You're being unreasonable," said the first. He was sure that if the fence were moved out a little, the problem would be solved and the sheep would be content. He kept talking and soon another shepherd was convinced that he had a point.

The two in favor of moving the fence tried in vain to talk the other shepherds into trying it. When they couldn't, they declared, "We will start a sheepfold of our own. We will take our sheep and go, and you can't stop us. We will move the fence out two hundred yards and show that our sheep are better contented."

They went. They took the discontented sheep with them.

The shepherds that remained had an easier time for a while, since the discontents were gone. Now the shepherds could spend more time training the lambs again, plus repairing the fence where it had become trampled down in spots.

Meanwhile strange things were taking place among The Fence-Movers. Even though the discontented sheep now had the extra hundred yards they wanted, they still weren't satisfied. Very soon they were pushing through the fence again, and were once more grazing a hundred yards outside. The two shepherds chased them in for a while, but when they tired of it, they decided the fence needed moving again. They did so, and the process repeated itself. They moved the fence another time. And again the same sheep pushed through and went to graze a hundred yards beyond.

By now things had gone so far that the one shepherd became alarmed. Already the fence was so far out that weeds made up a dangerous proportion of the grazing. "It's time we stop moving the fence," he declared. "The old shepherd was right, moving the fence isn't the answer. He was right when he said that the spirit of discontentment isn't cured by more liberty, but only fed by it."

Still the other shepherd was in favor of moving the fence again. They couldn't come to an agreement, so they divided, a thing that seemed quite acceptable by this time, since it had been done so often.

So each of the shepherds took their sheep, one to form the Keep-On-Moving-The-Fence-Forever sheepfold, and that other to try to hold the fence where it was. But it was pretty backward going, since his fence was so far out now that the sheep were constantly eating weeds and becoming sick and he was spending so much time with sick sheep that he didn't have time to properly look after the ones that were still healthy, or to care for the young lambs. He soon realized that although the fence had been hard to hold originally, it was much harder now since it had been moved that much farther onto unsafe grazing grounds. Another disturbing thing was the way the lambs kept saying to the sheep, "You moved the fence a

number of times. Why can't we move it again?"

The original Fencers now went on as before, seeing from the mistake of others that it did indeed not help to move the fence. As time went on, new shepherds were chosen to help shepherd the sheep and keep the fence tight.

Now, the fence was fine and it did its work, but it came to pass that some of the shepherds began to believe that anything that was inside the fence was good—since it was inside the fence it had to be good. Other shepherds realized that from time to time weed seeds had blown inside the fence and taken root there. They believed that weeds were weeds, whether they were inside or outside the fence, and that such weeds should be pulled out and thrown over the fence. But some of the weeds had been inside the fence for so long that one old shepherd said, "These weeds have always been here; they've been here ever since I can remember and never did anyone any harm."

In this way, it happened that once again, the shepherds could not agree, and in the course of time, feelings became so poor between various shepherds that they gave up trying to work together, and each took their own sheep and built a fence of their own. Thus some things were made better and some were made worse. Some weeds were pulled out, but often the ill feelings that resulted were worse than the weeds.

Nevertheless, time went on, and soon there were many different sheepfolds. All of them had copies of the same manual that the owner of the sheep had given telling how sheep should be cared for. Each shepherd in each in-

dividual sheepfold read the manual and tried to follow the words written in it. Yet they all lacked strength, for when one needed help, the differences that existed between them kept them from coming to each other's aid. Thus, to this day, many sheep are sick and dying within the fence, and others are outside the fence, straying farther and farther away from the safety of the fold.

It is certain that one of these days the owner of the sheep will return. What will he say to those shepherds who have led their sheep to mix with wolves and to become wolves themselves? What will he say to those shepherds who have allowed their personal feelings and ambitions to mean more to them than the welfare of the flock? What will he say to those shepherds who failed to read the signs of the times correctly and did not erect a fence as a firm and consistent standard to ward off the harmful and safeguard the good? What will he say to those shepherds, who, although seeing the need for a fence, have moved it again and again into unsafe territory, thus, instead of leading the sheep, being led by them? What will he say to those shepherds who have defended the existence of weeds within the fence, and have not tried to root out all such harmful grazing? What will he say to those shepherds, who, while recognizing a weed as a weed, have too often stressed it far out of proportion to its potential for harm, and have thereby transgressed a greater principle laid down in the manual—the principle of forbearance, love, and unity?

Yes, that is the question all the sheep and all the shepherds should ask themselves, "What will the owner say when he comes? What will he say about me?" ■■

CARRYING GRUDGES CAN BE DANGEROUS

SHE FELT IT WAS ALL
FANNY'S FAULT, BUT RUTH
HAD TO MAKE IT RIGHT BE-
FORE SHE COULD FIND PEACE.

—Author's name and state withheld.

I am just an ordinary housewife, I have a faithful husband, dear little children, a home and everything I need to make me happy. Early in life I gave myself to live for Christ. I was baptized, and attended church regularly. I liked to work, sing, and make others happy. I had peace in my heart, that is until several years ago, and then something happened. Satan planted a little weed in my heart. If only I could have plucked it out by the roots when it was small. How many heartaches I would have saved myself!

It all started so small. I have a relative, whom I shall call Fanny. She had a tongue that very frequently got out of control and she spoke harsh and bitter words. She was constantly finding fault and criticising others, even her own husband and children. I do not think she had a very happy home life.

I think this was part of the trouble. Fanny could not bear to see when Paul and I married, that we had a very happy home life. She seemed to be a restless, nervous, type of person, searching for the truth but never being able to find it.

After awhile I learned that Fanny was saying unkind things about me. The serious part of it was that we were together often and were on good terms. It was only when Fanny was with others that she made the cruel remarks about me.

I tried to take it all patiently. Surely Fanny did not realize what she was saying and did not realize the hearts that she saddened along the way. I prayed for Fanny and tried to forgive each remark that she made. I asked God with tears in my eyes that He would help

Fanny to find the life filled with happiness.

As time went on, Fanny did not change. She kept on saying things about me, tales that cut to the heart. I found hard to forgive. Satan had planted his little weed in my heart, and unknowingly, I was nursing it. It kept growing bigger and bigger until it blossomed into a full-sized grudge.

Two years passed before I became aware of the fact that something was wrong. I lost my earnest desire to read the Bible. When I forced myself to read it, my thoughts wandered elsewhere. God seemed so far away! I tried to pray to God and trust Him as I had from the time I was a little girl, but something had come between us.

Finally I became troubled and burdened down. I was so nervous that I was even curt to Paul. Yes, to my own dear husband, whom I loved so much. The children seemed to be so naughty and getting into mischief continually.

All the time I was brooding about Fanny. If only she would not say such cruel and bitter things about me, everything would be all right. It was all her fault.

One day I sat down to think about my plight. I could understand why I felt so bad about Fanny for she had done me wrong. But what about my husband, or the children? What had they done? Why was I so sharp with them?

Gradually the truth dawned upon me. It was not my husband, it was not the children. No, it was not even Fanny's fault. It was me! Something had gone wrong with me, but what was it? Frantically I started sear-

ching for the truth, and I went to the Bible to find it.

In Romans 12:18 I read, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written, Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

The questions came to my mind very gently, "Do you have peace with all men or are you trying to avenge yourself?" I tried to push it away. "Fanny should come apologize to me," I assured myself. I still could see no reason why I should have to go to Fanny. I tried to dismiss it. I was not yet ready to give myself up.

Weeks passed but the burden was still there. In fact it was heavier than ever. When I was working in the house, it was there. When I went to chore, it was there. I became fearful of the dark for it seemed the spirit of darkness was clutching at me, mocking me and laughing at my predicament. The spirit of darkness followed me to church and even the minister could give me no consolation. The minister pointed his finger straight at me when he preached about the two spirits that want to live in us. He pointed out that there is a war to be fought and the heart is the battlefield. I wept, for I knew the battle was fierce. The two spirits were fighting inside me and I was afraid they would tear me apart.

Over and over again the ministers reproved me. I sat and listened while it was pointed out that "the happy man is the obedient man." I read the Bible to see if I could find Scripture to back up my point of view but there was none.

I picked up the book "Rules of A Godly Life" and read, "If anyone wrong you, exercise a patient and forgiving spirit and dismiss the matter. A small sin that is loved and nurtured can condemn a man as well as a gross sin. A small leak, if not repaired, can sink a ship in time. Permit not envy or hatred in your heart, nor carry a grudge against anyone. God loved us when we were his enemies for His sake. Even though you may think your enemy unworthy of your forgiveness, it is well worth doing it for Christ's sake."

In Matthew 5 I read, "Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar and thou rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

Communion services would be coming soon and I wanted very much to have a clear conscience to go along to communion. In 1 Cor. 11:29 I read, "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself."

I knew I could not go along to communion with this burden on my heart. I knew I would have to go and make peace with Fanny but it was so hard to give myself up. As I look back now I wonder why it was so hard to do but the longer a person plays with sin, the harder it is to get rid of it.

I wanted to go but then the thoughts would come to me, "Fanny doesn't even know you have a grudge against her. She will never understand."

The turmoil kept getting bigger in my heart until finally I was afraid I would lose my mind. I never knew anyone could be so miserable.

One evening I was out in the barn waiting for Paul to bring in the cows. Finally I could stand it no longer. I fell on my knees and threw up my hands and said, "Oh Lord, what shall I do? I'm ready to do anything to get rid of this terrible thing which is keeping me away from Thee. Help me to get rid of it for I don't want it any longer Take not thy Holy Spirit from me, dear Lord."

The thought came to me right away, "Go, and make it right."

"Yes, - but, she was the fault of it all," I faltered.

Again the answer came firmly, "You are the one to give account of yourself. No matter what all she had done, you are responsible for what you do."

"I want to make it right," I promised. "Just give me one more chance."

As I went about my work, I thought, "What if something should happen to me before I have a chance to

make it right?"

The next day I would have the chance to talk to Fanny for we had invited them over for dinner.

That night I had trouble going to sleep. I tossed and turned, tormented by Satan's thoughts. "God doesn't love you any more for you have waited too long," he whispered to me.

"Oh God," I prayed, "if there should be no mercy and pardon then your dying on the cross would have been in vain."

I was troubled again by thoughts from the tempter, but as I prayed, the thoughts came to me, "Satan is mighty, but God is almighty." I knew I wanted to make it right but back in my mind was still a little doubt which told me I would not be able to go through with it. "You can't, you can't, I know you can't," came the thoughts. I kept on praying for I knew that with God all things are possible. Finally I fell into a troubled sleep.

The next morning dawned bright and clear, today was here at last. I had mixed feelings as I prepared breakfast. First there was a feeling of dread, and then there was an anxiousness to have it overwith. I would get it

(Continued on page 5)

THE RIGHT TIME TO CHOOSE

(Author's name withheld)

For some time I have been thinking of writing an article for **Family Life** and my husband even urged me to do so. There are some things in life which we all must learn, and I have one thing in mind which I thought might be helpful to others.

Since my husband wanted me to write and he is very near and dear to me, I have decided to choose him as my subject (without his knowledge).

When I first learned to know him, he wasn't one of the quietest in the bunch, neither was he one of the loudest or boldest of the boys. He was just an average, good-looking boy.

I thought a lot of him the first time he took me home and I guess he did of me, too, for he asked me for the next Sunday night. From there on we were "going steady" as the saying goes.

It wasn't very long, though, until I discovered something about him which didn't appeal to me at all. Occasionally he smoked. We were both brought up in Old Order Amish homes. His parents and my parents were both opposed to smoking, and I was, too. Now what?

The first time when I found it out, I saw him do it and he knew that I saw him. That evening I let him know in no uncertain way what I thought about it. That was the last time he did it in front of me. I thought it was nice that he respected me that much. But unfortunately, it wasn't the last time he smoked.

I smelled it every once in awhile and a sort of a wall came up between us. I tried to be kind and patient but I always said something about it when I noticed it on him. I had a great love and concern for this boy spiritually and I had a faith in God that with His help, I could get this boy to see it.

A year went by and he was still smoking. Promises to quit and to try to quit were broken. I think he really tried it several times but his buddies were a hindrance. Who wants to be laughed at? At times I was very much discouraged.

The time came when he spoke to me of marriage, but I firmly told him that I would not consider it unless he quit smoking. I felt almost cruel and yet I felt I was being kind to him as well as to his parents and to mine. I knew that we must put God first and wait for Him to open the way.

It wasn't long until he gave himself up and it has never bothered him since as far as I know. As long as he tried to quit by himself, it didn't work, but when he finally saw the need of it and really wanted to quit and depended on

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God to help him do it, he was cured.

Oh, such a wonderful feeling for both of us. I have never regretted the stand I took, for it did bring us much happiness. We are now happily married with nothing in the way that we know of to stand between us or to cause bad feelings.

Of course, in married life there will always be problems and bad feelings can easily arise. This is Satan's way to come between us. Now when something comes up we always talk it over and try to find out what's wrong, and why. Usually it's not as bad as it looked in the first place and if we are loving and forgiving towards one another, it will only bring us closer together.

— Missouri.

Five Steps

The story is told of a young man sitting in prison with the death penalty on his head for a crime he had committed. He was becoming restless and was doing some serious thinking for tomorrow he must pay the penalty and reap the consequences of his deeds.

Taking a piece of paper and pen, he drew a picture of

the gallows with five steps leading up to it.

On the first step he wrote **"Disobedience to parents."**

On the second step he wrote **Disrespect for the Sabbath."**

On the third, he wrote, **"Drinking and stealing."**

On the fourth, he wrote, **"Murder."**

Then on the last step he put the gallows and eternity.

To this young man, eternity looked very dark indeed. He imagined himself standing on a pinnacle ready to leap into darkness. "In vain I look for light beyond the darkness. I cry out for help, the only sound is an empty echo coming out of darkness," he said.

The seed was sown, and without repentance, it must be reaped in eternity. That was the young man's own choice. If only he had not taken that first step.

The first step to sin is disobedience and disrespect of authority. The Lord has blessed us with a sound mind and a mouth to speak. Let us use it to His honor and glory.

Let us say with David, "Search me, O God and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting" Ps. 119).

—Selected by Mrs. Sylvia Miller.

CHILD TRAINING : WISDOM OF MEN OR TEACHINGS OF THE BIBLE?

Joseph Stoll

Abie Miller walked up to the counter and handed the pharmacist the prescription Dr. Warren had given for the baby. Meanwhile, his wife, holding little year-old Amanda, waited at the back of the drugstore.

"Looks like an ear infection," the doctor had said. "Nothing bad yet, but it needs attention."

The druggist frowned at the hastily-scribbled prescription, and then said, "I'll be about ten minutes, Mr. Miller. Do you have other shopping, or would you like to wait?"

"We'll wait," answered Abie. He strolled slowly back to where his wife was standing, glancing at the hundreds of items on the display shelves as he went. Beauty aids, razor blades, shampoos, cold remedies, vaseline, candy bars, toothpaste.

"Should be ready in ten minutes, Mary," Abie told his wife.

"Look here on the book rack, Abie," motioned Mrs. Miller. "There's a paperback called **Baby and Child Care**. It says on the cover it's the biggest seller of all time, and over eight million copies have been sold."

"Who's the author?"

"Dr. Benjamin Spock."

"Never heard of him."

"Anyway, Abie, it's only fifty cents. If it sold that many copies, it must have a lot of good advice."

"Buy it if you want it, Mary, though I can't say I go much for some of these modern ideas."

Mrs. Miller picked the book from the rack with her one free hand, and gave it to her husband, "Take it up front with you when you go after the prescription."

"Say, here's another book on child training," an-

nounced Abie. "Didn't you see this one, **The Gesell Institute's CHILD BEHAVIOR?**"

"No, I didn't."

"Might as well get it too while we're buying books," Abie laughed

The door beside them opened and their neighbor, Sam Gingerich, entered. Sam was about fifty, and an Amish minister. He was clutching a prescription in his left hand.

"Hello, Abie," he greeted in his deep voice. "And Mary, too," he said, as he noticed her.

"Good afternoon, Sam. Someone sick at your house too?"

"Nothing much. Nothing much. I've got this hay fever real bad, but there's lots worse things. But I will be glad when the first hard frost comes along." Sam glanced at the two books Abie was holding "Going to learn how to raise your children right, are you?" he asked smiling.

"Mary was interested in reading these books. Do you know anything about them?" Abie held them up for Sam to see.

"Fact is, I think I've looked through both of 'em, but it's been a couple of years and I can't remember it all. Seems to me though..." Sam's voice took on a serious note. "Seems I remember those experts have got some high-sounding notions, and they don't fit in very good with the way we bring up our children."

"Maybe we shouldn't buy them then?" questioned Abie.

"Well, now, I don't know." Sam rubbed the top of his bald head. "There's lots of good advice for young parents like you, I'm sure, 'specially in Spock's book there. But just don't expect to agree with it all. At least, I hope you won't agree with everything."

Sam took his prescription up front then, and Abie and Mary discussed whether perhaps they shouldn't buy the books after all.

Abie paged through the books. "There's a whole section here on illnesses and the care of a sick child. And here's a table what to do for different kinds of poisons, if a child happens to swallow them. We haven't got a doctor book, so surely this ought to be worth fifty cents to us. We might as well take the other book too."

The Millers took the two books home, and Mary was soon reading them in her spare moments. She told Abie about certain chapters, and before long he was reading too.

Some of the advice, they decided, was pretty good. But

Give and Take

Give a smile for every frown,
Take the wrong that brings the crown
Give the word that's kind—not cross,
Take rebuke, let others boss.
Give impatience not a place,
Take from God your needed grace.
Give a love that's deep, sincere,
Take the hurt, nor mind the tear.
Give a spirit, humbly meek,
Take the railings others speak,
Give the other first his choice,
Take last place, in it rejoice.
Give of order all that's neat,
Take disorder blindly sweet.
Give yourself to watch and pray,
Take with thanks, what comes your way.
Give a heart that sorrow shares,
Take a load some other bears.
Give endurance mid the foam,
Take the billows, ride them home.
Give yourself to do God's will,
Take the cross and be thou still.
Give the kindest way you know,
Take the knocks—by them you grow.
—Selected

some of it puzzled them. Was it true that it was only normal for children to go through bad stages of misbehavior, during which time they were terribly hard to get along with? Was it true that the best way to handle them was to calmly maneuver them out of as much trouble as possible, but never to confront them face to face and make them behave for example, by an old-fashioned spanking?

Indeed, the one book said that to spank was to admit defeat, that somehow the parents had failed or they would never have gotten into a dead-end corner there the only thing left to do was to spank.

"Wait a minute," said young Abie Miller, when he had read that part of the book that condemned spanking, "That doesn't quite agree with the Bible, if I know anything. What's that verse in Proverbs, Mary, the one about, 'He that spares the rod hates his son, but he that loves his son chastens him sometimes.'? Maybe we'd better just toss that book into the stove."

Abie Miller was not joking when he suggested tossing the little book on child training into the fire. He was serious. "If these books taught some false doctrine," he told his wife, "something like the Jehovah's Witnesses books, we wouldn't want them in the house. Really, I wonder how much difference there is."

One thing certain, the wisdom in the two little books had not been taken from the pages of the Bible. The more he thought about it, the clearer it became to Abie Miller that the Bible taught one way of child training, and these books he and his wife had brought home from the corner drugstore taught another way. A man couldn't possibly follow both. If the Bible way was God's way, then this modern reasoning must be unsound doctrine.

What caused Abie to reach such a conclusion? Let's see.

The Wisdom of Men

The experts keep changing their opinions. First the pendulum swings one way, and then it comes crashing back, brushing aside what twenty years before was

considered the final word of science. Dr. Spock's famous book has been around since 1945, and during that time it has gone through a number of revisions, with changes of emphasis. The author admits in the introduction of a recent edition, "If you are an old reader of this book, you'll see that a lot has been added and changed, especially about discipline, spoiling, and the parents' part."

It would not be fair to say the psychologists aren't learning anything. With their continued testings and studyings, and millions of willing "Guinea pigs" who believe every word they utter and try out every theory, they must surely learn a great deal.

But it is with child training as it is with any other subject, - - the study of it must start from something basic, from a true and unshakable foundation. The Bible sets forth the basic facts about children and child-training. To ignore these Bible truths is to build a castle on quicksand instead of upon a solid foundation. What more can be expected than a changing parade of clever theories that look good between the covers of a book, but don't work when applied in real life?

In today's world, badly-trained children are not a rarity. Rebellious, disobedient, loud-mouthed, filthy-tongued, lazy, quarrelsome, selfish, unhappy, frustrated - - these are all adjectives that describe boys and girls who are being brought up wrongly.

True, the so-called child experts don't want these things either, any more than Christian parents do. But their methods have made a mess of many a home in spite of what their intentions are. And some of these messed-up homes are homes that carry the name of Christian, where the parents should know better.

Just visit a home where the children talk back to the parents, where the mother is run ragged by the demands of her children, where obedience is something to be bargained for, and chances are that Dad and Mom have been reading the psychologists.

LET Them Grow Out Of It

How does the system work? First of all, according to these experts, the child goes through a series of stages where he is by turns well-behaved and by turns hard to handle. At two years of age the average child is good-natured and co-operative, but at two-and-a-half he becomes a little rebel. Parents often say they can't do a thing with a child of this age. And so, the books recommend, either fence the child in, or fence in your possessions. Then patiently endure the ruckus until he turns three, when he once more hits an easy-to-get-along-with plateau.

The idea is that if a child is going through a difficult stage, it is best to let him alone, for he will surely grow out of it. They see no point in punishing him, for it may be that his bad behavior is partly a result of your demanding too much from him. Why punish a child for being "normal?"

Also, these experts say, misbehavior may be a means of releasing tension. When the child throws a temper tantrum, they think he should be ignored and he'll soon lose interest. Parents have to be understanding, and not raise issues; it is best to be tactful, and avoid a showdown.

Today's theory is that a child's character is largely born with him. What the parents do, or do not do, really is not going to change matters a whole lot.

According to the experts, it is the most normal thing in the world for six or seven year old children to lie if they are caught in mischief; therefore it is best not to accuse them directly, for this is only tempting them. If six-year-old Jimmy has climbed up to the top pantry shelf and tumbled down a vase, it doesn't work to blame him to his face, for that is "literally pushing him into a lie." Instead, just say, "Why, how could you reach that high shelf?" He will tell you (not realizing what he is saying), "Oh, I just pushed that chair over and climbed up." (The book does not say what steps to take then, but perhaps a lock could be placed on the pantry door.)

Today's child experts say that if a child is caught

Beginning in the August BLACKBOARD BULLETIN a continued story:



THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

by Teachers Three

Orpha Wengerd had worked out for several years as a hired girl. One summer she grew tired of always working for other people. She longed to be on her own and to do things her own way. So she decided to teach school. "Teaching should be a pleasant change of pace," thought Orpha. She soon found out it was a change of pace all right, but it wasn't always pleasant. When a day at school hadn't gone like she wished it would have, Orpha found herself saying, "Oh, well, there's always tomorrow." Tomorrow always came, but it didn't always bring what she expected.

Don't miss the first chapter of this continued story in the Blackboard Bulletin. It begins in the August issue and will continue through the May issue. Send your check for \$2.00 to begin your subscription to:

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telling a lie occasionally, it is nothing to be alarmed about for they assert that even grown-ups sometimes get into a jam where the only tactful way out is to tell a lie!

Do brothers and sisters fight? Of course. And the books say there is really very little that parents can do about it. These experts think the parents should give up the idea that they can have of a houseful of children all getting along nicely with each other without fighting. If you accept fighting as the normal thing, it's not nearly so disappointing.

According to the modern books on child training, one September, 1971

way to keep the children in a family from quarrelling is to keep them apart. They advise giving their meals at separate times and if necessary, having one of the children spend a season at the home of a relative.

And stealing? Well, the problem is likely to come up between the ages of five and eight, when the child is not mature enough to withstand the temptation of taking someone else's things. Really, at this age, say the experts, a child doesn't have a real sense of property and he probably doesn't mean anything bad by stealing; he is just as likely to give away something valuable of his own.

However, they still feel that stealing should be discouraged by keeping valuable articles locked up. "Simply turning a key in a lock," says the Gesell Institute, "is going to do more to prevent pilfering...than all the talk and all the punishing in the world."

One other suggestion is to increase the child's allowance so that he does not feel the need of stealing.

They say there is always a way to outwit and outmaneuver a child if the parent is alert. Maybe the child doesn't want to take his medicine. Parents are faced with the problem: Shall we use force if necessary to make a child accept medication?

In general, claim the experts, the answer is "No". Most medicines today are available in tasty syrups that make the taking of them fairly easy. If a medicine is available only in pill form, the pills can be crushed and mixed with syrup.

And there are, of course, many other simple tricks for getting medicine into children. For example, hiding small pills in bread, or disguising the taste with some favorite flavor. If the child puts up too much of a fuss, it may be better for the parent to retreat temporarily, and try it again later.

The same tactics recommended for the child who doesn't like going to the dentist. Coax him, bribe him, persuade him, but don't force him against his will. If he still resists, it is best to postpone the treatment. Often a child who is bitterly resistant in October is more receptive in January. But if the dental work is urgent, the child can be admitted to the hospital and the work done there, under anesthetic.

They say getting a three-year-old to mind is largely a game of getting him to want to do the things that need to be done. Children of this age, psychologists claim, respond well to reasoning, to the promise of a surprise, to imagination. "The indirect approach often works well," says the Gesell Institute. "For instance, get a child to take off his outer clothing by your guessing what color his socks are - - of course guessing all the wrong colors first."

The Error Of It All

Young Abie Miller and his wife had only been married two years. Their only child was thirteen months old, and they had not yet had the opportunity of trying very many child training methods. However, Abie was the oldest in a family of ten children, and he had learned a few things from his father and mother. He had observed for himself that children can be taught to obey, and that they were happiest when they were being obedient. He had seen that a whipping, rightly administered, could change a rebellious frustrated child into a loving sweet one within minutes. And he knew that the Bible taught the use of the rod.

So Abie did not believe everything he read in the child training books. Instead, he and Mary resolved to study up on the subject from the other side, to see what the Bible said, and what the experience of many generations of Christian parents had proved.

Abie remembered what the cigarette-smoking father had told him in the hospital waiting room the night baby Amanda was born, "Enjoy her while she's a baby, for it won't be long before she's a screaming little brat that's bent on getting her own way. My little girl's five and she rules the house. My wife can't do a thing with her, and I know better than to try."

"No wonder," thought Abie, as he remembered the

man, "They probably raised her that way, and never broke her will."

Abie and Mary found that the subject of child-training was frequently mentioned in the book of Proverbs:

"He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Proverbs 13:24.

"Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Proverbs 19:18.

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." Proverbs 22:15.

"Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beatest him with a rod, he shall not die." Proverbs 23:13, 14.

"The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame...Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul." Proverbs 29:15, 17.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6.

From these few verses in the book of Proverbs, the Millers learned three important things about child-

FATHERS AND SONS

"I must look to the sheep in the fold;
See the cattle are fed and warm.
So Jack, tell mother to wrap you well;
You may go with me over the farm.
Thought the snow is deep, and the weather is cold
You are not a baby at six years old."

Two feet of snow on the hillside lay
But the sky was as blue as June.
And the father and son came laughing home
When dinner was ready at noon.
Knocking the snow from their weary feet,
Rosy and hungry and longing to eat.

"The snow was so deep," the farmer said,
"That I feared I could scarce get through."
The mother turned with a pleasant smile,
"Then what could a little lad do?"
"I trod in my father's steps," said Jack,
"Wherever he went, I kept his track."

The mother looked in his father's face
And a solemn thought was there;
The words had gone like a lightning flash
To the seat of a nobler care;
"If he treads in my steps, then day by day
How carefully I must choose my way!"

For the child will do as the father does,
And the track that I leave behind,
If it be firm and clear and straight,
The feet of my son will find.
He will tread in his father's steps and say,
'I am right, for this is my father's way.'

O fathers, leading in life's hard road
Be sure of the steps you take
Then the sons you love, when grey-haired men
Will tread in them still for your sake.
Then grey-haired men to their sons will say,
"Oh, tread in our father's steps today!"

Author Unknown

training:
1. Parents are commanded to correct the inborn foolishness and self-will of a child by bringing him to submission and obedience.

2. The rod is an instrument of training that is effective, and therefore it is commanded in the Bible.

3. By their training, parents largely mold a child's character for good or bad.

As Abie and Mary read through the New Testament, they added a number of points. These were in agreement with the teachings of Proverbs, and nowhere did they find any suggestion that the child training advice of the Old Testament had been canceled. So they added the following points:

4. Parents are to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, being careful, however, not to provoke them to anger, lest they be discouraged. Eph. 6:4 and Col. 3:21.

5. Children are commanded to obey their parents in the Lord, and to honor them. Eph. 6:1-3 and Col. 3:20.

6. The Apostle Paul names disobedience to parents as one of the bad signs of the latter days. 2 Tim. 3:2.

7. Church leaders are to be chosen from those who rule their own houses well, having their children in subjection with all gravity,—faithful children, not accused of riot or unruly. 1 Tim. 3:4-12 and Titus 1:6.

8. Correction brings reverence. Where there is no correction, the father is either not a true father, or the son not truly a son. Hebrews 12: 7-9.

Train Them To Obey

The child must be made submissive to his parents and learn to obey them. This is what the Bible plainly teaches. This is God's order of things, and only in this way can children be happy and the home a place of harmony.

Contrary to common belief, there is joy in submission and liberty in obedience. (Every Christian, in his relationship to God, experiences this.) Far from "taking the spirit out of a child," training him to be obedient clears the way for unobstructed growth mentally and spiritually. The disciplined child knows what is expected of him, and this makes it much easier for him. He is content to let his more experienced parents make the major decisions in life, and thus he is happier and more relaxed than the child who is forever wrangling to get his own selfish way.

Mrs. Susannah Wesley, mother of seventeen children (among whom were the famous brothers, John and Charles Wesley) explained how she taught her sons and daughters to be obedient. "In order to form the minds of children," she wrote, "the first thing to do is to conquer their will and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and one must, with children, proceed by slow degrees as they are able to bear it; but subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once, the sooner the better..."

"I insist upon conquering the will of children because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education. Without this both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, a child will be capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind."

Mrs. Wesley, of course, lived several hundred years ago when the Bible was still the world's foremost authority on child training. She was not influenced by the thought and theory of today.

Neither was Mr J.C. Ryle, a minister in the Church of England, who wrote a pamphlet on child training in the year 1844. On the subject of obedience, Ryle advised, "Parents, determine to make your children obey you though it may cost you much trouble, and cost them many tears. Let there be no questioning, and reasoning, and disputing, and delaying, and answering again. When you give them a command, let them see plainly that you will have it done."

"Do you wish to see your children happy? Take care, then, that you train them to obey when they are spoken to - do as they are bid....Children can not learn too soon that this is a world in which we are not intended to rule, and that we are never in our right place until we know how to obey. Teach them to obey while young, or else they will be fretting against God all their lives long, and wear themselves out with the vain idea of being independent of His control."

Prevention Is Better

Reading the modern books on child rearing is enough to give a young father and mother a bad case of the blues. Is it really normal for children to be cranky and stubborn and hard to get along with? Must they pass through periods of temper tantrums, of fighting like animals, of stealing and lying?

The old saying is that prevention is better than cure. Not having a cure to offer (except time and growing-up), the child experts lay out a course for preventing the worst. If the children fight, keep them apart. If they steal, lock up your valuables. If they lie, don't ask any hard questions.

Is this really prevention, or is it merely dodging issues?

There is a way of prevention that works, the Biblical way that has been tried and proven. By this method the seven-year-old child is prevented from fighting and stealing and lying by having been paddled at the age of one. As soon as a child begins to assert itself, he is taught to obey and be submissive. This training continues through childhood. As long as he is still too young to choose right from wrong, his parents choose for him.

True, going to the dentist is no holiday for anyone, even for the obedient child. But the child who is used to obeying, and has confidence in his parents, will take their word for it that going to the dentist is necessary, however unpleasant it may be. Taking bitter medicine is much the same -- if Daddy tells me to take it to help me get well, I take it. And that is that.

When children obey, life is a lot simpler.

But isn't beating a child cruel? Isn't it a barbarian practice that civilized parents should be ashamed of? The answer depends on what you call cruel, and what you consider civilized. Many sensible parents think it is cruel to let their children grow up selfish and spoiled. And they consider people who are kind and honest and unselfish as being quite a bit more civilized than those who fight and lie and steal.

Certainly, there is more to child training than whipping him until he learns to obey. Let no one get a wrong impression. Making a child submissive is only the first step. There must also be Christian teaching and training, line upon line, and precept upon precept, developing the child's conscience so that as he grows older he learns to choose the right of his own accord.

There must be a good example, a living of one's teachings. There must be the influence of the church, made up of Christians who place God first in their lives.

And there must be, above all, love.

Well-behaved children don't just happen, and they aren't born that way. Well-behaved children are the result of prayerful teaching and training, carried out in a Scriptural manner and set in a close-knit Christian family. Break any part of the formula -- let there be strife between father and mother, let there be love without discipline, or discipline without love, let there be any other imperfection -- and there is no assurance of success.

"Train up a child in the way he should go..." is a command that godly parents can obey only through the grace and help of the Lord. Worldly parents, therefore, will not understand.

Perhaps that is why the philosophers that write the modern rules make everything so terribly complicated and difficult; perhaps that is the reason their readers raise children that must be coaxed and wheedled and bribed. ■■

OUR OWN DECISION

— Author wishes to remain anonymous

"C'mon, Perry, let's go sit on a buggy," said Levi Beachy as the two boys came out of the house after lunch. It had been a warm day to sit in church and they were ready for some fresh air. As soon as they were seated, Levi started in, "Did you see those boys monkeying around today?"

"Sure did," said Perry Schmucker, "and to think it was only the second time Allan Sommers went in with the boys. He thinks he's so smart because he's younger than we are and we both have to sit with our dads. Did you notice when Toby Bontrager just quit preaching and waited till the boys quieted down?"

"I'm sure glad that wasn't me," Levi answered. "I know what I'd have coming when I got home."

"I'm just afraid he's spoiled it for us now, and we can't start going in with the boys for a long time," Perry said, "and here I was thinking of asking Dad again next week."

Had anyone been eavesdropping they could have heard by the sound of his voice that Perry was very much disgusted. He and Levi had often talked of the time when they could make the change, but neither of their fathers thought there was any hurry. There were less than a dozen families in this new settlement and when the parents had moved here, they had hoped they could eliminate some of the trouble with misbehaving boys in church. Now to see that Allan Sommers was making trouble so soon was almost more than they could take.

"It probably won't do any good, but why don't we ask our dads again this week?" Perry said. "We can't do worse than get a 'No.'"

"You go ahead and ask yours if you want to," Levi said drearily, "but I'm not going to ask mine. The last time I asked he said I was to forget the matter for awhile. If you can go in with the boys then I'll be the only one left. I can just hear Allen tease me." Then he added, shaking his fists, "But he'd better not."

"Don't worry, I won't start until you do. I wouldn't want to be the only one left so I'll wait on you."

"Will you really do that?" Levi said earnestly. "That's really nice of you. You will always be my friend."

Out under the maple tree a group of men were having quite a discussion. "It's going to take all of us working together to keep such things from happening again," Toby Bontrager, one of the ministers said. "We had so much of that out where we came from and I hoped we could keep it better here. I wonder if one of the boys isn't pretty young yet who is going in with the boys?"

"Our Perry has been asking us for awhile already to let him make the change," Henry Schmucker said, scratching his bald head. "We felt there is really no hurry yet. It is a bit hard for them to understand if they see that younger ones have started already."

"Yes, our Levi has spoken to us already, too," Ed Beachyspoke up. "I felt that before we give our consent there are several rules he will have to agree to live up to. One is that if we find out he has been in mischief he'll have to go in with me again for awhile. Another thing we tried to stress is the importance of each one doing his part in making church what it should be and keeping in mind why we go to church in the first place."

Jake Beiler cleared his throat. He was the older of the two ministers. "Something else I feel we should encourage is that everyone who is old enough should help sing. Maybe we should say something more often in our sermons but that was one thing I had to promise my father when I started going in with the boys. I remember some of the boys made fun of me about it but I guess that didn't really hurt me."

"I can well remember the time when I would have

liked to help sing, but because the others didn't I felt they would think I was a smartie if I did," Ed Beachy spoke up. "Of course I know that's a poor excuse, but at that age I couldn't see things as I do now. With some encouragement from the ministers and my parents, I would really have enjoyed to help sing in church."

Old John Yoder was the oldest man in the group. Now he gave his opinion. "I'm glad to hear what you think about these things. If you parents encourage it at home and the ministers mention it occasionally in church, it might do wonders in getting the boys interested in doing their part in church. For boys of that age, it's hard to stare into space for an hour and not do something they shouldn't do. If they feel we are depending on them to take part in the singing they may take an interest, and before long they will enjoy it as much as we do. They will feel needed," he said, stroking his white beard and then he added, "and really they are needed very much."

It was one evening nearly two weeks later and Perry was finishing his second cow. When his dad walked by, Perry said a bit nervously, "Dad."

Although Dad thought he already knew what was coming, he stopped and asked intently, "Yes?"

"I was just wondering- a-I was thinking-maybe-maybe if you didn't care I could start going in with the boys tomorrow," Perry stammered, gaining more courage as he went on. "That is if Levi Beachy gets permission from his dad. I don't want to go unless he Joes."

Henry smiled as his thoughts went back to his own boyhood days. He well remembered the time when he had asked his own father the same question. With a deep feeling he said, "Well, Perry, maybe we ought to talk it over with your mother tonight."

"O.K.," Perry replied, his hopes rising high. At least Dad hadn't said "no" right off.

That evening after supper Henry Schmucker folded

the magazine he was reading. "And now," he started slowly, turning toward his wife, "what do you think, Mother, about Perry going in with the boys tomorrow? He's just our little boy, yet after all, isn't he?" There was a twinkle in his eyes as he looked at Mother.

"Well, he's not as little as he was," she answered, smiling at Perry. "But I guess it depends a lot on how Perry feels about certain things."

"Oh, I think I can behave, if that is what you're worried about," Perry said quickly.

"That's one very important part," said Henry, "and another one is why we go to church. Do you think if you were a minister, it would be easy for you to preach if some of the people were sleeping, some were walking out unnecessarily, and some maybe even making monkeyshines?"

Perry started at the thought of what his father had said. He had never given it a thought that it would ever be possible that a young boy like him would ever grow up and become a minister. Thoughtfully, he said, "No, I don't think it would be easy."

"And another thing," his Dad went on, looking kindly at his son, "we were talking about it after church the other Sunday. All the parents feel that if the boys are old enough to go in with the group of boys then they are old enough to help sing in church. We need your help in singing. You have already learned some of the slow tunes and it won't take long to learn some more."

"But do the other boys help sing who go in with the group?" Surely his dad wouldn't ask him to do something the others didn't do.

"Some of them do, and with a little encouragement we hope that all our boys and girls who can, will help sing. Every one of us has a place to fill in church and if we don't do what we can, we may be called a lazy servant."

Henry Schmucker saw that his son was doing some deep thinking. "Mother and I want to do what is best for you and the church," he said. "Now you take your time and think this over. When you decide that you are willing to do your part, you let us know. It's up to you."

"Hey, Perry, did you ask your Dad?" inquired Levi Beachy the next day after church.

"Yes, did you?" his buddy wanted to know.

"No, I didn't, but Dad started to me about it and was I ever surprised!" Levi answered.

"What did he say?"

"Well he said quite a lot," Levi answered slowly. "He laid down some rules and said I should think them over."

"Like what for instance?" "Well, number one is behaving, but of course I know that much. Number two is remembering why we go to church and listening to what the ministers say. Number three is filling our place in church." Levi broke off not being sure whether he ought to say the rest.

"And helping sing?" Perry questioned.

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Cause that's just the same thing as Mom and Dad told me," Perry said.

"The thing that stumps me," Levi said slowly, "is how can we help sing when there are older boys sitting there who don't even try. Won't they think we're showing off?"

"But Dad said all the parents think the boys who can help sing ought to help. If the others do, I would kind of enjoy it, I think. Wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would. What else did your parents say?"

"They said if they ever found out I didn't behave myself then I'd have to go in with my Dad again. Would I ever hate that!"

"About that singing part, don't you remember when Jake Beiler said how much he enjoys hearing the whole church sing when they leave for the abrote?" Levi asked. "Do you think he meant boys and girls our age, too?"

"It could be," Perry answered, "from what Dad said, I suppose it is. Sometimes I don't know if I'm so anxious as I was. It kinda makes me nervous."

"Me too," Levi said and then answered with a laugh, "but we can't keep going in with out dads until we're

THE WAGGING TONGUE

The wagging tongue
How fast it goes!
Hear how it speaks
All that it knows?
Never stopping
To give a thought
Of all the mischief
It has wrought.
To have control
Of this small thing,
What peace and comfort
It can bring.
A word that's spoken
In perfect time
Can soothe an ache,
Give peace sublime;
And then again
A misplaced word
Can wound a soul—
Cause a deep hurt.
If we could learn
Just when to speak
And when the time
Our peace to keep;
What pains we'd spare
For those we love;
This would be blest
By God above.

—E. W., Pennsylvania

grown, can we? Suppose we wait four weeks and see how we feel about it by then?"

"Sounds like a good idea to me," Perry said. "Maybe by that time we'll be over our stage fright."

"Do you think the other boys will laugh at us if we help

sing?" Levi asked.

"I don't think so, but even if they do, we still want to do what's right," Perry said. "We're buddies and we'll stick together. But first of all we want to do what we ought to, for really, now it's our own decision." ■■

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

Around the turn of the century many Amish were bitten by a "bug" called "Western fever". The government had opened up vast tracts of land for homesteading in Colorado, Oklahoma, and North Dakota. News items began to appear in the **Budget** from Amish settlers in those states. While most land-seeking Amish were moving West, there was, however, a group which decided to move in another direction—South. An occasional letter began to appear in the **Budget** under the heading: Bay Minette, Baldwin Co., Alabama.

It was in 1905 that the first Amishman moved to Alabama. Preacher Joe Mast and his family moved from the "Forks" area near Middlebury, Indiana. He purchased 800 acres of Alabama soil. Sometime later he was joined by Jacob J. Glick from Geauga County, Ohio. The third family, Eli N. Beachys, moved there from Geauga County in 1906. It was around 1907 when Noah J.C. Miller had sale in Geauga County and packed his railroad car for Alabama. The trip was made but for some unknown reason Noah decided not to unload the train car when it arrived. He shipped it back to Ohio and ever after that was known as "Bama-Noah."

In all, 26 Amishmen settled at Bay Minette, Alabama, between 1905 and 1925. They came from seven different states: 8 from Ohio (mostly Geauga County), 6 from Custer Co., Oklahoma, 4 from Lagrange Co., Indiana, 4 from Illinois, 2 from Reno Co., Kansas, 1 from North Dakota, and 1 from Oakland, Maryland. But they came and went, some staying only a year or two. The settlement's peak years were 1915-1916 when there were 16 families.

Life in the "Sunny South" was quite different from what the Amish had been used to in the North. The growing season was longer, the crops more varied, the people more backward, and the customs quite different. Once a 21-year-old man and his wife were visiting the Amish in 1909 and stopped at a country store. They bought a dozen bananas for 5 cents, began eating them, and threw the peels out the open store door to the hogs which customarily were running loose in the road. This proved to be a mistake as it lured the hogs into the store much to the young couple's embarrassment.

One new experience for the Amish settlers was having lower class people for neighbors. A former Alabama resident remarked: "Right in that country there were many Negroes and more so-called white people; but as far as culture and living standards were concerned, there was not too much difference in the two peoples. We always used to say they were 50 years behind times, but this also made them more friendly and sociable. It seemed both white and colored worked just when they had to or because they had to. Most of them farmed a little, always with one horse or a mule. Their little fields were speckled with tree stumps—the natives just farmed around them!"

Such a description gives us a good idea of the backwardness of the area in which the Amish settled. Perhaps it was this backwardness which appealed to them. But more likely it was the cheapness of the land and the long growing season which lured them down to the southern tip of Alabama—hundreds of miles away from any other established Amish settlement.

The Amish were not the only Northerners who purchased land in Alabama. Many non-Amish also moved there. Real estate speculators had gotten hold of tracts of Alabama land and sent their literature up North. The

literature sounded good. A one-time Amish resident writes about this, saying: "Big land companies bought up cheap pine-scrub land and went in with crews and teams with stump pullers. They cleared a lot of the land and then planted it in crops like strawberries and sweet potatoes. Then they would have big stories about their wonderful crops with literature and sales talks which caught many a sucker off guard."

Jacob Glick, the second Amishman to settle in Alabama, had good luck in growing things. In the October 4, 1911 **Budget** Preacher Hansi Borntrager from Indiana wrote a lengthy account of his visit to the Glick's farm. In it he reported: After a good conversation Jacob Glick then told me about his success in farming. He got 130 bushels of Irish potatoes on one acre and sold them at 90 cents a bushel. He expects 600 bushels of sweet potatoes on three acres. He harvested his winter oats in May with a binder and then sowed the same ground in cow peas, about eight acres which is now three feet high, a solid mass of vines and leaves. Some vines are eleven feet long and full of pods. He has now commenced cutting it for hay. They are now husking a splendid crop of white corn, many ears over 10 inches long."

This description of the Alabama crops must have sounded pretty nice to **Budget** readers in the northern communities. And like the literature from the real estate companies, it lured some Amish to the Alabama settlement (Hansi, himself, moved the following year). But "all that glitters isn't gold" was discovered to be a true saying after the Amish were in Alabama a number of years. One former resident agrees that the first years were productive ones but feels most people's opinion of the land later was that it was basically poor soil and underproductive. The land had been pine-stump land

AMISH IN ALABAMA 1905-1925

by David Luthy

Bay
Minette

when the Amish moved there; it had never been farmed. As the years went by, they saw that massive applications of fertilizer were necessary to build the soil up before a good crop could be grown. A former minister of the Alabama Amish says that the soil was a mixture of clay and sand. The grain of the subsoil was up and down rather than in horizontal layers as in most places. For that reason rain readily soaked away; surface moisture and fertility were hard to hold. Also another problem arose—where were all the truck crops going to be sold? In the early 1900's there were no refrigerated train cars, and this limited the market greatly. Farmers who did ship their crops by rail found the freight expensive. Much of the produce was peddled locally and, of course, did not bring the highest price. A marketing organization did ship Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, and cucumbers North by the car load. But it was only at the beginning of the season that the farmers made any worthwhile profit, for then the price was high. Many Amish found that it took more than extra sunshine to make a go of it at farming in the South.

When we think of the deep South we usually imagine an abundance of citrus fruits. But the Amish in Alabama never became involved in this industry. Actually the orange-growing area was 25 to 40 miles farther south. One local non-Amishman, however, did go into the

orange business full speed ahead. He had the fitting name of Mr. Acres, and he planted 11 acres of orange trees and later 7 more. At one time he was offered \$1,000 an acre for his orchard. Mr. Acres refused the offer, and that winter there was a record cold spell which froze his orange trees down below the graft which as one Amish resident said, "knocked his industry endways."

As was mentioned earlier the land on which the Amish settled was pine-scrub land. Some fields were cleared of stumps, but many were not. Instead of following the local custom of plowing around the stumps, the Amish removed them and sold them to a local tar plant which was in operation seven day a week, 24 hours a day. It ground the stumps into powder and extracted the pitch. The same company also processed resin and turpentine.

The selling of stumps to the tar plant was profitable, but the removal of the stumps from the earth was dangerous. Dynamite was used to blast the stumps loose. Dan Swartzentruber had moved to the Alabama settlement in the fall of 1915 from Oklahoma. On March 8, 1916 he was blasting stumps in his field; when a stick of dynamite did not go off he went to check it. It then exploded killing him instantly. He was buried on the Enos Swartzentruber farm which was the farm next to his. But later when Enos decided to leave Alabama, the body was also moved to a local graveyard. Dan's step-son Arthur

Three Alabama Letters

John E. (Hansi) Borntreger was an Amish minister for nearly 60 years. Almost all of those years he spent in Lagrange Co., Indiana. But for nearly three years he served the new, struggling Amish congregation in Bay Minette, Alabama. At that time Hansi was in his late 70's.

The October 4, 1911 Budget contained a long letter written by Hansi telling about his trip to the Alabama Amish settlement. Although he did not move south right away, he did move down in 1913 and stayed until sometime in 1915.

Following are portions of three letters written by Hansi in Pa. Dutch-German script from Alabama. The first one was written to his second wife Fanny who did not accompany him on his 1911 trip to Alabama to visit the area. The next two were written to his son Menno back in Indiana during the years Hansi and Fanny lived in Alabama.

Bay Minette, Alabama, Sept. 12, 1911

Es ist als ziemlich warm. So von 70 bis 94. Es macht mich als schwitzen aber ich kann es gut stenden. Ich hab zwei mol wenig kupweh kat. Do sin sie am welschkorn basten und süsz grumberen aus machen. Sie griegen von 50 bis 390 bu. vom acker und griegen \$1.00 die bu. Und so resen sie noch viel ander sachen und kenne es gut verkaufen. Ich wot dir und die andere weren all do. Die wo do wohnen sin all gut daheim. Vielleicht grieg ich mein land verkauft und vielleicht kaufich no ein anderes. Ich gedenk morgen noch about 35 mil weiter Süden gehen. Dot ist so schön land zu kaufen für \$12.50 der acker wenn ardlich viel zusammen kommen (group purchase?).

So viel aus liebe vom Dad. Now schreibgrat. Ich denk ich bleibe noch uber 2 Sonntagen. Momi schaf net zu hat, ich hof du bist gesund.

Bay Minette, February 15, 1913

Wel, ich wil noch sagen das letzt Samstag (Sonntag?) die gemein ans John E. Millers war. Wir hatte einen stup voll leut. Es sin noch 16 haushaltungen. Der Henner Mast und Jake Miller hen gepredigt. Bis morgen in ein woch soll die gemein ans Johns sein. Bis negst Dienstag wollen des Jake Miller und Amos Miller wieder heim noch Kansas gehen.

Wel, die leut do sin als am grumberen blenzen. Mei erste sin schon 3 zoll uf. (Pretty good for February!)

Bay Minette, April 1, 1913

Wel, wir sind als noch gesund und hen alleweil viel arbeit. Wir hen auch so oft regen kot das wir kenne net viel machen im boden bis now 4 tag. Es hat die woch vor letzt wundervoll geregnet. Do east about 40 mil war der R. R. 1,200 fusz weck gewaschen und die stadt verweschen das about 200 leut kein dach mehr kat hatten. Ich wunder wie kalt es no war bei euch. Gester hatten wir ein schoner warmer tage, morgens 53 am Mittag im schatten 80. Ich hab gester welschkorn geplantz ins stick wo die grumbere versoffen sin.

Die baumen im bush sin auch schon voll grun laub. Die Kuh geht schon lang im bush in der pastert. Wir lessen sie delmols ins haver stick. Wir griegen 30 send für butter un 15 send für eier.

Die viel besuch was wir kot hen sin wieder all fart. Es sind noch 16 haushaltungen do, aber es wollen hol noch 2 mehr gehen, vielleicht bis herbst wieder kommen.

Wir wohnen do am grosen weg wo alle tag viel leut vorbei gehen—weiss und schwartz, geil und esel.

Eash who died at 17 was also buried in that graveyard. These were the only two adult deaths in the Alabama settlement; there were also several infants who died.

Noah Beachy, now of Stark Co., Ohio, remembers other occupations among the Alabama Amish besides farming and stump blasting: "Dad (Eli Beachy) hewed out railroad cross ties by hand out of dead pine trees that were lying down. I was big enough that I would go along to the woods and take ahold of one end of the cross cut saw. Dad sawed them to length and then hauled them about 3½ miles to the railroad. We also made a lot of charcoal out of dead wood that lay around in the woods. We shipped it by the carload to market. Later Dad bought a sawmill from E.S. Miller. He said to Dad, 'I'm going back to America again.' which meant he was moving North. So Dad bought the mill and worked at the lumber and building trade from then on. We sawed a lot of lumber for the local building trades and shipped a lot to Mobile by train. We cut this into 3 foot planks, and it was later cut into short blocks and used to pave that city's streets. The blocks, wooden bricks as they were called, were set on end in the street. We hauled all the lumber with a two horse wagon and some with the ox team as far as 6½ miles to town. This ox team was a team of three yoke (six head) hitched together as one team. We used the oxen mostly to haul logs from the woods to the mill with a big two-wheel cart. The wheels were eight feet high."

Another difference that the Amish found when they settled in Alabama was the small size of the local farms. The natives had 12 or so acres and a log or frame house. So when the Amish wanted 60 to 100 acres, they ended up with a quantity of extra buildings. Some of these they tore down and some they rented out to the Negroes or "poor whites." None of the houses had cellars; they were built on stilts made of heavy wooden blocks standing on end. In time the Amish erected barns and houses of their own liking.

There never was a full ministry at the Alabama settlement. The Amish there never had a deacon or a bishop, though they did have various ministers. Preacher Joe Mast was the first settler there and was the settlement's minister for a few years until he returned to Indiana. For several years the settlement was without a resident minister. The families came together on Sunday to read and sing, and occasionally a visiting minister would hold church for them. Then in the fall of 1912 Pre. John (Hansi) Borntrager from Shippshewana, Indiana moved to Alabama. He was in his seventies but was very active yet. He lived in Alabama for about three years. In the fall of 1913 an ordination was held; the lot fell on John E. Miller (now of Nappanee, Ind.). Sometime later Dan Schlachach was also ordained as minister (he later was a bishop in Arthur, Ill.). In the spring of 1914 Pre. Henry Mast, a widower, moved to Alabama from Illinois but returned to Illinois in the fall of 1915. Bishops who held communion for the Alabama Amish included David Slabaugh of Howard, Co., Indiana, Eli S. Beachy of Reno Co., Kansas, David Plank of Illinois, and Tobe T. Yoder of Thomas, Oklahoma. This last-named bishop spent the winter of 1915-16 in Alabama and baptized the only two young folks to join church there: Emanuel E. Miller and Lovina Swartzentruber. He also performed the only wedding ceremony on Feb. 29, 1916 when Emanuel and Lovina were married.

The Amish children attended school at Pine Grove Academy which was built in 1910. It was a two-room schoolhouse and usually had a man teacher in the upper-grade classroom. One former Amish pupil relates the following: "If there was any school attendance law, it wasn't enforced. The natives would just send their children whenever they pleased. But I say children, a lot of them were grown ups. I remember one fellow who was probably twenty-some-years-old and he was in the fourth grade. There was still an old grudge there among the whites that traced along from the Civil War days some of them being a little mean to us in school. They used to call us "Yankees." One of their sayings went like this, "They whipped us once and now they are taking away

Settlers:	Moved In From:	Moved Away To:
1. Pre. Joe Mast	Middlebury, Indiana	same place
2. Jacob J. Glick	Geauga Co., Ohio	Holmes Co., Ohio
3. Eli N. Beachy	Geauga Co., Ohio	Stark Co., Ohio
4. Enos D. Swartzentruber	Geauga Co., Ohio	Thomas, Oklahoma
5. Pre. John (Hansi) Borntrager	Shippshewana, Ind.	same place
6. John K. Miller	Lagrange Co., Ind.	same place
7. E. J. S. Miller	Hydro, Oklahoma	same place
8. Noah Schlachach	Geauga Co., Ohio	Holmes Co., Ohio
9. Eli Miller	Madison Co., Ohio	same place
10. Pre. Henry Mast	Arthur, Illinois	same place
11. Ben Esch	Oklahoma	?
12. Jacob J. Yoder	Reno Co., Kansas	Dover, Delaware
13. Sam M. Miller	Reno Co., Kansas	Greenwood, Dela.
14. Pre. Dan Schlachach +	Oakland, Maryland	Arthur, Illinois
15. Pre. John E. Miller +	Arthur, Illinois	Nappanee, Indiana
16. Joni Miller	Lagrange Co., Ind.	same place
17. Dan Swartzentruber	Oklahoma	died in Alabama
18. Mrs. Dan Swartzentruber		Indiana
19. Jonas M. Miller	Oklahoma	same place
20. Albert Schlachach	Holmes Co., Ohio	same place
21. Joni E. Miller	Oklahoma	same place
22. Jerry Yoder	Arthur, Illinois	same place
23. John Detweiler*	Oklahoma	
24. Deacon Mose Hershberger*	Indiana	
25. Noah C. Yoder	Arthur, Illinois	same place
26. John K. Fisher	Geauga Co., Ohio	Holmes Co., Ohio
27. Mose Yoder	North Dakota	?
+ means ordained in Alabama		* means lived in Alabama winters only

our land," and "You Yankees ain't got no business in this country." However, most of them treated us good." This school building is now used as a church by the Baptists.

There may have been a variety of reasons why the Alabama Amish settlement failed to develop permanent roots. But there were two major reasons: (1) the settlement was too distant from other Amish settlements; (2) two storms frightened the people. We will let a former resident voice his opinion as to why the settlement failed: "I always thought the one main reason for the Amish leaving Alabama was on account of a couple of storms that we had and also excess rain. On July 5, 1916 in the morning it was cloudy and started raining slowly. During the forenoon the rain and wind increased from the east until by afternoon we could look out in the pine woods nearby and see the trees go down one after the other. If I remember right this storm lasted about 30 hours, and when it did let up it kept on raining one shower after another until our fields looked like one lake. To give an idea to what extent it rained, I remember one of our people had a barrel out in the open and it filled up to overflowing in those two days. Now we thought we had pretty good crops before the storm, but then the corn was so whipped up that it did not amount to much. Also the soil seemed so soggy after that. By that fall most of the Amish people left Alabama including the two preachers, which left us with only three or four families.

"On September 28, 1917 we had another storm like the year before, only not so much rain with it. These storms we used to call West Indian hurricanes. Why we did not have such from 1905 to 1916 I do not know. It seems you hear of these hurricanes quite frequently now."

The two years after the first World War were lean years in America's economy. The few remaining families in Alabama found it difficult to sell their property. Finally the last family, Enos Swartzentrubers, had sale in 1923 without selling their 60 acre farm. They moved to Thomas, Oklahoma. They did get their Alabama property sold, though, before the Depression for \$2,200.

The last person to leave the Bay Minette Amish settlement was the aged widower John K. Fisher who moved to Holmes Co., Ohio in the spring of 1925, thus bringing to a close the only attempt made by Amish to settle in the state of Alabama. ■■

(Author's Note: Special thanks to Noah E. Beachy, John E. Miller, Menno E. Swartzentruber, and Noah E. Swartzentruber without whose memories and correspondence this article could not have been written.)

Der Taufe

Nun hab ich ja genommen auf
Nach Dein'm Befehl die Wassertauf;
Schenk Du doch mir des Geistes Kraft,
Daß ja der Bund sei recht gemacht.

2 Hilf, daß ich ja Dein sanftes Joch
Als treues Kind mög tragen doch;
Hilf, daß ich mich verleugne frei,
Daß mich nicht blend die Heuchelei.

3 Daß ja die falsche weltlich Ehr
Dein armes Kind doch nicht betröh,
Damit ich wahre Demuth üb,
Und täglich wachse in der Lieb!

4 Ach Jesul nimm Dich meiner an,
Und führe mich die rechte Bahn,
Damit ich in der Nacht getreu
Und im Gebet beständig sei.

5 Daß ich ein Glied an Deinem Leib
In Wahrheit sei und ewig bleib,
Und durch Dein'n Geist, an Deiner Hand,
Geführet werd ins Vaterland,

6 Wo Deine Kinder ohne Zahl
Genießen mit das Abendmahl
In lauter Freud und Herrlichkeit,
Von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.

Von der Taufe

Dies ist die Zeit vom Jahr wo wieder viele junge Seelen, Knaben und Mädchen in der Unterriht kommen und begehren ein Ausgung machen von die arge und böse Welt, und ein Eintritt tun in die Arche des neuen Testaments, ein Bund und Frieden aufrichten mit Gott und seiner Gemeinde. Sie begehren gelehrt zu werden vom christlichen Glauben, welches wahrlich eine wichtige Sache ist für die Diener und Bischöfen.

Bis dieses vor die Leser kommt so sind wohl schon einige getauft und andere noch nicht. Weil oftmals einige sind welche sich nicht so gut aufgeben und einstellen wie sie könnten giebt zu Zeiten Ursach daß die Taufe aufgehalten wird. Dies macht oftmals Problems für die Diener, daß sie fast nicht wissen was zu tun. Wir fürchten auch es waren schon oftmals junge Leute getauft wo es besser nicht gewesen wäre, dieneil sie nicht bereit waren.

Wenn wir obiges Gedicht recht betrachten so giebt es uns viel zu bedenken. Im ersten Vers ist schon ein Gebitt daß der Herr uns Geistes Kraft schenken soll, so daß der Bund könnte recht gemacht werden. O! wie wichtig ist dieses doch. Die Junge Leute tun ansprechen daß die Gemeinde für sie beten soll, und ich glaube die Diener tun alle Sonntag ihnen zusprechen sie sollen auch selber beten daß der Herr ihnen ihre getan und begangene Sünden schenken und vergeben möchte.

Im zweiten Vers ist noch ein Gebitt, daß der Herr uns helfen soll als ein treues Kind sein sanftes Joch zu tragen fort. Ja, daß wir uns selbst verleugnen sollen, daß die große Heuchelei wo so viel in diese Welt vorkommt, uns nicht verblenden möge.

Im dritten Vers, daß wir uns täglich waschen sollen in

die Liebe Gottes; Gott soll uns helfen daß die weltlich Ehr uns nicht betröh. Das meint, uns nicht betrügt, daß wir meinen wir sind etwas großes am tun, und uns selbst zum Schaden geriet. Wir sollen die wahre Demut üben, uns erniedrigen und demütigen unter die gewaltige Hand Gottes, so groß Er uns erhöhen kann zu seiner Zeit.

O! wie oft tun die Diener als flehen zu die junge Leute, wie sie sollen sich recht aufgeben und auferbauliche Glieder sein, so daß die Gemeinde kann aufgebaut und gestärkt sein. Durch die junge Leute muß die Gemeinde fortgepflanzt werden, die alte Leute sterben ab und wenn nicht immer junge Leute wären ihr Platz zu nehmen so würde es bald auslaufen. Durch die Nachkommenschaft kann die Zahl der Heiligen und Auserwählten vermehret werden.

Es macht viel Freude für die Diener und auch für die Eltern wenn die Kinder und Nachkommenschaft sich anschließen zu der Gemeinde und standhaft bleiben. Dann giebt es aber auch viel Herzeleid dieneil so viele später die Gemeinde verlassen nur um mehr nach dem Lauf der Welt gehen.

Es ist zu glauben, wenn wir mehr trachten würden nach dem das droben ist, und nicht so viel nach dem das auf Erden ist wäre es besser bestellt. Die Kleidertracht nach den Weltmoden, Haarflechten, Goldbunghängen und dergleichen nimmt so viel überhand. Junge Leute schauen darüber in die höhere Gemeinden wo sie mehr Freiheit haben könnten, dann graben sie hie und da wo sie etwas vorgeben könnten das besser wäre dort und ihnen Ursach giebt der Wechsel zu machen. Wenn sie aber in die Tiefe ihres Herzens eingraben würden und die Wahrheit ausfinden wäre Hochmut der Treiber davon. Ja, dieser Hochmut wo aus dem Himmel gestoßen ist worden, laßt uns doch kämpfen dagegen. Keine Verheißung im Himmel.

Wir lassen ab für diesmal, mit den Worten des Heilandes: „Wachet und betet daß ihr nicht in Anfechtung fallet, der Geist ist willig, aber das Fleisch ist schwach.“ ■■

Freda und die Welt Mode

Ungefähr ein hundert Jahre zurück ward ein junger Mennonitische Bishop, der wohnte mit seine Familie in die Staat von Ohio. Er war ein freundlicher, tugendfamer Mann und er arbeitete fleißiglich im Weinberge des Herrn.

Er hatte eine schöne angenehmes Weib wie auch sechs Kinder. Die zwei älteste Kinder waren töchter von achtzehn und sechzehn Jahr. Die erste hieß Freda, die andere Katrine. Sie waren beide geschäftig und obwohl sie suchten gehorsam zu sein, doch kamen sie öfters in Bosheit.

Es geschah einmal daß der Vater mußte auf Gemeindearbeit gehen zu eine andere Gegend. Ehe er ging vermahnete er die Kinder: „Ich komme zurück, so der Herr will, in eine Woche. Gehorcht eure Mutter wohl und schicket euch wie gute Kinder dieneil ich weg bin.“

Sie antworteten ihn sie wollten probieren daß beste thun als sie könnten bis er wieder heim kommt. Also ging er auf seine Reise.

Dieneil der Vater weg war, hatten die Kinder ziemlich viel arbeit und sie gehorchten ihre Mutter wohl. Aber eine Abend waren sie frühe fertig mit die Arbeit, dann sagte die Freda, „Komm, Katrine, komm mit mir auf der Speicher so wollen wir uns zöpfen ehe es zeit ist zum Bette gehen.“

Es war aber zu der Zeit die Mode in der Welt um die Zöpfen rund umher um den Haupt aufzutun. Die Freda sprach zu ihrem Schwester, „Du wärest ein sehr schönes Mädchen wenn du dein Haar zöpfen rund um der Haupt

tätest."

"Das mag wohl sein," antwortete die Katrine, "aber du weißt daß unser Vater will nicht das wir unsere Haar so aufstun."

"Der Vater wirds nicht sehen den er ist nicht daheim," sagte die Freda, "Wir wollen's tun nur fur diesen Abend."

"Ich werd meine nicht so aufstun, ohne daß du zuerst deine so aufstust."

"Komm und wir wollen es beide tun und mol sehen wie es guckt," sagte die Freda.

Als sie fertig waren schaute sie im Spiegel und es gefiel ihnen sehr wohl. "Ach, wenn wir nur dürsten allezeit unsere Haar so aufstun," seufzte die Freda. "Ich kann net sehen daß es lek ist fur die Haar rund um der Haupt aufzutun."

Ehe sie gingen schlafen nahmen sie die Zopfen herunter, aber am morgen da sie aufwachten sprach die Freda, "Wollen mol unsere Haar wieder aufstun wie wir sie gestern Abend gehabt hen und sehen was die Mutter sagt."

"Aber die Mutter wird ungemühts sein und sie wird uns bald machen die zöpfen recht aufstun," antwortete die Katrine. "Das schadet nichts. Wollen mol sehen was die Mutter sagt."

Wo die zwei Mäd in die Küch gekommen sind war die Mutter am Weizen kochen fur das Morgendessen. Als sie die Töchter sahe war sie sehr erstaunt, "Ei, wie habt ihr die Haar so aufgetan?" sprach sie heftig.

Die Tochter wüßten nicht was zu antworten, doch endlich sagte die Freda, "Wir haben nur sehen wollen wie es fühlst fur die Harr so aufstun."

"Aber der Vater erlaubt daß nicht. Es ist ein Weltmode und er wird sehr verdrossen so er es sehen wird."

"Der Vater ist nicht daheim," sagte Freda, "wir wollen es wohl ändern ehe er heim kommt. Es sind andere Mäd in die Gemeinde die ihre Haar so aufstun durch die Woche. Warum dürfen wir nicht auch zu zeiten?"

"Aber der Vater prediget dagegen in der Gemeinde. Es wird ihm sehr schlecht vorkommen wenn er ausfindet was ihr getan habt."

"Wir wollen's so haben nur bis den Abend," sagte die Freda, "nur werden wir wieder unsere Haar recht aufstun."

"Ich wünsche ihr werdet besser gehorsam," sagte die Mutter, "doch vergessest es nicht recht zu machen am Abend."

Nach dem Morgendessen gingen die zwei Tochter auf der Speicher um ihre Stube aufzuraumen. Die Katrine sagte, "Die Mutter tuts nicht gerne sehen daß wir unsere Haar so aufstun."

Die Freda antwortete, "Aber sie hat's uns erlaubt fur's so haben bis zur Abend. Ich glaube sie meint es sieht schön aus aber sie fürchtet sich von was der Vater sagen wird."

"Ich wünsche unser Vater wäre nicht der Bishop von der Gemeinde. Dann könnten wir auch tun wie die andere Mäd tun."

"Er ist aber der Bishop," sagte die Freda, "und wir müssen das bestes machen davon das wir können. Doch heute können wir unsere Haar aufstun wie wir wollen."

"Ich hoffe aber nicht daß der Diakon oder die Prediger bei kommen und uns sehen," sagte die Katrine.

Denn ganzen Vormittags als die zwei Mäd arbeitete waren sie etwas schweres Gemüts. Sie fürchtete sich daß von die Nachbaren werden bei kommen und es sehen wie sie die Haar aufgetan haben. Kurz vor dem Mittagessen ist eine Fuhr im Hof gefahren und die Katrine eilte zum Fenster raus zu sehen wer es ware. "Es ist der Samuel Muffer," sagte sie, "wollen auf der Speicher gehen ob er hinein kommt."

Die Mutter war am schaffen in der Keller dann ruft die Freda, "Maem, der Samuel Muffer ist da. Komm und guk was er will."

Als sie im Speicher warteten sprach die Katrine, "Laßt uns unsere Haar recht aufstun. Ich gleich nicht die ganze zeit angst habe das ebbe kommt und uns seht."

"Ach, das schadet nichts," sagte ihr Schwester, "Wir hen net zeit jek. Am Abend wollen wir es fixen."

Als der Samuel Muffer weg ward, kamen die Mäd vom Speicher. "Warum seid ihr auf den Speicher gesprungen?" fragte die Mutter.

Die Tochter waren ausgeboten und konnten nichts antworten. "Oh, ich weiß jekt warum. Ihr schämet euch wegen eure Haar. Fürwahß habt ihr nicht eure Zöpfe recht aufgetan weil ihr am Speicher waret?"

"Wir wollen, aber nicht bis den Abend," sagte die Freda.

Die Mutter machte das Mittagessen und sie siben alle am Tische zu essen. Aber ehe sie fertig waren ging die Tür auf und der Vater läufte herein.

"Wir sind 'gshwinder fertig worden als wir denkten," sagte der Vater. "Und es ist sehr gut fur wieder heim kommen zu die Familie. Wie seid ihr alle, und wie ist es gangen weil ich weg ward?"

"Wir sind alle gesund," sagte die Mutter, "und ich denck alles ist so wie gewöhnlich."

Die kleine Kinder stiegen vom Tische und gingen ihrem Vater entgegen. Er hefte sie auf seine Armen.

Aber hinten am Tisch saßen die zwei Tochter, Freda und Katrine. Sie wurden bald bestürzt und ihre Angesichter waren roth wie Feuer. Endlich guckte der Vater gegen die zwei Tochter und sagte, "Warum seid ihr so stille?"

Als er sie aber ansah, ward er gewahr warum sie so schamhaft waren. "Freda!, Katrine!, was habt ihr getan? Wie könntet ihr euch so aufschicken weil ich nicht da bin."

Als sie nichts antworten, sagte er weiters, "Wißet ihr nicht daß dies eine Weltmode ist und das ihr nicht sollt die Welt nachmachen? Wir haben eine schöne Christlicher Ordnung um wie die Haar anzuthun und ihr solltet euch befehligen dies nachzukommen. Solche Weltmode macht euch nicht schöner guden. Die Styles und Fashions von der Welt dienen zum Hochmut und Völlust aber die Ordnunge von die Gemeinde dienen zur Demut. Habt ihr ein Vergnügen euch so zu schicken?"

Die zwei Tochter sahen auf den Boden. Endlich sagte die Katrine, "Nein wir haben kein vergnügen fur das tun. Wir dencken wir werden besser fühlen wenn wir uns so schmückten aber wir haben uns den ganzen Tag geschämt."

Dann sagte die Freda, "Es ist meine Schuld. Ich habe es zum ersten getan und überredete die Katrine das sie auch so getan hat. Es reuet mich jek."

Der Vater ward stille für eine weile. Dann siehet er die Freda an und fragte, "Sagst du es reuet dich?"

"Ja."

"Ich bin froh fur das horen. Aber weißt du was wir tun sollen wenn wir etwas getan haben das uns reuet?"

Die zwei Tochter standen auf und gingen bald auf den Speicher. Dieweil sie weg waren sagte die Mutter, "Ich bin auch zum teil die Schuld. Ich wollte nicht daß sie es tun, aber es ware in mein Plak fur strenger anhalten daß sie es gerade recht machen sollen und nicht warten bis auf den Abend."

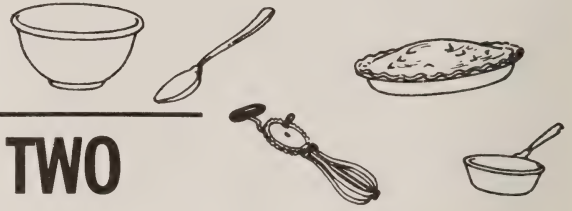
Ueber eine Weile ging die Speicher Tür auf und zwei Mädchen kamen wieder zum Tische. Jek waren ihre Angesichter Fröhlich und ihre Haar war aufgetan noch Christlicher Weise.

—D.L.B.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

In this story about the Keim sisters, Lydia feels she surely should know how to do a little something in the kitchen without her mother telling her how at every step.

By Elizabeth Miller



TWO WAYS OF LEARNING

MOTHER, MAY I MAKE THE gravy? asked Lydia eagerly. "The broth is boiling and I'm done setting the table."

Mother stopped mashing potatoes for a moment. "Why, yes, I guess so," she said. "Take one of those white bowls put two tablespoons of flour into it. Just add enough milk to make a paste, then you have to stir it real well or it will get lumpy. You add a little more milk when

"Yes, I know," interrupted Lydia. "I've seen you make gravy lots of times and I've helped too." She spooned two heaping tablespoons of flour into the bowl she had selected from the stack in the cupboard.

Mother went on with the potatoes. Lydia thought she was a little too silent and she wished she hadn't talked to her like she had. But then why did Mother always have to tell her every little thing about cooking as if she had never been in a kitchen before? No matter how well she knew how to do things, Mother kept reminding her of little details she already knew.

Lydia was careful not to put too much milk into the bowl. She started to take it over to Mother and ask if she had about the right amount, but then she remembered. She had told Mother she knew how. Vigorously she started stirring the milk and flour mixture. Instead of forming a paste as she thought it should, the flour became crumbly. Lydia stirred harder, but it was no use.

"I don't have enough milk in here," she thought, and added more. Now things began to look more promising. With a sigh of relief she stirred first one way, then reversed the spoon and went the other way. But stir as she would, she couldn't dissolve all the lumps. She thought maybe if she added a little more milk that would help.

She added a bit of milk and stirred harder. Again and again she stopped and studied the contents of her bowl. Maybe she was just imagining it, but it seemed to her that each time there were more lumps instead of less. And to make matters worse, she sensed that Mother was watching her. Lydia wished Mother would tell her what to do, but she didn't. Her lips were set in a thin line and there was a trace of a twinkle in her eyes.

Lydia didn't like the look on her mother's face and it made her more determined than ever not to ask for help. She would show Mother she could do a simple task like making gravy without help. Then an idea struck her. She knew sugar and salt lumps dissolved in hot liquids. Surely flour would, too. And here she was trying to stir the gravy paste enough to make the little lumps disappear. No wonder there was a twinkle in Mother's eyes.

With a lighter heart, Lydia pulled the boiling beef broth to the front of the stove. Stirring it rapidly as she had often seen her mother do, she added the milk and

flour mixture. Anxiously she watched it to see whether the lumps would disappear. She was so absorbed in this concern that she wasn't prepared for what happened next.

Suddenly Lydia's spoon seemed to want to stick to the hot mixture. When she tried to stir the gravy, the saucepan spun around on the stove. Lydia couldn't catch it, for her left hand was still holding the bowl she had used to mix the milk and flour. Besides, the saucepan was hot and Lydia didn't have a pot holder handy. Before she could figure out what to do, the mixture began to boil, splattering hot splotches of gravy onto the stove. The stove hissed angrily. Lydia reached out to grab the saucepan and pull it to the back of the stove, but drew back sharply. A splash of gravy had landed on her arm.

Gasping with pain, Lydia stepped back and watched Mother pull the spitting mixture to the back of the stove. "What-what did I do wrong?" she asked weakly.

Mother's look was one of sympathy mingled with humor. It turned to concern when she saw Lydia holding her handkerchief over her arm. "Did you burn yourself?" she asked.

"A little," said Lydia, fighting back the tears. Her arm hurt, but that wasn't all that made her want to cry. She couldn't stand any sympathy from Mother—not after the mess she had made.

Gently Mother lifted the handkerchief from Lydia's arm. "You've got a blister," she said. "But it's not a very big one. Let's put some Union Salve on it and a small bandage." She was gathering things together to make the bandage even before she was through talking. "Eli, you can run out and tell Dad to unhitch," she said. "Dinner will soon be ready."

The Union Salve felt soothing and cool on Lydia's arm. By the time Mother had taped the bandage on, most of the pain was gone. "What-what about the gravy?" asked Lydia. "Is it—is it fit to eat?"

Mother turned her attention to the saucepan and its contents. "Yes, I think so," she said. "Get the next larger sized pan and we'll put it in there. This one is scorched and probably isn't big enough." When Lydia handed her the saucepan Mother poured the gravy into it. She was careful not to scrape the bottom, for it was scorched. "The first thing you did wrong was take too much flour," she said.

"But you said two tablespoonsful," said Lydia.

"Yes, I did," agreed Mother. "But I didn't say two heaping tablespoonsful. A heaping tablespoon is equal to two level tablespoons, so you had about twice as much flour as you should have had."

"But why—" Lydia stopped short. She knew why

Mother didn't tell her she had too much flour. Mother had wanted to give her advice before she had started, and she had resented it. "What—what can we do about it now?" asked Lydia.

"Add more milk," said Mother, already adding milk to the much-too-thick gravy and returning it to the front of the stove. She stirred it while Lydia watched. Lydia thought she had never seen such a sickening white gravy as this one was by the time Mother had thinned it to the right consistency. Not only was it much too pale, it was lumpy as well.

"Won't the lumps dissolve?" Lydia asked.

Mother smiled. "Afraid not," she said. "They have to be taken care of before they get hot. After the gravy is cooked, the only way to get rid of the lumps is to strain them out. We would if we had company, but since we're alone I don't think we'll bother. They won't hurt us."

"But I stirred and stirred," said Lydia. "Why—?"

"I could have told you," said Mother, not unkindly, "but you didn't seem to want advice. When you added the milk to the flour you didn't add enough. When you tried to stir your paste for the first time you formed little hard lumps of flour that are very hard to dissolve. About the only way such a sauce can be made smooth is by using the egg beater."

Lydia didn't say anything. Why didn't she think of using the egg beater? Why didn't she ask Mother for help? Mother would have told her to use it. But it was too late now. The gravy was done and it was pale and lumpy. Lydia was glad Mary and Bennie were in school. It would be bad enough to have Dad ask what was wrong with the gravy.

Lydia was at the sink getting water to fill the glasses when Dad came in. "Did you hurt yourself?" he asked when he saw Lydia's bandaged arm.

"Yes, I burned myself a little," mumbled Lydia, avoiding Dad's eyes. She wished she didn't have to go to the table. She couldn't stand Dad teasing her about the terrible gravy she had made. Would Mother tell him about it at the table? Even the thought of this almost made her cry. Struggling to regain her composure, she picked up David from the floor and washed his hands and face. Then she put him on the high chair and took her place at the end of the table opposite Dad.

"Are you getting the corn binder ready?" asked Mom when the blessing had been asked.

"Yes, I think so," said Dad. "I haven't tried it yet, but I can't see why it wouldn't work. We can plan to fill silo tomorrow." He heaped mashed potatoes onto his plate and dabbed a smaller amount on Eli's. Then he reached for the gravy bowl. Lydia's heart beat rapidly as he stirred the gravy and looked at it as if he weren't quite sure what it was supposed to be. Without a word he spooned some on Eli's potatoes.

"This gravy doesn't look right," said Eli. "It's got lumps in it."

Dad looked at Mother, then at Lydia. An expression of understanding crossed his face. "Eat it," he encouraged. "I think it's going to taste all right." Then he helped himself to a generous amount and ate as if it were the best gravy he had ever tasted.

After dinner when Lydia was washing the dishes, she was thinking about school. The term had begun two weeks ago, and Lydia still wasn't quite used to staying home while Mary and Bennie went to school. Each evening she waited eagerly to hear which side had won the ball game and who had gotten the highest score in arithmetic. She always listened with interest when Bennie gave her detailed accounts of what had happened in first-grade class that day and who had gotten punished for what.

Lydia's mind went back to her last few years of school. They had been enjoyable years. She liked Miss Lehman, the teacher. She remembered the last day of school in May. Miss Lehman had talked to the eighth graders about being through school and how much she would miss them. "Just because you're through school doesn't mean you're not going to learn anything from now on," she had said. "In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if you

God's Love

"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—Jer. 31: 3.

We can only see a little of the ocean,
A few miles distant from the rocky shore;
But out there—beyond, beyond our eyes' horizon,
There's more—there's more.

We can only see a little of God's loving—
A few rich treasures from His mighty store;
But out there—beyond, beyond our eyes' horizon,
There's more—there's more!

—Anonymous

learned even more in a day by working with your parents than you did in a day at school."

"I think maybe Miss Lehman was right," said Lydia, scrubbing the saucepan she had used to make gravy. There was a black spot in the bottom that didn't want to wash off. "At least, I learned a lesson today. But there's such a difference in learning from parents and learning from a teacher and books. I—I think it's harder and not as much fun."

Lydia finished the dishes and then helped her mother can tomato juice for the rest of the afternoon. They were just finished when Mary and Bennie came home. Lydia could tell by the look on Mary's face that she was excited.

"Guess what, Mother," Mary said the minute she was inside the door. "We're going to have company for supper Friday night!"

"Really?" said Mother. "Who?"

"Dan Mast's and Dan's brother from Missouri. Andy, I think is his name," answered Mary. "They're at Dan's for a visit and Dan's are going to bring them over."

A pleased look spread over Mother's face. "That's nice," she said. "Dad'll like that. He and Andy Mast used to be in the same grade at school and they were great friends."

"Are all the Mast's coming, I hope," said Lydia. "It's going to be nice to see Alma again."

"Of course, they're all coming," said Mary. "Susan said so."

Lydia saw the expression on Mother's face change. "What's wrong, Mother?" she asked. "Doesn't it suit to have them come?"

"Yes, I think we can make it suit, but I just happened to remember Eli has a dentist appointment in town on Friday forenoon," said Mom. "But we can still have them come, since I have you at home to help me."

"Well, I'd rather work real hard than tell them not to come," said Lydia. "I haven't really visited Alma for the longest time!"

"You saw her in church last Sunday," reminded Mary. "But that seems like a long time ago," insisted Lydia.

"I'm glad they're coming."

"I see Susan every day and I'm glad they're coming, too," said Mary as she went to change into her everyday clothes.

It was past nine o'clock on Friday morning when Mother and the two little boys left for town. "We'll be back in time for dinner," Mother told Lydia. "We'll have left-overs from yesterday. Try to get the cleaning done and then we'll help each other with the rest this afternoon."

"Yes," agreed Lydia. She decided she was going to show Mother how fast she could work if she really tried. In a short time the kitchen was mopped and the livingroom dusted with a dry mop. Then she took the broom and a bucket of water to the porch and scrubbed it. It still wasn't time to start dinner when she had all the cleaning done. Then Lydia had an idea.

"I'm going to surprise Mother and bake the pies before she comes home," she said to herself. "I've baked pumpkin pies before and I'm sure she won't care." Hurriedly she hunted out the right recipe card and started gathering the things she needed together. Sugar,

flour, cinnamon, allspice, vanilla, eggs, and milk. Then she was all set.

Suddenly Lydia remembered something—the dough. “How silly can I get!” she exclaimed to herself. She glanced at the clock. “I’m going to have to hurry, but I can still make the dough and the pumpkin mixture both in an hour. That will leave me ten minutes to get things ready for dinner.”

Lydia had made pie dough before and she ran into no problem there. She had made pumpkin filling, too, but not for quite a while. She wrinkled her brow and tried to remember where to start. “Oh, yes, I have to mix the egg yokes and the sugar together first, I think,” she said. “Next come the spices.” One after another the ingredients followed each other into the mixture. “Oh,

the flour,” she thought. “When do I put in the flour?”

Lydia didn’t have much choice anymore. Everything else had been added but the milk and the egg whites. Lydia knew she was to beat the egg whites and add those last. She distinctly remembered seeing her mother blend the stiffly-beated egg whites into the rest of the mixture. She checked the recipe. “One heaping tablespoon flour,” she read. “At least it tells me to make it heaping.”

Once more Lydia glanced at the clock. She was having a hard time keeping up with her plans to have the pies finished in an hour. She was aggravated farther to see that the flour she had added to the mixture got lumpy—almost as lumpy as the gravy had been the other day. “At least I know what to do about it this time,” she thought, grabbing the egg beater down from the hook and beating the pie filling forcefully. Her expression changed to a smile of satisfaction as she saw the lumps disappear. She added the milk and beat the mixture some more. It got a little foamy and looked just like she thought it was supposed to look.

“Now, all that’s left to do is beat the egg white and add them,” she thought. Without bothering to wash the egg beater she jabbed it into the bowl of whites and beat vigorously. “Now, what’s wrong?” she muttered. “These egg whites act funny. I wonder if they’re too old. But no, it can’t be that, because these eggs are from last night. Maybe I just didn’t beat long enough.” She turned the little crank on the egg beater until her arm was so tired she had to stop. Then she set her bowl into the sink where it would be lower and beat some more, but the egg white still didn’t stiffen like she knew they were supposed to. They stayed foamy and thin, and the minute Lydia stopped beating them, some of the bubbles disappeared. Being pressed for time and now this was almost more than Lydia could take. Angrily she dumped the egg whites into the rest of the mixture and beat it slightly. Then she used a dipper and filled the pie shells and slipped them into the oven. “Maybe they’ll turn out all right after all,” she hoped, seeing in her mind’s eye the golden brown pumpkin pies her mother baked and the whole family was fond of. “At least, they don’t taste too bad,” she added, licking the scraper she had used to clean out the bowl.

Lydia turned her attention to getting dinner. She was so busy she didn’t notice Mother had come home until she heard Eli on the porch.

“Look, I got a balloon from the dentist,” Eli said, waving his treasure for Lydia to see.

“You did!” exclaimed Lydia. “Did you cry at the dentist’s?”

“No,” said Eli quickly. Then he looked a little guilty. “Not much,” he added.

“Hmmm,” said Mother, coming in just then. “Smells good.” She glanced at the cluttered worktable. “Did you bake the pies?” she asked.

“Yes,” said Lydia, wondering if she should be pleased or ashamed. “Everything went real well except there was something wrong with the egg whites. I couldn’t beat them so they got stiff.”

By now Mother was peeping into the oven. She gave a little gasp. “Lydia,” she said. “I wish you had waited until I was here to help you.”

“Why?” asked Lydia. “I’ve beaten egg whites before and they never acted like that.”

“You got a little milk into them somehow,” guessed Mother. “I can’t explain why, but just a drop or two of milk will keep egg whites from thickening.”

“But I had a clean bowl, and—” Lydia paused helplessly.

“Was your egg beater clean?” Mother wanted to know.

“I-I used it to beat the rest of the filling and I-I thought it wouldn’t hurt to use it without washing it,” said Lydia.

“There’s your trouble,” answered Mother. “Just the bit that clung to the beater was enough to keep the egg whites from beating right.”

“I didn’t know that,” said Lydia lamely. “Is it going to hurt the pies?”

“It’s not really going to hurt them,” said Mother. “Only thing, they won’t brown on the top. They’ll stay

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

By JOSEPH STOLL

The life of Elizabeth Kemp Stutzman

This is the true story of an Amish girl. She grew up when the American Midwest was still pioneer country, and experienced many of the hardships common to that era.

Born ten years after the Civil War, Lizzie Kemp lived her childhood in a mixture of laughter and tears. From her foster parents she learned to trust in God, and early in her youth committed her life to His keeping.

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pretty much like they are now." She opened the oven door so Lydia could see.

Lydia felt sick all over when she saw the pale yellow pies in the oven. And to think they were going to have company for supper didn't make her feel any better. All this time she was trying to think what it would be like to have their company comment on how good the pie was and to have Mother say, "Lydia baked them." Now she was ashamed to have anyone, even her sister Mary, know she had baked the pies.

"I'm sorry," she said. "But I didn't know."

"Of course you didn't know," said Mother, her voice full of understanding. "There are many things in life we have to learn. But there are two ways of learning them. One is the way you've been insisting on learning things lately—by the trial and error method. Sure, making mistakes is a good way of learning." Mother lowered her voice. "But there is an easier way," she said. "And that's by taking advice from people who have already learned."

Lydia didn't answer. She turned back to her dinner, but she had already decided which way she was going to use from now on. Most of the time, at least. And that was the easier way. ■■



FREDDIE And His Fun

—By Martha Helmuth

Come on, Rover, don't be so pokey," yelled six-year-old Freddie as he pulled on the twine he had tied to Rover's collar. But Rover was tired of being dragged around and hitched to Freddie's little wagon. The harder Freddie pulled, the more Rover held back.

Nancy, Freddie's younger sister picked up a stick and hit Rover across the back. The dog yelped as he jumped up and reluctantly followed his young master. Leading him to a pail of water, Freddie pushed Rover's nose into the water to make him drink. Rover wasn't thirsty and refused to drink any water.

"Come on, Rover," insisted Freddie as he pushed his nose into the water again. "You have a lot of work to do for me this afternoon so you'd better drink some water." After coaxing a while, Freddie gave up and dragged Rover to his wagon. Tying another twine to the other side of the dog's collar, he hitched him to the wagon by tying both twines to the axle.

"I want a ride first," exclaimed Nancy as she climbed into the wagon.

"Okay, you may have the first ride," agreed Freddie, "then you can lead Rover while I ride." Roughly he grabbed the dog's collar and tied a third twine to it as Rover tried to pull away from him. Using this as a lead rope, Freddie pulled Rover to his feet.

"Let's pretend we are peddling peaches in town," suggested Nancy as they started off.

"Yes let's," agreed Freddie as he handed Nancy a stick. "Here, this is your whip. You'll have to use it as Rover is so pokey today."

Taking the stick Nancy hit Rover again. "Come on, Rover," she called as she did so.

Slowly Rover started off. Since he refused to be a willing "horse", the children whipped him a number of times. As they neared the house, Mother called out the window. "Freddie and Nancy! Leave the dog alone for a while. You've been playing with him all afternoon and

you're so rough with him, he doesn't even have a decent dog's life."

"But Mother," wailed Freddie, "I haven't had my ride yet."

"Well, you'll just have to do without a ride now. He's given you a ride many times already. It's too warm to pester him like that all day," Mother went on. "Why don't you rest in the shade until I come out, then you can help me shell the beans I picked."

"Aw, Mother, that's no fun," complained Freddie.

"We were selling peaches in town and we have a lot more to sell," Nancy added. "We were having fun."

"Well, you can sell your peaches some other time," Mother insisted. "You've given that dog a hard enough time for today so you'd better do as I said."

With a pout Freddie slowly led Rover to the fence and tied him to a post. Soon Mother came out of the house with some bowls and pans. Going over to the shade where she had two large pails of beans, she sat on the lawn chair and begin shelling beans.

"Come on, Freddie and Nancy," she called again, "you can help, too." As the children walked up, she continued, "You may sit on the grass to help." As she was handing some beans to Freddie she glanced up and saw Rover still tied to the wagon by the fence.

Giving the beans to Nancy, instead, she asked, "Freddie, is that dog still tied to the wagon?"

"Uh-huh," Freddie nodded.

"Then go and untie him first," Mother told him.

"But we want to play with him again when we are done here," Freddie answered.

"Freddie, how would you like to be tied to a wagon all afternoon?" Mother asked. "Go let him loose so he has some freedom while you help me."

Reluctantly Freddie obeyed. When he returned he sat on the ground once more and Mother gave him some beans to shell. As they worked Mother talked to them about being rough to pets.

"But Mother, it's fun to play with Rover," objected Freddie.

"Yes, I know you like to play with him," Mother agreed. "It's alright to play with him part of the time, but you must give him some chance to just be a dog and do what a dog likes to do."

Mother looked at the children as she continued shelling beans.

"You may be having fun when you play with him, but I'm sure Rover doesn't always think it's fun," Mother continued. "That's work for him. How would you like to shell beans or wash dishes, or pull weeds all afternoon?"

Nancy and Freddie shook their heads. "We wouldn't like it."

"Then you must remember that Rover doesn't always want to pull the wagon and do all the other things you try to get him to do," Mother reminded them, "and don't be so rough with him when you do play with him."

Mother's talk sobered the children for a little while, but by the next day they were again looking for something to do that would be fun.

"Let's play with the calves," suggested Freddie.

"How can we play with the calves?" asked Nancy.

"Oh, maybe we can ride them or something like that," answered Freddie.

Off they ran to the small pasture called the calf pen. Soon they were trying to catch a calf, but none of them wanted to be caught. Thus a chase began. Soon they were chasing them round and round the pasture, yelling at them as they went. Suddenly Rover was there to help them and the chase became even merrier. Who wanted to ride a calf? This was more fun anyway.

Suddenly Father came on the scene. "Freddie and Nancy!" called Father. "Come here at once."

With surprise they turned to see Father standing outside the fence. They thought he had gone to the neighbors and wouldn't be home right away. With guilt showing on both their faces, the children joined their father outside the pasture. Taking each one by the hand, he led them to the side of the barn.

"Why were you children chasing the calves like that?"



ished Father.

Both children stared silently at the ground.

"Would you like it if we'd chase you around like that for a while?" Father wanted to know.

Slowly they shook their heads.

"Or would you like to have Gander chase you again?"

Father asked.

The children gasped and shook their heads in earnest. Both of them had too many memories of screaming and running for the house with the gander close behind them, hissing and pecking. Father had finally clipped his wings and penned him with the geese, especially during nesting season.

"Then tell me why you were chasing the calves," Father went on.

"We, we ah, we were trying to catch one of them," stammered Freddie as he remembered why they had first started chasing them.

"What would you do that for?" inquired Father. "You wouldn't be able to hang on to one if you did catch it."

"We wanted to ride one of them," Nancy informed him.

"Ride one of them?" questioned Father. "You wouldn't have been able to get on one and if you would have, you couldn't have stayed on it." Father looked first at one and then at the other and wondered what they'd try next. "You could have fallen off and broken an arm or a leg, or even your neck."

The children looked at Father soberly. They hadn't thought about something like that. "I'm sorry, Father," Nancy said thoughtfully.

"I, I won't do that any more," Freddie added.

"See, that you remember that," Father went on. "What you need is more work to do. You come with me now. I'm ready to dig potatoes and you are just who I need to pick them up for me."

"But, Dad," Freddie objected, "It's too warm for that."

"Too warm?" asked Father in surprise. "Surely, if it isn't too warm to chase calves, it isn't too warm to pick up potatoes either. That would be a good way to use some of the pep you children seem to have."

The children hung their heads and followed their father to the potato patch. As they helped their father, Father asked, "Do you know what we're going to do tomorrow?"

The children looked at Father questioningly.

"We'll be filling silo if nothing happens," Father told them. "Perhaps you two can bring drinks to the men then."

"Oh, goodie!" exclaimed both children. Threshing and filling silo always meant excitement to the children. They enjoyed watching the men and machinery on such days.

"If it's warm like it is today, it will take quite a bit of water," Father reminded them, "but I think you're old enough to do that job."

"Oh, sure we are," Freddie boasted. "We did that when we had the threshers, too."

"That's right, you did," Father smiled.

The children could hardly wait until the next day. Finally the neighboring men began to arrive with their wagons. Joe Yoder brought the tractor and silage cutter. Soon everyone was busy loading the corn onto the wagons and then unloading it into the cutter. Freddie and Nancy found themselves busy keeping the men and boys supplied with drinks.

That evening at the table Nancy piped up. "I don't like Joe's Christy!"

"I don't either," Freddie agreed. "He's so mean."

"What?" Father said. "You must never say you don't like someone."

"But he's so mean," Freddie repeated with force.

"Quiet down, then tell me what happened," Father told them.

"Well, he always kept saying he's going to throw me in the pen with the gander," Freddie told them.

"But he didn't, did he?" asked Father.

"No, but he tried to catch me and throw me in, but I

ran away as fast as I could go," Freddie continued.

"And he tried to throw me into the water tank," Nancy exclaimed. "He caught me, but I kicked and screamed until he let me go." Her face became red in anger when she told about it. "He's mean!" she said again.

"Shhh, that's enough of that," Mother said sternly. "Don't you think he was just having fun?"

"Well, I don't think it was fun!" exclaimed Freddie.

"Well, he was just teasing you," Father added. "I don't think he would really have done that."

Tears of frustration came to the children's eyes when they received no more sympathy from their parents.

Seeing their tears, Father continued, "You didn't like the way Christy treated you, but I really believe he was just doing it in fun. Father looked at each one. "I'm not saying it was nice of Christy to do that, but that's the way some boys and girls are, they like to have fun at someone else's expense."

The children looked at their father. "What do you mean?"

"They think they are having fun when they are really being mean to others and making it unpleasant for them," Father explained. "Like Christy; I'm sure he thought he was having fun, but it wasn't very nice for you."

The children nodded their heads with understanding. "And I know some other children who do the same thing to their pets," Father went on. "They think they are having fun, but they are making the dogs and the calves miserable, aren't they?"

The children stared at their father without answering.

"Do you know who those children are?" he asked them.

Freddie and Nancy dropped their eyes and didn't answer.

"Do you know what children Father is talking about?"

Mother prodded.

Slowly Freddie raised his eyes. "He means us, doesn't he?"

■ ■



The Talking Donkey

Balak, king of Moab, was a frightened and worried man. And no wonder. He had heard enough stories to frighten any heathen king. The stories had been drifting in for a long time already. First he had heard how this large group of slaves had run away from the mighty Pharaoh of Egypt. He had heard, too, how the Red Sea had opened to let the slaves pass through, and how Pharaoh and his army had been drowned. He had also heard how these thousands of runaway slaves had managed to stay alive in the dry desert for close to forty years -- something which was almost unbelievable. It was also rumored that food actually fell down from heaven each morning to feed this vast company of people, and that water had several times come gushing out of hard rocks when the people became thirsty. And now just lately these people who were called Israelites, were traveling across the desert, headed straight for the land of Moab. So far nothing had been able to stop them. Balak knew that all the kings who had gone out and fought against them had been beaten in battle and killed.

Balak also knew that he was next in line. And he was afraid to go out to fight the Israelites, lest he, too, be killed as all the other kings had been. And not only the king was frightened, his people were too. They said to

each other, "Soon the Israelites will eat up all of us just like an ox eats up grass out in the field!"

At last King Balak thought of a plan by which he hoped to save himself and his people. He had heard of a prophet named Balaam, and whenever this prophet said something, it always happened just as he said it would.

So Balak decided to send for Balaam and ask him to say bad things about the Israelites, and then when these bad things came true, the Israelites would no longer be so powerful.

At once King Balak sent some princes to ask Balaam to come. The princes took gifts with them to give to the prophet. It was a long journey to the home of Balaam, for he lived in another country. But finally the princes arrived and told Balaam why they had come.

"Stay here overnight," Balaam said. "Tomorrow I will give you whatever answer God gives to me."

The princes bedded down for the night. And while they slept, God came to Balaam and said, "Who are these men visiting with you?"

"They are messengers from Balak, king of Moab," Balaam explained. "Balak has sent them to me, saying, 'This people that came here from Egypt now cover the face of the earth, they are so many. Please come and lay a curse on them for us, so that we can fight against them and win.'"

"Don't go," God said. "I don't want the Israelites cursed. I have blessed them, and they shall remain blessed."

The next morning Balaam said to the princes, "Go back to your own country, for the Lord has refused to let me go with you."

The princes returned to Moab and told King Balak, "Balaam refused to come."

The king could not understand why Balaam didn't come. He thought it must be that Balaam wanted greater gifts. So he sent princes again, more important princes than the other time, and with them he sent greater gifts. These princes said to Balaam, "Balak sent this message: Please do not refuse to come. I will reward you greatly and will give you anything you ask for. Just come and curse these people for me."

But Balaam said, "Even if Balak gave me his house full of silver and gold, I could not do anything, small or great, against what God tells me to do. But you can stay overnight, and I will see what answer the Lord will give me."

God had told Balaam not to go the other time. It should not have been necessary to ask again. But Balaam longed to have the honor and riches Balak promised to

give him.

That night God spoke to Balaam and said, "If the princes call for you in the morning, you may go with them, but even then, be careful and don't say anything except what I tell you to say."

The next morning Balaam was so excited about going that he didn't even wait to see if the princes would call him. Eagerly he rose up and saddled his donkey and started out for the land of Moab.

God was greatly displeased with Balaam for wanting so much to have the riches and honor promised by Balak. He sent an angel down to stand along the road and stop Balaam. The angel had a long sword ready and stood at the side of the road ready to kill Balaam when he came along.

Balaam knew nothing of this as he hurried his donkey down the road, his two servants with him. Perhaps he was busy thinking about all the gold and honor King Balak would give him. We do not know for sure what he was thinking, but we do know that he did not see the angel standing beside the road with the sword in his hand.

The donkey saw the angel and was scared. She shied off the road into the field to get away from the angel. Balaam couldn't understand why his donkey acted so strangely. He couldn't see anything to be frightened of. He had to beat the donkey to get her back onto the road again.

He rode on for a while. But now the angel had gone ahead and was standing at a place where there was a wall on each side of the road. Again the donkey saw the angel. She lunged to one side to escape the angel with the sword, and crushed Balaam's leg against the stone wall. Angrily Balaam beat the donkey with the stick in his hand. Why did his donkey have to act so contrary on the very morning he was in such a hurry and had so far to go?

Balaam rode on, his anger smoldering within him and his leg throbbing with pain where it had been crushed against the wall.

For the third time the angel of the Lord stationed himself along the road. This time he stood at a place so narrow that there was no possible way for the donkey to lunge to one side or the other to pass.

The donkey saw the angel again, and saw that this time there was no way to escape. In fright, the donkey sank down to the ground under Balaam, refusing to go another step.

Now Balaam lost his temper completely. Beside himself with rage, he beat the donkey fiercely.

Suddenly God gave the donkey the power to talk, and the donkey turned her head, and asked Balaam, "What have I done to you that you should beat me these three times?"

Balaam was so angry that he was not even surprised that the donkey could talk. "You've been so contrary," Balaam shouted, "that if I had a sword in my hand, I would kill you right here!"

"Have I not been a faithful donkey for you up until now?" the donkey asked. "Have I been in the habit of treating you this way before?"

"No," Balaam had to admit.

Then God opened Balaam's eyes and caused him to see the angel standing nearby with his sword ready.

Balaam fell to his knees and bowed to the ground.

The angel said to Balaam, "Why have you beaten your poor donkey these three times? I was standing beside the road each time to stop you. If your donkey hadn't turned away each time, I would have killed you and left the donkey alive."

"I have sinned," Balaam cried. "Yet I didn't know that you stood against me to keep me from going. Since it displeases you, I will go back home."

"No, you may go on," the angel said. "Only don't forget this time that you can only say what I tell you to say."

So the angel departed, and Balaam continued on his way with the princes of Moab.

—E.S.

• • • • •
•
• DO I REALLY PRAY? •
• I often say my prayers, •
• But do I really pray? •
• And do the wishes of my heart •
• Go with the words I say? •
•
• I may as well kneel down •
• And worship gods of stone, •
• As offer to the living God •
• A prayer of words alone. •
•
• For words without the heart •
• The Lord will never hear; •
• Nor will He to those lips attend •
• Whose prayer is not sincere! •
•
• Lord, show me what I need •
• And teach me how to pray, •
• And help me when I seek Thy grace •
• To mean the words I say. •
• —John Burton •
• • • • •



JUST LIKE ME

She begs and says, "But Mamma,
I'm getting big, you see;
I don't need help like little girls:
Tomorrow I'll be three."

"Of course," says Mother brightly,
"My little girl has grown;
Does she really like the job so much
As to wash them all alone?"

So Mother tackles other tasks,
But wisely stays quite near
And when Miss Three Years needs a lift
She answers, "Coming, dear!"

Then Mother smiles and muses,
"Dear God, she's just like me;
I struggle so to do the things
That I should trust to Thee."

"I bring Thee all my problems,
But then I scheme and plan
Just how to help Thee answer them,
But Thou art God, not man."

"Thou toldst me to commit my ways,
Commit them all to Thee,
Then praise and rest my faith in Him
Who's my Sufficiency."
-Author unknown

This morning we do not feel as if we would be ready for company. Beets are being canned. There's a bit of juice on the floor, here and there, and some splattered around on the sink. Of course, if company comes they would probably say they have seen such a mess in their kitchen also. But beets and other vegetables and fruits are worth the mess it makes to can them. I recently found out that even canned sour beets will make good Harvard beets when opened. The beets should probably be cubed then, heated and the juice thickened and poured over the vegetables. I was glad to hear this, for I love Harvard beets.

Recently a young mother told me that she once overheard two women speaking. One told the other, that a mother who sews on Mondays is a mother who gets

her sewing done. The young mother who has a group of little ones considered the matter carefully. She then decided to give it a trial, and began her sewing on the first day of the week. She considers this very good advice and said she now gets her sewing done much better than before.

From Mrs. Gerald W. Hoover of Denver, Pennsylvania comes a bit of advice about baby walkers. She writes: "Our seven-month-old baby wasn't safe anymore in his folding spider walker. Some of these are lower than the jumper walkers, - the reason for his tumbling out.

"Depending how they're made, you can put a folded paper (average-sized envelope will do) in the stop catch and tape it fast. The back and front legs can also be tied together to make it higher.

She continues to write: "Am glad for the wholesome recipes and tips in cooking like making peach jelly from the scraps. Want to try it. With all this fuss about pollution, what it amounts to is use up what you have. Does your family like pickled melon rind? You may be able to use the whole watermelon. Maybe you don't have the oil of cloves and cinnamon so use the ground type. It tastes different though.

Mrs. Hoover also asks for the recipe for making maraschino cherries. (The recipe is found in the Favorite Amish Cookbook which is sold here at Pathway.)

Mrs. Ephraim Frey of Elmira sent some sandwich suggestions which will be good for school lunches. She advises to mix $\frac{1}{4}$ part honey to $\frac{3}{4}$ part peanut butter. Stiff peanut butter can be thinned with mineral oil - or cooking oil.

She says, now that eggs are cheap lots of them should be eaten. (Eggs and peanut butter make good meat substitutes for both are rich in protein.) When you hard boil eggs take a heavy pin and prick the thick end. The air pocket can then escape when the egg boils. If you do this even cracks can be hard boiled without losing the insides.

For egg salad sandwiches allow one hard boiled egg to every two slices bread. Mash egg and add enough mayonnaise till of spreading consistencey. Makes a nice moist sandwich.

If you don't like fussing with mustard eggs try hard boiled eggs in hot vinegar. Add a little sugar, same as for pickles. Beet juice can be added for coloring.

One of my sister's daughters gave a small jar of the following pickles to an English man as a gift. His father enjoyed them so much that he came and offered her one dollar a pint if he could have some. She sold twelve pints to him.

BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLES (best ever)

4 qts. sliced cucumbers (40-50)

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. salt

2 qts. sliced onions

1 qt. vinegar

4 c. sugar

1 T. celery seed

2 T. mustard

1 T. ginger

1 T. tumeric (optional)

Gently stir salt into thinly sliced cucumbers. Cover with ice cubes; let stand 2 or 3 hrs. until cucumbers are crisp and cold. Add more ice if it melts, drain. Add onions. Combine remaining ingredients. Bring quickly to a boil and boil 10 min. Add cucumber slices and onion and bring to boiling point. Pack at once in hot jars. Process in boiling water bath 30 min. Remove jars from canner and complete seals. Makes 8 pts.

—Mrs. David D. Miller, Millersburg, O.

SALAD DRESSING

2 rounded T. salad dressing

Slowly add 2 T. salad oil

Vinegar to taste

$\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt

Dash of pepper and dash of garlic powder. Mix with salad greens such as lettuce, fresh dandelion, spinach, kale, cabbage, chinese cabbage, endive or escarole.

—M.B., Pa.

TOMATO SOUP

1 peck ripe tomatoes
 ½ cup sugar
 2 red peppers
 5 sprigs parsley
 ¼ cup salt
 3 bunches celery
 10 small onions
 ½ cup butter
 ½ cup flour

Peel tomatoes. Cook, and sieve. Boil pulp down nearly half. Grind onions, parsley, celery and peppers through food chopper. Pour in with the tomatoes. Make thickening with flour and enough water to make it smooth. Pour in with the pulp and tomato juice and boil ½ hour. Add butter before removing from heat. Can while hot. Makes 6 or 7 pints. Upon opening add milk, and heat.

TO CAN RED BEETS

2 cups sugar (raw)
 3 cups water (beet juice)
 1 cup vinegar
 juice of one lemon
 ½ t. cinnamon
 ½ t. allspice
 ½ t. cloves

Salt to taste. Mix liquid and pour over 1 gal. cooked beets. Simmer 15 minutes. Pack beets in jars. Heat liquid to a good boil. Pour over the beets and seal.

PICKLED WATERMELON RIND

5 pounds watermelon rind
 2½ pounds sugar
 2 cups vinegar
 ½ teaspoon oil of cinnamon
 2 cups water
 ½ teaspoon oil of cloves

Pare the watermelon and cut rind in 2 inch pieces. Mix ½ cup salt with 2 quarts water and soak rind overnight. Drain and rinse with clear water. Drain again. Cook in fresh water until tender. Drain. Combine sugar, vinegar, water and spices. Bring to a boil and pour it over the rind. Let stand overnight. In the morning drain off the syrup and cook it several minutes. Repeat for 3 days. On the third day, cook rind and syrup together for 3 minutes. The fruit remains clear if the oil of spices are used. Makes 6 pints.

—From the Mennonite Cookbook

BRAN MUFFINS

2 cups whole wheat flour
 ½ cup brown or raw sugar
 ¾ cup sour milk or cream
 ½ cup shortening or vegetable oil
 1 egg
 2 teaspoons baking powder
 ½ teaspoon soda

Mix dry ingredients then add beaten egg. Then the remaining ingredients. Mix quickly. Pour in muffin tins and bake. For varying tastes add nuts, raisins, dates, or bran from the mill. Can be eaten like shortcake with fruit, or like bread.

—E.N.H., New Holland, Pa.

MODERNISTIC GRANDMAS

Back in the early nineties
 When a Grandma I would see,
 She was dressed quite nice and modest
 Like a Grandma ought to be.

Her clothing were all sombre,
 Not in gay and gaudy hue—
 Just the kind of Grandma
 You would love to look up to.

But, today it is so different,
 Yes! Quite different I would say—
 Grandmas strut about like peacocks
 Decked in colors just as gay.

Make-up covered o'er their faces
 Fingernails of different shade,
 Has the "God of all creation"
 Failed when He these Grandma's made?

Up to date in fad and fashion
 Nothing new makes Grandma frown,
 But, these Modernistic Grandmas,
 Well! They just simply get me down.

Gerdrude Lefevre Groff

(Gerdrude Lefevre Groff was 91 on the 19th of January '71. She is a guest in the Crosskeys Brethren Home at Dover, Pennsylvania.)

Some Mothers Write

"— but our lives cannot all be "mountain top" experiences. There are the "valleys" and times perhaps when things must be done that are not very "lifting" in themselves. I do think though we should take time to savor those little joys and precious moments. I have paused to watch the children and I like to see the sparkling eyes of a little one all happy or thrilled over something.

So many beautiful thoughts are all too soon forgotten in the daily struggle of life. One way I feel to preserve some of them is to keep a diary. Now when I look back to our first born I can feel the joy and pleasures of first having her. These remembrances could've been lost in the days that followed if I had not recorded them. I have the kind of diary that takes a whole page for one day. Some days are not filled and other days run over.

—Mrs. Z., Lanc., Pa.

We were busy in the garden one day in early spring. Seeing that the dandelions were becoming plentiful, I sent our three year old boy to ask Grandma if she wants some.

This is what we heard: "Grandma do you want some dynamite?"

—M. S., Ohio

SOME FATHERS WRITE, TOO—

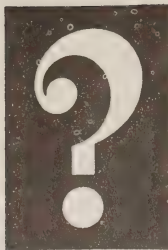
After his serving of ice-cream, five year old Nelson asked, "Does ice-cream melt when you eat it?" When he was told that it does he replied sadly, "Then I haven't got mine anymore."

—D.H., Va.

Thoughts from
 My Rocking Chair.



*She can easily
 find excuses for
 our own blunders—
 but not for
 the blunders
 of other people.
 They ought to
 know better.
 Aunt Becky.*



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

??

ADVICE NEEDED!

I am wondering if any of you readers might be able to help me.

I am still a member of the church where I was brought up in, and where I was baptized and married. My husband wants me to join another church (one of wordly dress and belief.) Many have told me a man should be the leader and a wife should do as he wants her to. I agree that a husband should be the leader in prayer and in religious teachings and discipline in the home.

We can read in Ephesians 5:22, 23, 24 - "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and He is the Saviour of the body. Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything."

Would this mean a wife has to submit to everything and anything her husband tells and wants her to do? Doesn't ones conscience count at a time like this? I would appreciate any enlightenment on this subject.

—Grieved and Confused

??

PIONEER SPIRIT (answers)

In answer to "Pioneer Spirit's" question about a plain community in the far west, I believe we can read the answer in the Bible. When Abraham and Lot parted, Lot chose the plains of Jordan near the big cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Abraham took to the hills of Judea. In the end, Lot had to come out of the big cities; in fact, the Angel had to lead him out or he would have shared their destruction.

The farther the plain people are from the big cities, the better for them, spiritually. There is no reason why a plain church could not flourish in the west, provided that the move is spiritually sound, socially sound, with enough unrelated families to be self-supporting, and economically sound--able to make a living, even if it be a simple one.

—Isaac R. Horst

The west is big. In the wheat country there are big wheat farms. In the cattle country there are big ranches. Family sized farms and general farming are not ordinarily found in the western states. The winters are cold and the summers are often dry and hot. Because of the nature of the country, the weather and the crops, it seems that about the only way to make a living is with a lot of big machinery.

There have been Amish in Colorado but the settlements did not last very long. Also, it is so far away from the other Amish settlements that it would be difficult for ministers and others to travel back and forth very often.

—A Northerner

A WESTERN SETTLEMENT

I know a Mennonite man who said his father homesteaded in the west. He said they finally left. The weather went from one extreme to the other. Dry for several years in a row and then 7 inches of rain in a day. But I do think there would be places where a living could be made by Amish. It would be good to talk to several 'bld

Timers" about the weather and crops when one goes to look at a new location. I think there might be less temptation for children if they were not so close to towns, but I have to think of a warning an old man gave to a minister who wished to start a new community. He said, "Do not forget when you go out there, that Satan will be there before you." If land is very cheap there is usually a reason.

—From Pennsylvania

PLANTING SPIRITUAL SEEDS

As a family with young children we try and raise them to do God's will. We have started to read awhile out of the New Testament in the morning. We used to think we don't have time, but since we started we all look forward to this period, before we start the day.

—Concerned

WOMEN ARE AFRAID

There are so many women who are afraid when they are home alone or when they go to town. It is true that we sometimes hear of strangers who are unkind, or would do evil things. I believe we should trust in a Higher Hand at such times. If we always try to dress and act decently and have business to go where we do, then surely God can protect us. Many a complete stranger has done me a good turn and has been kind.

—A Pennsylvania Reader.

WE NEEDED A HIRED GIRL

As I read the letter in *Family Life* about the "need of a maud," I had to think of a time a few years ago. We were in need of a "maud" and went to the twelfth place and asked. Finally the girl said she could come, so I went home and felt relaxed, knowing we would have some one to be with the little children while I was in the hospital. About three days later we received a letter from this girl telling us she couldn't come. She had to stay home and sew for her mother. O, such a let down! A poor excuse, I felt. I wondered why I got an answer like this, to think of all the new born babies I took care of while I was a young girl, and now I couldn't find anyone to help us out.

I prayed and prayed for God to help us.

About a week before I went to the hospital, a letter came telling us that they heard we were in need of a maud. Their girl quit her job at the factory and if we wanted her, she could help us. I cried with tears of joy, knowing that God heard my prayers. The Mother also in her letter said that she remembers the time when she needed a maud and I came to help her. God bless the good friends in the time of need!

I don't know why No. 12 didn't really want to come unless she found out we didn't have running water and a bathroom. Most girls nowadays think they can't work at a place that isn't modern. (Let us pray for these girls.)

Now we have three girls and I pray I can always remember the "mothers in need."

—Once needed help, Indiana

TEN YEARS OF HAPPINESS

The letter in the April issue "by one who has seen ten years of it" created quite a stir in our hearts. My husband and I are also nearing our tenth wedding anniversary.

It is true there are "hard facts" to face in caring for a family. There may be times, because of prolonged illnesses in the family, that we are so tired we can hardly see or walk straight. The husband may sink beneath the load of providing for the family's needs. Likewise the mother may often labor long hours in spite of bodily aches and pains. Yet amid it all, who is there among us that has not had enough to eat and wear? Our Lord tells us to be therewith content.

It is true husband and wife should find some time for each other personally, but if married love does not enable us to contentedly share the family duties, it is

selfish indeed, and lacks the qualities of true Christian love. When "one is rocking the colicky baby and the other one giving the other children some much needed attention" we are not separated, but as partners we join hands in caring for the precious little ones from God. Let's remember they have a never-dying soul. How the Lord must have loved us to give us such priceless gifts. May we never consider them a burden or a hindrance to our love.

Marriage calls for a life of sacrifice. The reason some things aren't pleasant to the flesh is because sin entered this world, and we all have our share. The "hard facts" are to remind us of the penalty of sin, and should cause us to ask the Lord daily to cleanse and purify us.

Marriage has its trials, but it also has its special joys. I wouldn't trademy companion nor our family for anything in the world. There are joys too deep to express on paper. Even if our billfolds may at times contain only a few coins, if there is love at home, truly "there is beauty all around." We can be rich even if we are poor.

The statement, "there are times when it seems you disagree on everything, even the things you'd once agreed on," sounds like a state of despair. From time to time there will be things we don't see alike, but surely, if our marriage is in the Lord, there will never be a time when we agree on nothing.

If our marriage is to have God's blessing, it must be started in the Lord and stay in the Lord. Jesus must be the foundation of our love and this goes back into courtship days. Married love is related to courtship as a larger tree is related to the small one which it once was. How important that the tree grown straight while it is small! But for those who did not conduct their courtship nor begin their marriage in the fear of the Lord, there is still hope in the same manner that there is hope for the sinner who repents. There may be some added trials, but we have above us a God who is ready and able to help.

God instituted marriage Himself and intended it to contain a closer friendship and deeper love than between any other two people on earth. Everywhere through the Bible it speaks of marriage as one of love and unity. Viewing it as God ordained it, we find it too deep to express. Even the apostle Paul, when dwelling on the subject, ended saying the mystery is great. (Our Lord used marriage to symbolize the relationship of Christ and the church in glory.)

Truly, the mystery is great! How often do I fail as a wife and mother! How then can my husband and children love me so? How is it that my husband and I can always feel free to discuss with each other our peculiar trials and ideals? How is it that such a poor mortal should receive such a great blessing? I cannot fully grasp it.

—By one who has also seen ten years of it.

HELP FROM A HIGHER HAND

Not long ago I put our eleven-month-old daughter to bed for an afternoon nap. After she fell asleep I thought now is my chance to go out and mow the yard awhile. I took the other children along outside to play.

After some time I sent our five-year-old daughter in to listen if the baby was crying. She came out and said, "All is quiet."

About fifteen minutes later I again sent the five-year-old in to see if she's awake. This time she came out and said the baby's playing.

I thought I'd let her play awhile in her crib as it was quite warm outdoors. Later the children said, "The baby's crying."

After making a couple more rounds I went into the kitchen but the bedroom was quite. Then I heard her scream - just once. I hurried in to her for I knew something was wrong. There she was, hanging out between two slide slats in her crib - all but one arm and her head. With a prayer in my heart I hurried over and pushed her back in, which wasn't easily done. How long she was in this position we'll never know.

She seemed unhurt, but tired. She just lay against me for awhile. Instead of the slat catching at her throat, it caught at her jaw bone. This pushed her jaws together so that she couldn't cry, but at least she could breathe yet.

Some people said, "Oh, how lucky you were!" But we knew better. It wasn't luck that kept her from strangling but an answered prayer that God would keep His hand over us that day. After this happened, which could just as easily have ended in tragedy, we were more thankful for our healthy, happy children.

I learned not to depend on young children to always look after your dear little baby. I learned the lesson the hard way. For a long time fear tugged at my heart every time I put her in a crib again. Today she's a happy growing child and doesn't realize what her experience has taught me. No matter where we are, we have an all knowing almighty God watching over us all.

—A Young Pennsylvania Mother

THE TONGUE

Have we ever thought about the tongue, a little member and yet what it can do? The tongue can lift you up and also the tongue can slap you down.

When you think you are doing your best to please, then your partner comes home from work and right away you find out you haven't done anything right. But the tongue can no man tame. It is an unruly evil full of deadly poison. Out of the mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not to be.

A few kind words, how they lift up the soul. Even so the tongue is a little member and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth. (James 3:5).

A few words of praise for a hard days work is better than to be paid in money. Let us look on the good things our loved ones do instead of finding fault. To live a peaceful and happy married life, both partners have to work together and look on the bright side of life.

—Name Withheld.

HOME REMEDIES AND SUGGESTIONS

This isn't the time of year when poison ivy remedies are mostly needed, but lately I heard that poison ivy can be contacted in winter months from burning wood which had been entwined by the poison ivy plant. We have several remedies so if one doesn't help, maybe the other one will. They are all very simple.

One suggestion says that sassafras tea will kill poison ivy after bathing the affected parts a few times.

Another remedy is to bathe the affected parts with as hot water as bearable. Follow with cold water. Dry, then apply peroxide. This takes the itchiness away.

Mrs. Jacob W. Fisher of Quarryville, Pa. wrote about poison ivy: "Each year it seems that one of our family gets poison ivy. We no longer dread it as we used to since we found out how to control it. Most people do not understand how this itchy poison works. They usually spread it and make it worse by washing with soap water or smearing it with Calimine lotion.

"We have an old doctor book which says the itching is caused by an oily juice which travels under the epidermis which is the outside layer of the skin. This is how the poison ivy spreads from one part of the body to the other. To smear on some lotion may give a soothing feeling but will not cure it or keep it from spreading.

"My book says the irritating element in poison ivy is Sydulocus. Rain water is high in hydulenphat which counteracts and destroys Sydulocus. So if any of the family gets into poison ivy we soak the parts real well in rain water twenty minutes three times a day. We have used this method for five years and it is much safer, cheaper, healthier, and more effective than any smeary stuff from the drug store. But like Namaan of olden times, it is too simple for many people to even try."



Come, Come With Me!

Now come with me the world to view
And behold, the sparkle of the dew.
Look, friend, the leaves have fallen down
They embrace the cold, hard frosty ground.

Oh, I know that you are a shutin
But beauty you have time to see
Those clouds in yonder heaven's blue
Oh, such glorious majesty!

Such is a lovely moring when dew is on the earth
And nature's freely singing of our Maker's worth.
Such is an autumn morning when the winds blow free;
In the land of imagination
Oh, come, come walk with me!

-Lizzie W. Burkholder, Goshen, Indiana

A STROLL IN THE EVENING

It's that time of day, the enchanted hour, when the hush of evening reaches out and enfolds us. Would you come with us for a walk? We'll take Thomas along in the stroller. He is just four months old. The boys will enjoy pushing him.

We'll go to Dandelion Hill. It is a hill with a gentle slope and the haywagon has made a path for us.

The evening is lovely and a cool, soft breeze is blowing. The last colorful rays of the setting sun peeps through the trees and spreads over the fields.

The little ones delight in the privilege of clinging to their mother's hands. The older ones drink in the joy of the evening and tuck it into their hearts for fond memories for the future.

There is a contented look on little Thomas' face. He smiles. This does me good for he is not always happy.

Now we can see Mahonoy Mountain—a dark giant in the distance. The sun is just bidding goodnight to the hills beyond the river. The purple shadows are creeping up from the valleys. We can see the lovely blue of the Susquehanna River.

This is such a blessing to take in the peaceful quiet, and feel the touch of the evening breeze as a healing balm from the hand of God. It soothes the cares of the day and leaves us refreshed to meet tomorrow.

Dusk is creeping over the cornfields and the meadows in the valley, painting them a darker green.

From our station on the hill we can spy Grandfather's house resting snugly among the willows beyond the hills.

The drone of traffic on the 11-15 rises faintly in the night air. Beyond the river the train rumbles on it's way, northbound.

As we rest on the cool grass, we wish to wait for darkness to come, but I know you must be getting tired. We should go back home for it is time to wash the little ones and tuck them into their beds."Boys, you may turn the stroller around now and head for the house."

-Mrs. Paul Brubaker, Liverpool, Pennsylvania

Generation after generation have felt as we now feel. Their lives have been as active as ours. They passed like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator first commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright o'er our grave as they are now around our path. The world will have the same attractions for others as it has now for us.

Yet a little while and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stifled and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way and prayers will be said; and then we shall be left alone in silence and darkness. And it may be but a short time we shall be spoken of: for the things of life will creep in and our name will soon be forgotten.

Days will continue to move on and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died. And the eye that mourned for us will be dried and glisten again with joy; and even our dearest friends will cease to think of us, and will not remember to list our name.

Selected by L. E. L., Pennsylvania

When you're sick
The Lord seems nearer
Than He does
When you are well.
Take advantage
Of His closeness;
Let Him in
Your sickroom dwell.
Then when you
Are up and better,
You'll from experience
His praises tell.

-Mrs. Robert L. Brown
Seven Valleys, Pa.

Ruth Auker of Ephrata, Pennsylvania made our cover picture for this month. Ruth does the nature series for Family Life.

Kenny Bontrager of Haven, Kansas (see May issue) is not able to do anything with his hands anymore. His hours are long so he has been enjoying the great amount of mail he has been receiving from his Family Life friends. He wishes to thank everyone.

Information has come in concerning the different institutes through-out the United States which now teach how children with brain injuries can be treated effectively. The treatments are given by parents and friends, in the child's home. Some children who were quite helpless have learned to walk and also to talk. With this therapy the brains of some retarded children have been developed to the extent that the children can now go to school and are up to par with other children of the same age level.

For further information contact Mrs. Enos Burkholder
R.2 Box 76

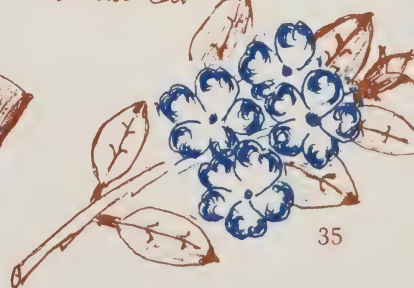
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Family Life

The Bible

The Bible is like a telescope and we can look through it
Right in our own living room, from the chair where we sit.
In looking through a telescope we see worlds beyond
Through the Bible view the ancient world of Jerusalem and Rome.
It gives a long range vision down the centuries and ages
Of patriarchs, kings and prophets and the faithful sages.
It breaks the silence with "In the beginning," and closes in the end
The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all amen".
In the beginning there is a day that is followed by a night
It closes with a nightless day that always has a light.
It starts with a flourishing garden - four rivers flowed with divinity
It ends with the New Jerusalem - our city for eternity.
It begins with two people - the start of the human race;
It ends with thousands upon thousands around the throne of grace.
It's an ever-flowing river that has fed the faith of our fathers
With the Spirit of God moving upon the face of its waters;
The deep power of its current flows victoriously for Christ
Here men that thirst come to drink of the water of life.
Following this river shore no man need lose his way
In jungles of speculation, deserts of dryness and decay.
The Bible contains many things much wisdom and philosophy.
It's warnings, songs of tragedy, sermons, prayers, and prophecy.
For every spiritual sickness we have the Bible as a cure;
It is history, drama, poetry, and the best of literature.
May we not stand idly by but be spiritually employed
Until we enter the New Jerusalem - it is forever to be enjoyed.

Anna J. Miller
Arthur Ill.



SOUNDS AROUND US

Sounds are all about us. In fact, the first thing a normal baby does on its arrival in this world is to cry. Sounds are so common that we seldom stop to think about them. There are voices around us, the barking of dogs, the singing of birds, the whisper of the wind blowing through the trees.

All sounds are produced by making something move back and forth. Another word for this is vibration. If we stretch a rubber band across a box and move it with our fingers, we can see and hear it vibrate. When we hit two objects together, we start vibrations which make a noise. When we talk, our vocal chords vibrate and when a cricket chirps, he rubs his two wings together to make the sound.

Some sounds are low and gruff, others are high and squeaky. This is called pitch. Something which vibrates slowly has a low pitch. If it vibrates faster it has a higher pitch. About 20 vibrations per second is as low and 20,000 vibrations per second is as high a pitch as the human ear is able to pick up. If it goes lower or higher than this, we can not hear it.

Some animals and birds can hear a much higher pitch than humans. Dogs can hear up to 30,000 vibrations per second. You can buy a whistle with such a high pitch to call your dog that people can not hear it.

The vocal chords are bands of tough elastic fibers which are stretched across the voice box in you throat. All the air you breath goes through your voicebox. When you want to talk or sing, messages are sent from the brain to the muscles that control these chords to tighten

them up. When we want to sing at a low pitch the muscles are tightened up slightly making a gruff sound. If we want to make a higher pitched sound the muscles are tightened up more. If the muscles are tightened up too much, we can make only a squeak.

Sounds travels in waves, just like the waves which are made when you throw a stone into the pond. Since these waves spread out in all directions, they get weaker as the distance increases. The loudness of a sound gets less in proportion to the square root. That is, if you will go twice as far away from the sound, it will be only one-fourth as loud.

Sound waves travel in air, water, stone wood or metal. They can not travel in vacuum. If you were to suspend a small bell inside a glass jar and remove the air from the jar, you could jingle the bell back and forth without hearing a sound. Since there is no air on the moon, the men who go to the moon can not talk back and forth with each other like they do where there is air.

In metal or wood, sound waves travel very fast. In this kind of material they will go a mile in one-third of a second. In water it takes one second and in the air it takes about 5 seconds to travel a mile. Thus if you see a flash of lightning you can find out how far away it is by seeing how long it takes before you hear the thunder.

Sound waves can be reflected from a surface like light is reflected by a mirror. With a curved surface, the waves can be directed to certain places. The big dome in the Capitol Building in Wshington, D. C. sometimes does strange things. If a person stands at a certain place to speak, the sound of his voice is sometimes reflected by the dome to distant parts of the building while it can not be heard at other places at all.

When sound waves hit a flat surface such as a hillside or the side of a large building, they bounce back and we hear the echo. You can find out how far away the hillside is if you will see how long it takes for the echo to come back. To find the distance in feet multiply the number of seconds by 550. If there are a number of hills, you can sometimes shout a word and hear it come back to you several times.

You must be at least 75 feet away from a building before you can hear an echo. If you are closer than this, the echo comes back so quickly that you cannot tell it from the original sound.

People who operate ships use the principle of the echo to tell how deep the water is. They have a machine which makes a very loud sound and then measures how long it takes the sound to travel to the bottom of the ocean and back. This is called sonar and it can also be used to locate schools of fish. In wartime it is used to locate submarines.

Bats use the same principle for flying in the darkness at night or in caves. For many years it was a mystery how these furry little animals could fly about so rapidly in the dark. Finally it was discovered they make shrill twitterings so high pitched that they can not be heard by the human ear. When these sounds strike an object in its path, the echo comes back warning the bat of danger ahead. Experiments have been made where threads were strung across a room and the bats were able to make their way freely around the room even with their eyes covered. But when their mouths or their ears were covered they were helpless.

Some animals have large ears which lets them gather in more of the sound waves. Rabbits have very large ears and dogs prick up their ears when they want to hear. Most animals have much better hearing than man.

That part of the ear which can be seen is called the outer ear. It gathers sound waves and channels them into the middle ear. Here they strike a membrane called the eardrum and make it vibrate. When the eardrum vibrates it strikes against three small bones in the ear sometimes called the hammer, the anvil and the stirrup. These bones carry the sound to the inner ear and the nerves take it to the brain.

The question has been asked whether a falling tree would make a sound if there were nothing alive within hearing distance. This all depends on what we mean by sound. The sound waves would be produced, but the waves must enter the ear before any sound is actually heard.

(Next month: What Noise Can Do.)

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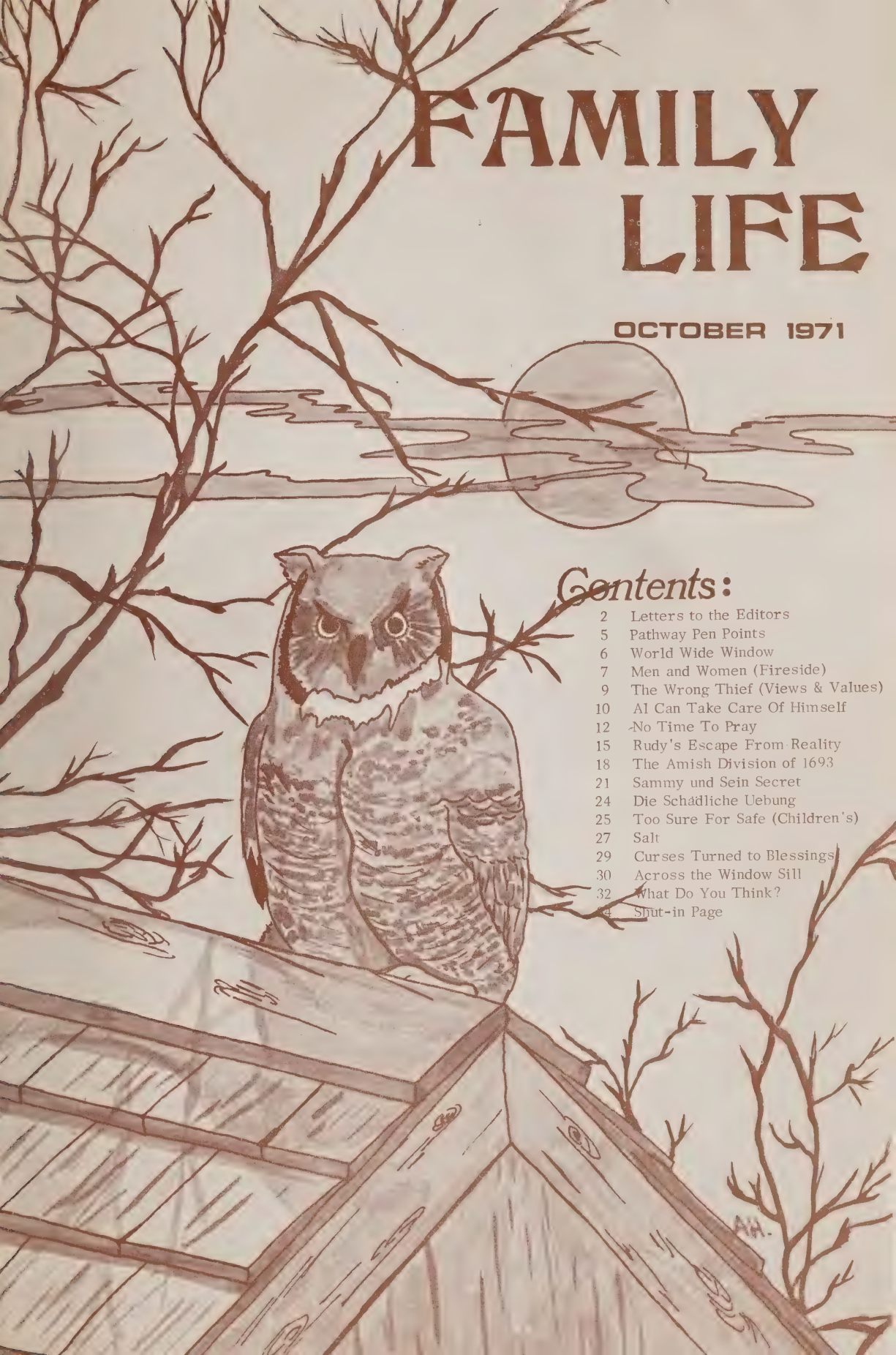
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letters to the editors



FORGIVING AND FORGETTING

I read the story, "I Forgive you - But" (August issue) and I wonder how many such instances there may be under the church groups - sore hearts that are hidden under a cheerful countenance. We have been in such a triangle misunderstanding, too, and tried to make it right but only made it worse. We can only hope it is truly forgiven now. If everyone would pray to have it swept out of their hearts completely, it shouldn't be too hard to forget. But we are such weak mortals.

— L. Pennsylvania.

I appreciated the article. If we hold grudges just about earthly possessions, can we say, "Our home is not below, I'm just a passing through?" We could consider earthly things as travellers' clothes, they may become wrinkled in the suitcase but we just have them to do us until we get home.

— A Pennsylvania friend.

I re-read the story and I'm afraid it is only too true to life. It is well written and I suppose the writer succeeds in bringing out the point that Joe should have forgiven and acted accordingly, which is right.

However I feel strongly that both Joe and Demas were much more in the wrong than Grandpa. It was one of those incidents that folks get into unawares at times. The in-laws were both in error and it came to the surface when put to the test. It seems as if covetousness was at the root of the matter. Colosians 3:12 tells us that if we are risen with Christ we should set our affections on things above. First Corinthians 13:5 says that charity (love) does not behave itself unseemly and seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

It is evident that both in-laws were selfish. Hebrews 12:14 tells us to strive after peace with everyone and many other Scriptures imply that a true Christian will give up material things to gain peace, if he can do so without violating Scripture. I think Granddad suffered innocently, being the victim of two carnally minded church members.

I was wondering if such a case is left go without the church dealing with it? 1 Corinthians 5 teaches us not to keep company with a so called brother if he is covetous. In this case it seems there were two, and apparently in full fellowship. I believe many people are caught in the sin of covetousness unawares and are cut off from God, and can't have the victory and don't know why. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.

In the story it almost seems as if Demas was justified in what he did. He may have bought the horse without knowing Joe was to be informed. But when he did find it out and the offense it caused, it would have been Scriptural for him to give up the horse which would have portrayed the right spirit.

On the other hand it was childish for Joe to get peeved about a horse as if it were the only horse in the world. If it were the only horse, he could have walked or ridden a donkey like our Saviour did. In this way he could have peace in his heart and victory in his soul. Then it would have been a blessing instead of letting the affair rob him of peace with God and possibly his salvation.

If only we could evaluate things in the light of eternity we would not become peeved because of these earthly things.

— Willis H. Martin, Pa.

The story was impressing (I have Forgiven you-But). I think Joe failed to do what was right more than

Granddad. In Matt. 18:15 we read that if a brother sins against us, we are to go and tell him his fault. If he is sorry for it then we shall forgive him. Many people fail to do this. They will either keep it to themselves, or tell it to the church or talk it around instead of going to him.

I don't agree with Granddad that it is always necessary to forget about a brother's trespass in order to forgive it. If we really forgive a person from our hearts (see Matt. 18:35) then we will treat him as if he had never sinned against us. If Joe couldn't treat Granddad like he did before, it showed that he had not forgiven him.

Some people say we must forgive and forget as if it were in the Bible but it is nowhere to be found. If I am wrong, please correct me. But I think if someone sins against us and repents, then we should forgive him and remember it so that we don't fall into the same sin. Many sins of different people are written in the Bible as a warning.

Some people say we should forgive where there is no repentance, but I do not think so. In Matt. 18 and Luke 17 it says that if a person sins against us and will not hear us, or the church, then we are to keep him as a heathen man and a publican. It does not say to forgive him unless he repents, but to love and be kind to those who sin against us is the best way to help them to repentance.

Could you let me know where Granddad was reading from his Bible? — Wanting to be helpful, Pennsylvania.

ANSWER Where Granddad was reading in his Bible, see Heb 8:12, also Jer. 31:34. We can forgive a person as far as we are personally concerned, but this does not take away our responsibility to help him to repent for the sin he has committed.

THE PREACHER CAN HELP

I felt at times the preachers could make things more earnest and plainer ("Preacher Won't You Help." August issue) but realize that if we had to stand up with our many weaknesses, it would probably still sound less effective. I wonder if the author of that article had prayed that God would lead the minister and speak the Lord's words? If so, he may have been criticizing not the minister but the One who gave him the sermon. If he hadn't prayed for him, then he didn't do his part to begin with.

— Deleware.

We just got done reading "Preacher, Won't you help?" We think the author should have been listening to the sermon instead of criticizing every body else. A man should try to get the timber out of his own eye first before he tries to help others.

— Irene F., Carolyn B., Esther M., Indiana

I can't appreciate the article as it appears the author has the "know all" attitude. When a preacher stands up to preach he asks God to put the words in his mouth what he shall preach. If the boys who lead a wild life, turn a deaf ear to the parents, they will do the same thing to the preacher. As for the drunkard, who knows, many friends might be fasting and praying for him right now. We

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shouldn't form a definite opinion until we have considered both sides. I don't think we can blame the preachers.

—Melvin E. Hershberger, Ohio.

I don't like to point out others' mistakes for I make plenty myself. But I wonder if the author of that article may have been in need of something himself? While he was watching the others and thinking about the weaknesses of the preacher, he may have missed something which would have been of importance to him, had he only been listening. The Lord knows that "the need is great," and through His chosen servants He can bring to us what we need.

I would like to say to the author, you are asking the preacher to tell the people to fast and pray. Each one of us can start with ourselves. The Bible says, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father in secret and thy Father which seest in secret, shall reward thee openly."

Perhaps if you would do this then those three boys would hear, then Emma would improve her bad name, then Mrs. Miller would be able to enjoy her little ones (are you sure she isn't enjoying them now?), then the Lapps may be strengthened as they care for their crippled boy, then God will help Mrs. Yoder through her trying times in helping her husband come to his senses before it is too late, then Mr. Slabaugh will be able to stay awake in church (the light from the window may have been bothering his eyes that he closed them and maybe the sermon made him feel so humble that his head was bowed), then Mrs. Hochstetler will be comforted in her bereavement (tears are not a sign that she is not preparing to make the journey herself), and then Mr. Byler may be able to watch his diet (did you know that some people have to huff and puff even if they eat very little and that it is hard for them to lose weight even then?)

So first of all, let's get on our knees and pray earnestly for our ministers. I am not a preacher or a preacher's wife, but I am -

—Concerned, Ontario

We, in the ministry, don't see all the need and don't get the Word preached as effectively as we should. At times it falls on ears that "don't hear," as Christ says.

But I wonder if the author of that article feels that brothers and sisters don't have any responsibility in the church? Each one would do well to read Galatians 6:1. It doesn't say that this is for ministers only. Since the author seems to see the need, why not go in the love and spirit of Christ and talk to the erring members? I believe that at times, brothers and sisters can accomplish more than the ministers, if they go in the right spirit. I would also like to ask a question, why was the author sitting in the back of the churchroom?

—(Bishop) A. A. Miller, Plain City, Ohio.

ANSWER — The referred to article does not say that the sermon did not contain good food. It does point out some more needs which might have been mentioned. We believe the author was very much concerned and he sincerely wanted to help. The question which not everyone seems to agree upon is whether or not he used the right way or the most effective way to do it.

CRUELTY IS WRONG

I've often wondered whether I'm just tender-hearted or whether my convictions concerning cruelty to animals are there for a purpose. The article "Animals and Wild People" (August issue) makes it clear to me that to pity animals is scriptural.

Where I work, the farmer's boys are always on the lookout for young birds that can't fly. They enjoy to watch the dog tearing them apart and biting on them. The dog seldom kills them.

I love all of God's creatures down to the very tiniest. Sometimes at home we used to see thousands of ants crawling over the walks. I've seen people purposely stepping on hundreds of ants at one time and even this cuts my heart. Although these little brown creatures are

only 1-16 of an inch long they were created by the same God who made us.

I used to have the habit of letting my temper rise to the extent of beating a horse or cow for no proper reason. With the help of God, I have overcome this habit to a large extent.

—B.S., Pennsylvania.

I was wishing for such an article and I hope everyone reads it. I don't see how people who call themselves Christians can be so cruel to dumb animals.

—Diane Wenger, Tunas, Mo.

This letter is to express my appreciation for the article, "Animals and Wild People". I believe very strongly that children should be taught to treat living creatures kindly. However only the month before, you printed two letters from readers which seemed to emphasize the opposite, that it is all right to kill living things if they are starlings or sparrows that might run some purple martins away.

How can you claim to be consistent in your teachings when letters like that are published and what purpose were they to serve your reading public?

—J.B. Miller, Jr. Florida.

ANSWER - We do not feel that killing birds or animals for a purpose is wrong. Firstly because the Bible teaches us that daily sacrifices of living birds and animals was required from Biblical times. Secondly, we find that in the balances of nature, many species of birds and animals depend on other species of birds, animals or insects for their food.

But cruelty to animals or causing needless suffering is an entirely different matter. Our position is stated in the article which you have just referred to. If you will read it carefully you will find the following, "Ben....thought about the feelings of the sparrows and pitied them when he saw their suffering was needlessly prolonged. He had been trained that when something needed to be killed, it should be done as quickly and mercifully as possible."

SWEETS SPOIL THE APPETITE

I was glad for the article on eats and eating (July issue) as I think a lot of us are guilty of sinful eating habits. One thing you didn't mention was that too much sweets will spoil a persons appetite so that he does not know when to quit eating. The stomach fails to function properly and will not tell him when he has had enough. It seems like the more civilized a country gets, the further away it gets from living the way it should.

—J.E.F., Pennsylvania.

AUTOMATICALLY THE WRONG WAY

"Why Oranges Don't just Happen" was of special interest to me because of a conversation I once had with a friend. After our baptism, which is like being "grafted on", this friend said we "grow automatically". I must disagree, for like the mentioned article says, if the graft doesn't get special care it will be choked by the natural branches (cares of this life).

The same thing is true with our children. They and we can all grow automatically but which way? It will be the wrong way. The good must always be cultivated, it doesn't just happen. The new growth must be fed, being constantly refreshed and led by the Holy Spirit in order to bear fruit which is acceptable to God.

—M.S.Z., Pennsylvania.

THE PURE STUFF

This letter may be a little late but I liked the article, "My Struggle in Overcoming a Habit" in the June issue. I think it is a fine example of how God can help a person overcome that or any other problem. We learn from the teachings of the Bible that a true Christian will be a light to the world and be willing to give up lusts of the flesh, carnal pleasures or anything which may be harmful to the body or offensive to others. It should also be considered that tobacco is not food. It will likely do more

harm than good and I wonder if it is not a wasteful and vain practice.

The foreman of a carpenter gang once told about a plain man who worked for him that used tobacco. The foreman was not too pleased about the man's chewing as he was not very careful as to where he spit. One day the foreman went to pick up his hammer and found a splat of tobacco juice on the handle. When he said something about it, the man said, "That will never hurt you, that's pure stuff."

While in I-W service, I once got acquainted with a very nice man. He soon wondered about our way of life. When he found out that some of our people indulge in the tobacco habit he reacted in a very surprised manner.

—M.W.M., Ephrata, Pa.

TAKE DOWN THE STOP SIGNS

When I read the article about the Catholics guarding their church doors (see Sept. issue) I had to think about Christian churches that seem to have lost all authority to keep such things out.

We are apt to think about Lutherans, Baptists, etc. losing out but we only need to take a good look into the mirror to see how we look ourselves.

Do we take a stand against things that are popular in the world or are we apt to say that if a certain thing is not written in the Bible, we have no right to make any "law" (as we like to call any church rules) against it? Or do we like to keep changing a little here and a little there on our once Biblical church standards?

Suppose a certain person has a problem in being disobedient to the laws of the land. For example, a man who drives an automobile could see no need in coming to a complete stop at the stop signs. On several occasions a policeman has reminded him that he is violating the law. Finally he has to be arrested and fined for his misbehaviour. After this the man remembers to obey the law.

Now we must wonder what would have been the results, had the authorities decided to just take down all the stop signs instead of trying to help the man in seeing the need for being obedient. The Apostle says had it not been for the law, he would have not known what sin is. Shall we do away with our regulations and thus avoid disobedience? Hardly.

—S. H. H., Arizona.

WHY HIRED GIRLS ARE HARD TO FIND

I read the hired girl stories with much interest as I had some experience at being one myself. I can't remember reading anything about the thing which bothered me the most. I have worked at places where children talked back to their mother and slapped her and ordered her around and the mother took everything patiently. She was just too kind-hearted to discipline them.

I admire mothers who are patient for since I am one myself, I find that I am often not as patient as I should be. But it can be overdone. When children are allowed to act that way to their mother, they usually treat the hired girl the same way. I have heard other girls mention it, too, that this is the reason they don't like to work away and get jobs elsewhere.

—A Mother from Ohio.

Reading the hired girl stories lets us see how the "married lot" looks to the single ones. I must say that often as I look at my house, I am ashamed to the point of hoping that no one comes and sees it like this." But the point that struck me hardest of all is not so much the dirt and disorder (which is unavoidable where there are small children) but the shameful behaviour of the Moms and Dads! Mom and Dad, think of it what all is expected of your roles. Why are we so thoughtless of one another? Why are we so impatient and irritable to the very ones we love the most? How easy is it to excuse ourselves because we are in the "winepress of tribulation". Too often it goes as the Apostle says, "for what I would, that I do not; but what I hate, that do I." Rom. 7:15.

When we were young we were sure it would never go like this with us. I feel that those who are just starting in on marriage should have the will to improve where they

see the older ones have failed. By all means do not lose courage when you have failed. Keep on working "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ." Phil. 3:14.

We have too much at stake and every angry word not said and every battle won over impatience goes a long way in giving our children the good example which they so badly need.

—Just Another Mother, Pennsylvania.

BLINDFOLDED PEOPLE

The parable of the wrong way train (August issue) was very good. It seems Satan has a way of blindfolding people so they do not realize they are on the wrong train. In this fast moving age, it is Satan's voice that tells us we do not need to be true to the promises we made at baptism on bended knees. Can we be found true and faithful and yet break a promise?

—Narvon, Pannsylvania.

MATERIAL THINGS A WRECKING BAR

We especially enjoyed the edifying articles in August issue of Family Life such as "Wrong Way Train", "Eating With Eve", "The World is Like a River" and "Animals and Wild People". Truly we must believe that God is still extending His mercy and helping honest-hearted souls to discern the many dangers and snares of Satan. Through his deceitfulness he is trying to deceive the very elect if possible.

If the big "I" is not fully surrendered and kept in place by self denial, then Satan uses our self-will as a wrecking bar to tear down our spiritual houses and destroys our hopes of eternal life by getting us to give our attention to material things and earthly riches.

I was brought up under the influence of liberal attitudes and with excessive use of the things of this world. It is a sobering thought to me that the outward fruits of many of my dearly loved ones compare with those of the people riding in the next to the last car of the Lucifer train. All we can do is continue to pray thinking of the fact that God was merciful enough to deliver us from such deception. We should be willing to do all we can for God willingly and joyfully because of what He has done for us. He has sacrificed His own dear Son for us, (we deserved nothing but eternal damnation) so that we can have eternal life through faith (in the power of His blood), obedience (to His commands) and good works (which accompany the saving faith). It is regrettable that many professing Christians in our day esteem these things as nothing but men's traditions, when they are none other than Scriptural traditions which the followers of Christ are commanded to observe.

—D. D. Byers, Hardinsburg, Indiana.

THE SMART AND THE DUMB

I noticed in your magazines, the more liberal churches are frequently referred to as "higher churches". I am concerned about this. Personally, my background is from a church which no longer bears the name of Mennonite and I am glad they don't for they have cast away their right to it. By the phrase "higher churches", do you mean those with a more impressive missionary program? A number of years ago someone took time to evaluate different churches and the one which I just referred to was high on the list in activity but near the bottom in the Scriptural standards it held. We have been much encouraged by the lives and the homes and practices of the plain folks. This does not include those who smoked plain cigars, told plain shady stories or those who failed to properly train their children (May God help us all).

There are traditions which are ordained unto life and others are ordained unto death and it is urgent that we discern between the two. Recently it was found that among the peace churches, the old order groups were the fastest growing group. No group is perfect, but if your group is in such a state that you must leave it, be careful what all you throw away. Much of what some people call a burden is actually a great blessing in disguise. I am in

favor of a truly "higher" church provided its practices are ordained unto life.

If "higher churches" refers to higher education, then we would do well to consider the churches in Holland. It has been stated that these churches diminished by about 75 per cent in the 100 years following the time they began sending the young men to college for preacher training.

A noteworthy fact is brought out by the story found in the old readers where the young chicken reprimanded the old hen who sat for days in hope of the life in the eggs beneath her. Finally the old hen answered the young one, "if kind wings had not covered you, you would not be out today telling ducks, geese and turkeys what they ought to do or say."

So we must today find hundreds and hundreds of folks who must voice their contempt for the Old Order groups. When we consider the numerous Mennonite officials, worldly successful business man, and great numbers of

so-called progressive churches who have Amish background, we are amazed that such smart people can be produced by such "dumb," ones. Also we pray that the "dumb" ones will continue to bear their cross, despite the shame cast upon them and continue to submit to God's pruning (of unprofitable practices).

— Ivan Brubacher, Paraguay.

ANSWER - The term "higher churches" as commonly used among the plain people ordinarily means a more liberal church. Originally, it stems from the amount of regulation of attire, thus those churches which have the strictest or plainest modes of dress are considered the "lowest" while the more liberal in dress regulations are termed as "higher". In recent years, the term has come to include other things as well, such as amount of modern equipment, especially the auto. ■■

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

I PLAYED WITH FIRE

One day, when I was a little boy, I had some time on my hands. There was a new straw stack beside the barn so I went and got a pocket full of matches. I decided it would be fun to light a fire, let it burn a little, and then stomp it out. I did this several times and then I decided I could light another fire before I would stomp the first one out. It was so easy that I lit several fires around the stack. But when I got back to the first one, it was burning up the side of the stack. It was plain to see that the fire was out of control so I ran into the house and went into the bedroom and crawled under the bed. I figured this was the safest place for me.

Soon I heard the wail of sirens. With a hard battle, the barn was saved but then it was discovered that one of the little boys was missing. There were some anxious moments for Dad and Mom until I was found under the bed.

I did not forget that incident. It taught me a lesson, not to play with fires, but later on I came to realize a much greater lesson out of it. Little sins in our lives are like the little fires. If we play around with them, they can grow into big ones and cause our destruction. — M. Ohio

THE TOBACCO SMELL THAT MADE ME GLAD

It was six years ago last June when one day my husband said, "I am going to see how long I can do without a smoke."

The next Sunday evening we went to one of the neighbors to visit and the neighbor gave my husband a cigar, and he smoked it. On the way home I said, "I thought you were going to quit."

His answer was, "It was given to me."

On Monday morning after breakfast, he was standing beside the kitchen range and he got his pipe and tobacco out and started to fill his pipe. So I just said, "If I said I was going to quit, I would quit instead of just saying so."

The pipe went back into his pocket and that was the last of it. But he had three pipes and he kept them in his desk. I knew they were there and was hoping very hard they would stay there.

One evening in the fall, he went to the desk, got out his three pipes and walked to the kitchen stove. Then he lifted the lid and put them in. There was hardly any fire in the stove and the pipes just smouldered. Later I lifted the griddle and such a smell I never smelled before or since. The odor filled the whole house with the smell of nicotine. I quick opened the doors to let some fresh air in.

But I was very happy about that smell. As awful as it was, I knew this would be the end of those pipes and that

my husband had made up his mind for good. He hasn't smoked since.

Before he quit smoking he couldn't walk up the hill in the pasture field without stopping to rest. He would get so tight across the chest but that has all left now. He feels lots better all over. He said the first two weeks were the hardest.

I have heard of people who tried to stop but got grouchy and started again. If the will is great enough, there is no need to start again.

Smoking is a little like whitewashing something. The salt in it eats at the nails till they are no good, and break off. Its the same way that nicotine eats up your body. In the dictionary it says nicotine is a poisonous oily liquid taken from tobacco leaves and used for killing insects. So how can it be healthy? — Mrs. J. Z. B., Pennsylvania

NO MANSIONS HERE

One Sunday afternoon as we were driving through the countryside we passed the backyard of a modern new home. "Look at that nice new washline with the big shiny poles," I said to my husband. "Not all city people have automatic washers and dryers. There must still be some people who like to hang their wash out on the line to dry just like we do."

But my husband said, "I have an idea plain people live here."

"Oh; no," I answered, "I don't think so, not in such a mansion."

Sure enough, as we rounded the bend in the road and pulled past the front of the house there were menfolks sitting on the porch, visiting together, dressed in plain clothes.

It made me think of the song we sing about needing no mansions here below. If we consider ourselves as pilgrims and strangers here on earth, why should we want to build such fancy homes? I don't think we, as Christian people, should build homes that look as if we're here to stay. — Mrs. D. S. Weaver, Pennsylvania

Have you had a kindness shown

Pass it on,

It was not given for you alone

Pass it on,

Let it travel down the years

Let it wipe anothers tears

Till in Heaven the deed appears

Pass it on.

WORLD WIDE WINDOW



SUPERCITIES SEEN SOON

Over the next thirty years, the large cities will continue to grow. This is the conclusion reached by group of men commissioned by the Canadian government to study the problem. It is believed that by that time three fourths of the people in Canada will live in twelve large cities ranging in size from a little less than a million up to nearly seven million people. By that time, the study points out, only 5 percent of the people will be living on farms.

Authorities are alarmed as to how the needs will be met for the tremendous increase in housing, roads, schools and sewerage systems. Each of these cities will need hundreds of square miles of additional land in order to expand.

Land costs become exorbitant in the middle of big cities. An example at present is New York City where land prices are twice as high as in many smaller cities.

Many people believe that big cities bring on an increase in crime, violence, and an independent, godless spirit. The principles of the plain people can not ordinarily survive in the big cities. What effect the overall increase in big cities will have on the morals of the nation is still to be seen, but the prospect is not encouraging.

ROMAN EMPIRE 11

The rise and fall of the Ancient Roman Empire has often been held up as a warning and an example of what happens when civilizations decay. Apparently even President Nixon is plagued with these thoughts. Speaking to an audience in Kansas City recently, he referred to the federal buildings in Washington, D.C. and said, "Sometimes when I see those pillars, I think of seeing them on the Acropolis in Greece. I think of seeing them also in the Forum in Rome—great stark pillars - and I have walked in both at night. I think of what happened in Greece and Rome and you see what is left, - only the pillars. WHAT has happened, of course, is that great civilizations of the past, as they have become wealthy, they have lost their will to live, to improve, they then have become subject to the decadence that eventually destroys the civilization. The United States," President Nixon ended, "is now reaching that period."

DIPLOMAS DON'T MEAN ANYTHING

Just because a person has graduated from high school doesn't necessarily mean that he can read or write, according to a well-known educator. To prove his point, Dr. George Crane relates his conversation with a high school principal. "We have 2,000 pupils," the principal said, "and they can be divided into three groups, the normal, the sub-normal, and the super-subnormal. In our freshman class one-third of the pupils have an IQ rating of less than 70. SO we do the best we can and give them as much training as they are able to absorb."

An IQ rating of 70 is considered to be in the upper category of feeble-minded. Dr. Crane went on to say that in a Chicago high school one half of the seniors could not pronounce such simple words or phrases as "because" or "preceding generation." Yet they had gone through 8 years of grade school and four years of high school.

Many schools have quit giving marks according to

merit or accomplishment. They simply pass the pupils one grade each year until they are graduated from high school regardless of how much they know. Many of these graduates can't read as well as a fourth grader of a generation ago. Many high schoolers who work as a waitress in restaurants can't even add the cost of a hamburger, coffee and pie.

He went on to say, "Many medical and engineering colleges are being urged to accept applicants regardless of whether they pass the admission requirements. How would you like to have such a doctor work on you or your child on the operating table? Or how would you like to live in a 35 story apartment building or even cross a bridge designed by such an engineer?"

Although our parochial schools do not teach children how to be doctors or build skyscrapers, they do teach them how to grow up to be useful and honest members of the community. It is important that we keep our standards high for theirs is, after all, really a more important job.

PENN-CENTRAL FIGHTS FOR ITS LIFE.

The giant Penn-Central Railroad, which has been on the verge of bankruptcy for several years, is showing some signs of making a comeback. A spokesman said the revenue figures for the first half of this year are encouraging. He stated that the railroad is hampered by outdated laws which keeps the road from operating in a business like way.

Mention was made of the regulations that each train must have a crew of six, regardless of the fact that in many instances three men could easily handle it, just as well.

Another regulation is that 150 miles is considered a days work for the freight engineers. Trainmen who operate the through freights on the nation's railroads sometimes get a full days pay for as little as 2½ hours on the railroad. Average pay is \$12,000 a year while senior engineers get \$18,000. Considering the number of hours spent at work, they are probably among the best paid workers in the nation.

The labor unions are powerful enough that the railroads are unable to have the regulations changed.

A REALLY COLD SUMMER

The summer of 1816 is recorded as the coldest in history. Every month of that year there was ice and snow in what is now the eastern United States.

A first hand account of that summer is found in the autobiography of Chauncey Jerome, a pioneer American clockmaker of New Haven, Conn. He writes as follows: "The summer of 1816 was the cold one, the year which none of the old people will ever forget. I well remember on the 7th of June, while on my way to work I dressed throughout with thick woolen clothes and an overcoat. My hands got so cold I was obliged to lay down my tools and put on a pair of mittens which I had in my pocket. It snowed about an hour that day.

"On the tenth of June, my wife brought in some clothes that had been spread on the ground the night before. They were frozen stiff.

"On the 4th of July I saw several men pitching horseshoes in the middle of the day with thick overcoats on and the sun was shining bright at the same time. A person could not feel very patriotic in such weather.

"I often saw men when hoeing corn, stop at the end of a row and get in the sun by a fence to warm themselves. Not half enough corn ripened that year to furnish seed for the next."

The next time we have a hot summer it might be well to remember that a cold one would be much worse, especially when it comes to gathering in the summer's crops.

- Selected by Mrs. Jacob S. Byler,
New Wilmington, Penna.

FIRESIDE CHATS

— JOSEPH STOLL —

MEN AND WOMEN

It was pretty hard not to smile when I first saw the little Notice in the advertising section of "The Free Press Weekly," a farm magazine published in western Canada. The notice read, "The Manitoba government's new HUMAN RIGHTS ACT forbids any employer to specify whether a man or a woman employee is required when advertising for help wanted."

The humorous touch was doubled by an ad in the nearby column, "Wanted: Middle-aged person for position of ranch manager; must be able to delegate authority, and handle heavy machinery."

Anyone could sense that the ranch wanted a man for a manager, and that no woman, however well qualified, would get the position. Yet by law the advertisement had to state, "Wanted, a **person...**"

The past year has seen a fresh outbreak of women's liberation activities. There have been marches and protests by women's groups who want equal rights and equal pay with men. No doubt the Manitoba law is a result of such pressure.

In many ways the world is a man's world. Men have the advantage when it comes to the highest-paying jobs, making the big decisions, of running for president. The odds are in their favor when a ranch manager is being hired. Most of the top positions in business and government are held by men.

Perhaps it is true that men have not always been as nice and as fair to women as they should have been. I'm sure they haven't. Some men have looked down upon women with scorn, as if they were an inferior kind of human. Even today in many countries, women are trodden down and misused by their husbands as if they were their slaves, or a piece of personal property.

Such an overbearing attitude is wrong. But is it any more wrong than the modern movement by women who no longer are submissive to their husbands, who want to get into roles for which God never intended them? Which extreme is more wrong? I don't think there is any difference. Neither is right.

It is not surprising that non-Christian women go on a campaign to assert what they think are their rights as humans. Without the teaching of the Bible, they have no guide to know what is God's intended order between the sexes. Their reasoning is that a person is a person, therefore why make a difference in any way?

But those of us who read the Bible should make our decisions by the Word of God, and not by human reasoning. Yet it is a sad fact that churches are strongly influenced by what goes on outside. Sometimes the influence of the world seems to be stronger than the influence of the Bible.

THE BIBLE'S TEACHINGS

The Creation account in Genesis tells us that the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. Then God said, "It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make him an help mate for him." God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, took out one of his ribs, and from it created Eve, the first woman.

The third chapter of Genesis tells the sad story of Eve being tempted to sin, and how she at last consented. Following her own transgression, she gave some of the forbidden fruit to her husband, and he too sinned.

Because of their disobedience, God pronounced a curse

upon Adam and Eve. The curse upon Eve was different from that upon Adam, and it has had a bearing upon the relationship between men and women in the ages that followed. This is what God said to the woman, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee" (Gen. 3:16).

This Scripture very clearly places the man in a position of responsibility as the head of the household, and his wife in a position of subjection.

Perhaps though, this is an Old Testament teaching that was changed when Jesus brought in the new covenant. Is it? No, the New Testament contains the same doctrine. The man as head of the women is still God's order for today.

In 1 Corinthians 11, the apostle Paul makes a statement about differing levels of authority. "But I would have you know," he said, "that the head of Christ is God." In the same chapter Paul goes on to explain that one reason for a woman to wear a head covering is as a symbol of her place in God's order.

Peter, in his first epistle, says that wives should be subject to their husbands, even if their husbands are unbelievers. What better way to win a husband to the faith than by humbly **staying in her place?** Matthew Henry comments on the third chapter of 1 Peter, "A cheerful subjection, and a loving, reverential respect, are duties which Christian women owe their husbands, whether they be good or bad.... The subjection of wives to their husbands is a duty which has been practiced universally by holy women in all ages."

In the fifth chapter of Ephesians, Paul uses the marriage relationship to illustrate the spiritual relationship of the church to Christ. "Wives, submit yourself unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the Saviour of the body. Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything."

These verses leave no room for misunderstanding. Man is to be the head of the woman. Since this is the case, it would not seem proper to have women in positions of authority where they would rule over men. This the Apostle indeed teaches, "Let the women learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence" (1 Tim. 2:11-12). To the Corinthians Paul wrote much the same thing, "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home: for it is a shame for women to speak in the church."

THE HUSBAND'S DUTY

So far we have chosen Scripture passages that speak to women, that command them to be submissive to their husbands and respect God's order. What about the husbands? If they are to rule the household, does this mean God has appointed them to be dictators, and their word to be law? Hardly. Instead, the verses in the New Testament that are directed to husbands instruct them to love their wives and to treat them with courtesy and respect.

When Paul compared the husband's authority over his wife with Christ's authority over the church, he concluded, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also

loved the church and gave himself for it" (Eph. 5:25). This leaves no place for bossiness or a superior feeling and grants no right to be selfish or mean.

Peter has a word for the husbands, too. He says, "Likewise, ye husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge, giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life; that your prayers be not hindered."

The husband, being divinely appointed to be the head of the family, naturally has the greatest responsibility. Much depends upon the husband setting a Christian example of good works and dedicated faith. If he fails to do his duty, there is a strain upon the weaker members -- his wife and children. Then they are more likely to also get out of their role.

The whole world has a distaste of the woman who hen-pecks her husband, the wife who is determined to "wear the pants in the family." All of us have seen examples of the disharmony that can result when husbands and wives get mixed up in their roles -- when the wife is the boss, and the husband is in subjection to her.

When things get out of their proper order -- when women usurp authority either in the family or in the church -- it is a sad situation. And yet, is it not true that the blame often comes right back to the husband, or in the case of the church, to its leaders? In many such cases the husband has failed to fill his role as the head of the home, or the church leaders have failed to hold up a Bible standard. When man's leadership breaks down, it is no wonder that the woman steps in.

Recently, as I was reading Dr. Spock's *Baby and Child Care*, I was startled again and again by the fact that in the world today, the mother trains the children. She is the disciplinarian and she makes the decisions. In the book, the author directs his advice to the mother. It gave me the impression that the father is the bread-earner, but as a member of the family he just doesn't exist.

Why has the modern mother become the head of the family? I fear it is largely because Father has failed to fill the position.

THE JOY OF SUBMISSION

Is a woman a lesser person because she is ordained of God to be in subjection to man? Is it a misfortune to be born a girl? I am positive the answer to these questions is a strong, "No!" Yet many rebellious women would disagree with me.

Is it such a strange thing that God should ask women to be subject to men? Not at all. No one, male or female, can escape authority. From childhood we are subject to our parents. Paul writes to the Romans, "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers (governments)." Concerning the ministers of the church, we are commanded, "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves."

And how do fellow Christians get along with each other? Peter explains the method, "Likewise, ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder. Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility." And of course, the first requirement of all is to be submissive to God, and seek His will.

Life is full of authority. Being a woman means there is one more level of subjection than being a man. That is all. It doesn't mean that a woman is thereby being degraded, cheated, or despised. It is simply a fact of life, like being born a girl in the first place.

Life is just as happy and just as meaningful for one sex as the other. The secret is in fulfilling one's God-given role. For most women this means being a wife and mother -- a homemaker and a helpmeet. Many unmarried sisters find fulfilment teaching school, helping the needy, or caring for invalid relatives.

Although women are not called to be leaders, they are a great spiritual help in the church. Their faith and devotion, their loving ways and glad smiles are an in-

spiration beyond the home circle. Just look at all the godly women of the Bible -- Sarah, Ruth, Hannah, Esther, Anna, Elizabeth, Dorcas, Lydia, Lois and Eunice, and many others. Women were the last at the cross and the first at the tomb on Easter morning.

Even though they are called to be subject to their husbands, women are by no means inferior to men. They are not inferior mentally; in fact, in intelligence tests they average a little higher! Nor are they inferior spiritually. The Bible says that men and women are "heirs together of the grace of life" (1 Pet. 3:7). It also says, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3:28).

This surely means that salvation is for both men and women, without any difference. The matter of sex does not extend to the soul.

The assignment that is given Christian women is not inferior to the work that is given to men. Who would say that a mother's role is of less importance in eternity than a father's? Although women are not called to be leaders, or set in places above men, their work is of equal worth before God.

What is the assignment of Christian women? Paul, in his letter to Titus, admonished the aged women to live holy lives, and to "teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed."

This is what God expects of women. It is no light task. This is no small responsibility to which God has entrusted them. And yet some women rebel, and covet the duties that God has assigned to men.

Obedience and submission are two of life's greatest lessons. It seems a shame that so many people, both men and women, never learn them.

To accept one's role in life and be faithful in it -- this is the secret to satisfying service. Then submission is not a yoke around the neck, it is not a shameful burden to bear -- it is the most joyful thing in the world, for it is God's will.

TRUE TO GOD'S ORDER

Worldly-minded women, of course, are not interested in what is God's will, and what isn't. Winning fame and earning a fortune are real challenges for them. They will continue to ring their bell for equal rights with men. More and more of them will be elected to government offices, will head businesses, or become ranch managers in Manitoba.

So what? Is it of any concern to us what the women of the world do?

I think it is. The crusade for women's rights may not have a direct influence upon our Amish churches, but such "social issues" do have a tremendous influence upon the more liberal Mennonites, who in turn do have an influence upon us. This has been proven in the past with other issues. Worldly ideas are channeled down the line from the more liberal to the "plainer" groups. The ideas may not be accepted as a whole, but they do leave an influence.

Just recently a new book by a Mennonite author has appeared, *Woman Liberated*. I confess I haven't read the book itself, and therefore must be cautious with my comments. However, I have read a book review, and would like to quote two sentences:

"Using as her keynote Paul's 'For there is neither Jew nor Greek...male nor female' (Gal. 3:28), the author explains away the seemingly anti-female bias of other Pauline pronouncements, with some success. She also uses the Creation account in Genesis 1:27 instead of the patriarchal myth of Adam's rib and Eve's fall in Genesis 2:3." -- Reviewed in *Mennonite Life*, April, 1971.

Coming from a Mennonite pen, the above words to me are shocking! Explaining away Scriptures to make them mean something else is not a new practice -- that trick

has been around for a long time. But it is something new for a Mennonite, even a liberal one, to label part of the Bible as a "myth." In this case the rejected message of Genesis 2-3 is repeated and endorsed in the New Testament!

The reviewer, a lady, concludes, "If her book is heeded, Mennonite women of the future may be liberated....to exercise their spiritual gifts as free individuals."

In spite of the wishful thinking of worldly women, and

the reasoning of our Mennonite cousins, the fact remains that God did create men and women different. Man has one role to fill, and the woman another. In addition, God has specified that the woman is to be subject to the man. To ignore this teaching, found in both the Old and New Testaments, is to depart from God's order.

And to depart from God's order is certainly a poor kind of freedom.

Why should this be hard to understand?

— Guaimaca, Honduras

Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

The Wrong Thief

Several years ago I heard a story I haven't been able to forget. As I remember it, there was a certain young man who wanted to live pretty much as he pleased. He was raised in an Amish home, but that was about as far as it went. He didn't make any pretense of living a Christian life.

This young man had a friend who was deeply concerned about him. A number of times the friend mentioned something about how he should live a different life. The young man always just laughed it off. "Don't worry about me," he would say in his care-free way. "I'll be all right. Just don't worry about me."

"But I do worry about you," his friend said one day. "You've admitted already that you're not ready to die, and if..."

"What are you talking about?" laughed the young man. "Ready to die? I should say I'm not! You act like I was an old grandpa. There's still plenty of time to worry about things like that. I'll get ready to die when I get older."

"I wouldn't take a risk like that," his friend said. "You might not live to get old. And even if you do, you may find out that it's too late to repent."

"Too late to repent!" the young man scoffed. "You can't scare me. I've often heard the ministers say that God will never reject a person who truly repents, it doesn't matter how old he is."

"No, God won't reject you if you truly repent," his friend admitted. "But by then you may be so hardened by sin that you won't want to repent."

"It's a good thing I know something about the Bible," the young man said. "Otherwise you'd make me believe anything. This way I know better. I've heard many and many a time about the thief on the cross. 'Yep,' he added, smiling, "that's me. I'm going to be the thief on the cross."

"Which thief?" asked his friend.

I thought the question, "Which thief?" carried with it an important lesson for all of us. Perhaps, we, too have given too much thought to the thief that repented at the last hour, and have forgotten that there was another thief - a thief who died as he lived - cursing God in unrepentance.

Both thieves were under the same condemnation. Both were thieves. Both knew they had only a few hours to live. Both were in unspeakable agony as they hung on the cross. Both had seen Jesus submissively allowing him-

self to be nailed to the cross, and undoubtedly both had wondered what kind of a man this could be who suffered silence instead of cursing and swearing and struggling violently as they had done. Both had heard him murmur that inexplorable sentence, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Both had looked upon his face, and both had seen there only love and divine forgiveness - a face in sharp contrast to that of hate and bitterness which they had expected to see.

Both thieves knew they were in the presence of death. But only the one found faith stirring within his sinful heart - faith to believe that they were also in the presence of Life. Only one felt the throbbing guilt of true repentance. Only one turned in simple, humble trust to Jesus with the prayer, "Lord, remember me when thou cometh into thy kingdom."

The second thief heard the words of forgiveness that Jesus spoke and saw the light upon his face, but he heard with unhearing ears and saw with unseeing eyes. His conscience was dead within him. He was unmoved by the tremendous manifestation of God's power and love. He felt no faith, no repentance. He had lived in sin too long. His heart was hardened. He felt no desire for better things; he was untouched by the sight of Jesus dying for men. Thus while the other thief received the promise of paradise, he cursed and swore, and died as he had lived - the slave of sin.

When a tree is a sapling, it can be bent and trained easily. But as the trunk thickens and the tree grows older, it becomes much more difficult to bend it in one direction or the other. Humans are much like trees in this respect. When we are still young, our hearts are soft and pliable. We have not yet been hardened by life. We are more deeply touched by such things as an earnest sermon, or perhaps the sudden death of a friend.

King Solomon realized the importance of young people coming to God in the days of their youth, and not putting off their repentance until later years. In Ecclesiastes 12:1, Solomon writes, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

The young man who says he will live in sin and repent when he gets older, is making a dangerous choice. He is gambling with his soul. He is taking the chance that he might be suddenly killed, without an instant of warning. But even if he should be assured that he would live until old, he would still be gambling with eternity. For such a person may well find that the years of living in sin have hardened his heart until all desire to repent has left him. God said his spirit would not always strive with man (Gen. 6:3). If we turn God's gentle spirit away from our heart's door often enough, he will finally stop coming back. And unless God draws us to himself and moves us to repentance, we are helpless to help ourselves.

None of us should put off our repentance, thinking that even as the dying thief received the promise of paradise at the eleventh hour, so will we. Let us remember that other thief who hung in misery while his life ebbed away, unable to find any saving faith stirring within his heart so long hardened by sin. If we build our hope upon the thief on the cross, we may find our life ending like the wrong thief.

AL CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!

Author's name withheld

Names
and
minor
details
have
been
changed.

It was the spring of 1942. John Beiler and Al Summy were very close friends. They grew up in the same community and usually managed to go to the same church district and in the evenings they attended the same singing. It also happened that their girl friends were neighbors so they were very often together.

But there came the time when it looked as if they must part. One evening on their way to the singing, John told Al, "Last week I had my final examination. I don't think it will be very long until I get my call to go to C.P.S."

The second World War had just started and many men were being drafted into the army. At that time conscientious objectors were sent to Civilian Public Service camps scattered throughout the country, and a few were being assigned to work in mental hospitals.

The next time John saw Al, he told him, "I got my notice to report to Sidelind Hill camp. So I guess I will be saying good-bye soon."

"I don't know what I will do here at home all alone," Al answered. "Maybe I will be seeing you before long."

Soon John left for the camp and Al wished he would be called, too. There was no one else to associate with like his friend John. After a time his wish came true, and he was drafted and sent to the same camp where John was working.

After some time they both managed to get on the same work crew and they spent many pleasant hours together. As they talked and dreamed of the future they made plans for the time when they would go home again. One day as they were working on the project, Al asked, "What do you figure on doing when you get home?"

John thought awhile and then he said, "Well, I tell you, I don't think there would be anything better than going home, getting married and start farming. Maybe in a few years there would be a few children running along behind the plow saying, 'Daddy, bin my shu.'"

Al laughed and said, "That sounds interesting. I think that is good enough for me, too."

Al was quite an athlete and spent a lot of his spare time playing ball. John liked an occasional game of volleyball when he had the time, but with two and sometimes three letters to write each week, the classes and his work in the carpenter shop he could not find much time for sports. And besides, his mother had told him never to neglect his Bible reading.

About this time Al began to have business in town regularly. One evening he said to John, "Let's get a pass and go to town. I need some clothes."

"It's cheaper to wear the clothes that Mother makes," John answered, "and maybe it would be better, too."

Al was not convinced. He got a leave and went to town on Saturday evening. On Sunday morning when the rising bell went, John woke Al and said, "It's chow time, It's time to get up and dress and get ready to go to

church."

"I have a headache and I need a little rest," Al said as he rolled over and went to sleep.

This began to happen regularly. One day on project Al said to John, "Let's sign up for hospital work. This camp life is getting boring."

John thought a little and then he answered, "Hospital work is not for me. There's too many nurses around, and I don't think it would be good for you either."

Al answered lightly, "Don't worry, Al is able to take care of himself."

One day Al was very much discouraged. He made up his mind he had seen enough of camp life. To top it off, that evening when he came home from work there was no letter on his bed. "I guess the people at home have forgotten me," Al said. "I think I'll go up to the office to sign up for hospital work."

John was alarmed so he said, "I'm going to go sign up, too, but for furlough. And I'll let you in on a little secret. I'm going to take all the furlough I can get and go home and get married."

"I was expecting it," Al said, "but not this soon."

"Why don't you go along and do the same?" John asked.

"Best wishes to you, John, but what's your hurry?" Al said.

The next day Al and John were talking about their plans. John said, "Being married, we have less temptations and look what we have to live for."

Al said, "I'm not being tied to no woman while I'm in C.P.S. I'm going to enjoy myself."

John said, "You'd better be careful if you go to the hospital."

Al said, "Don't worry, John, Al is able to take care of himself."

After a few months John went home to get married. While he was gone Al's transfer came through and by the time John got back, Al had left for the hospital. John was busy in his spare time, working in the shop making furniture for their future home. A few times John and Al wrote together. One weekend John's new wife came to visit the camp so they decided to go and see Al at the hospital. Al was glad to see them and showed them around the hospital. Al asked, "John, how is married life by now?"

"We think we made a wise move," John said. "Now we have something to look forward to."

John thought the nurses acted very friendly toward Al. John said, "You better be on your guard, Al, with all these nurses around."

Al laughed and said, "I haven't forgotten that little pearl at home across the fields from your wife's folks. Don't worry, Al is able to take care of himself."

Al realized that what John said was true but he wanted to get out of camp life what he could and being friendly with the nurses was no harm, or was it? Al's letters to John were getting shorter and farther apart.

One Sunday when John went to get dinner at the mess hall he saw a little group of strangers and recognized Al. John did not lose any time getting over to talk to him.

Al introduced his friends to John, "This is Bert, he's a fellow camper who works at the hospital with me, and this is Lil, and this is Dawn."

That afternoon John took Al and had quite a talk together. "You better be careful of the kind of company you keep," John told him. "You know that girls have a way of making a man change his mind."

"I'm not serious about this," Al laughed. "You don't need to think that I have forgotten that pearl I left at home."

"Well, don't forget what our bishops said about playing with fire," John said.

Al thought John was getting pessimistic. "Don't worry about me," he said. "When I get home I'll forget this and settle down on my Daddy's farm. Al can take care of himself."

As time went on Al and Lil were together quite often

Family Life

and it was getting more serious. He began to realize his mistake but he was unable to make a clean break. In Lil's presence he was almost helpless. He had been playing with fire and now it was too late. Before Al really realized what was happening he and Lil were married.

Al had some furlough and now the problem was where would they spend it? He wanted to go home to his parents, but they decided to take a honeymoon to Niagara Falls instead.

Lil was not interested in farm life but she did want a picture of Al's family at home. When Al tried to tell her that they have convictions against taking pictures, Lil threw up her hands and laughed, "What queer people, I have never heard of the like!"

This remark cut Al to the heart but he didn't answer.

As time went on John, too, got more furlough. How glad he would be to go home again to his wife and loved ones. His wife had written to him to be sure to be at home over the week of the 20th because she expected it to be a special occasion.

The time finally came to go home and the nearer home John got, the more excited he was. What if he were too late. His heart almost skipped a beat. The first thing he looked for was the clothes line.

He was still in time. He breathed a sigh of relief.

As the days wore on and his furlough neared its end, he decided that he must have come home too early. But on the last day of his stay, the event finally took place and the joyful little bundle arrived. Now he was a father.

As John started back to camp he felt a new responsibility. God had seen fit to make him a parent. When he got back to camp he was more busy than usual making furniture.

In the fall of 1945 some of the men were being released. There were rumors of a point system, so many points for each month of service plus additional points for being married and for children. John's hopes were high for going home soon.

Several days later the director announced that the plans had been cancelled and the men would be released according to length of service only. This meant he would have to spend another winter in camp. Spring finally came and John was released and went home to his wife and baby.

When John got home, friends helped him rent a farm and get started farming. Home had never looked so good to John before.

Soon after this Al got his release, too. He would have liked to have gone home to farm. Now he realized his mistake more than ever. Lil was no farm girl and she would not go on a farm. The only thing left to do was to look for a job in the city. Lil kept on working at the hospital.

They rented a place to live and one evening they went shopping for furniture. "Why didn't you make furniture like your friend John did when he was in camp?" Lil asked.

Al wished he had spent his spare time making furniture and he might not be in the place he was now. Soon they had bought all the furniture Al thought their bank account could stand. It was expensive furniture but Lil wanted still more. She said, "We can buy on the installment plan."

Al was horrified as his father had always taught him to pay as you go.

But there was nothing he could do about it as Lil had to have her way.

Soon another problem showed up. Al had always wanted to have children, but Lil said, "No, we must first pay our debts."

Al's problems were just beginning. He had always worshipped with the unit while he was at the hospital. Now that he lived in the city, he had no place to go to church. Lil was satisfied to go to mass occasionally and

sometimes to confession. But to Al this was all so cold and formal. As time went on he thought more and more of home.

Al and his wife planned a trip to the farm to visit his parents. But Lil was soon ready to go back to the city for she could not enjoy herself on the farm. She was not interested in the Amish way of life.

Al's folks were threshing and Al would have enjoyed helping again. How good his mother's home cooking tasted after living so long out of cans.

Soon after Al got back to the city, he had another problem. Lil said, "We must have a T.V."

Al put his foot down for with his background and teachings, he had decided that was something he would never allow in his home. This caused quite a commotion in their home but Lil was still set on having a T.V..

One evening as Al trudged home from work, he was thinking, "Oh, if only I had a little boy to come running to meet me saying, 'Daddy, we have apple dumplings for supper. But its just a dream for we have no boy and we don't have apple dumplings, either.'"

But that evening there was something new to greet him. In the corner of the living room was a new T.V. set. Lil had bought it with her pay check.

There were also financial troubles. The bills were coming due faster than he could meet them. Lil was having quite a few club meetings and card parties. Other evenings Al was at home alone and he had plenty of time to think about his past.

One morning he was getting breakfast and he burned the bacon. Lil had been out late the night before and when she came into the kitchen she was not feeling so well. She made a few nasty remarks.

This was almost more than Al could take. "If you wouldn't have been out so late last night you could be making the breakfast yourself," he retorted. "I sure can't understand how a woman can stay out so long and so often."

At this Lil had lost her self control and she lashed out at him mercilessly. She heaped all the scorn and ridicule upon his head that she could think of. After this Al kept his peace for he remembered a saying he once heard that silence was golden.

Things went from bad to worse. One evening Al came home from work tired and hungry. He went up the steps and opened the door to the apartment. Everything was quiet and he could not smell any supper. Lil was gone!

Now Al had plenty of time to think back over his life and he was sorry for many things he had done. If only he could have his life to live over again, but that chance was gone forever, never to return. Then his thoughts went to what his mother had told him when he was at home. When he had complained about some things she had told him, "You have made your nest, now you will have to live in it."

His thoughts went back to John and the days at the C.P.S. camp. If only he would have listened when John had tried to warn him. But now it was too late. One thing he regretted in particular. He wished he had never made the remark, "Al can take care of himself."

On this same evening several hundred miles across the hills, a man was out doing some early spring plowing. Along beside him were several little ones running to try to keep up with their daddy. All at once John Beiler stopped whistling as the thought of something - today it was ten years ago that he had been released from C.P.S. camp. Surely the Lord had been good to him over the years. John pulled out his watch to see if it were time to unhitch. Just then little Junior came running saying, "Daddy, gess was wir hen fer supper" (Guess what we have for supper)"

When John neared the house he could hear his wife singing one of her familiar hymns. When he opened the door he was greeted by the smell of home made bread. His wife was in the kitchen and she met him with a smile. Here was one who knew all about his business and problems, for they had often sat down to discuss their problems with each other. God had provided him with a

helpmeet.

As he got the children ready for supper, he was doing a lot of thinking. His thoughts went to the Psalmist (Ps. 116:12) "Wie soll ich dem Herrn vergelten seine Wohltat die er an mir tut?"

As he sat down to the table with the children, little Junior could hold himself no longer, but whispered into his daddy's ear, "Daddy, mir hen ice cream (We have

ice cream)."

Now John knew what all the excitement was bout. Just then his wife said, "Did you think about what today is?"

John answered, "Yes, I thought about it today. It's ten years already."

There was thankfulness in their hearts as they folded their hands and bowed their heads to return thanks to a most bountiful Father. ■■

by Sarah M. Weaver

NO TIME TO PRAY



Elva Frey hurriedly broke the eggs into the frying pan. They sizzled and steamed. She put the lid on the pan, then walked to the living room door. Little Leroy was playing on the floor while Leona was curled on the couch looking at the pictures in a book.

"Leona," she said, "you get yourself dressed and dress Leroy."

"I can't," she excused herself, puckering up her nose. "You mean you can't and you're five already? Sure you can."

"Well, Leroy fusses and won't let me."

"Go ahead and try. I'm in a hurry" Elva looked into the bedroom. Her husband, Paul Frey, had the covers pulled up partly over his head. The baby was cooing in his crib. "Paul, I've the eggs on already and it's almost six-thirty."

"Six-thirty!" Paul threw the covers off and scrambled out of bed.

Elva hurried out into the kitchen to set the table. Soon Paul came out bleary-eyed with his hair disheveled. "Paul, won't we have time to have prayer with the family this morning, if we hurry?" Elva asked.

"Time? What are you talking about!" he shouted back at her.

"Well, I was just hoping—" Elva fought back the tears. This life was so different from the one at home where prayer was not neglected. She often tried to excuse Paul because he was reared differently, but at times she almost came to the breaking point.

"Why didn't you wake me up sooner?" he called out from the bathroom in bad humor.

"I overslept, too," Elva answered lamely. "I guess I didn't hear the alarm."

Paul came out into the kitchen and took his coat from the hook.

"You're going to eat breakfast, aren't you?" asked Elva.

"I'll grab a few doughnuts at the coffee shop. Lots of the other guys do."

"It would be so much nicer if you could eat with the family and cheaper if I could pack—"

"I've heard that so often already. Why can't you be like Mom always was? When we got up late she'd say, 'Now hurry, Dad, so the driver won't have to wait so long. We'll take care of the chores. Be sure and stop for rolls and coffee and get a good warm meal at noon.' She never complained about not having time to pray."

Elva drew her lips tightly together to try and keep from answering. She was tired and sick of this kind of life. Had they not gone away last night, as they so often did, and came home late! No wonder they overslept. She was not used to this going away most every evening and be entertained or entertained.

Elva felt relieved when a toot of the horn sent her

husband running out the door. She sank down on a chair beside the table. The eggs were getting cold, but she wasn't hungry anymore. She buried her face in her arms. The cows weren't milked and the other chores weren't started, but somehow she didn't care. Time was forgotten in her sorrow.

"What is wrong, Maem?"

Elva looked up to see Millie standing by her side in her nightgown. Her lower lip was pushed out and quivering and her eyes were filled with unshed tears. Elva picked up the little four-year-old and cuddled her close. The little body was still warm from her little bed. "Oh, I must—I must gather courage for the children's sake," thought Elva.

"Maem's tired," she answered. "Shall we eat and get dressed then all go out and help Mother do the chores?"

Millie nodded her head. "I'm hungry now."

"Maybe we can eat and then get dressed. I'll rewarm the eggs for you."

She put the child down and resumed her work. As she went about her tasks she forced herself to sing. Tears mingled with the song as she sang.

Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,—"

Elva was in no hurry to get her work done. The house was still unswept when the door opened and her sister Martha walked into the kitchen. Elva was glad to see her. Martha was ten years older than herself and seemed to take the place of her dear mother who had passed away five years before.

Elva started to apologize about the appearance of the place, when Martha interrupted. "Elva, you know there are toys, paper, and things scattered over my floor, too, at times. Such things go with raising a family. The time may come when we long to have children dirty up the floor." She smiled as she reached down and patted her Lizzie on the head. "Here give me your bonnet," she said opening the string, "then you and the little girls can run out and play." After they were outside Martha continued, "I know you're alone most of the time to do the chores,—"

"I know I am," Elva interrupted, "and this morning Paul became angry when I mentioned prayer again." She seated herself on a chair and faced her sister. It always seemed to make her burden lighter when she poured out her heart to Martha.

Martha studied a moment before answering. "Well, we can't just blame him. His parents took things too lightly to begin with and there are too many in this community who are wrapped up with making money and having their pleasures. What can we expect of the younger generation? Can we expect they'll do better?"

"That's why I'm worried about our children. What will become of them?"

"Because we were worried about our children is why John and I came to the decision that we did."

Elva looked up with questioning eyes. "To what decision?"

Martha looked very sober. "John and I feel we can't raise our children in this environment."

"Do you mean you are really moving?"

"We have been visiting other communities, as you know, and just last night we made our final decision to move to——. We often prayed about it and were slow in deciding what to do, but we could find no other answer to our problem."

Elva was heartbroken. How could she go on without Martha. "But can't you move into just another church district?" she suggested.

"We thought about that too, Elva," Martha answered, "but the environment is too much the same in all these five districts. We are situated too close to a big town and with all these factories -- well, it has been the downfall of the church."

It was not necessary for Martha to tell all this, for Elva knew. Had she not experienced many heartaches because of this. "I wish Paul would also be willing to move with you. I'd be ready to go right away. Maybe things would be different then."

Martha studied her younger sister a long while then she slowly answered, "It will be hard for me to tell you this, Elva, but I wouldn't want you to move with us."

This remark cut Elva in the heart. Martha didn't want her, as close to each other as they were? Elva wondered if she heard right. "You mean-- You mean--"

"Elva, you must know that you are very dear to me," Martha continued. "And I enjoyed being here with you, but I still wouldn't want you to move with us."

Elva's eyes became misty. "I'm sure I don't understand. You know that I need you very much. You are just like a mother to me."

"I know and it hurts me to leave you, but to state it more bluntly, I don't think you and Paul would do well in the community we are moving to. And--"

"But, Martha haven't I been wanting to do what's right?" Elva interrupted.

"Yes, Elva, I'm sure you want what's right and I'm sure you've shed many a tear because Paul lives the way he does. But you have not gone the whole way yourself."

"What do--" Elva began.

"Now wait a minute and I'll explain. Paul brings large paychecks home to you and you have been too weak and you buy things that you wouldn't if you wouldn't have so much money."

"But we've paid most of our farm now and I'm trying to save."

"Elva, you're trying to save without sacrificing. You buy too much what you want--the things you could do without-- and then you save the rest." Martha leaned over toward Elva and motioned with her hand to give her words more emphasis. "Elva, just look how many things you would have to put away if you'd want to move where we're moving to. Your children's clothes and your own clothes are too stylish and your home, too. It would be best to have a change of heart before you move for if you go this way and think you would reform after you've moved you'd be deceiving yourself and soon you'd be tearing down the community where you move to."

By now Elva was crying. Martha had often given firm advice but had never spoken so frankly before. Was this the same Martha that was always so kind to her, and always ready to help when needed? Elva looked up at her sister. No, Martha wasn't angry. There was a softness, a tenderness in her face.

"I'm telling you this," Martha continued, "because I love you. You know I would do anything to help you. I realize you've had many hardships in your few years of married life and I know you often pray to God that things will be different. John and I have also been praying for you, but I've come to the conclusion that if you would first change your life then maybe your prayers would be more effective and you could help Paul."

Martha hesitated a moment to let Elva answer. When, Elva remained silent, Martha continued. "Don't try to change yourself by your own strength or you will fail. We need God's help for that. If you'd bring your own sins and failures to God and ask Him to forgive you and to help you, then I believe you could help Paul. Elva, I can't tell you how very much I wish you could always be near us, but it doesn't matter where we live if we don't learn to make sacrifices ourselves we will not be helping to build any community."

"But I know it would be different if Paul wouldn't work in that old factory," Elva sobbed.

"I know factory working hasn't been good for many men and I'm glad John quit, even if our income is not very much at present."

"But I would be glad to do with less if I only could have the peace and happiness that you have."

"That's true, Elva, peace and happiness is worth so much more than a big paycheck. But maybe someday things will be different and you can be happier. Just keep working for the right--and praying. Don't lose hope."

Martha got to her feet. "Well, I better go and see where Lizzie is. I told John I would come home soon. We have a lot of work to get done this week so we can go and look for a farm."

Long after Martha left, Elva sat rehearsing their conversation. She felt very hurt at her sister's bluntness. As she continued with her work she kept on pondering over Martha's advice. Have I been trying to change Paul's life when I needed changing myself first, she questioned. Will I find happiness -- the happiness I crave for -- if I learn to sacrifice. She sighed. This was her goal and she wanted to reach it-- she must reach it....and she would. She knotted her fist with determination.

With this thought in mind she decided her first step would be to stop nagging Paul--stop reminding him of his failures, which she thought were many. "And I must be more cheerful instead of tearful," she told herself.

That evening Paul came home late from work as he so often did, and said, "You get the cows milked, Elva. I'm going out to the lake fishing with some of the guys."

Elva choked back her usual answer. She wanted to say, "Isn't that what I always do?" Instead she smiled and answered, "I'll try and milk right after supper. Is there anything else before you leave?"

Paul looked up at her as if he didn't hear right. Elva felt his eyes on her as she hurried about the kitchen to get supper. "No, that's all," he muttered as he picked up the newspaper.

Elva was looking forward to be alone that evening. She needed the time to study. She needed the quietness to think. She was glad when the children wanted to go outside to play.

Elva put the baby in her playpen and then got down the Bible from the book shelf. How often she had wished Paul would take time to read the Bible with her and to tell the children Bible stories, but he never found time. In the morning there was the rush to get to work and in the evening there was always something to do--fishing or business in town--or spending the evening in one of his co-workers' homes. At times he would invite them into their home for supper.

Elva dreaded these evenings when the group was together. The men would be smoking and there would be lots of jesting and laughing. It mattered little to these men if their wives would hear them teasing one another about the waitresses in the restaurant where they ate their lunch. At times the wives laughed with them, but Elva wondered if they, too, felt a sickness in the pit of their stomach.

Yes, Elva was sick of this life. It was so different from that of John and Martha's. John and Martha had time to teach their children of God and heaven. They worked together as man and wife. Elva envied them. Paul had seldom any time to work with her. If there was milking to be done, she had to do it. If the garden had to be made she had to get a neighbor in to plow and the remainder she had to do alone. When the children were sick or fussing, Paul would become angry because she didn't keep them quiet. They disturbed him.

The dreams that she had before marriage lay shattered at her feet. Often she had tried to piece them together-- to make them come true, but without success. They lay trampled in the dust.

Now tonight she wondered if those dreams could be realized-- if she would sacrifice. Maybe she didn't do her part, and was blaming everything on Paul. She was relying too much on her own strength and didn't trust God enough. She needed His help. She could not reach her goal without Him. This she now realized.

Elva read awhile then rested the Bible on her lap and closed her eyes. For a long time she sat in silence, then she laid the Bible aside and knelt at the couch. She

wanted to pray again for Paul but somehow the words didn't come. Martha's words pressed down upon her. "Maybe if you'd change your life first then your prayers would be more effective and you could help Paul."

"O God," Elva sobbed as she buried her face in her hands, "forgive me my many sins and help me to live for Thee alone. In Jesus' Name. Amen."

The time came soon enough that John and Martha moved to another community. Elva felt very much alone, but more and more she depended on prayer to give her strength to bear. She felt a closeness to God. A new peace and courage came into her heart. A peace and courage that could not be hidden. She came to realize that she had not been helping to build the church -- as she thought she was -- and much less helping to build the home.

In the evenings her work did not press on her as it had before. She had found a regular time to read the Bible and to tell the children Bible stories. Soon their childish conversations included the things their mother had taught them.

One evening after supper Paul leaned back in his chair and lighted a cigarette.

Little Leona walked to his end of the table and looked at him. "Daddy, she asked, "is it right to smoke?"

Paul squinted through the smoke and eyed his five-year-old. "What makes you think it isn't?" he asked rather gruffly.

"Maem said that Jesus didn't smoke," came the childish answer.

Paul studied the child a moment.

"Maem said we must always try to do as Jesus did for He never did any wrong," Leona continued.

"We can't be perfect," he answered curtly as he glanced up at Elva who had her back turned and pretended not to hear.

That evening Paul made no excuse to go away. Elva found him outside trying to repair the children's broken wagon. The little ones crowded around him and their childish chatter flowed in through the window from where Elva stood watching...unnoticed. This was such a rare scene that she wanted to cherish it in her heart.

About a week later she sat on the couch telling a Bible story. On her lap was the baby. By her knee and on each side a child was pressed against her. When she finished with the story, Elva said, "Now let's sing 'Jesus Loves Me.'"

As they were singing Paul appeared in the doorway. For a moment he stood watching them, then he went to his over-stuffed chair and sat down.

After the song Elva asked, "I thought you were going over to Joes?" She tried to hide her joy -- and surprise -- at seeing him home so early.

"I did," he answered.

"Weren't they home?"

"Yes, but I didn't have much business so I came home again."

When Millie heard that her father would be home that evening, she wrapped her little arms around the large Bible story book and carried it over to him. She smiled as she placed it on his lap. "Read us a story, now, too Daddy," she pleaded looking up at him.

The others also came running to his side.

Paul smiled towards the child as he idly paged through the book. "I'm afraid your mother will have to do that," he answered. "I'm not much of a story-teller." He looked helplessly at Elva.

"But Maem did tell us a story," insisted Leona.

"One story is enough," he said closing the book.

Disappointment was written on the children's faces.

"Yes, one story's enough for tonight," Elva gently reassured the children. "Daddy's tired and it's your bedtime."

"Will Daddy pray with us tonight?" asked one of the little ones.

Elva looked at Paul. His hand was unsteady as he

handed the Bible story book back to Millie. He got to his feet and put on his hat. "Guess I'll go look after some things at the barn."

Elva knew that this meant she and the children were to be alone again for prayer that evening. She didn't chide Paul as he left the house but took the children to the bathroom and began washing them and preparing them for bed. She tried to appear happy to the children but her heart was heavy. How she wished to have her sister Martha near to talk to.

She realized that soon the children would be large enough that they would know that their father lived no Christian life, even if he went to church regularly. They would soon learn that his buddies were of the same kind. Men that went to church regularly, but through the week left home too much in a rush to pray or to eat breakfast with the family. They were men that loved to eat in the coffee shop or restaurants and to tease the waitresses. Men who brought large pay checks home for their wives so they would be satisfied and could have plenty of luxuries.

Elva wondered how she would teach the children that such things were wrong, yet teach the children to respect their father. Elva was sad as she thought about this. It seemed she had no one to confide in, now that John and Martha had moved away. There was a deep longing to see her sister again.

She knew Martha would understand her struggles-- her struggles to overcome her own failures. Her struggles to have patience with Paul as she should have.

Late one evening when they returned after having supper in one of the co-workers' homes, Paul dropped down on the couch. This irked Elva for she had been housecleaning and was tired. "Aren't you going to help put the children to bed?" she asked commandingly. She picked up the whimpering Leroy and plopped him down beside his father. "I'll get his nighty," she said hurrying into the bedroom.

After the children were in bed Elva went and sat down beside Paul.

"Elva," he began in a low tone so as not to disturb the children, "I feel so ashamed when you sit there looking so glum while the others are laughing. You spoil my whole evening."

"My evening's even spoiled before I go," she lashed at him. "I'm often ashamed how you and those other men talk, and I don't think it's funny either. I'm sure I would've enjoyed myself better had we stayed home and taken care of that sick cow."

Paul looked puzzled. "What sick cow?"

"Oh, I guess I forgot to tell you. It's Jerse. I called the vet and he gave her a shot."

Paul's eyebrows puckered. "Our best cow! Why didn't you tell me before?"

"How could I? You came home late from work and then there was the rush to get ready. If you'd come home as you should and help with the milking you'd know we'd have a sick cow," Elva reprimanded him...

Paul gave her a long look. His face was expressionless. Slowly he got to his feet, without a word and without looking back, he went into the bedroom.

Now there was remorse mixed with Elva's frustrations. She wanted to cry out and ask him to forgive her, but somehow the words didn't come. She knew she had failed again. She chided herself for not being more prayerful...and watchful.

Alone, in silence she sat there. She did not try to stem the teardrops that trickled down her cheeks. She turned out the light then for a long time she knelt by the couch before she went to bed.

The days ran into weeks and the weeks into months. In time Elva's nagging became less and was replaced by kind words. She found herself happier. She also thought Paul had become somewhat kinder and more thoughtful. Little by little she changed her own and the children's clothing, so that they were less stylish.

Soon winter would be coming again. Elva dreaded to

think of wading through deep snow alone out to the barn. She tried to think what joy it would be if Paul would work his farm instead of working in the factory. In her dreams she would picture Paul and herself working side by side. She could also picture the children running after their daddy in the barn and in the fields. For a long time she wondered if this dream would ever be realized.

When November came, several of the children became sick. Elva had a hard cold also and felt miserable. She felt as if she was ready to collapse. When Paul came home one evening he found her lying on the couch. "How are the children?" he asked, as he hung his coat and hat behind the door.

"I tried to keep Leroy and Millie in bed. It seems they feel just sick enough to make them irritable." She sat up and pushed her hair back under her cap. "I was too tired to start supper, but I'll try and get something together."

"You needn't hurry," Paul replied. "I'm not very hungry." Without a further word, he turned and took his hat and coat and went out the door.

Elva could hear the milk bucket and strainer clang against each other.

Elva stood by the window and watched the form of her husband Paul disappear into the morning mist. A foot from a horn had sent him scurrying out the door.

She pressed her warm forehead against the cold window frame. Her cheeks were wet with tears. Oh, I must-- I must write sister Martha this morning and tell her everything. She glanced down at the stack of dishes on the sink. Down on the floor stood the milk buckets unused. The cows were yet to be milked. Leona and Millie were playing on the living room floor. They were in their night clothes and didn't have breakfast yet. Leroy was still asleep.

Elva got a pen and paper out of the cupboard and sat down at the table. She felt she must write Martha right away, regardless of how her house looked. She heard that baby Allen was awake in his crib and hoped he'd remain quiet long enough until she had her letter written.

Elva tried to find the lines on the paper but tears dimmed her eyes so that she could barely see to write. Dear Martha, she thought, you and John must surely hear right away how things are going.

"Let's see." She looked at the calendar and started counting the months. "Oh, yes," she said to herself, "it's been a little over nine months since they moved away."

A touch of loneliness surged through Elva as she thought of her sister. Martha--in whom she could always confide. Elva recalled how heartbroken she had been when Martha said they were moving. She recalled how she had so often wished that they had never moved away.

But this morning she didn't wish that any longer. She was glad that John and Martha moved. Glad that they liked their new home and the church. She knew Martha and John would be builders of the church wherever they were. They were satisfied with a simple life, without having all the modern conveniences. Their hearts were not set on the things of this earth.

Today as Elva sat by the table ready to write to Martha she was not disturbed by the stack of dishes waiting for her, nor by her other work. She felt a more important task lay before her. She wanted to confide in Martha-- by letter if not by mouth. The tears seemed to flow afresh as she started writing.

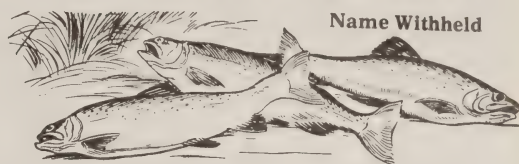
Dear Martha,

I thought I had to write you this morning, even if all my work stares me in the face. Martha, I want to thank you again for talking so bluntly to me that day. I was hurt very much at the time, for I felt I was living a Christian life. I could go into detail and tell you everything, but not now. I only want to say that there are renewed hopes that we can be together again, for Paul is so different. He prayed with us this morning for the first time. Keep praying that his faith may increase...and mine also.

Thank God for everything. I am very happy.

— Elva

RUDY'S ESCAPE FROM REALITY



Waaah, waaah!" came the sounds from the bedroom.

Sadie Byler sighed as she dropped her paring knife and the peach she was peeling. Going to the bedroom, she picked up four-month-old Baby Mary. "There now, Baby," Sadie said soothingly as she held her hand over Mary's right ear and rocked the baby back and forth as she cradled it in her arm. Sadie felt sorry for her baby who so often cried from ear ache. After changing the baby's diaper, she rocked her to sleep. Carefully she laid her in the crib, hoping she would sleep long enough so that she could get a canner full of peaches on the stove before dinner.

When Sadie returned to the kitchen, five year old Ruthie had climbed up on the chair and attempted to help Mother by peeling peaches. Though she had meant to help Mother, the peaches were a sorry sight. They were bruised and brown, with much of the peach cut off with the peelings.

"Ruthie! What are you doing?" scolded Sadie.

"I-I wanted to help you," Ruthie replied in a hurt tone.

Sadie, realizing that she had been cross most of the morning herself after a sleepless night with the baby, resolved to be nicer to her children. In a kinder tone she said, "Maybe you can slice them after I've peeled them. If Mary wakes up again you may have to help me by rocking her a while." Sadie smiled at Ruthie.

Knock, knock.

Sadie glanced up quickly. "Sure hope it isn't some salesman," she thought to herself as she went to the door.

It was their neighbor, Fred Miller. "Hello," he said. "Is Rudy at home?"

"Yes, I think he's out in the barn," replied Sadie. "He said something about cleaning out the stables this morning."

"Okay, I'll see if I can find him," Fred returned with a smile.

"Sure wonder what he wants this morning," Sadie thought as she went back to her peaches.

The morning passed too swiftly as Sadie hurried to get the peaches in jars, care for the baby, and get dinner ready.

At twelve-fifteen Rudy came to the door. "Is dinner ready, Mother?" he called.

"Yes, I'll have dinner on the table by the time you and the boys have washed up," Sadie replied.

Rudy turned to the boys in the yard. "Paul and Eli," he called, "come in for dinner."

While Rudy was helping the boys wash up Sadie asked, "What did Fred want this morning?"

"Oh, he wanted to know if we'd be interested in going along to Wisconsin on a fishing trip," Rudy replied as he glanced at his wife.

"If we'd go on a fishing trip?" Sadie asked with doubt.

"Well, yes, he said you could go along if you wanted to," answered Rudy.

"Surely you didn't think I'd want to go along with four little children, let alone one that's only four months old and having ear ache?" returned Sadie as a feeling of dread came over her.

Avoiding her question, Rudy went on, "Fred said Frank Smith was over to see him last night. Frank wants to go to the same place he was last year and caught so many big fish." Rudy glanced at his wife as she pulled a canner full of peaches on the burner. "He said we can go

along for just the cost of gas and oil."

"And pay for cabins and fishing license and probably some new fishing gear," Sadie replied knowingly.

"How is Mary this morning?" Rudy asked, trying to change the subject.

"Oh, she slept part of the time, but cried whenever she was awake," Sadie told him. "Come, let's try and eat before she wakes up again."

As Sadie helped the children to their places at the table, she realized she was no longer hungry. "Was Rudy going along on that fishing trip?" she wondered. He hadn't said so, but she knew the signs. In the past she had sometimes enjoyed going fishing with Rudy for a day, but as children were added to their family and responsibilities increased, she no longer went and wished Rudy would forget about going too, especially long fishing trips like this one would be.

"How are you getting along with the peaches?" Rudy asked, breaking the silence.

"I've got the first canner full going now, but there are quite a few more that need to be canned," Sadie replied. "It wouldn't be so bad if I didn't need to stop so often for Mary."

"Don't you have any of that medicine from the doctor any more?" Rudy wanted to know.

"Yes, I have some yet," Sadie returned. "It helps for a little while. She's been sleeping longer now than she has all night. Maybe she is getting better."

"Well, perhaps I can help you with the peaches a while this afternoon," Rudy offered.

Sadie smiled gratefully at Rudy. "That would be nice," she told him. "Though she was glad for his help, she was afraid it was partly to make up for the fishing trip he had planned."

That afternoon as they worked together in the kitchen, Sadie brought up the fishing trip again. "What did you tell Fred about going along to Wisconsin?"

"Well, I told him I'd like to go along and I'd find out if you wanted to go, too," Rudy answered without looking up.

"What did you think I'd do with the children?" Sadie asked.

IT ISN'T THE CHURCH-- IT'S YOU

If you want the kind of a church
Like the kind of a church you like
It is useless to scatter, or to start
On a non-church-going strike.
Take stock of yourself and think for a bit
Of the ill or the good you can do;
It's a knock at yourself when you knock the church
It isn't the church it's you.

It's really strange at times, don't you know,
That things go as well as they do;
When we think of the little-- the very small mite--
We add to the work of the few.
We sit and stand round, and complain of what's done
And do very little but fuss;
Are we taking our share of the burdens to bear;
It isn't the church, it's us.

So if you want the kind of a church
Like the kind of a church you like
Just take off your coat and roll up your sleeves
And "hike," my brother, just "hike."
There's Satan to brave and the world to save,
There is work for us all to do
It isn't the church that is wrong, my friend,
It isn't the church-- it's you.

Author unknown

"I suppose either your parents or mine would care for them for a week, wouldn't they?" Rudy replied.

"Perhaps they would, but you know I can't leave Mary as long as I'm nursing her," Sadie answered. "And even if I could, I wouldn't feel right loading the children on someone else so we can go on a pleasure trip. They care for them often enough when it's really necessary. And even if they would be glad to care for them, Mary gets a spell of ear ache every once in a while, and she's beginning to be afraid of strangers. I just can't do that." Sadie scalded some more jars and began filling them with peaches. "When are they going anyway?"

"Next Monday" Rudy answered. "I'd really like to go along. It's not every day that I get a chance like this. I'd sure like to hook one of those big bass Frank talks about."

Sadie didn't say anything.

"I'll tell Fred I won't go if Mary is still having so much ear ache by then," Rudy assured Sadie. He knew how much she sometimes was up with the baby during the night when her ear was bothering her.

"How do you know she's not going to get sick again a day or two after you've left?" Sadie wanted to know.

"Do you have some more peaches you want peeled?" Rudy asked.

Sadie didn't answer as she set a dishpan of peaches before him.

With Rudy's help the peaches were soon in the jars. Sadie appreciated this. Then, too, Mary slept most of the afternoon. "Her ear must be better again," she thought gratefully.

In the days that followed, Rudy made preparations to go to Wisconsin with Frank and Fred. He made sure there was plenty of ground feed on hand for the laying hens, pullets, and their six cows. He got one of Jake Miller's boys to help with the chores while he was gone. Then of course, he had to check his fishing rod and reel to make sure they were working properly.

Friday morning Frank Smith drove in, accompanied by Fred Miller. They drove out to the barn where they saw Rudy mending the fence of the calf pen. As soon as they had left again, Rudy came into the house.

Sadie glanced up. "What did they want? Did they change their mind?" For a moment she dared hope that something had come up that they wouldn't be going.

"Well, they changed some plans," Rudy cleared his throat. "Frank wants to start tomorrow evening already."

"Tomorrow evening?" Sadie asked aghast. "Surely you and Fred won't be gone over Sunday?"

"Fred had already agreed before they got here. I couldn't very well make them change their minds about it," Rudy said trying to defend himself and convince Sadie and himself that it couldn't be helped.

"Well, I didn't think you'd stay out of church for a fishing trip," Sadie replied. She felt as if her strength had drained from her.

"Frank wants to start at six o'clock tomorrow evening and travel about half of the way and then get a motel for the rest of the night. That way we would get there Sunday afternoon and would have time to get settled and go to bed early. Fishing is best early in the morning and he wants to go out on the lake at three or four o'clock Monday morning," Rudy explained.

"Well, I'd think if you were there all week there would be plenty of mornings when you could be out early without being away over Sunday," Sadie replied.

"Well, I didn't like it either, but they had it all planned that way already and have reserved a cabin for us," Rudy told her.

Sadie went about her work the next day in a daze. Rudy was gone much of the time as it was. Since they only had a thirty acre farm, he was usually working elsewhere. Right now he was laid off of work, and Sadie had been looking forward to having him at home during the days and to have some much needed jobs taken care of. Why did Fred have to come over and lure him away like this? "I sure wonder how Fred's wife, Fannie, feels about it. At least she doesn't have any little children to care for

any more," Sadie thought. Of course, Fred wasn't entirely to blame. Rudy could have said, "No."

Sadie was tempted to stay at home from church, too. She was ashamed to face the people and tell them why Rudy wasn't there. But no, that wouldn't do. That still didn't excuse her from going if the children weren't sick.

Sunday morning when Sadie and the children got to church, Fannie had just arrived. As soon as Fannie noticed Sadie and the children, she came over and helped her. Even during the services, Fannie sat beside Sadie and helped her with the children whenever she could. Sadie was grateful for her help, but kept wondering what Fannie was thinking. She wished she could have a talk with her later that day but didn't know if she dared open the subject or not.

After church when Sadie was feeding the children, Fannie came and sat beside her. "How are you making out?" Fannie finally asked Sadie.

"Well, I really don't know yet since they just left last night," Sadie answered.

"Well, I just thought I had to help you what I could," Fannie told her. "I was so ashamed about Fred taking Rudy along on this fishing trip when I knew you and the children would be so glad to have him at home for a change."

Sadie looked at Fannie in surprise.

"I heard you telling some of the women two weeks ago how you were looking forward to having him at home the next few weeks and how the boys like to follow him around when he's there," Fannie explained.

Sadie nodded as she fought to keep back the tears Fannie's words brought to the surface.

"Sometimes I wish Fred would never have met Frank Smith," Fannie went on. "But then, I suppose if it wasn't Frank it would be someone else."

"At least you don't have any small children to look after when he's gone," Sadie remarked, and the boys can do the chores."

"That's true," Fannie replied, "But I still don't like to have him go away for those fishing trips, especially not when they're gone over Sunday. You see, he used to go once in a while when the children were young, too. Now, he goes more often."

Sadie continued feeding the baby.

"I'm afraid these fishermen put their fishing before other more important things," Fannie continued, "and I always feel bad when I know they're taking other young men along, taking them away from their families, and starting them on the same road they are on."

Suddenly Sadie blushed. "I'm sorry, I really hadn't intended to say this much. Maybe I can come over one afternoon this week and help you for a while," she smiled and then got up and walked away without waiting for Sadie's answer.

Sadie sat quietly, thinking over what Fannie had told her. So Fannie didn't like it either. One thing stood out more than the rest. Fannie had said Fred goes on more fishing trips now than he did when the children were smaller. She wondered.

The week dragged on as Sadie fed the chickens, gathered and cleaned eggs, helped with the other chores, did some of the last canning of the season, and countless other things busy mothers do. Mary had several mild cases of ear ache and was often fussy. One day Eli fell asleep on the buggy seat where he had been playing and Sadie spent a frantic hour searching for him. Another time Paul nearly fell into the stock tank and the same day the calves broke out of their pen. Sadie and the children did their best to chase them back into the pen, but the calves seemed to sense their helplessness and merrily ran about the yard, kicking their heels and lifting their tails as they went. As they neared the calf pen, they slid to a stop, only to kick up their heels again and dash in the opposite direction. Sadie was nearly exhausted by the time a passing neighbor stopped and helped her.

Dispair and frustration nearly engulfed her, but the worst part came on Thursday when a man from the feed mill brought some feed for the chickens. Sadie was in the

garden when he came.

"Is Rudy at home?" he wanted to know.

"No, he isn't," she replied.

"Do you know where he wants this feed?"

Sadie told him to put it in the feed room of the hen house.

"Well, I might as well give you this bill while I'm talking to you," the man went on as he handed her several papers. "This one is from this load, then there are two other bills that are overdue." he said as he pointed at the figures. "I'm sorry, but the boss is getting rather impatient so you'd better tell Rudy to get them paid as soon as he can."

Sadie's face blushed with shame as she stood looking at the figures - . Overdue feed bills and Rudy was in Wisconsin enjoying a fishing trip!

Saturday evening finally came and with it the children's eager anticipation for the return of their daddy. All but Baby Mary were sitting on the front steps, waiting. Just as Sadie came to the door to call them in for supper, Frank drove in with Rudy.

"Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!" yelled the children as they ran out to meet the car. Sadie followed.

"Hi," called Rudy with a smile as the car stopped in front of the house. "Are you glad to see me?"

All three children grabbed his hands as he got out of the car.

"Come, help me get my things out of the trunk," Rudy told the children as he made his way to the back end of the car.

"Did you catch any fish?" Ruthie asked.

"Did I?" Rudy answered with pride. "I'll say I did. You should have seen that big walleyed pike. He sure put up a fight but it was worth all the excitement just to land him in our boat."

"Did you bring it home?" Ruthie wanted to know.

"Yes, I think I still have part of it with the salted fish," Rudy looked at Sadie standing quietly nearby. "We caught so many fish we couldn't eat them all so we salted a few and brought them home."

"Ask Rudy about that big bass that got away," Frank said with a laugh as he looked at Sadie. "He still hasn't quite gotten over that one."

"Well, I had that thing close enough to the boat that I could see what a beauty it was," Rudy returned. "I still think I could have landed him if my line wouldn't have snapped." His eyes got a dreamy look as he visualized the triumph of catching one like that.

"Well, maybe you'll have to go along the next time and see if you can hook him again if he's still there," Frank suggested.

"I sure would enjoy that," Rudy replied. "I never enjoyed a week so much before, and I hope it isn't the last one."

"Well, I'll be going on," Frank said as he got into the car. "See you later."

Sadie and the children helped Rudy carry his things into the house. Then Sadie set another plate on the table and prepared to eat the partly cooled supper. While they ate, Rudy was relating all the excitement of the week while Sadie sat quietly picking a little on the food.

Finally Rudy remarked, "What's the matter, Sadie? You're awfully quiet. Aren't you glad I'm home?"

"Yes, I'm glad you're home," she answered without much feeling. How could she be really happy? Two things kept going round and round in her mind - Not once had Rudy thought to ask her how she had stood the week, nor how Mary had been. Not once did he stop to think that while he was having a great time, she was struggling with unruly calves, fussy children, and sleepless nights, caused by worrying about unpaid feed bills. And already he was dreaming of a similar trip next year, leaving her with the children. He had called it a wonderful fishing trip!



THE AMISH DIVISION OF 1693

by David Luthy

Melvin Miller and Levi Graber were standing beside a wagon parked by the town's mill. Levi was leaning against the wagon bed and talking in serious tones to Melvin.

"Things just seem to keep drifting around here," Levi was saying. "Why can't the bishops stop it?"

Melvin shook his head. "I don't know either. Seems it has been going from bad to worse in the church the past few years. Maybe we need a Jacob Amman to visit the churches to set things in order again."

"Jacob Amman, who's that?" questioned Levi. He slid his hand through the shelled corn on the wagon.

You've heard of him," said Melvin. "Why, it's from him that we get the name Amish."

Levi's face brightened. "You know, I often wondered where our name 'Amish' comes from. You mean that it comes from that man's name?"

"Yes," nodded Melvin. "Jacob Amman was a bishop who broke off from the Mennonites, or the Mennonites broke off from him, I don't know which. Anyway the followers of Jacob Amman became known as Amish."

Levi Graber isn't the only Amishman who doesn't know who Jacob Amman was or from where the name "Amish" comes. Nearly every Amishman could likely tell you that the Mennonites get their name from Menno Simons, but fewer realize where their own name, "Amish," comes from. The explanation for this is quite simple—Menno Simons was a writer and his writings are still used in Amish homes, but Jacob Amman wasn't a writer and thus his name is seldom seen in print. Today he might be called a silent figure in history, but in 1693 his name was a common word in Mennonite homes in Europe.

Part 1: The Dortrecht Confession of Faith

In Europe in the 1600's there were five areas where the majority of Mennonites lived: Switzerland, Alsace, North Germany, South Germany, and Holland. This last named country, Holland, was the first to experience a serious church division. This occurred in 1557 and again in 1567 and somewhat affected the Mennonites living in North Germany.

By 1632 serious attempts were made to heal the breach in the Mennonite Church in Holland. A number of ministers came together in the city of Dort, Holland and drew up a confession of faith upon which they could all agree. This is what we call today the Dortrecht Confession of Faith, the Eighteen Articles of Faith, or the Glaubensbekenntnis. It is this confession of faith with which every Amish church member must be in agreement before baptism.

Every Amishman knows what the Eighteen Articles of Faith looks like. And likely most remember that there are some names listed on the last pages. But few realize just who these men were. The first page of names lists the ministers in Holland and North Germany who agreed to the Confession in 1632. On the next page appears a second list of names - names which are very important to Amish history. These are the 13 ministers and bishops of Alsace who, 28 years after the Dutch ministers, also signed the Dortrecht Confession of Faith, saying: "we have entirely adopted it as our own."

Historically this was a very important event. For 33 years later in Alsace (1693) the Amish division would

take place largely as a result of the Dortrecht Confession of Faith having been accepted in 1660. It is a strange but true fact that the Dortrecht Confession of Faith which was meant to unify Mennonites in Holland proved to be a wedge for division in other parts of Europe.

Part 11: Laying the Grounds For Division

Alsace is the region lying between France on the west, Germany on the east, and Switzerland on the south. It is about the size of the state of Delaware and has passed back and forth numerous times in history between French and German ownership. In the late 1600's it was held by the French; so the Mennonite congregations there were called th French congregations. But actually many, if not most, of the members spoke German.

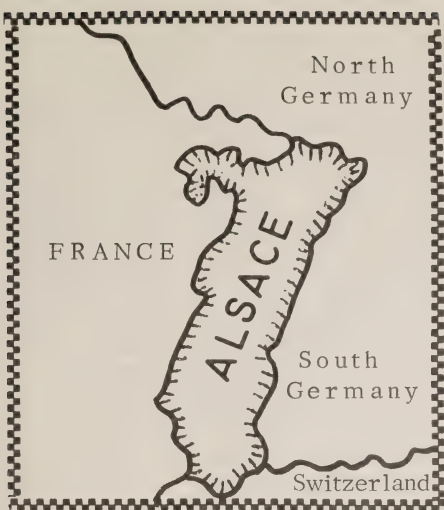
How the ministers in Alsace found out about the Dortrecht Confession of Faith, no one today knows, and that it was adopted by them is rather amazing since it contained two articles of belief which were not held by Mennonites outside of Holland and North Germany: Article 11, The Washing of the Saints' Feet and Article 17, The Shunning of Those Expelled.

The Mennonites in Holland and North Germany must have been encouraged when their brethren in Alsace adopted the Dortrecht Confession of Faith as their own. But what did the ministers in South Germany and Switzerland think of this?

History does not tell us the immediate reaction of the ministers in South Germany and Switzerland when they heard that the Alsace ministers had signed the Confession. From later developments, though, it seems that these ministers had allowed their fellow ministers in Alsace this privilege. They thought it was all right if they believed in feet washing and shunning. But what they didn't like was that 33 years later the ministers in Alsace were trying to force them to also accept these doctrines. Why the situation came to a crisis in 1693 centers on two Mennonite bishops, Hans Reist and Jacob Amman.

The first difference between these two bishops seems to have regarded the holding of communion. Traditionally the Mennonites had held communion once a year, but Jacob Amman began holding it twice a year. Hans Reist did not feel this was necessary. A ministers' meeting was held and it was decided that Jacob Amman could hold communion twice a year. Hans Reist was present at the meeting and did not object to the decision, but he did not intend to start the practice in his congregation. Some members of Reist's congregation, however, felt it should be held twice a year and a controversy arose in the congregation. Bishop Reist had to call in "strange ministers" to settle the matter. When Jacob Amman heard that two ministers were going to the Reist congregation on "church business," he asked them to talk with Reist concerning the subject of shunning, as stated in Article 17 of the Dortrecht Confession of Faith.

One can almost imagine what Hans Reist thought when these two ministers told him that Jacob Amman wanted to know what he thought about shunning. Hadn't



Amman's views on communion already caused Reist trouble in his congregation, and now wasn't Amman trying to start a new controversy? The two ministers reported back to Jacob Amman with these words from Hans Reists: "What enters the mouth does not defile the man, but what comes out of the mouth." Jacob Amman did not find this a satisfactory answer. From this time on no mention was made of the communion question; attention was now focused on the question of shunning.

Part 111: The Division Nears

Hans Reist was a bishop in Switzerland. Jacob Amman had been born in Switzerland but by 1693 was residing in Alsace. The Swiss ministers had never agreed to the Dortrecht Confession of Faith as had their brethren in Alsace in 1660. Perhaps Jacob Amman and his fellow ministers felt that the Swiss ministers had had enough time to accept the Confession; after all it had been accepted in Alsace 33 years before and in Holland and North Germany 28 years before that.

Why Jacob Amman felt it was his duty to force the issue with the Swiss ministry is a hard question to answer. He was definitely a younger bishop than Hans Reist yet was stricter. Modern Mennonite historians have repeatedly tried to put the blame on Jacob Amman's shoulders. Although much of it belongs there, it does not seem fair to treat Amman as if he alone were responsible for the division. One thing is certain, he was not a lone crusader. Behind him stood a united Alsace ministry of 19 men. This must have been very important to Jacob Amman, for without their support he would never have been able to seriously oppose the Swiss ministry. Nor is it fair to say that Jacob Amman and the Alsace ministry was entirely to blame for the division. For as a coin has two sides, so does a division. Hans Reist and his Swiss ministry must shoulder some of the blame as well.

The differences between the Alsace and Swiss ministries went deeper than the question of shunning. There were other issues which had made the Alsace ministers lose confidence in their Swiss brethren. It was known in Alsace that certain Swiss ministers were preaching that the "true-hearted" people would be saved on the Last Day. These were people who did not join the Mennonites but were sympathetic to them. The Alsace ministers felt such a teaching was rash and gave people a chance to be half-way Christians with a false hope of salvation. Also, there was the question of banning people who lied. The Alsace ministers felt this was very serious and ban worthy, but the Swiss took a less strict view. Involved, too, was plain and uniform dress -- the Swiss being liberal and the people in Alsace strict. The same was true concerning the beard: the Swiss allowed the trimming of the beard and the ministers from Alsace not. Finally there was the matter of members attending

services in the state church. The Swiss were allowing it and their brethren in Alsace thought this to be a serious mistake. Thus, as can be seen, there was an undercurrent of other problems beneath the waves of argument caused by the shunning question.

Part IV: The Division Comes

Jacob Amman felt it were best if the Swiss ministers would come together with the ministers of Alsace to discuss the differences. Amman realized that it might be difficult to hold a "Diener Versammlung" for Hans Reist had written a letter to some ministers saying "not to pay too much attention to the young fellow." However a meeting was called and was held in the barn of a Swiss minister, but the ministers did not all come; and noticeably lacking was Hans Reist. A second meeting was called for two weeks later. This time the attendance was better, but Bishop Reist once more was absent. After waiting for Reist to come, it was decided to send a woman to see if he were coming. She returned with the startling message that Hans Reist was not coming for it was harvest time and he was busy. This seeming indifferent attitude of Bishop Reist was too much for Jacob Amman. After stating six charges against Reist, he excommunicated him. Then turning to the Swiss ministers present, he asked them how they stood on the shunning question. Those who said they agreed with Hans Reist were excommunicated.

Originally the dispute was between the Swiss and Alsace ministries. But after the excommunication of Reist and his ministers by Jacob Amman, the ministers South Germany thought it in their place to try and settle things. They were shocked that Jacob Amman had acted so rashly, excommunicating ministers and even a bishop without a "rote." But on investigating the situation they were put in an awkward position for they found that they were agreed with Reist in his view on shunning but with Jacob Amman in his view on "true-hearted people" and liars. Realizing that there would soon be a three way split, the Swiss ministers quickly gave up their position about liars and "true-hearted people" and became unified with the South German ministry. Then the two ministries wrote a statement of why they couldn't agree with Bishop Amman. His reaction was to excommunicate the South German ministers as well.

The division was now complete. Out of the 22 ministers in Alsace, 20 sided with Jacob Amman. In South Germany he had but 6 out of 25 ministers on his side, and in Switzerland only 1 out of 20. Jacob Amman's followers then became known as "Amish."

Part V: Attempts at Reconciliation

The controversy was not soon forgotten. Many people were saddened by the situation, and attempts were made to draw the two sides together once more. About five years after the division, Jacob Amman and some of his ministers decided that they had gravely failed by being so quick to force the Swiss ministers to agree with them and were too rash with the use of the ban without counselling with their home congregations. So to the great surprise of both sides, they placed themselves under the ban, which must have been a very humbling thing for them to do.

But instead of accepting this as an act of humility, the Swiss ministers' reaction was "See, we told you they were wrong." Instead of also humbling themselves and coming part way, the Swiss ministers "seemed to rejoice in the self-humiliation of the Amish" (to quote a Mennonite historian). After some time had elapsed and the Amish asked to be taken out of the ban the Swiss said they would. Then, however, they realized that the Amish had confessed only to having worked in the wrong way and that they still felt the Swiss should accept shunning. This brought the matter to a close and some Amish ministers not originally involved in the dispute lifted the ban from the men.

Some while later the Amish ministers heard that some of their Swiss opponents agreed with them at least somewhat about shunning. Once more attempts at

reconciliation were made but now attention was drawn to Article 11 of the Confession of Faith--the literal washing of feet at the communion service. The Swiss Mennonites couldn't agree to it and thus another barrier was placed between the two groups. Finally in 1700 a third attempt was made to bring the sides together; some Amish leaders placed themselves under the ban, but again this failed to bring peace between the two groups.

After 1700 there were no attempts made to reunite the two groups. It wasn't long before the Swiss Mennonites were emigrating to America, and the Amish were leaving Alsace for the same destination. Even in this new frontier the two groups remained separate. Often they settled in the same valleys but they kept their own beliefs. Through the centuries that followed, though, some liberal Amish congregations and more often individual members drifted back into the Mennonite Church. In fact, in some areas were it not for this attracting of liberal Amish members, the Mennonite Church would be extinct or very small due to the loss of its own members to Protestant denominations. today, nearly 300 years after the Division of 1693, the gap between the Amish and the Mennonites remains and has considerably widened.

Part VI: The Causes of the Division

It is difficult to read about the circumstances surrounding the Amish Division of 1693 without feeling that both sides failed. The Amish failed, and confessed twice to this failure, in that Jacob Amman was too hasty in his actions and took upon himself responsibility which was not solely his -- the excommunicating of Bishop Reist. But it is a strange thing that history does not tell us of the Swiss ministers, especially Hans Reist, admitting any failings. Surely Reist failed in writing to others "not to pay too much attention to the young fellow," referring to Bishop Amman. And he failed in not attending the ministers' meetings. Why was it that his ministers attended, yet he himself found it so hard to do? Was he, perhaps, just as stubborn in personality as Jacob Amman was hasty and bold? What made the Swiss ministers give up to the South German ministers outright concerning two points which they had refused to give up to the Amman group? It appears that they wished to get along with the one group but not the other. Thus, the reason for the division seems to lie in the fact that both sides had lost confidence in each other and seemingly were set on not working together rather than forbearing one another in brotherly love and trying to get along. ■■

THE PROUD OAK AND THE SNOWBANK'S TEARS



A little stream in the canyon ran,
In the canyon deep and long,
When a stout old oak at its side began
To sing to it this song:

"Oh, why do you laugh and leap and sing
And why do you hurry by
For you're only a noisy little thing
And a great stout oak am I.
A hundred years I shall stand alone
And the world will look at me
While you will bubble and babble on
And die at last in the sea."

"So proud and lofty!" the stream replied,
"You're a king of the forest, true,
But your roots were dead,
and your leaves all dried
Had I not watered you."

The oak tree rustled its leaves of green
To the little stream below:
"Tis only a snowbank's tears, I ween,
Could talk to a monarch so.
For where are you going so fast, so fast,
And what do you think to do?
Is there anything in the world at last
For a bubbling brook like you?"

"So fast, so fast, why should I wait?"
The hurrying water said,
"When yonder by the canyon gate
The farmer waits for bread?
Out on the rainless desert-land
My hurrying footsteps go,
I kiss the earth, I wet the sand,
I help the harvest grow."

"And many a farmer, when the sky
Has turned to heated brass
And all the plain is hot and dry,
Gives thanks to see me pass.
By many a sluice and ditch and lane,
They lead me left and right,
For it is I who turn the plain
To gardens of delight."

Then hurrying on, the dashing stream
Into a river grew,
And rock and mountain made a seam
To let its torrent through;
And where the burning desert lay
A happy river ran;
A thousand miles it coursed its way,
And blessed the homes of man.

Vain was the oak tree's proud conceit,
Dethroned the monarch lay;
The brook that babbled at its feet
Had washed its roots away.
Still in the canyon's heart there springs
The desert's diadem,
And shepherds bless the day that brings
The snowbank's tears to them.



Sammy und Sein Secret

•Sarah M. Weaver

Sammy läuft an dem Laden hinten in die Schul-Häus Stubbe, kriegt sein Essen-Kübele und geht mit die andere Buben die Tür hinaus. Sie sitzen sich unter ein großer Maple Baum in das weite Eck vom dem Schul-Haus Hof. Sammy nimmt ein Sandwich aus sein Essen-Kübele und singt an zu essen. „Ich bin froh es die Mäm wieder Peanut Butter gekauft hat, denn ich gleich solche Sandwiches,“ sagte er als er ein Beiß nimmt.

„Ich gleich Bologna,“ sagt der Mose. Er sieht in sein Kübele hinein. „Dent hab ich aber Käse.“

„Könnt ihr essen was ich hab?“ fragt der Larry als er seine Hand über sein Brot hebt.

„Hamburger Küchlein?“ geist Andy.

„Nein,“ antwortete der Larry.

Eier?“ sagt der Wayne.

„Nein,“ kommt wieder die Antwort.

„Schunke-Fleisch?“ spricht der Sammy.

Larry schüttelt der Kopf wieder. „Ihr könnt es nicht essen.“

„Butter und Lattweig?“ geist der Sammy wieder.

„Mustard und Wurst?“ kommt von Wayne.

Larry schüttelt wieder der Kopf und singt an zu lachen.

„Ich weiß,“ freischt der Sammy, „Fisch, denn dein Vater ist gangen fischen.“

„Sammy hat's gegesst,“ lacht der Larry. „Da Dat ist gangen fischen und er hat der größte Fisch kriegt von alle auf s'Boat.“

„Er hat?“ sprechen etliche von die andere.

„Er ist auf das große Boat gangen auf Lake Erie, und alle von die siebenzehn Männer haben ein Battle-Taller in eine Box getan. Der es der größte Fisch g'fangen hat sollte das Geld kriegen, und mein Vater hat es g'wonnen.“

„Wie groß war der Fisch?“

„Ist dein Sandwich gemacht von der große Fisch?“

„Was für ein Fisch war es, ein Whale?“

„Aund ein Scharf.“

„Halt! Halt!“ lacht der Larry. „Eine Frage auf einmal. Der Fisch hat bald er — ah, ich glaub zehn Pund gewogen, und . . .“

„Zehn Pund!“ wunderte etliche von die Buben.

„Ja, zehn Pund, und es war ein Pike,“ sagt der Larry.

„Aund hat er der größte g'kriegt?“ fragt der Mose als hätte er es nicht gehört.

„Ja, und er hat \$4.25 gewonnen,“ braggt der Larry.

„Ich wünsche ich könnt auch mol so geh und Geld g'win-

nen,“ sagt der Wayne.

„Ich auch,“ antwortete der andere.

„Ich weiß was!“ spricht der Mose. „Es sind Fisch im Dan Hostetler seine Pond, und wir können auch ein Con-test haben.“

„Ach nein,“ sagt der Larry. „Sie sind zu klein.“

Die andere sagen das gleichen.

„Was können wir dann tun?“ fragt der Sammy.

„Ich weiß was,“ kommt vom Wayne. „Wir können sehen wer die meiste fangt.“

Sammy war nicht einig. „Andy und ich haben nicht alle Zeit für fischen gehen,“ antwortete er. „Aber wir könnten sehen wer die beste Arithmetie Test kriegt.“

„Nein, das ist nicht fair,“ kommt von etliche. „Du und der Larry kriegen immer die besten.“

Die Buben sitzen und studieren ein wenig dieweil sie essen.

„Ich habe ein Plan,“ sagt der Larry excited. „Wir können sehen wer das längst geht ohne Schläg.“

„Kriegt du noch schläg?“ fragt Jost der Larry.

„Er — ah, nicht bald,“ kommt seine Antwort.

„Ich hab ein Plan!“ Sammy war so excited, ein Eck von sein Kuchen brecht ab und fällt auf das Gras. „Wir können sehen wer es längst geht ohne gezankt werden.“

„Ja,“ freischt der Larry aus, „wir wollen so tun. Wir tun alle ein nickel in eine Box und wer es längst geht ohne Zank kann die 35 cent haben.“

„Meint das, es wer nicht g'zankt werden soll daheim und in die Schul?“ fragt der Andy.

„Ja wohl,“ antwortet der Sammy.

Sie waren alle einig.

„Wir wollen es aber secret halten,“ suggest der Mose.

„Ja, und wann es jemand raus läßt der tut nicht gewinnen,“ sagt der Sammy.

„Einig! Einig!“ schrien die Buben, und lachen.

„Ich bin der Treasuror und gib acht auf s'Geld,“ sagt der Larry. Keins von die andere objecten zum Larry seine selbst erwählung.

„Wie wissen wir ob jemand gezankt wird daheim?“ fragt der Jost.

„Wir müßens sagen,“ antwortet der Larry.

„Ich hab ein kleines Buch und ich halte Record,“ spricht der Andy als wäre es eine große Business.

„Das ist was,“ sagt der Sammy. „Ich wil' ein Diary halten.“

„Ich auch,“ vereinigte der Wayne.

Die Buben waren froh für diese suggestion.

Wo die Bell gerungen hat haben sie ihre Plaus alle gemacht.

* * *

„Fünf-und-dreißig Cent. Das ist viel!“ sagt der Andy als er sein Schul-Hem auszieht. „Ich hoffe ich werde es kriegen.“

„Ich hoffe ich werde es kriegen,“ antwortete der Sammy, als er der letzte Knopf zumacht an seine Kleider. „Hast du gehört es die Mäm g'wundert hat fürwas wir so früh heim kommen von die Schul?“ Er lächelt ein wenig. „Ich werde gerade naus gehn und meine Chores tun.“

Später sagt der Vater zum Sammy: „Wann du mol fertig bist Hen nunter schmeißen dann kannst du mir helfen im Sän-Stall.“

„Ich bin fertig,“ antwortete der Sammy als wenn es

ein g'wöhnlich Ding wäre für so geschwind fertig sein.

„Hast du auch Haver ununter gemacht?“

„Andy hat das gemacht,“ antwortete der Sammy als er mit seinem Vater gegen dem Sten-Stall läuft.

Der Vater verwundert sich es seine Buben so fleißig waren, mehr denn g'wöhnlich.

Nach dem Abend-Essen sagt der Sammy zum Andy: „Komm, wir wollen der Hof mähen. Wir müssen es tun andern, und es ist jetzt nicht so warm.“

Wo die Arbeit fertig war und die Buben bereit ins Bett zu gehen, schreibt Sammy in sein Büchlein:

„Mein Zank. Ich habe alles getan was ich sollte . . . und mehr. Ich bin sehr froh es da Hof g'mäht ist. Es war mehr Spaß schaffen es g'wöhnlich.“

Die kommende Tagen verwunderte der Vater und die Mutter, Amos und Anna sich alle über der Sammy und Andy; denn die zwei Buben waren fleißig am aufstehen am Morgen, und fleißig an ihre Arbeit.

Der nächste Tag in die Schul waren die Buben alle excited, als sie ihre Büchlein weisen.

„Mein Dat hat gar nicht verstehen können, es wir so fleißig waren, und wollten doch nicht fortgehen,“ sagt der Sammy zu die andere als er lächelte. „Andy und Ich haben der Hof g'mäht und niemand hat gesagt es wir sollen.“

„Dat hat gefragt was leb ist es: ich so geschwind der Küch-stall ausgemischt hab,“ sagt da Mose.

„Meine Mäm hat gemeint ich bin krank weil ich so stille war und nicht am die Bertie zucken.“ Dies kommt vom Larry und sie lachen alle.

Wayne laugte in sein Sack und zieht ein Nidel heraus. „Hier ist meine fünf Cent,“ sagt er als er es zum Larry laugt.

„Dies ist Spaß,“ sagt der Sammy als er sein Nidel raus zieht.

„Ich will das Geld in meine Box halten in mein Desk,“ spricht der Larry als er das Geld collect.

Die John Miller Familie hielten an sich verstaunen über die zwei Buben es sie so fleißig waren am schaffen. Samstag Abends schreibt der Sammy in sein Büchlein:

„Noch kein Zank. Ich wäre sehr gerne mit gangen an die Midron Feuden aber es war mir angst länger bettlen wann der Dat nein, gesagt hat.“

In die Schul hat der Teacher sich als gewundert fürwas die sechs Buben so viel lächeln gegen einander, aber er hat sie nicht beschuldigen können, denn sie waren alle mehr brav es gewöhnlich.

„Was denkst, da Jost war gezankt worden,“ sagt der Mose als er in die Schul kommen war ein Morgen.

Der Jost schämte sich sehr. „Es war nicht meine Schuld,“ tut er sich defenden. „Und wie weißt du es ich gezankt bin worden?“ fragt er der Mose.

„Dein Dat hat gesagt zu mein Dat er hat der Jost mol ein Lecture geben es er lernt für Heim zu kommen wann es Zeit ist.“

Der Mose lacht, aber der Jost meint nicht es das so viel Spaß war. „Ich war bei unsere englische Nachbarn,“ erklärt er zu die andere. „Der Dat hat gesagt es ich soll Heim kommen am halber sieben. Er hat gefragt ob ich weiß wie es zu sagen in English. Ich hab gemeint ich tu, und hab gesagt zu die Frau es sie soll mir sagen wann es seventhirty ist.“

Die Buben fingen an zu lachen, aber Sammy dauerte

der Jost. Er wußte daß er hartlernerig ist.

Nun ist der Jost aus dem Contest,“ spricht der Larry fröhlich.

„Wann wir diejmal fertig sind dann kannst du probieren für's nächste Mol,“ tröstet der Sammy der Jost.

Der nächste Tag war Samstag und es war kühl. „Sammy,“ sagt der Vater, „Du magst das Popkorn in dem Batch backen und die Mäm helfen.“

„Darf ich nicht mit an die Kreek gehen der Baum um machen?“ Sammy schluckt hart und probiert sein Unmuth verborgen halten.

„Vielleicht das nächste Mol,“ antwortete er als er sein Hut auf sein Kopf tut. „Der Andy kann die Gänl hüten.“ Er ging die Tür hinaus.

Sammy beißt sein untersten Lippen daß er nicht weiter redet. „Was soll ich jetzt tun?“ fragt er seine Mutter als sein Mut gestillt war.

„Dies ist der Weg es ich meine Kinder gleich hören fragen,“ spricht die Mutter mit ein frohes Gesicht. „Wann du so willig bist für helfen dann können wir vielleicht fertig machen bis Mittag. Wann wir fertig werden, kannst du und die Anna ins Busch gehn Rüh suchen.“

„Rüh suchen!“ Dies macht der Sammy fröhlich und er war froh daß er seine Mutter helfen sollte. Als er das Popkorn g'backet hat, hat er gesungen. In eine kurze Zeit war er fertig, dann tut er und die Anna Kraut auf das Wägle laden und in der Keller fahren. Sie lachen als das Kraut bald abfällt und sie es fangen müssen.

Später tut der Sammy Blätter zusammen rechen und trägt sie auf dem Garten.

Wo es Mittag war komm der Vater, Amos und Andy in das Haus für Essen. Sammy sieht Striemen über Andy sein Backen. „Was ist lek mit da Andy?“ fragte die Mutter. „Hat er sich weh gemacht?“

„Ich hoff es hat ein wenig weh getan,“ antwortete der Vater, als er der Handlumpen an da Koller herum zieht. „Er hat ein Has nach gesprungen mit der Shep weil er die Gänl hüten sollte. Nächst hat er ein Bullfrog gehabt und laßt ihn gegen die Gänl jumpen, sie sind bald fort gesprungen.“

„Ja,“ sagt der Amos weiter, „Der Dat hat ihn ein wenig gezankt und er weinte als wenn er schläg kriegt hat. Denk er ist am kindisch werden.“

„Ich wünsche es wäre Schläg und nicht Zank,“ wispert der Andy zum Sammy.

Am Montag Morgen war viel excitement unter die sechs Buben in die Schul wo sie hören es der Andy aus dem Contest ist. Nun war Larry, Wayne, Mose und Sammy übrig.

„Es wundert mich ob der Larry es sagt wann er gezankt wird daheim,“ sagt der Jost zum Sammy als sie allein waren. „Ich hab geschweht zum Andy und er glaubt auch nicht es er es sagen wird.“

Sammy denkt ein wenig. „Ach, er wirlds sagen,“ antwortet er.

„Ich glaub aber nicht es er es sagen wird,“ hielt Jost an. „Er ist ein verdorbener Bube und kriegt nicht g'schwind Zank und kein Schläg.“

„Ich weiß aber es er schon Schläg kriegt hat.“

„Ja, aber siehe du mol ob er nicht das Geld kriegt.“

Nun ringt die Bell, und der Sammy springt fürs Schul-Haus. Aber er konnte bald nicht studieren denn er denkt was der Jost gesagt hat. Er siehet die Eighth-Graders in Class gehen. Er weiß daß er studieren muß wann er fertig sein will ob er in Class geht. Aber seine Gedanken gehen

über der Larry. „Ich wunder ob er schon gezanzt worden ist, und tut es nicht sagen?“

Am ersten Necess war der Sammy, Andy und Post wieder allein. „Ich glaube noch nicht es der Larry es sagen wird ob er gezanzt ist worden,“ faugt der Post an.

„Ich weiß es er nicht will,“ tut der Andy es bekräftigen. „Ich wünsche wir hätten ihn nicht im Contest gelassen,“ spricht der Post weiter.

„Ich weiß gar nicht wie zu proben ob er ehrlich ist,“ antwortet der Sammy. „Wann wir sein Vater fragen, dann müssen wir unsere Secret sagen.“

„Wir könnten das nicht tun,“ antwortet der Post.

Sammy war froh wo die Bell gerungen war, denn er fühlt nicht für spielen.

Am Mittag war es zu kalt für draus essen. Der Teacher machte die Kinder an ihre Desk sitzen bis sie satt waren. Sammy war nicht hungrig, und er hat nicht wollen Prisoner's Base spielen.

„Laß mich sehen,“ denkt der Sammy wo er an sein Desk war wieder. „Nun ist es zeit für Geography studieren.“

Er krieget sein Geography Buch aus dem Desk und macht es auf. Dann sitzt er nieder in sein Sitz und streckt sein Bein unten dem Desk ferne hin. Er laßt das große Buch ruhen auf sein Bauch, weil er ließt. Sammy sieht es der Larry und Mosie auch so sitzen für studieren.

Die Seventh-Graders waren droben in Geography Class. „Nun drehet mol zum sechs-und-siebenzigste Page,“ sagt der Teacher. Er schwingt sein kleiner glatten Stecken und point gegen ein Map als er explaint. Desters sieht er über die Stubbe ob alles am recht gehen ist.

Ueber ein weil stoppt der Teacher schweken. Er sieht Mosie klar an, und nimmt langsame Tritte gegen ihm. Mosie sein Gesicht dreht rot.

Sammy wunderte was les ist.

Als der Teacher nahe zu Mosie kommt sagt er: „Gib mir das Buch.“

Sammy sieht Mosie ein klein Buch hinten sein Geography raus ziehen. „Ich hab gesehen daß du geblättert hast aber nicht im Geography Buch. Du sollst am ersten deine Lesson kriegen ob du ein Library Buch ließeest.“

* * *

Nun ist der Mosie aus dem Contest,“ sagt der Sammy zum Larry als er seine Zippel-Kap anzieht nach die Schula.

„Ich bin nicht gezanzt worden,“ antwortet der Mosie.

„Du bist,“ sagt der Sammy wieder. „Der Teacher war bös.“

„Er hat nur gesagt wie er meint,“ kommt vom Larry. Er kann bald nicht sein Womasärmel finden.

„Du weißt nicht was Zanken ist,“ hielt Sammy an zum Larry. „Du bist ein verdorbener Bube und kannst tu was du willst.“

Dies macht der Larry bös. „Es ist nicht wahr!“ freischt er zurück.

„Wollst du es sagen wann du schläg kriegst?“ spricht der Sammy.

Sie sehen der Teacher nicht gegen sie kommen.

„Denkst du ich bin unehrlich?“ freischt der Larry als er der Sammy wider die Wand schiebt.

„Nuben!“ spricht der Teacher.

Alles war stille.

„Larry und Sammy, kommt ihr an mein Desk. Die andere mügen gehen.“ Wo die andere Kinder fort waren fragt er: „Was ist les, Larry, es du Sammy wider die Wand geschoben hast?“

„Er sagt ich bin verdorben und krieg kein Zank daheim,

und wann ich es kriegen würde dann werde ich es nicht sagen.“

„Fürwas mußt du es sagen wann du gezanzt wirst daheim?“ fragt der Teacher.

Die Nuben sehen einander an und sagen nichts.

„Larry,“ fragt der Teacher wieder, „fürwas sollst du der Sammy sagen wann du gezanzt wirst?“

„Er — ich — ich mein wir, ur — wir sollen alle sagen wann wir gezanzt werden,“ stuterte er.

„Fürwas?“ Der Teacher siehet der Larry an.

„Ah, ur . . .“ Er stutert und verregt sich bis er alles gesagt hat von dem Contest.

Dem Teacher sein Gesicht guckt streng.

„Bring du mir das Geld,“ gebietet der Teacher.

Larry seine Hände heben sich bald nimmer stille. Er fing an zu schweken, er stämmert und stutert: „Ich — ah — ur, hab es nicht mehr.“

„Du hast es nicht mehr! Larry!“ Der Teacher steht auf sein Fuß.

„Ich — ich hab gedenkt ich werde es g'winnen, und — und . . .“

„Larry,“ zankt der Teacher: „Bringe du das Geld am Morgen oder es wird etwas anders sein.“ Er dreht gegen der Sammy: „Hast du Ursach für der Larry beschuldigen wie du hast?“

Sammy sieht gegen dem Boden, und tut nichts antworten.

Der Teacher schüttelt sein Kopf. „Ihr Nuben, was ihr nicht daran denkt! Ihr solltet lernen gehorsam sein von Herzen, und nicht nur für das Geld.“ Er sitzt an sein Desk auf ein Saß Welschkorn und sieht der Sammy an. „Was ist das wegen ein Contest?“ fragt er.

Seine freundliche Stimm nimmt alle Furcht aus Sammy sein Herz. Er erzählte sein Vater alles.

Der Vater studiert ein wenig, und sagt eine weile nichts. Nun fingt er an: „Sammy, du hast eine lange Zeit sehr gut gearbeitet und gehorcht in alle Wege. Ich habe gehofft du tuest dies die weil du deine Eltern lieb hast und willst ein braver Bube sein. Dies hat uns viel Freude gemacht. Nun find ich es du es getan hast für Geld.“

Der Vater war sehr betrübt. Der Sammy verneimt das, und Tränen kommen in seine Augen. Er nimmt sein Hemd-Aermel und bukt die Augen aus. Dies Geld guckt nimme groß zu ihm.

„Hast du nicht mehr Freude gehabt gehorsam sein?“ fragt der Vater weiter.

„I — Jo.“

„Wäre es nicht mehr Freude gewesen das tun von Herzen, und nicht für Geld?“

„I — Jo.“

„Du solltest nicht probieren etwas kriegen für nichts,“ hielt der Vater an. „Das könnte ein Geiz sein. Die Bibel sagt es der Geiz ist Abgötterei, und Abgötterei kann nicht in der Himmel. Dies meint nicht es wir niemals etwas nehmen können wo uns nichts kost, aber wir sollen acht geben.“

„Larry sein Dat hat aber Geld gewonnen und wir wollten auch.“

„Hat er viel andere Fische gefangen?“

„Ne — ah — ich glaub nicht.“

Der Vater schmeilt ein wenig als er der Sammy ansieht: „Sammy, was groß guckt vor die Leute ist nicht immer so groß.“ Er zieht ein Papier und Pencil aus sein Saak. „Suppose ich würde auf Lake Erie fischen gehen. Es kost mich mol fünf oder sechs Teller für der Trip, wir fagen fünf und ein halb.“ Er schreibt's auf's Papier. „Fünf Teller fürs Boat. Ein Teller für Bait. Zwei Teller für was ich esse auf dem Weg. Dann hab ich ein Tag's Arbeit verfehlt, das wäre sieben Teller, nun wär es zwanzig Teller und ein Halb. Wann ich der größte Fisch fangen würde und vier Teller und ein Battle kriegen, dann hätte ich noch sechzehn Teller und ein Battle zu bezahlen. Und vielleicht hätte ich gar kein Fisch gefangen und ein ganzer Tag weg

von meine Familie. Na, Sammy, ich glaub es ich lieber euch alle nehmen wollte mol ein Abend an dem Dan Hostetler sein Dam und ein Picnic haben.“

Sammy seine Augen werden groß. „Meinst du wir wollen?“

Der John Miller lachelt als er sein Kopf gunckt. „Wollst du nicht lieber es wir am Dam gehen plak von ich auf Lake Erie ohne euch.“

„Ja, ich sag,“ antwortet der Sammy.

Nach die Chores liegt Sammy auf dem Flor in sein und Andy ihre Stubbe. In sein Büchle schreibt er:

„Ich zitterte bald aber doch kein Zank. Ich will sehen ob ich der ganze nächste Monat gehen kann ohne Zank . . . und ohne Schläg, eben wann wir kein Contest haben.“ ■■

Editorielles —

Die schädliche Übung

Das uneheliche zusammen liegen unter die Jugend wird geduldet bei viele von unsere alt Amische Gemeinden. Bei einige wird gar nichts getan, andere tun es zurück weisen; dann aber zum bedauern sind Bischöfen, Diener und alte Leute wo es noch recht heißen, meinen es sei eine gute sache.

Es wird zu Zeiten vorgegeben daß Gemeinde wo hart dagegen sind haben auch viel Fällen wo junge Leute sich verfehlen in Fleischeslusten. Das mag wohl sein, aber es tut diese Übung doch nicht recht machen. Stark Getränk brauchen kann auch dazu helfen und Ursach sein daß viel solche Fällen giebt wo junge Leute sich verfehlen. Eins macht das andere nicht recht. Es war gesagt zu Paulus: „... Brauche ein wenig Wein um deines Magens willen, und daß du oft krank bist.“ So kann es möglich sein daß jemand ein wenig brauchen kann für Gesundheit; aber merket, es sagt wenig. Bei meinem Wissen aber, lesen wir nirgends in heiliger Schrift wo es sagt daß beide Geschlechter sich ein wenig zusammen liegen können in einem Bette für die Nacht.

Dann sind einige wo vorgeben, wenn sie aufstehen tun sie sich der Welt gleich stellen. Schade ist es nach meinem Dünken daß wir Menschen solch ein Irrsinn nehmen aus dem Spruch: „Stellet euch nicht dieser Welt gleich.“ Wir wollen die Worte wo weiter folgen ein wenig höher betönen: „Sondern verändert euch durch ernenerung eures Sinnes, auf daß ihr prüfen möget, welches da sei der gute, wohlgefällige und vollkommene Gotteswille.“ Nicht der Welt nachmachen in ihrem hochmütigen und abgöttischen Wege wie sie sich bekleiden ist ganz recht, wir wollen ein Abscheu haben von solchem. Wir wissen aber daß wir nicht können alles nur ein andern Weg tun von wie die Welt es tut. Wenn sie sich im Bette liegen Abends zu schlafen, wollten wir doch wahrlich nicht denken wir müssen aufstehen; oder wenn sie in einer Gemein gehen Sonntags, wollten wir nicht denken wir darfen keine Versammlung haben nur um anders zu sein.

Es werden wahrlich viele Sachen getan in der Welt heute in einem wege wie wir es nicht tun wollten, aber wir sollten doch prüfen mit Gottes Wort was eigentlich schädlich ist zu unsrer Seligkeit.

Wenn Buben und Mäd die gewöhnliche Tages-Kleider anziehen und miteinander im Bett gehen für die Nacht,

tun sie sich nicht gerade in die Versuchung einliegen? Nach meinem Dünken tun sie dem Fleisch aller Raum geben um gereizt zu werden zur Fleischeslusten.

Wenn schon mit allem Arbeiten dagegen, noch viel junge Leute sich verfehlen, und die Schrift sagt wir sollen solches nicht lassen von uns gesagt werden, wäre es dann nicht notwendig alles tun das wir können um es zu verhüten? Ein Schreiber im Christenpflicht sagt, wenn wir eine Sünde meiden wollen, so sollen wir der Anlaß dazu meiden. Nun so nach meinem Dünken, wäre mehr Anlaß dazu gegeben und wäre mehr verlockend, oder reizend für die Natur im Bett als wie aufstehend.

Der Apostel im Thessalonicher Brief warnt uns auch: „Meidet allen bösen Schein.“ Wäre dies nicht auch ein böser Schein am Tag gegeben, und uns in große Gefahr hingestellt. Die menschliche Natur ist schon stark genug dazu ohne daß wir sie noch dazu helfen.

Unter die Welt wird es keine Schande mehr geachtet im ganzen wenn junge Leute sich in Fleischeslusten einlassen. Es sind Sachen auf dem Markt gestellt wo junge Töchter nehmen können um die Geburt zu verhindern, und Manns-personen können auch sich bereiten so daß nichts im vorschein kommt. Da brauchen sie sich nicht mehr fürchten; aber nach meinem Dünken macht es die Uebertretung nicht weniger, wenn etwas fürchte ich es seht noch schlimmer aus in die Augen Gottes.

Zu die erste Menschen sprach Gott: „Seid fruchtbar und mehret euch, und erfüllet die Erde.“ Nun heißt es: „Adam erkannte sein Weib, und sie ward schwanger, und gebat den Kain, und sprach: Ich habe einen Mann gewonnen mit dem Herrn. Und sie fuhr fort, und gebat Habel, seinen Bruder.“

Nach meinem Wissen aber, finden wir nirgendwo in ganz heiliger Schrift wo einen recht gegeben ist solches zu tun in einem Wege daß die Geburt verhindert ist.

Vielleicht möchte jemand denken wir schreiben zu klar aus öffentlich. Doch sind obige Schrift-Stellen in die Bibel geschrieben, und an einige andere Stellen noch klarer aus von solche Umständen. Da können jung Leute und Kinder es lesen. Das heilige Bibel-Buch erhält der volle Rat und Willen unseres Himmlichen Vaters, und es ist herausgegeben daß Jung und Alt es lesen können.

Wir fühlen uns schuldig uns unter einander zu warnen und ermahnen, dieweil wir noch die Gelegenheit haben. Wer weiß was Morgen sein wird? ■■

CHILDREN'S SECTION

TOO SURE FOR SAFE

by Elmo Stoll



WITH A SWISH, Aaron Stoltzfus rinsed the bucket he had used to give the calf milk. Then he hung the bucket on a nail, and turned toward the house. Outside the barn, he paused to brush a spider web from his sleeve that he had picked up in the calf pen.

The sound of running hooves caught his attention, and he glanced toward the lane behind the barn. A bay horse was galloping to the back pasture.

Aaron grinned. "You're a smart horse, Bell. Run all the way to the back field, then maybe no one will take a notion to go for a drive tonight and you can have a vacation."

The horse kicked up a cloud of dust in the dry lane, and disappeared out of sight. Aaron went on in the house and washed up for supper.

"Supper's ready," called Mom Stoltzfus. "Let's eat before the soup gets cold."

"Coming," answered Dad from where he had sat down in the living room to look at a farm magazine.

"Crist isn't home yet, is he?" asked fifteen-year-old Malinda, as she sliced a few more tomatoes to put on the table.

"No," said Mom, "but I didn't think we would wait on him tonight. Crist said this morning they planned to finish putting the roof on that barn they're working on. Said he might be late."

Aaron dried his hands on the towel and took his place at the table. Dad came out and sat down. Just as they were all seated and ready to eat, they heard the rattle of a buggy.

"There comes Crist now," Malinda said. "Let's wait for him. Supper is more fun when everyone's here."

"All right," Mom said. "I'll cover the soup again so it doesn't cool off so fast."

The rest of the family visited while Crist put his horse in the barn and came in to wash up.

"Looks like I just made it in time," Crist said.

"Just barely," Malinda said.

"Before I forget," Crist said. "Did you know that Jonas Raber's baby is sick again?"

"Awww," Mom said. "That's too bad. He's been sick so much. I feel sorry for Jonas and Sarah. Dad, why don't you and I go over tonight and see how the baby is?"

"Well, maybe we should," Dad said thoughtfully. "Which horse will we take? Crist's horse is the only one that's in the barn."

Crist frowned. "I hate to see him have to go," he said. "He gets enough road taking me to work each day. Bell's in the field right behind the barn. Wouldn't take Aaron long to bring her up after supper."

"Bell's not in the field behind the barn," Aaron said quickly. "I saw her go galloping all the way back to the

farthest field."

Crist lifted his eyebrows. "I thought I saw her in the field behind the barn just now when I came up the road."

"That's impossible," Aaron said flatly. "You must have seen Rex and thought it was Bell. Because I saw Bell just a few minutes ago go galloping down the lane to the farthest field."

"Wouldn't it be possible that you mistook Rex for Bell, too?" Crist asked.

"It's possible, but I'm sure I didn't," Aaron said. "I know how Bell gallops."

"There's no use arguing," Dad said firmly. "Aaron, after supper you go see if Bell is in the field behind the barn. If she isn't, come home, and we'll take Crist's horse. Is that a fair deal?"

Both Crist and Aaron nodded. Aaron could hardly wait to finish supper and go prove to Crist that he was wrong.

But to Aaron's surprise, when he reached the field directly behind the barn, there was Bell grazing next to the cows. He had been wrong. Crist had been right. It was just more than Aaron could understand. He had never thought before that Rex favored Bell so much. How could he have made such a mistake? And after he had been so sure—

Aaron kept trying to think of some explanation. Was it possible that he had seen Bell running down the lane, but that she had returned by the time Crist came home? It was possible, but even Aaron had to admit that it was highly unlikely.

With a sheepish look on his face, Aaron led Bell around to the front of the buggy shed to hitch her to the buggy for Dad. Aaron was thankful that when Dad came out, he didn't say anything about him having been mistaken. He just helped put Bell in the shafts, then Mom came out and the two of them drove away.

Aaron just about knew that Crist would have to rub it in. Sure enough, as soon as he stepped inside the house, Crist was there with a big grin on his face. "I'm surprised you're not puffing harder," he said, eyeing Aaron.

"Why should I be puffing?" Aaron said, ill-humor in his voice.

"I figured you must have run like everything to have gone to the back field and gotten Bell so quickly!"

"Oh, go on, and stop rubbing it in," Aaron said.

"Then you weren't so sure as you thought you were?"

"All right, so I was mistaken. What's so terrible about that? Haven't you ever been mistaken about something?"

"Of course," Crist said, "but I try not to be quite so sure about things. Then when I'm mistaken, it doesn't hurt so much. But it seems that's something you haven't

been able to learn—not even by getting poison ivy all over your face!”

Aaron stalked on past Crist and didn't reply. He walked to the living room window and stood looking out at the neighbour's cattle across the road. One of them was stretching her neck across the fence, trying to reach the row of corn just beyond. But Aaron's thoughts weren't really on the neighbor's cows. Instead he was thinking angrily about the way Crist always rubbed it in whenever he was right. And that last remark about poison ivy—Aaron knew what Crist was referring to. Earlier in the summer one day Aaron and Crist had been fixing fence along the woods in the south pasture. All at once Crist had yelled, “Look out, that stuff there on the post looks like poison ivy.”

Aaron had looked at it. It was a dark red color. He had never seen poison ivy that looked that color before. Poison ivy had green leaves.

“That's not poison ivy,” Aaron said.

“Maybe not,” Crist said. “But I'm not going to take the risk of finding out. I wouldn't touch it if I were you.”

Aaron had just laughed. He reached out and touched it. “That's not poison ivy. Poison ivy doesn't look like that at all. Teacher showed us some when we went on a nature hike last fall, and it looked completely different.”

“You're crazy to handle it, I'd say,” Crist said.

“Poooh,” Aaron said. “I wouldn't be afraid to rub this stuff on my face. See, it's as harmless as can be.” Aaron took a few leaves and rubbed them daringly on his cheek.

“Don't come crying to me for pity when you get poison ivy all over,” Crist said disgustedly.

The next morning Aaron had a bad rash on his face. It was itchy. As Aaron started scratching it, suddenly, with a sinking feeling, he remembered the day before and realized that he had poison ivy. By evening his eyes were swollen shut, his face was a raw rash, and the poison was spreading to other parts of his body. He was in misery that night, and couldn't sleep because of the itching all over. The next day Mom took him to the doctor for a shot, which soon gave him some relief.

Yes, as Aaron stood in the living room now and watched the neighbor's cattle, he knew why Crist said he hadn't learned not to be so sure of things. “Maybe I do have a bad habit, this being too sure of things,” Aaron muttered to himself. “but Crist has his faults too. And one of his faults is rubbing it in whenever he's right!”

“Aaron.”

Aaron swung around to see who was speaking. He had been so lost in thought that he hadn't heard his sister Malinda walk up to him.

“Would you do me a favor?” Malinda asked.

“Depends on what it is,” Aaron said cautiously.

“Nothing hard,” Malinda said. “Just go with me back to the melon patch. There should be some ripe muskmelons by now.”

“Sounds like a good idea,” Aaron said. “Can I take my jackknife along?”

“Won't hurt to take it along,” Malinda laughed.

“I'll go too,” Crist said. “You need someone to tell you which ones are ripe!”

The three of them chatted pleasantly on the way to the melon patch. They found six muskmelons that were ripe.

“We need a watermelon yet,” Aaron said, looking around to spot one that might be ripe.

“I don't believe any watermelons are ripe yet,” Crist said.

“Guess you know Dad brought one home last night,” Aaron said. “Didn't Mom save a piece for you? It was ripe, wasn't it?”

“Yes, it was,” Crist admitted. “But that one was early. I noticed from the start that it was quite a bit earlier than any of the others. It was a big one, too. For such an early variety, at least. What did Dad say it weighed?”

“Twenty-six and a half pounds,” Aaron said. “Look! Right here is one that is every bit as big. I miss my guess

if it isn't ripe.”

“It may be ripe,” Crist said. “But I don't agree that it's as big. Looks several pounds smaller to me.”

“I just plain don't believe that,” Aaron said. “It's every bit as big as that other one was, maybe even bigger. I'm sure of it.”

“I wouldn't be so sure if I were you.” Crist winked at Malinda.

“But I am sure,” Aaron insisted, angered at the way Crist was laughing at him just because he had been mistaken about the horses.

“Oh, pick it, if you can't settle the argument otherwise,” Malinda said. “If it's green, it's just green.”

“And Aaron's going to have to eat it,” Crist said.

“All right,” Aaron said. “But if it's ripe, you don't get any of it.” With that Aaron broke the stem and lifted the melon. He started for home. Crist and Malinda followed, each carrying three muskmelons.

As soon as they got home, Crist ran for the kitchen scales.

Malinda stood back to watch the weighing. “Be sure the hand's on zero.”

When the scales was balanced, Aaron carefully placed the melon on it. Down went the hand. And around. 16, 17, 18, 19, and there it stopped at 19 pounds and a quarter.

“Six pounds smaller than the other one was,” Crist said. “My, my, Aaron, you must have been very sure this time—very, very, very sure!”

“That doesn't say it's green,” Aaron said defensively. “It could be ripe, even if it's smaller.”

“It could be,” Crist said good-naturedly. “But even if it is, you were still wrong. You said you're just sure it's as big as the other one was. And it isn't.”

Aaron didn't answer. He was opening his jackknife. He set the melon on the grass, and plunged the blade into it. The melon didn't exactly cut like a real ripe one, but then sometimes it was hard to tell. Aaron kept on cutting—and hoping. The blade didn't quite reach through, so when he had cut all around, he gave the melon a little thump. It broke in half.

Aaron blinked his eyes. The melon was green. Instead of a deep, dark, delicious red, it was a sad, pale pink.

Aaron's face filled with disappointment and humiliation.

Crist chuckled. “Well, I'm glad I'm not the boy who promised to eat that melon!” He picked up the scales and walked with it to the house, whistling as he went.

“Take it out to the pigs,” Malinda said kindly. “I'll carry these muskmelons down to the basement.”

Aaron poked at the heart of the melon with his knife, and cut out a small piece. He put it to his mouth. It tasted green and sour; not sweet and crisp like a ripe melon should. Stubbornly he took another bite, but then he puckered up his lips and made a face. The melon was just too green to eat, that was all there was to it.

Slowly Aaron bent and picked up the two halves of the melon and carried them to the barn. He flung them angrily into the pig pen. “You stupid melon,” he said. “Why did you have to be green?”

Then he felt ashamed of himself, and he stood for a long time leaning against the side of the pig pen, deep in thought.

Aaron walked slowly to school the next morning, his lunch pail swinging from his hand. At the school yard, he saw his best friend, Joe Beiler, coming from the opposite direction.

Joe saw him, too, and came running. Joe was puffing from having hurried. “Guess what,” Joe panted. “Guess where I'm going tomorrow?”

“Hard telling,” Aaron said.

“I'm going to the zoo,” Joe blurted out, not being able to keep the secret any longer. “Our whole family is going. Before school started, Dad promised we would go some Saturday once the corn was husked.”

Just then another of the eighth grade boys, Phares

Fisher, walked up. He had heard what Joe said. "If you go to the zoo, be sure and take some peanuts along for the elephant. I thought that was the best part of the trip the time we went—feeding the elephant."

"That's a good idea," Joe said. "Thanks. I always liked elephants, anyhow."

"They're really something to see," Phares said. "They're huge. After all, there's the biggest animal there is."

"Oh, no," Aaron disagreed. "Elephants aren't the biggest animals. Whales are much bigger."

"No, I don't think so," Phares said. "Whales are big, but they aren't as big as elephants."

"But I know better," Aaron said forcefully. "I'm just sure—"

Suddenly Aaron stopped, right in the middle of his sentence. That word *sure* had reminded him of something. Just last night out there by the pig pen watching the pigs eating the green melon, he had made up his mind never again to be so sure of things. Now here was his chance to prove that he really had learned his lesson.

"Ah, er, ah, I mean," Aaron stammered, "I-I'm not sure of it, but I was under the impression that whales are larger than elephants. I could be wrong." Aaron closed his mouth before he said anything else. He wanted to add, "But I'm sure I'm not."

"I could be wrong, too," Phares admitted, "but I read somewhere that elephants are the biggest animals in the world. What do you think, Joe?"

"I think you're right," Joe said. "I can't imagine that whales could be bigger than elephants."

Aaron felt the blood rise to his face. He was so sure he was right, that he wanted to say, "You guys are really mixed up. You don't know what you're talking about."

All this was what Aaron wanted to say. But he didn't. He bit his tongue and held back the words. He forced himself to laugh a little, then he said, "Looks like I'm outnumbered this time. Let's get the World Book and see just how much difference there is in the size of elephants and whales. Even if I'm wrong, it will still be interesting to see how big each one is."

"Sure," the other boys agreed. "Let's look it up. That's the best way to find out and settle the argument."

They went on in the schoolhouse. While the other two boys looked up "Elephants," Aaron got the "w" volume and looked up "Whales."

The first sentence in the article about whales told him what he wanted. He began reading aloud, "Whale is the largest animal that has ever lived. Whales are much bigger than elephants..."

Phares and Joe had stopped paging, in order to listen. "Does it really say that?" Phares asked. "Or did you just make it up?"

Aaron laughed. "It really does say that. Here, read it for yourself." He handed the book to Phares.

Phares read it and shook his head. "I guess I was wrong," he said. "Might as well admit it." He flipped the page. "Look," he said. "Here on the next page is a picture of a whale with an elephant beside it, comparing the sizes. The elephant looks tiny beside the whale."

A warm glow of pleasure tingled inside Aaron. He felt good all over. He was glad that he had been right about the whales and elephants. But that wasn't the main reason he felt good. The greatest satisfaction came from realizing that he had made a lot of progress since last night. "Why," Aaron thought to himself. "It's much better to say, 'I could be wrong,' than it is to say, 'I'm sure I'm right.' I can't lose anything by it. If I turn out to be right, I'll be glad, and if I turn out to be wrong, it won't be so hard to swallow."

"Let's go out and play catch a while yet before the bell rings," Phares said, putting the World Book back on the shelf.

"Yes, let's," Aaron said. But as he ran, he was

thinking about a green melon, and dark red poison ivy leaves. Those were two times when he had been too sure for safe. "I could be wrong, I could be wrong," he repeated over and over as he ran out to the playground. Four words he didn't want to forget. ■■

SALT



by David Luthy

The backdoor closed noisily as six-year-old Amos Knepp entered the kitchen. Outside on the porch his twelve-year-old brother, Ben, watched through the window. Ben saw his little brother drag a chair over beside the kitchen cabinet and hurriedly climb up on it. Just then Ben saw his mother come into the kitchen from the living room. He chuckled to himself, thinking of what Amos would tell her he was looking for and what he wanted to do with it.

"Amos," called Mother. "What are you getting out of the cabinet? You shouldn't be hungry this time of morning. Why, we just barely finished breakfast."

"I'm not hungry," answered Amos. His breath came quickly as if he were excited. "Ben and me saw a bobwhite out back, and Ben said there's an old saying that if you sprinkle salt on a bird's tail you can catch it." Amos's hand fumbled around in the cabinet, trying to find the salt shaker.

"Oh, Amos," smiled Mother, "I think Ben is playing a trick on you."

Amos withdrew his hand. "You mean it wouldn't work to catch it that way?" He sat down disappointedly on the chair where he had been standing.

The kitchen door burst open and in walked Ben holding his sides, he was laughing so hard.

"Ben," said Mother, "you shouldn't make fun of Amos. I remember when you once believed that story too, the time Uncle John's boys told you to try it."

"But why do people say it, if it isn't true?" asked Amos. He had never imagined that it was a joke. He had wanted very much to catch the bobwhite.

"Well," explained Mother, "it's a joke which is probably hundreds of years old. I don't know how it got started, but the reason it is funny is that anyone who could get close enough to a bird to sprinkle salt on its tail would already be close enough to grab it with his hands. The salt hasn't anything to do with it."

"Do birds eat salt?" wondered Amos. "Cows do."

Mother shrugged her shoulders. "I really don't know. I suppose they do eat some, but I never saw it happen. But all animals eat salt."

"Where do the wild animals get salt to eat?" asked Ben. He suddenly realized that they had to buy salt for the livestock and if all animals ate salt, where did the wild ones get theirs?

"I know of one place," answered Mother. "It is only 35 miles from us here in Daviess County. It's over east of here by the town of French Lick."

"Lick, that's a funny name," said both boys.

"Yes, I guess it does sound odd," said Mother. "But I have heard it so many times that I'm used to it. The reason the town is called that is because there is a place near it where the ground is salty. That is where animals went to lick salt."

Had Mrs. Knepp known it, she could have told her boys that there are other towns in the United States named after salt. French Lick, Indiana isn't the only place

where natural deposits of salt are found. There is Licking, Missouri; Big Bone Lick, Kentucky; Salt Lake City, Utah; Saltville, Virginia; Saltsburg, Pennsylvania and others.

When a bed of salt is near the surface of the ground, animals often go there to lick; thus such places became known as "licks." Indians knew where the licks in America were located. They would lie in wait for animals to come to the lick. This was an easy way to go hunting. They also went to the licks to gather salt for their own use.

Food without salt added is often not very good to taste, but the Indians did not go to the salt licks to merely gather salt for seasoning their foods, nor do we eat it today only for that reason. The main reason people use salt is that our bodies cannot live without it. Our blood, tears, and sweat all contain salt as do all our body's cells. We need to eat it to stay healthy. But the salt eaten by men or animals accounts for very little of the salt which is sold each year. Only 5 out of every 100 pounds is eaten. Where does the rest go? There are various uses for salt. One of the most common uses is that of the highway department in each city and county. Millions of tons of salt are sprinkled on the streets and highways during the winter, for salt melts ice. Another use is the curing and preserving of leather. Meat packers, chemical companies, glass makers, and soap manufacturers use salt in their industries. Someone once said that there are 14,000 uses for salt.

Few deposits of salt are near the surface of the ground. Most are hundreds of feet underground and the white mineral is mined like coal. No one walking along the streets in Detroit, Michigan would suspect that 1,000 feet beneath the streets lies an enormous salt mine. There are larger and deeper salt mines in other parts of the country. Texas is the leading state in the production of salt, producing 6½ million tons of salt a year. Michigan is fifth among the states with 4½ million tons a year. The United States leads all the nations in the world, producing 31 million tons of salt each year. This is three times as much as that produced by China, the world's second largest producer. Canada is eighth among the nations and produces 4 million tons, mostly in one of its provinces. Ontario.

Mining salt is only one of three ways in which salt is obtained. Another way is by sinking two pipes into a salt deposit. Water is forced down one pipe. It becomes salty and is forced up the second pipe. On the ground's surface the water is boiled off and salt remains behind in the large cooking pans. A third way is similar to this; water from salt seas is allowed to evaporate in the sun, leaving salt behind. This third way was probably the most common way for man to obtain salt hundreds of years ago.

The world's largest bodies of water, the oceans, contain salt water. But it is not as salty as the water found in two inland lakes: the Great Salt Lake in Utah and the Dead Sea in Israel. The Great Salt Lake has water which is six times as salty as that in the oceans. The Dead Sea is the saltiest body of water in the world, being nine times as salty as the oceans; it contains about 25 percent salt. A person who doesn't know how to swim need not be afraid of drowning in the Dead Sea, for anyone can float in the water. The sea is so salty that a person cannot sink. The sea wasn't called "Dead" because people drowned in it. It is called that because fish cannot live in its salty water nor can plants grow along its edges. Even though fresh water is daily flowing into both the Dead Sea and the Great Salt Lake, the water continues to remain salty due to the large deposits of salt at the lakes' bottoms.

Today we take salt for granted. Everyone has it on his table at each meal. But it wasn't always so. Hundreds of years ago salt was expensive. People then didn't know to look for it deep underground so they imported it at great distances from countries where there was salt water. Since salt was necessary for good health, people had to have it; and since merchants had to bring it such a long distance, it was expensive. In some places salt was used

as money, it was so valuable. That is hard for us to imagine today for salt is one of the cheapest items per pound that we can buy in the grocery store. Also years ago it was considered "bad luck" if someone spilled salt. Today we sometimes hear the same thing said. It goes back to the fact that salt was expensive and thus if you spilled some you were losing something valuable which certainly wasn't a very "lucky" thing to have happen but one which could not be avoided since everyone is clumsy and spills things occasionally.

No, we can't catch a bird by trying to put salt on its tail. But if we do throw a handful after a bird today, we aren't spending more than a penny's worth of salt which is certainly a lot less than it was worth years ago. ■■

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

By JOSEPH STOLL

The life of Elizabeth Kemp Stutzman

This is the true story of an Amish girl. She grew up when the American Midwest was still pioneer country, and experienced many of the hardships common to that era.

Born ten years after the Civil War, Lizzie Kemp lived her childhood in a mixture of laughter and tears. From her foster parents she learned to trust in God, and early in her youth committed her life to His keeping.

Then came marriage, the thrills of home-making, and motherhood. From Indiana the scene shifted to the barren plains of western Kansas, and battles with dry weather, grasshoppers, dust storms, and tornadoes. But these were the happy golden years, albeit not easy ones.

The story of Lizzie Kemp's life is fascinating, and is told in a way so even children can understand. A fine combination of history and human interest, with many real-life anecdotes and a faithful portrayal of the Amish way of life. Last, and most important, it is a story of Christianity in work-clothes, of sustaining faith in the Good Shepherd.

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Curses Turned To Blessings

When the Israelites neared the land of Moab, King Balak had become frightened. He was afraid of the Israelites and he sent for a prophet named Balaam to come and curse them. The first time Balaam had refused to come, but the second time Balak sent for him, he came.

So now when King Balak heard that Balaam was on his way, he went out to meet the prophet. And he said to Balaam, "I sent an urgent message to you the first time. Why didn't you come? Were you afraid I wouldn't give you a big enough reward?"

At the mention of a reward, Balaam remembered how nearly he had been killed by the angel standing along the road. And that angel had told him not to forget that he could only speak the words God gave him to speak. "It is true I have come to you after all," Balaam said. "But it may not do you any good. I can speak only what God puts in my mouth."

They rested for the night, and early the next morning the king took Balaam to the top of a mountain from which they could look down and see the camp of the Israelites spread out over the desert below.

Balaam wanted to be sure God would be pleased with him, and let him curse the people, so he said to the king, "Build me seven altars, and bring up seven oxen and seven rams and we will sacrifice to God first."

The king was so eager to have Balaam curse the Israelites that he was willing to do almost anything. He hurried to do as Balaam asked, and soon he was back to report, "I have built the seven altars and offered an ox and a ram on each one."

"All right, then," Balaam said to Balak. "You stay here by the burnt offerings and I will go to one side for a little bit. Maybe the Lord will meet me there and give me words to speak."

Balaam went aside to a high spot, and God met him there and told him what to say. God said, "Go back to Balak, and say the words I have put into your mouth."

So Balaam went back to where the king and his princes were standing near the burnt offerings.

As the king listened eagerly to hear the curses Balaam would speak upon the Israelites, the prophet opened his mouth and said, "Balak has sent a message to me asking me to come curse the descendants of Jacob, and to say bad things about Israel. But how can I curse whom God has not cursed? How can I speak bad things about people when God has not spoken bad things about them? Here is a nation that lives apart and are not like other nations. Who has ever been able to count how many descendants Jacob has? I hope I can die like a righteous man, and that my descendants will someday be as many as theirs."

"What are you doing?" Balak cried. "I brought you up here to curse them, and instead you have said good things about them. You have not cursed them at all. You have blessed them."

"I can only say the words that God puts in my mouth," Balaam answered.

The king was displeased, but he was not ready to give up. "Well, come with me to another place," Balak said. "On this other mountain you can see only part of the camp. If you can see how many there are, maybe then you will be able to curse them for me."

Balaam was willing to try it again, so they went to another place. Here the same preparation was made that had been made before. The king built seven altars and upon each altar was offered an ox and a ram.

"Stand here by the burnt offerings," Balaam said to the king. "I will go to one side and see if the Lord will meet with me."

So Balaam went to one side and the Lord met him, told him what to say and said, "Go back to Balak and say the

words I have put into your mouth." King Balak and his princes were standing beside the burnt offerings when Balaam returned.

"What did the Lord say?" Balak asked quickly.

Balaam said, "Listen to this, O Balak. God is not like people are that he can be persuaded to change his mind. God has told me to bless and I cannot keep the words inside of me. Nothing shall go wrong in Israel, no misery shall be in their camp. God is with them, and no one can say bad things about them that will come to pass. Here is a people that can go forth like a lion and nothing can stop them."

King Balak was now thoroughly dismayed. "Even though you cannot curse them," he said to Balaam, "at least you wouldn't need to bless them."

But Balaam answered, "Didn't I warn you from the start that I have to do all that the Lord tells me to do?"

Then Balak said to Balaam, "Come, we'll try once again. Let me take you to another place. Maybe from a different mountain God will be pleased to let you curse Israel."

So the king and the prophet went to a third place from which they could look down upon the camp of the Israelites. King Balak built seven altars again, and once more offered seven oxen and seven rams.

This time Balaam sensed that God would give him nothing but a blessing to speak, so he didn't even bother to go aside to meet God. He looked out over the desert and saw the camp of Israel. At once the spirit of God came over him, and he began to bless the Israelites loudly, "How prosperous are your tents, O Jacob. Your camp is like a garden beside a stream, like cedar trees planted by the Lord. Your wells shall have plenty of water and your rulers shall be lifted up. Blessed is he who blesses you, and cursed is he who curses you!"

Balak clapped his hands together in anger. "I brought you here to curse my enemies," he sputtered. "Yet three times you have blessed them instead. Go back home as fast as you can. I promised to reward you richly, but now you're not getting any of it."

"Did I not warn your princes of this very thing?" Balaam said. "I told them that even if you gave me your whole house full of silver and gold, that I couldn't say one word different than God would command me."

And then to make matters still worse, Balaam turned and said, "Before I go home, I want to warn you first what Israel will do to your people in the days to come." Then Balaam foretold how Israel would keep right on advancing, conquering nation after nation and how none of the heathen kings would be able to stop them.

Even though Balaam did not curse the Israelites when God told him not to, he still wanted very much to have the honor and riches Balak offered him. So Balaam gave some advice to Balak, the king of Moab. Balaam told the king not to go out to fight against the Israelites, because he could not hope to have the victory. Instead, Balaam advised the king and all his people to be friendly to the Israelites and try to get them to worship idols. Then God would be angry with his people and would stop helping them.

So Balak decided to take the advice of Balaam. He told all his people to be very friendly to the Israelites. Sure enough, this plan worked. Very soon many of the Moabites were friends with the Israelites. Some of the Israelites married some of the Moabites. And soon the Israelites were worshiping idols, too.

God was greatly displeased with his people. He sent a terrible sickness among them and more than 24,000 people died. Only when the people repented and put away their heathen women and their idols, did God forgive them and bless them once again.

And God was still displeased with the people of Moab for causing his people to fall away from him. He promised that the day would come when the Moabites would be destroyed completely from off the earth. And Balaam, too, was punished, for some time later the Israelites killed him. Thus died Balaam the prophet, not the death of the righteous, but tragic death of a man who loved honor and riches more than the will of God. ■■



BEGIN TODAY

So brief a time we have to stay
Along this dear, familiar way;
It seems to me we should be kind
To those whose lives touch yours and mine.

The hands that serve us every day,
Should we not help them while we may?
They are so kind that none can guess
How soon they'll cease our lives to bless.

The hearts that love us, who may know
How soon the long, long way must go.
Then might we not their faults forgive
And make them happy while they live?

So many faults in life there are
We need not go to seek them far;
But time is short and you and I
Might let the little faults go by.

And seek for what is true and fine
In those whose lives touch yours or mine;
This seems to me the better way
Then why not, friend, begin today?

—Author unknown

Thanksgiving Day comes in October in Canada. In some areas it is not held as a day of feasting, but as a day of fasting. But it is still a day of feasting among many people. Somehow it seems to me that fasting fills the heart with more praise and thanks to God than feasting does.

With our abundance of food we can let our thoughts tell us that we deserve it— "haven't we worked hard for it?" With this thought we may forget who gives us strength to work— and the increase of our labors.

Someone advised to pour two tablespoons of castor oil around the roots of Christmas cacti in October and then it will bloom in December.

A friend requested (too late) last winter for recipes to make hot soups in cold weather. In this issue we have several. Although we haven't tried them all, they sound delicious!

We are also printing a sausage recipe that I'll guarantee their goodness— because I tasted them

And now that cold days are with us soon, the children will be playing more indoors. Children will be needing toys and something to do to keep their minds occupied. A bit of advice for mothers: When you go to Granddads

30

they may have bought (or made) a new toy "so when the grandchildren come home." If they enjoy the toy immensely don't go home and buy the same toy for them "because they enjoyed it." If you do Granddads will be at a loss again of how they should entertain your children when you come to their home.

Mrs. Enos Burkholder sent in an idea for making a few "winter" toys. Take heavy paper or paste board and make patterns of animals and fruit for children to trace around. Cookie cutter shapes may be used. Also different sized blocks and jar lids. Bottle caps may be colored and used as beads— so children can string them. (The different colored plastic bottle caps also make nice beads.)

Potato Soup

4 large potatoes	1/2 tsp. salt
1 large onion	1/8 tsp. pepper
4 cups boiling water	1 large lump butter
4 cups milk	2 tsp. parsley (fresh)

Peel and dice potatoes and onions. Boil in water till tender. Add milk and stir until almost boiling. Add rest of ingredients and serve. Makes enough for 6 servings.

— Mrs. Harold Waldman, Nebraska

POTATO SOUP

I usually make this soup when I have some mashed potatoes left over from a former meal.

Take 3 or 4 diced potatoes (according to size of family) and about 1/2 onion and some celery or celery leaves. Cook until potatoes are done. Then add a little milk and the mashed potatoes and stir until the mashed potatoes are smooth. Matters not if cooked potatoes are a little crushed or broken. (If you have no mashed potatoes, use mashed a bit on the cooked potatoes.) Add as much milk as you need, a little salt and pepper and a hunk of butter. Can be served with or without crackers.

—Mrs. Eli Schlachach, Cochran, Pennsylvania

TOMATO SOUP

(Saute — means cook until tender but not brown)

Saute about half a medium sized onion, cup up, and some dried or fresh celery leaves in 1/2 stick oleo. When onion is tender, stir in about 1/2 cup flour, then slowly add tomato juice, stirring to smooth the lumps until about the thickness of gravy. Add some water, sugar and red pepper or paprika and salt. Suit your own taste. Before serving add some cream or milk, (P.S. This is also delicious with undiluted tomato juice and no cream or milk added- Aunt Becky.)

—Mrs. Eli Schlachach, Cochran, Pennsylvania

Ola's Casserole

1 1/2 pound ground beef	1 teaspoon salt
1 medium onion, chopped	1/8 teaspoon pepper
1 cup cottage cheese	2-8oz. cans tomato
1- 8 oz. package cream cheese	sauce
1- 8 oz. pack noodles cooked and drained	
1/4 cup sour cream	
1/4 to 1/3 cup chopped green pepper	
1/4 to 1/3 cup chopped green onions	

Brown hamburger and onions in skillet. Add salt, pepper and tomato sauce: Simmer slowly while preparing remaining ingredients. Combine cottage cheese, cream cheese, sour cream, green pepper and onion. Place half of cooked noodles in a greased 3 quart casserole. Top

Family Life

with cheese mixture, then remaining noodles. Pour meat mixture over top. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes.

-Mrs. Nate Miller

Winter Stew

Take a roast or stew meat. Cut in chunks. Trim off fat. Cut potatoes in cubes, carrots and onions and any vegetable you like. Take amount according to the size of family. Pour over vegetables and meat:

1 can cream of celery - 1/2 can water

1 can cream of chicken - 1/2 can water

Do not mix. Bake 5 hours at 275°.

Sausage

50 pounds meat

12 pounds salt

2 tablespoons black pepper

2 tablespoons sage

1 level tablespoon red pepper

Smoke 3 hours, if preferred.

- William Kramers

RAW APPLE CAKE

Cream:

1 cup butter or shortening

2 cup sugar- brown or raw

Add:

4 beaten eggs

Sift:

3 cups unbleached flour

2 teaspoons cinnamon

1 teaspoon nutmeg

1/2 teaspoon allspice

2 teaspoon soda

a little salt

Add alternately with 1 cup water.

Add 3 cups thin sliced apples, 1 cup raisins and

1 cup walnuts or other nuts.

Pour in pan and sprinkle with coconut if desired. Bake 1 hour at 350°. Also makes good cup cakes. Part whole wheat flour may be used. A delicious moist cake without that rich sweet frosting.

-- Mrs. J. N. S.

ROMAN APPLE CAKE

1 cup sugar (brown)

1 egg

1/2 cup shortening

1/2 cup milk

1 teaspoon vanilla

1 1/2 cup flour

1/4 teaspoon baking powder

1/4 teaspoon soda

1/4 teaspoon salt

Mix well, fold in 4 medium apples (chopped).

Topping for cake:

1 tablespoon melted butter

2 teaspoon cinnamon

1/2 cup brown sugar

2 teaspoon flour

1/2 cup chopped nuts

Mix to crumb form and sprinkle over cake. Bake 45 minutes at 350° degrees. Serve warm.

-- Mrs. R. B., Ohio

It was on a cold morning in the winter of 1941. The house was cold when little seven year old Edna got up out of bed. Her mother had gone to the barn to chore and the fire in the stove had not started to burn. Edna decided she would light the fire before she finished dressing. She

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got a little tin can of kerosene, opened the door of the old Round Oak heater and poured in a big splash of it.

The flames shot out from the open stove door and singed Edna's eyebrows and her hair. Several inches of snow was on the ground but Edna hardly noticed that as she ran out to the barn in her slip, in her barefeet.

After seeing her, her mother and dad ordered her into the house again. She was too frightened to tell them what had happened. But after breakfast her mother noticed the big oily spot in front of the heater and then the incident came to light.

Edna learned a lesson never to pour kerosene into a stove. She is now married and tries to teach her children to start a flame in the stove by lighting a kerosene-dipped corn cob or a piece of paper.

-Mrs. G., Missouri

Dear Lord, forgive us for the many times when we have buried our one talent in the ground. Forgive us for the many times we have refused to do Thy work and excused ourselves by saying, "Other people are so much better qualified." Forgive us for having said, "I can't" when we really meant, "I don't want to." Forgive us for having been unwilling to do the prayer and hard work necessary to fit ourselves for thy service. And help us from this day forth to rely on Thy strength to do the jobs that are ours.

-Elaine Sommers

Some Mothers Write

To get longer life out of your fitted sheets and keep your blankets in place in bed, sew a blanket on top of a worn out fitted sheet. The sheet hardly ever wears out around the sides.

-Ohio

By the time it is below freezing most of the day, the scholars are tired of the same old things in their lunch buckets. A simple, yet delicious dessert can be made by cooking cornstarch. Cool. Then add whipped cream. Spoon it into a tumbler with a lid on it. When the scholars get to school they set the tumbler outside and let it freeze. Then they have homemade ice cream to enjoy!

-- E. B., Ontario

Our little four-year-old was shelling an ear of corn in a tin can. When his sister came into the house, he was crying. Upon investigation he had a kernel up his nose which was removed with some difficulty. When asked why he did such a thing he replied, "I thought it would go down, down, down and come out of my foot."

-Mrs. D. P., Pennsylvania

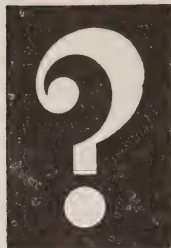
When our school started our teacher had roll call. Everyone was supposed to say "present." When she called out one little boy's name he said, "I don't have any present." Naturally the older ones got a chuckle from this.

-Mrs. M. G., Missouri

Thoughts from
My Rocking Chair



We are forming
our own future
"by what we
do today."
Dad Bickley



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

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Question:

On the day of a funeral when relatives are passing the coffin and seeing their loved one for the last time, why do the others (neighbors and friends who have already passed the coffin) crowd in the doorway to watch the bereaved relatives as if it were some kind of show? Wouldn't it be more respectful if the door to the room where the relatives were, were closed as they start passing the coffin? It's none of other people's business if "it was hard on someone" or "another didn't seem to mind very much." While we are living we don't like others to watch us saying good-bye, why should they watch us when we say our last good-bye?

— A concerned bystander who can't understand why some seem to get enjoyment out of watching others in their sorrow, Indiana.

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NO NICKNAMES? (answers)

I wouldn't think of giving our children a nickname, but maybe someone else will. In our large Amish community there are many who have nicknames. Not that their parents gave it to them, but which other people gave to them that others started to call them at school, in their youth, or later years. Many of them are not very nice names. My husband happens to be such a victim. Now our children get tormented because of it. People probably take it for granted and don't know the resentment it can cause. Our children try to be brave and let on it doesn't bother them, but underneath I know it really does.

I wonder who could start nicknames?
It's bound to hurt someone;
As a mother I have sympathy
To whom it has been done.

Call people by their real names
For much better it would be
Then to cause resentment
That could last through eternity. — Ohio

It often depends on what tone of voice is being used in calling a child by a nickname. To some, a pet name used occasionally in a nice tone of voice can make a child seem special and loved. But I think no parent should call a child a name he doesn't like. I believe children who are called after a mother or father are most often given nicknames. Some couples have given the child a second name to avoid confusion, such as "Mary Ann," When the mother's name was Mary. — A Mother, Pennsylvania

I never had too much against nicknames until our first baby was born. It was so easy to call her "Betsy" but my husband didn't let me (which I'm thankful for now). His brother was always called "Babe." When he was twenty-four a former neighbor asked about "Babe." It might have sounded cute for a baby but for a grown man—Ugh! Give a child a nickname and they usually stick with it all their life.

— Against nicknames

HELP FOR "PIONEER SPIRIT"

I, too, am hoping the brother with the pioneer spirit will get advice. I've been to the western mountains

several times and I really enjoyed the pure mountain air. Going for the young folks' sake is a very good reason in itself. I'm still one of the young folks and know how hard it is to hold back when living in a community such as ours.

One thing though, how long could the Amish stay with their horse and buggy travel? Mountain roads are sometimes hard to travel on and could be pretty hard on horses. Lots of our Amish people here in the East live "fast" just trying to keep up with the "Joneses." It seems to me a "hard times" type of living would be much better suited to people of the Christian faith.

— A Sister, Indiana

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UNDISCIPLINED CHILDREN

To the people complaining about not being able to find a "maud." Let's stop and think. Are we doing as it says in the Bible, "Spare not the rod?" That is one reason it's hard to find a "maud" nowadays. Many a young family never use the rod and the children will do as they please, regardless of how much the mother will coax. It's the same way in school. If the teacher discipline the scholars as it should be, the parents get hurt and take the scholars' part. This makes it hard for the teacher.

— A Reader, Ohio

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PARENTS AFRAID OF THEIR CHILDREN

It looks to me at times as if parents are afraid of their children.

Once I saw a parent try to correct a child but the child only mocked his parent and did exactly what he wasn't supposed to do. All that the parent then did was give him a mad look, or say something threatening to the child, which the child knew the parent didn't mean. Do the parents really love that child who mocks and disobeys them?

Nothing is more true than the saying I once heard: "A licking is what makes a child real sweet." This is what I have found true so many times. It goes hard to whip a child, I know. But what wonderful results I received!

After being punished our daughter has already come up and hugged me, or gave me a kiss and whispered, "I like you." Then I try to explain why I do whip her. That it is because I love her and want her to learn to be a good girl. That Jesus tells us in the Bible to spank children so they learn to obey. Then maybe someday we can go to heaven to live with Jesus. This usually puts her in deep thought. Often I've wondered what went through those little minds.

I do not wish to point my finger at anyone. I know our children do not always listen either. I feel we do not use the rod as we should at times. I also feel we need the help from above. We alone can do nothing. — Indiana

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TAKING TIME FOR THE NEEDY

It was a beautiful spring day. I wanted to hurry with my morning work and go out and rake the lawn, but I kept thinking of a girl in the neighborhood whose birthday was that week. She has never been normal like other people and loves to get greetings. So I just sat down and got a greeting and a handkerchief ready for her. Then I wrote a card to friends asking them to go along to visit a widow in the afternoon on a coming fast day. Those days can always be lazily spent at home, but it is probably not so for these people who don't have their partners anymore to share companionship.

Now by the time I had baby nursed and in bed it wasn't too early anymore, but I went cheerfully about my work. That very afternoon, two of my husband's sisters came over (something they don't often do). One of them did the ironing while the other one helped me rake the yard.

That night as I lay in bed tired, but happy, I was glad I had taken time to maybe make someone else's day a little brighter.

— Not Sorry

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(The following story was written by Ivan Zimmermann of Route 1, New Holland, Pa. Ivan has been afflicted with a bone disease since birth. He is seventeen years old. His parents are Reuben H. Zimmermans.)

Who says wheel chair life is dull and lonely? Not I! I could never walk, but still lots of small adventures and excitements have crossed my path. Of course, there has been some dull moments, but not for long.

I can clearly remember my school days for only two years have gone by since I stopped going to school. I only went a few times in a week.

There are two steep hills on the way to school which we used to travel every morning and evening. Since I went to school on our little wagon, I rolled down part of one hill all by myself on the way home. It was very dangerous, but I didn't think so at the time.

It was an early summer evening and we were going home from school. When we were about half way down the first hill, I asked my brother to let me go. The wagon began to roll downwards. As it went it picked up more and more speed, until it almost seemed as if I was flying. I tried hard to keep going in a straight line, but it began swerving from side to side. Suddenly it took a turn and headed for the bank at top speed. The two connected with a huge thump. I flew from the wagon and was flung vigorously forward against the hard ground.

I could have been badly hurt but I wasn't. Nevertheless, I was shook up and it took awhile before I could crawl back into the wagon.

Once I was sitting on the school house porch in the warm bright sunshine. The boys were playing baseball. The higher grades were good at baseball.

Then it happened. There was a sharp crack as the speeding ball hit me squarely in the chest. Some one might have shouted a warning but I didn't hear it. I was not seriously hurt, and the pain didn't last more than half an hour. I tried to hold back the tears but they kept coming into my eyes.

When I was in the sixth grade, I used to go to a school called Pleasant Valley. But of course, there are more school houses by that name. Most of that year I stayed at my cousin's place and went to the same school they did. It was hardly a quarter of a mile away.

The schoolhouse was red with a stripe of white at the bottom. It had a cellar where they kept the stove burning. I had never been down there so I can only imagine how it looked.

One day my cousin was leading their horses to the watering trough, one at a time. I was sitting in their little wagon out in the barn.

A horse stood at the trough, drinking with satisfaction for awhile. Suddenly he decided he had enough, turned and started back towards his stall. It just happened I was in the way. Apparently he didn't see me or didn't care, for he came calmly walking towards me.

"Whoa!" my cousin shouted.

"Whoa!" I repeated with fear.

The horse didn't seem to hear us and kept coming towards me. The next instant he stepped right over me as if I wasn't there. The horse knocked his hard hind hoof against my head, but otherwise he didn't touch me. I didn't feel it more than a few minutes.

I've heard that horses do not run over people if they help it. I guess either this one couldn't help it or he just didn't see me sitting there. I couldn't move the wagon too well by myself to get out of his way, and besides I really

didn't think he would walk over me. But you can be sure after that I'm very careful to stay out of the way when I see a horse.

Almost a dozen years ago on a summer day, I was sitting on our long walk that lead from the house to the barn.

We had sheep at that time. Somehow they broke through the pasture fence and ran away. One came charging straight towards me. I was so little I hardly realized the danger I was in. At the sight of me, he took a spring and leaped high in the air and sailed over my head without touching me.

Once our neighbors asked me to go along with them to Virginia. I felt very lucky for none of our family had ever been to Virginia before. It will be a long time before I forget that exciting day.

The night before I thought I wouldn't sleep a wink. I was asleep before I realized it. The next morning my mother called and I was out of bed and in the kitchen in a minute's time. I quickly ate a few eggs for fear of being late but I had plenty of time left.

I thought the car would never come. We started off at three o'clock. It was still night and the moon shone brightly. After driving for several hours we reached Skyline Drive. The car began to move upward, very slowly. Our ears began to make a crackling sound which came from the higher altitude.

We drove on for awhile, then stopped. It was decided we ate before we go any further.

"Dinner so soon?" I wondered to myself, never dreaming that it was breakfast. It wasn't late for breakfast but the long drive made it seem late to me.

After eating we moved on again. We were up over three thousand feet. I compared our silo with the height and figured we were over sixty silos high. I never thought I would ever be up so high.

"Maybe I can see my brother at the top of our silo from here," I said in fun. Then the thought came to me that my brother would probably still be in school. "I guess he's still in school," I quickly added.

"Yes," replied my neighbor John Mark. "We didn't eat dinner yet."

I was astonished and thought he was teasing me. "We ate dinner some time ago," I exclaimed.

"No," he corrected me, "that was breakfast."

Was it really true? I ate two breakfasts? We ate the two remaining meals at Hazel Burkholders before we started home.

Strangely I couldn't sleep for a long time when I got to bed. My whole room seemed to be moving because of the long ride. I am not used to riding in cars. I could still hear the humming of the car's motor ringing in my ears.

When I was just a small boy I used to watch my older brother take somersaults. How I wished I could do that. Then I decided why not? Eagerly I tried it and over I went. Oh, how hard the floor seemed!

A new idea came to me. Why not somersault on our couch?

It worked perfectly. Somersaulting is a lot of fun. Anyway I think so. Everything looks strange when your head is upside down. I must admit, I still somersault in bed when no one is looking. It doesn't go as easily as it once did.

During the years I had a little red car to drive and also different tricycles. With these I got plenty of tumbles but I was never seriously hurt. Since I'm older I've learned to be more careful and to avoid accidents whenever I can.

I think I'm very lucky to have been in three different states, and then I was to different zoos and also twice at an airport, so you see I don't always stay at home.

Now don't get the notion I'm trying to brag, for I only wrote this to encourage other cripples to write in **Family Life** about their accidents and small adventures. I really would enjoy reading them. Of course, their stories may not be accepted. As for that matter, mine may not be accepted either. I often wondered why not more handicapped people write. Surely every one of them must have had some small excitement one time or another.

Family Life

All through the years the parents
Of this young and active fly,
Tried hard to train him so he'd know
The dangers lurking nigh.
They warned him of the spider's ways,
So clever, keen and shrewd,
And how he'd try to take his life
In a way so cruel and rude.

The young fly listened gravely,
And each day as he grew,
Stayed far from all the spider webs
Because of what he knew.
But days went by and slowly
He grew wise in his own eyes
And noticed that the spider
Was less than half his size.

"I'll watch the spider weave his web
Just on the border-line,
And if he tries to capture me....
I'll escape him just in time.
My parents bore me with advice
Of the old-fashioned type
About the spider and his web—
I'm tired of all their gripe."



**TOO
LATE**

They'll change their mind about it all;
Why, the spider's like a friend!"
But, oh, how sad, that ignorant fly
Changed his mind—but in the end.
"Oh, what has happened to my life?
I'm entangled in a net;
If only I hadn't compromised
When the spider and I first met.

He wove around my wings and legs
With sly and coaxing ways;
I'm in the net for good, I know;
Depleted are my days.
Somehow I can't remember
How I reached this awful place.
It happened oh, so slowly
At the spider's crafty pace.
If only I had listened,"
Said the fly who saw his fate;
But the spider had him captured
And now it was TOO LATE!

If the devil's got a tiny part
Of your life in his hand;
Dear friend, don't try to fool yourself.
His web is sinking sand.
You know what is your heart's intent—
Please, settle your soul's debate;
If Jesus doesn't rule your life,
Someday it will be TOO LATE!

Rosanna Stoltzfus,
Gap, Pa.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Our cover for this month was made by Mrs. Alta Hershberger of Uniontown, Ohio.

SOUNDS AROUND US

(Part Two)

WHAT NOISE CAN DO

Last month it was noted that sound waves travel through the air much like ripples of water over a pond. These waves or vibrations, are so strong at times that not only can they be heard, they can actually be felt.

Perhaps the best example of how strong these sound waves can be is the well known rumble when a jet plane passes the sound barrier. When the jet travels at the same speed as sound, the sound waves pile up on top of each other, until there is a giant wave. This wave spreads out in all directions and when it hits the ground it can break windows and even demolish buildings. For this reason it is unlawful for a jet plane to pass the sound barrier at low altitudes, or over large cities.

Scientists have long been trying to make use of this sound energy. During the past few years they have succeeded to a certain extent. Some dentists now use an ultra-sonic machine to clean their patients' teeth. They also have a sound machine to sterilize their instruments.

There is on the market today a sound machine which will break up concrete foundations as well as pavement. When complaints were received about the loud noise made by the air hammers in New York City, a machine was invented to do the job. It is an ultra-sonic machine using low-frequency sound waves which can not be heard except by birds and animals. But it will break a stone wall apart in short order.

WHAT IS NOISE?

Noise is unwanted sound. The sounds made by some kinds of musical instruments can be noise, depending on whether or not it is wanted.

If kept up over a period of time, noise is hard on the nerves. Noisy factories have more lost time than those which operate quieter. Doctors claim that too much noise can bring on certain diseases. It has also been known to make people violent, or caused them to commit murder or suicide.

We can become accustomed to some kinds of noises which at first are annoying to us but after some time we do not notice them any more. The ticking of an alarm clock or the sound of rain falling on the roof may keep some people awake while it makes others sleep more soundly.

The loudness of sound is measured in **decibels** (rhymes with decimals) and there is a machine which tells how loud a sound is. The least sound we can hear is about one decibel while a whisper may be about 15 decibels. Ordinary conversation is about 65 decibels while a loud truck may be 100. Inside a boiler factory the noise may reach 110 decibels which is hard on the health of the workers. Sounds of 120 decibels are about the limit which the ear can stand. If it gets louder than this there is a sharp stabbing pain in the ear drums. Fifty feet behind an ordinary sized jet plane there will be 135 decibels. At 150 decibels there is permanent damage to the ear drum.

Much deafness is found among boilermakers, riveters and metalworkers.

The army uses ear plugs to protect its soldiers.

Unexpected loud noises are like a trigger which set off the body's alert system. If someone slams a door behind you, your body tenses immediately to prepare for self defense. Sudden loud noises cause the mind to "blink", your mind actually goes blank for a moment.

If a room where there is much noise is lined with acoustical tile, the tile absorb enough of the sound waves that a small amount of heat is produced. If this is true, then there is no wonder that a harried housewife who is continually exposed to the sounds of noisy children, finds it hard to keep cool!

NOISE CONTROL

A hundred years ago a German scientist predicted that the day will come when noise will be a bigger problem than cholera and the plague were at that time. It looks like that day may be very near.

In 1959 a reader who was tormented by unnecessary noises wrote a letter to a British newspaper. The complaint brought in 4,000 replies and out of this episode was born an organization which is called the Noise Abatement Society. The aim of the society is to eliminate all excessive and unnecessary noises. It works through schools and newspapers to make people aware of the dangers of noise.

Many countries today have laws against noise making. In Germany, the police may arrest anyone whose radio can be heard outside the house. In England, a complaint signed by three persons is enough to bring into court the owner of any noise-making object from a meowing tomcat to a power mower.

Much time and money is being spent in making buildings sound proof. Acoustical materials are being used in walls and ceilings to deaden sound. Partitions which have two walls with an air space in the middle give the greatest amount of sound insulation. Solid sheets of wood afford the least. A sheet of plywood or a panel door are very poor sound barriers.

Noise from running machinery in a room is reflected back from the walls and ceilings. Acoustical tile are especially useful for such a room. The sound of a slamming door is usually heard through the whole building because the sound travels through the framework.

In most cities, fire and police sirens have been replaced by whistles that get equal attention, yet are not so hard on the nerves.

If you live close to a busy highway or other source of unusual noise you can put up a sound screen by planting one or more rows of trees and shrubs.

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FAMILY

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letters to the editors



GOOD PASTURE MAKES IT EASIER

I read with interest the parable of the sheep in the September issue. We have a flock of sheep (natural sheep that is) and we have them fenced in, too. While I realize this is not the old Bible way of raising sheep, I just don't know how I'd get along in this locality today without a fence. I do find that providing plenty of good pasture makes them easier to handle. When the pasture gets short and dried up the sheep are harder to keep fenced in than either hogs or cattle.

That reminds me of what I once read in The Budget. The writer is an O.O. Amish minister and it was something like this. "When I hear a visiting minister lament and complain about his home congregation, I wonder, 'what do you feed your sheep, briars or brambles, or lust green pasture (the word of God)?'"

I thought the parable of the sheep and the shepherds was somewhat amusing until I considered what it was meant to signify. I guess there is no wonder that outsiders and even some within get terribly confused and wonder where the true flock is.

—P. Pennsylvania

The Sheep and the Shepherd story was a very timely article. It seems not many pastures are left where "Weed-itis" has not overcome both the shepherd and the sheep.

We can see by the laws of the shepherds of long ago that another weed which should not be found in the pasture is the Fireweed. This is the weed that causes smoke to come out of the mouth and nose. Even some of the wolves (those who are heaping up their money) will not touch these weeds.

Another weed which is forbidden is the Razorweed which causes wool to come off the face in foaming patches.

—One who loves clean pastures, Pennsylvania

NO ROOM FOR A GRUDGE

I hope the article about carrying a grudge (Sept. issue) helped a lot of people. I, myself, have often felt hurt over some remark I heard. But I have learned to forgive as soon as I hear and not to think of it again. Now since I am trying to forgive and not talk about other people's faults, I find my God is a lot closer.

—Still learning, Pennsylvania

The article, "Carrying Grudges Can Be Dangerous" was very touching. As I read it, I thought that I must have written it, but I knew I didn't. I had a Fanny and Ruth life too, and for many months I felt that the other person should come and confess to me. This person had come to me talking about others, including that person's own companion, and then turned around and going to these relatives, talked about me.

Later I became convicted by a sermon I heard and went to this person and said I am sorry for the things I said. I also asked if there was something in my life which could have been the cause of this person acting like this. I never

heard a reason. I'm afraid this friend was more sorry for being found out than being sorry for the wrong deed. Now, since leaving no room for a grudge, I find there is peace in my heart. I can now face this friend, knowing that I have confessed to the one I spoke wrongly to, and also to the Lord.

—Feeling better, Illinois

LOVES THEM TOO MUCH

About the Baby and Child Care by Dr. Spock, (See Sept. issue) we got one of those the year our first child was born and it often comes in handy about sickness and baby care. But for training a child, of course we do not agree. My husband says we love them too much to do as the book says. To make them listen is binding love.

Our four-year-old once said it wasn't him when we asked him but we knew it was. He insisted he didn't do it but we knew he did and he got a spanking. We told him God knows and sees everything. A few days later we asked him again and this time it wasn't so hard for he said it was him.

But we know we can't teach our boys all they ought to know for we are often short in what we ought to do. But we keep praying for them.

—A Pennsylvania Mother

LIKES TO BE HIT

After reading some of the letters of criticism in the October issue, I thought, it's no wonder all the good stories have left Family Life.

Sometimes I think your magazine has become like a politician's speech "Avoiding needed subjects because somebody might be offended." Don't take me as one who likes to complain but I like the articles that hit me. To me it is a waste of time to read a story that doesn't have a good lesson or one that is "every day chat."

—W.H., Indiana

EIN SCHLECHTES LICHT

Ich bin froh das es andere Leute hat, das bektimmert sind um ernstlich dagegen zu zeugen von dem unehlichen Zusammenliegen unter die Jugend wie der Artikel "Die Schädliche Uebung" uns lehrt (October issue). Ich wünsche aber das es in die Englische Sprache geschrieben wäre, so das mehr Jugend es besser lesen und verstehen könnten.

Es hat much shon oft gewundert wie solche ungöttliche Wesen angefangen hat unter die Gottesfürchtigen Völker. Es hat shon viel schlechte Sachen mit gebracht und hat

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viel Herzeleid und Tränen gekostet später, gleichwie auch das Stark Getränk. Beides ist ein schlechtes Licht für die Welt und ich hab schon gehört das es etlich hohen Leute sehr verstaunt und betrübt hat wo sie ausgefunden haben das die abgesonderte Gemeinen solches erlauben unter ihre Glieder. Gottes Wort lehret uns zu meiden aller bösen Shein, und also das kein Hurer oder Trunkenbold teil hat im Himmelreich.

Lasset uns ehrbarlich wandeln als am Tage den wir wissen nicht welche Stunde unser Herr kommen wird, denn es möchte sein zu einer Zeit das wir am wenigsten daran denken.

— Auch bekümmert, Pennsylvaina

WORLD WIDE WINDOW



STORM WINDOWS CUT OFF OXYGEN

Storm windows save fuel bills but they can add to your doctor bills. Storm doors and windows keep out cold air but they also keep an accumulation of fumes and stale used-up air inside the house. The tighter and better fitting the storm windows are, the more they reduce the supply of fresh air and the more likely the occupants of the house will spend a winter troubled with colds, flu, bronchitis, etc. It is therefore important to air out the house as often as possible during the cold weather season. Even in cold weather, it is advisable to open a window or two for a short period each day. The extra amount of heat required will be very small compared to the possible work time lost, doctor bills, and medicines.

If there is a lack of oxygen in the air you breathe you will tend to feel dull and listless. A house trailer or a new house may not have more than one air change in 24 hours. Health authorities say there should be at least a dozen changes of air in this period.

TOBACCO MARKETERS MECHANICS OF DEATH

Cigarettes caused more deaths during the past year than war, violence, and riots combined, according to Dr. Ashbel C. Williams of the American Cancer Society. He stated further, "Evidence gathered in the last 15 years proves beyond doubt that the people who make and sell cigarettes are now in the tragic position of being merchants of death.

The Surgeon General of the United States recently sent to congress a report showing that smoking is a significant factor in the development of coronary heart disease. The report also stated that cigarette smokers are at least 20 times as likely to get lung cancer as non-smokers and 6 to 10 times as likely to get cancer of the throat. Smokers are also more susceptible to stomach ulcers.

The surgeon general said smokers who think they are safe by smoking a pipe or cigars are not as safe as they think. He said their chances of developing cancer of the throat are five times greater than people who don't smoke at all.

The reader who sent in the clippings comments as fol-

Don't Spoil Yourself

A wise man had this thing down pat,
And posted it beneath his hat.
He'd mind himself, for man is prone
To spoil himself, himself alone.

A man can spoil himself alone
By spending time to fret and groan,
And wreck his health and dull his brain
And give himself a constant pain.

Or nurse a grudge till it's a shame
And drive himself almost insane
So folk at peace can't live with him;
A cup of woe filled to the brim.

He can himself insulted be
By thinking so, then so is he,
Or worry, worry constantly
'Bout things that never come to be.

He may so all important feel
That he will have no friendships real;
Or be wrapped up in self so tight
He puts all would-be friends to flight.

-Walter L. Eberly

lows, "They say the use of tobacco goes back to our fathers and grandfathers. History tells us it goes back to the Indians, but they were regarded as only half-civilized. No, it does not go back to the Apostles for they did not use it.

"The women are considered as the weaker sex but in our plain churches the women can do without tobacco, then why can't the men?"

A CHILLING PROSPECT

Predictions have been made for some time that scientists will soon be able to change the climate of countries. A project is now under way in northern Quebec which may do this very thing. Five rivers are being dammed up to build a huge 6-billion dollar hydro electric plant.

Normally, warm water from these rivers melts the ice every spring in the Hudson Bay and the James Bay. With most of this flow cut off, the spring thaw out will be greatly delayed and in the fall the freeze-up will come sooner. Scientists are predicting that this will make the winters in Eastern Canada even colder and longer than they are now.

The developments of science have succeeded in polluting the waters and the atmosphere of the world. There is a possibility someday they will make large areas uninhabitable.

Considerable pressure has been brought on the government of Quebec to abandon the project. But they need the power and the Premier said they would sooner freeze than starve. He said, "Oh, we'll have to buy more sweaters."

PLASTIC PAPER?

Conservationists who have been worried about the trees cut down each year to be made into paper, have heard good news at last. A plastic "paper" has been developed that looks like paper and feels like paper--so much so, that it's hard to tell it apart from real paper made from natural fiber sources. Biggest problem so far that is yet unsolved is that this plastic "paper" tends to pick up high static electric charges as it passes through printing presses.

CURE WORSE THAN THE DISEASE

Federal agencies have for several years been campaigning against the use of household detergents that contained phosphate. They have pointed out that the phosphate from millions of housewives' washing machines was being poured down the drain and ended up in the nation's streams and lakes. The phosphate overfertilized plant life, which in turn uses up the oxygen supply in the water and kills all life in the lake or stream. Under federal pressure, many detergent companies came out with a "non-phosphate" detergent.

Now these same federal agencies have suddenly decided the cure may be worse than the disease was to begin with. The non-phosphate detergents, while better for the environment, are dangerous to humans if inhaled, swallowed, or brought into contact with the eyes. Last year alone almost 4,000 cases of such poisoning were reported, and just recently a 15-month old girl died from eating a non-phosphate detergent. Alarmed by these

dangers, these federal agencies have advised housewives to return to phosphate detergents until safer substitutes can be found to put into detergents. If not extra care should be taken to keep household detergents out of reach of small children.

Quite aside from phosphate or non-phosphate detergents, there seems to be a lesson here in some situations that arise in church. Some would-be reformers, like the federal agencies, get on a campaign to rid the church of questionable practices. In their zeal they forget to be sure there is a safe substitute, and in the end the cure may be worse than the disease. ■■

What The Lord Hath Done

The Lord hath done such wonderous things
Wherefore we will be glad.
The Lord has washed our sins away
Why then should we be sad?

He giveth us His Holy Ghost
To lead us in His way
His angels always are about
To keep us safe each day.

All honor and all praise be given
To Him who reigns above,
Who came to earth to die for us
To teach His wonderous love.

Leon Troyer, Hartville, Ohio

LITTLE FEET THAT WANDERED

Mrs. Raymond A. Yoder

It was one of those dreary November days. I had been canning pears all day and had put the last canner full on the stove before going out to milk. This made me late for milking and when I came to the barn I told my husband I would only milk one cow and then go take the pears off.

Mary, our little 22-month old daughter, went to the barn with me. When I had finished my cow, she was playing so nicely with the kittens. I decided I would slip in to the house without her knowing it for I thought this would be easier and quicker than taking her with me.

When I came to the house the baby was crying so he had to be quieted first which took a good 20 minutes. When I returned to the barn my husband said, "So you put Mary to bed, too!"

"Put Mary to bed!" I exclaimed. "No, I didn't. Isn't she out here with you?"

"I haven't seen her since you went in so I thought she went with you," he answered.

Then the search began. We went through the barn, the hog house, the wood shed and everywhere we could think of, but we could not find her. We went down to the woods where she so often went with Daddy to get the cows, and out the lane that led to Grandma's house where she sometimes wandered in the daytime. We called and called but there was no answer except the mocking echo from the woods nearby. By this time we were becoming very much alarmed.

Then I thought of the hunters I had seen in the woods the evening before. I told my husband, but he thought we should try to dismiss such thoughts. Oh no, surely no one would ----.

Something must be done and quick. By this time it was very dark and we had only one lantern. We had a flashlight but couldn't find it. Where one of us went, we both had to go. We knew this was getting us nowhere.

It was finally decided that my husband should go to Grandmas for help and more lights and I would stay

around the buildings calling.

This was a very trying time for me. Not only was I praying for our little lost girl but I found that to keep my self-control was very important right now.

It seemed like a long time before they came with lights. My sister-in-law came by the northeast pasture field and the lane but she found nothing of the little girl.

"I'm going for more help," I said, but just as I turned to go I noticed something sticking in the mud. The lane was very muddy and we soon saw it was Mary's boot.

This gave us more hope for now we could track her stocking foot. We followed the track to the pasture field gate and then we could follow it no further. The gate was closed so she would have to crawl under the fence to get into the field.

We went on out the lane with my husband in the hayfield on one side of the lane and his sister in the pasture field on the other side. We kept calling as we went. Would we be walking through these fields all night looking in vain for our little girl?

Suddenly my sister-in-law called, "Here she is!"

Then I heard her crying which to me was a very welcome sound. She was cold and wet and didn't have any shoes on. Her dress and coat were so muddy you couldn't tell what color they were. She was shaking all over from the cold.

We will never really know why she went out the back way. Sometimes the cows wander out that way and I have to go after them. Perhaps she wanted to follow me.

The next day she kept saying "Ouchie, ouchie" and pointed to her hands. I found they were full of little stickers, as she must have taken hold of the thistle plants for support. When I asked her why she hadn't gone to Daddy like she usually does, she answered, "Dunkel" (dark).

I learned the hard way that haste makes waste. We have three ambitious little children and I know from experience that love and patience are two of the most important things to practice, which I too often lack.

—RR 1, Dundee, Ohio.

This month we have the longest article we have ever published in one issue. We do not like to take the space away from other articles, many of which have been here for several months, but we have only so much space, and our time is limited to get the material ready.

The article on suicide proved to be a difficult one to undertake. Because of the life-and-death aspect of the matter, no one was anxious to assume responsibility for furnishing something which would be acceptable to the readers as a whole. But numerous individuals have been urging us that something should be done. Also the response to our request for information was encouraging so finally the task was undertaken.

We hope the article may be of benefit to the average reader even though not many families have any serious problem in this respect. But big problems always start out as very small ones and these small ones begin in the home or in the community. We believe that anything which causes us to be more kind and considerate to the people about us is worthwhile for in this way, later problems can possibly be nipped in the bud. We firmly believe that the answer to serious emotional problems may be found in the every day conduct of the individuals in the home and the community, and like in many other cases, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It is much easier and more practical to give an occasional ounce of prevention, but if a serious problem does turn up then we should also be prepared to furnish a pound of cure.

We wish to thank all of the persons who responded to our request for information, and we want to again emphasize that the letters were kept strictly confidential. One letter had the writer's name folded and taped into a sheet of paper with this notice on the outside, "If you don't have to open this, then don't." It was not opened.

Only one person read the letters that came in and he has a very short memory. After the article was finished the letters were put into a safety deposit box for safe-keeping and after one year, they will be taken out and destroyed.

If this issue is late, then we will at least have something to blame it on. The book catalog takes a certain amount of extra time but we hope it is worth waiting a week on. In previous years the catalog section was stapled separately so it could be removed. This year, it has not been stapled separately since we believe that most people do save their copies of *Family Life*, and if they do not, it is still almost as easy to save the whole magazine as the book section.

We would like to encourage our readers to take advantage of the opportunity of getting worthwhile reading material with the least possible effort. This year, many of the Pathway books are being offered at discount prices. We try to select only books which will be of the most value, the most useful, and the least offensive in every way. Even then, every book is guaranteed that it must be satisfactory. If for any reason it proves otherwise, it may be returned for full credit.

isfactory. If for any reason it proves otherwise, it may be returned for full credit.

We have something new for our foreign subscribers. Although there are not very many outside the U.S. and Canada, up to now they have received very poor service as far as delivery of the magazines was concerned. Usually it took about three months to get there. You can imagine what it would be like to find the August issue of *Family Life* in your mailbox in December.

We received inquiries as to whether we could send the magazines air mail. Our reply was that the cost of sending them air mail was so high that the subscription price of *Family Life* would have to be \$12.90, and three-in-one would have to be \$27.30 per year. Only one subscriber wanted it bad enough to pay that much for it.

Just recently, however, the Canadian Post Office made some changes which will enable us to send the Pathway papers at special air mail rates. After thinking it over, we decided to change over to air mail at once for all the foreign subscriptions for all three magazines.

But there is one catch. It will cost more to send them by air mail. We are willing to absorb part of the additional expense but we will have to increase the price of all foreign subscriptions. For the remainder of your subscription, you will still get it at the old price but when you renew, *Family Life* will be \$6.00 per year for any address outside the U.S. and Canada. The *Young Companion* will be \$3.50 and *Blackboard Bulletin* will be \$3.00. The three-in-one plan will be \$11.00 per year. We are hoping the foreign subscribers will be satisfied with this arrangement and that they will receive better service in the future.

Im Deutschen Teil von dies Nummer ist ein Artikel welches handelt von wie der Gottesdienst gehalten war in die Mennoniten Gemeinde ein hundert und fünfzig Jahre zurück. Es verstaunte uns da wir sahen wie nahe es gleich ward zu wie die Amische Gemeinden es haben heute.

Wenn wir zurück gehen in die historische Geschichte von zwei hundert Jahre zurück befinden wir das fast alle die Gemeinden der Wiedertäufer in Süd-Deutschland, die Pfalz, und in der Schweiz hielten ihre Gottesdiensten viel auf den gleicherart wie es heute gehalten wird in die Amische Gemeinden. Insonderheit ist es wahr mit solcher punkten wie Singen, Beten, Predigen, Schrift ablesen, Rathen, Taufen, Absonderen, Leidensverkündigen, Heiraten, Diener erwählen, usw.

Wir wollen darauf verstehen das wir langsam sein sollen um neue Moden aufzunehmen, und wenn es notwendig ist für etwas verändern im Gottesdienst, so sollen wir sehr sorgfältig sein das es einstimmt mit der Sinn und Grund von Gottes Wort und das es dienen wird zur Besserung und nicht zur Unfegen.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell

IS THE LAW STILL ALIVE

Paul R. Witmer

All Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Timothy 3:16-17).

This has reference to the Old Testament Scriptures and includes such passages as "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" (Ex. 21:24). "The law was given by Moses but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ" (John 1:17). The law did not grant any mercy or pardon. The guilty one had to pay the penalty of his misdeeds.

Those who do not accept Christ are still under the law and will be under the curse of the law on the Judgement day. But for those who are in Christ the verse in Romans 8 applies: "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

Part of the Old Testament law is figurative, a shadow of things to come (Col. 2:17) and part of it is moral. The moral law never changes (Matt. 5:18). Those things which were a shadow of things to come remain for us in a spiritual sense so there is no part of the Scriptures that are not profitable for us in our day.

If we examine the writings of the early Christians of the first few centuries, we find that they did not even take the fourth commandment literally. Menno Simons wrote that they "keep and sanctify the Lord's Sabbath which is now no longer literal but spiritual." Following the example of the Apostles, they observed the first day of the week as the Lord's Day but didn't call it the Sabbath. Neither did they base it on the fourth commandment.

We should not understand from this that we have more liberty to engage in our own pleasures on this day. This would be following the example of the world in making it our own day instead of the Lord's Day.

Some Scriptures are not to be taken literally such as "Thou shalt not sow thy field with mingled seed; neither shall a garment mingled of linen and woolen come upon thee" (Lev. 19:19). I feel this is to show us we are to be pure in heart and not have our religion mixed with hypocrisy.

There are other teachings which can only be taken literally such as "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God" (Deut. 22:5). He wants us to maintain sex distinction.

Also "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard. Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead nor print any marks upon you" (Lev. 19:27). We can see that the marking and scarring of the flesh along with shaving the head and removing the beard comes from the heathen and that God does not want us to alter our natural appearance. Yet we do know that the Jews did trim their beards (2 Samuel 19:29) and we also know that it wasn't excessively. We also know from the New Testament teachings that it is not proper for the man to let his hair grow long like woman's hair.

The Anabaptists believed that the moral law of the Old Testament was still in effect. One example of this can be found in Menno Simons writings on the humbled girl (English, page 378. German, page 205). Here he uses the command given in Exodus 22:16 to prove his point.

I believe the Old Testament teachings must still be accepted, either as literally or figuratively. In this way we can use it all and it is in harmony with the new.

—Dayton, Virginia.

MY DAILY PRAYER

If I can do some good today,
If I can serve along life's way,
If I can something helpful say,
Lord, show me how.

If I can right a human wrong,
If I can help to make one strong,
If I can cheer with smile or song,
Lord, show me how.

If I can aid one in distress,
If I can make a burden less,
If I can spread more happiness
Lord, show me how.

If I can do a kindly deed,
If I can help someone in need,
If I can sow a fruitful seed,
Lord, show me how.

If I can feed a hungry heart,
If I can give a better start,
If I can fill a nobler part,
Lord, show me how.
—Grenville Kleiser

BETTER PARENTS FIRST

By E. S. Miller

When we hear the word "Young folks" what is the first thing that comes to our mind? Do we think of our own or the neighbors' whom we know well, or do we think of some that seem to be out to have a good time and end up getting into trouble or having an accident?

All of our communities have young folks and they are in some ways different and in some ways they are the same. Everywhere, the trend is to do things and have things which are forbidden. In some communities they seem to be pretty well content while in others they are discontented and make trouble in one way or another.

What is the reason for this? There may be different reasons, but one thing is that all young folks have or have had parents. The condition of the young folks reflects back to the parents. This is most noticeable when you go into a strange community where you do not know anyone.

One thing that shows up on the young people is the attitude of the older people. Do they have a goal to live for? Are they striving for something better morally or spiritually? Or are they grasping and working for the highest dollar? Do they look out only for themselves or are they concerned to help others? Are they striving to enter the Kingdom of Heaven after this life?

The list of questions could be endless but it all comes down to one point. To have better young folks, we have to have better parents first.

—Topeka, Indiana.

Family Life

Modesty Not Extinct

Modesty is still appreciated and highly respected by some people, but we would like to ask, by whom? Certainly not by the majority. We can find out if we are one of these by answering the following question, do we feel more at home with those who dress more modestly than the average? Or are we of the type, who, when we see such a person we may look down on him and say to ourselves, "Plain clothes will never make anyone a Christian." Then perhaps we go on to justify ourselves by saying it is only through the Grace of God and having the heart right with God that we can enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Why, those old fashioned folks act as if only those who wear plain clothes can ever be right!

It is true that if we look only on the outward appearance we may easily be disappointed. Our lives should agree with our outward appearance. The story is told of a certain man who went to town to catch the bus. Thinking he had only a few minutes, he ran down the sidewalk. It so happened that he passed a jewelry shop and seeing a big clock in the window, he stopped to see what time it was. To his surprise, according to the jeweller's clock, he still had plenty of time. So he slowed down and took his good old time. Upon arriving at the bus station he had a big disappointment for the bus had left already. He had thought he could depend on the clock in the clockmaker's window but it had failed him. Such a disappointment the people whom we come in contact with may have if they see our plainness and take us for Christians but later find out our fruits do not correspond.

But just because a person's deeds do not correspond with his plain clothes does not make his plain clothes wrong. Not at all. We should not get the idea that wearing plain clothes will make a Christian out of anyone, but we do believe a Christian should wear plain clothes. Not because he has to but because he wants to in order to live according to Christ's commands.

It is hard to understand how a person who was brought up in a plain home and has been taught the need of separation from the world, can have true humility in his heart if he turns away from such teachings. What Scriptural reason could he give to stand in front of the mirror and slick himself up, walk around with tight-fitting clothes, carry a watch on his wrist, or anything else to attract attention by outer appearance. Christ drew a lot of attention wherever he went but not in this way.

Another thing which is coming in among our Amish boys is their short cut hair. Some people let their boys have the scissors and cut their own hair the way they want to. It seems to me it would be the responsibility of the parents to cut their boys' hair as long as they are at home.

But some boys think short hair cuts are stylish and even quote I Cor. 11:14 to justify themselves. But do we stop to think what long hair really is? What I believe the Apostle was saying was that a man ought not to have unshorn hair, or long like a woman. I am afraid such boys are on the same track as the girls whose head coverings keep getting smaller and farther back on the head. Of course, we have no way of knowing but we believe that Christ Himself had as long or longer hair as any of our Amish people.

God has no use for the proud or the boastful. It is the modest and the humble person whom the Lord can use in

November, 1971

His vineyard. "Gott widersteht den Hoffartigen aber die Demütigen gibt er seine Gnade." James 4:6. For good reading material on this subject I would recommend the little book, "Hoffart Und Demuth." (Editor's note: In English it is "Pride Vs. Humility." Either one is priced at 25¢ each.)

—Pennsylvania

It Doesn't Pay

- To have "a goodtime" at the expense of an uneasy conscience the next morning;
- To lose one's temper at the expense of losing a friend;
- To cheat a corporation, at the expense of robbing your soul;
- To go to church in the morning if we are planning to entertain sin in the evening;
- To have an enemy, if we can have a friend;
- To sow wild oats, for we will have to reap our crop;
- To spend the last half of our life in remorse or regret over the first half;
- To be discourteous, irreverent, cynical, cruel, or vulgar;
- To give God the "husks" instead of the heart;
- To live at all, unless we live for all.

—Selected by D. Swartzentruber, Georgia

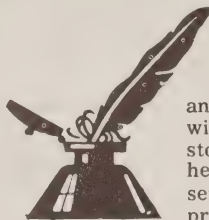
IT IS NOT EASY

To apologize,
To begin over,
To be unselfish,
To take advice,
To admit error,
To face a sneer,
To be charitable,
To keep on trying,
To be considerate,
To avoid mistakes,
To endure success,
To profit by mistakes,
To forgive and forget,
To think and then act,
To keep out of the rut,
To make the best of little,
To subdue an unruly temper,
To maintain a high standard,
To shoulder a deserved blame,
To recognize the silver lining—
But it always pays.

—Selected

Doubt sees the obstacles,
Faith sees the way.
Doubt sees the darkest night,
Faith sees the day.
Doubt dreads to take a step,
Faith soars on high
Doubt questions— Who believes?
Faith says, "I"

Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

MORE THAN A PRETTY FACE

Susan Miller stood on tiptoes to put her lunch bucket on the kitchen cabinet. She had to stretch to reach so high.

Mother was peeling potatoes on the worktable nearby. "Well, how did school go today?" Mother smiled.

"Oh, okay." Susan turned quickly away and walked to the corner to get a drink.

But she didn't turn quickly enough. Mother had already noticed that her eyes were red. Susan had been crying about something. So that was why she seemed so silent. Usually she was chatting about school when she came home.

Mother stepped over and opened the lunch bucket. Then she was sure something had happened. Susan hadn't been hungry at lunch. All she had eaten was half of one sandwich, and a few slices of peaches.

"Susan," Mother said kindly. "You hardly touched your lunch. What was wrong?"

Susan looked at her shoes. "I just wasn't hungry," she said, without glancing up.

Mother picked up her paring knife again, and thought for a moment. "Did you do something in school that the teacher had to punish you for?"

"No."

"Are you sick? I don't hope you're starting with that flu that's been around. Come here, so I can see if you have fever."

"I'm not sick," Susan said.

"Come here so I can feel your forehead. Maybe you have fever and don't know it."

Susan walked slowly to her mother. Mother felt her forehead. It wasn't hot. Susan wasn't sick. But once again Mother noticed the red eyes. "What happened to make you cry, Susan?"

Susan didn't answer.

"Did the other girls tease you?"

Susan nodded, and swallowed hard. Her eyes glistened with fresh tears. "Mom," she said, looking up, "why can't I be pretty like the other girls?"

"Pretty?" Mother asked, taken by surprise. "You're pretty enough, as far as I know. Why? Did someone say you weren't pretty?"

"All-all the other girls in school have boy friends, except me. And—and—and today Linda said no boy will ever-ever like me, 'cause I'm not pretty." Susan blinked bravely to hold back the tears.

"Boy friends!" Mother exclaimed. "In the second grade and you're already worrying about boy friends! I never heard of anything so silly. You're way too young to have such ideas. And besides, what Linda doesn't realize is that it takes more than a pretty face to make a pretty person."

Susan's mother was right. It does indeed take more than a pretty face to make a pretty person. In fact, it doesn't take a pretty face at all. But unfortunately a lot of people much older than Susan and Linda don't seem to realize this.

Yet this truth goes as far back as the first book of the Bible. All of us have heard the fascinating story of Isaac

and Rebekah, and how they got together as man and wife. The 24th chapter of Genesis is the best courtship story in print today. It isn't necessary to go into detail here, we are familiar with how Abraham sent his trusted servant to find a wife for Isaac. But in talking about pretty faces, it should be pointed out what the Bible says about Rebekah—that she was a very pretty girl; it says she had an usually pretty face. "...und sie war eine sehr schöne Dirne von Angesicht" (Gen. 24:16).

And now, keeping in mind that Rebekah was a very pretty girl, let's go to the end of the chapter where we come across a startling detail. As Rebekah and the servant neared the tents of Abraham, they noticed a man coming toward them.

"Who is that man walking in the fields and coming to meet us?" Rebekah asked.

"That is my master, Isaac, the servant replied.

Isaac! The man she had come so far to marry.

What did Rebekah do? Did she say, "Oh my, here is Isaac coming. I'll have to make a good impression on him. I'll have to look my best. Whoa! Stop the camel. I want to puff up my hair so it looks real fancy, and put on a dress that isn't all wrinkled and dusty from traveling. And I'm going to smile and laugh and chat and be a lot of fun so this young man can't resist falling in love with me."

No, Rebekah did nothing of the sort. She did say, "Whoa, stop the camel," but it wasn't to get all dolled up and try to show off her pretty face to the best advantage. Instead she climbed down from the camel and covered her face with a veil!

Isaac came and took her for his wife. Her pretty face was hidden from sight. He had no idea how she looked. For all he knew she was the homeliest girl between there and Mesopotamia. For all he cared, too.

Isaac had values that went deeper than exterior beauty. Otherwise he wouldn't have been content to wait until he was forty years old—he wouldn't have been content to wait until the right one showed up. Because undoubtedly many of the Canaanite daughters in the land around him were pretty to look at, if that would have been all he cared about.

Isaac didn't see Rebekah's pretty face, but he saw something else that looked more important to him, and that was her inner character. It was this quality of humble submission to him, of shamefacedness and godly modesty that inspired Isaac with the confidence that Rebekah was chosen of God to become his wife and helpmeet.

A reserved and modest character like Rebekah's is priceless, going far beyond the doubtful value of a pretty face. It is this shamefacedness and modesty that is so absent in many girls today—girls who would have a pretty face, if they had a character to match it. Without it, their attractiveness is shallow and empty.

It is every parent's hope that their daughter will grow up and find a good husband. But too many of us have forgotten what qualities are most needed. We are pleased when our children have pretty faces, and we dress them up to look well. Quite without realizing it, we transfer our own shallow values upon our children. The Bible is very clear that it is spiritual values that count in young women. "In like manner also that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array..." (1 Tim. 2:9). Another verse says almost the same thing of women, adding double authority and force: "Whose adorning be not that outward adorning...but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is in the sight of God of great price" (1 Peter 3:5).

The Bible contains one of the best descriptions of girls who lack the qualities of modesty and shamefacedness. Found in the third chapter of Isaiah it is a perfect picture

of girls who are too bold and forward, too loud and giddy, who can think only of boys. And God pronounced a curse and punishment upon his people "Because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet..." (Is. 3:16).

There is hardly a subject today about which there is so much wrong thinking as that of courtship and marriage. The world around us has lopsided values, putting too much emphasis on the physical and not enough on the spiritual. Society has put a premium on pretty faces and attractive bodies to the neglect of inner qualities. And too many of the world's wrong values have over the years rubbed off on us in the plain churches. Certainly when

children in the second grade are already teasing each other about boy and girl friends, something is seriously wrong. Marriage should not be the object of light-mindedness. It is a sacred union that should be looked forward to in maturity and approached in reverence. And something is even more seriously wrong when girls fret and worry at any age because their faces aren't as pretty as someone elses. Surely we should have better values than that. We need to go back to the Bible to get our thinking straightened out. Even the Old Testament stories teach us that skin-deep beauty is not really important, on way or the other. We need more Rebekahs today, who when they see Isaac approaching, adorn themselves with shamefacedness and sobriety, keeping the physical in the background where it rightly belongs.

FIRESIDE CHATS

JOSEPH STOLL

EACH AFTER HIS KIND

One winter day a couple of years ago a housewife was cleaning beans for her family's dinner. The beans were white navy beans, and this particular family had bought a bag of them from the local mill for their year's supply. In sorting through the beans, the housewife noticed one that was different.

She looked at the bean closely. It was larger than its companions, and instead of being all white, it had a brown belly. "I've never seen one like it," thought the housewife. It was a fine-looking bean, so she at once decided, "I know what I'll do with it. I'll save it and when spring comes we'll plant it in the garden."

So she put the lone bean in with the seed packages, and when the sun grew warmer and the frost had gone out of the ground, she planted that bean in a good safe spot in the garden. In due time the bean sprouted and grew, and before the summer was over the plant had borne a rich harvest of brown-bellied beans, each one an exact duplicate of the lone stranger that had been picked out of the bag of navies.

Now this is not fiction, and it is not a parable. As I said, the story began several years ago, but I guess I forgot to say that it took place in Canada, and that the lady was my wife.

Well, the story does not end there. Today, as our family

sat around the table in our Honduras home, we had brown-bellied beans as a main dish. They were picked fresh from the garden. The whole family thinks they're real good beans, and so do some of the neighbors. Perhaps, though, these beans are popular because of their special history, rather than because of some special flavor.

But that should be reason enough to make them special. The idea of picking out a single bean and letting it multiply, sounds like a small miracle. More than that, it is a good object lesson of what life is like.

Family Trees Are Alive

It would be interesting to know the history of the bean my wife picked out of the bag and saved for planting. Was it from a stray plant out of somebody's garden? Is it a variety that we could have easily ordered from some seed company? And how did it get into the bag anyhow?

Curiosity makes us wonder, but really, knowing the story of that bean would have very little value. The past is past, and there is no changing it. We did have some control over the future of that bean, but there was nothing at all we could do about its past.

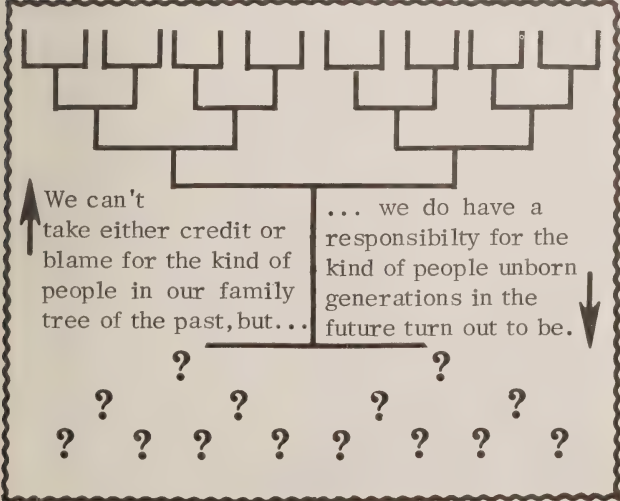
But now it's time to leave the garden with its bean families, and take a look at the home and human families. We find a sameness, I'm sure. For one thing, just as we are curious about the bean, so it is interesting to study our own personal family trees, to learn about our ancestors,-- who they were, what they believed, what they worked and where they lived. Here again, though, the past is the past and we have no power to change it.

Some things in our family's history may please us very much. We are glad that our parents and grandparents were hard-working, honest people. Perhaps a great-great-grandfather was a well-known bishop who left a wide influence for good in his day. Others may have been less prominent, but just as devout.

But lurking among the branches of the family tree we are likely to find spots and blemishes. Perhaps grandparents who had an unhappy home life, with the husband and wife bickering and quarreling to the end of their days. Perhaps some great-grandparent who committed suicide, or another who ran away and left his wife and children to take care of themselves as best as they could. Every family tree is likely to have unfruitful boughs if we look closely and go back far enough.

That's the past. We can't change it, no matter how hard we try. That part of the family tree is beyond changing, but there is a very real and living part that can be altered and made different by our efforts -- the part of our family tree that is growing today, and will go on growing tomorrow.

Family trees are alive. New branches are growing. We



can expect generation to follow generation until the Lord comes again. How our family tree prospers in our lifetime, and in the future, -- here we have something we can work on. We have a great influence in the making of that tree.

The way we live, the marriage companion we choose, how we teach and train our children -- all these will make a difference.

Let us suppose John and Jonas are brothers. John is a young man who wants to be obedient to God's commands. He is baptized upon his faith, and later marries a fine girl in the church who shares his convictions. They prayerfully start their home and take their responsibilities seriously, training their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and seeking to be a good example to them. John's children are likely to grow up to be Christians and upbuilding church members.

John's brother, Jonas, takes a different course. While in I-W service he gets into bad company, and soon casts his home training to the wind while he pursues a wild life. Within a few years he becomes entangled with a divorced woman who professes no Christian faith at all. The children born to them grow up without godly training.

Can we imagine what a difference there will be in these two branches of the family tree in forty or fifty years?

The two brothers have the same back ground. They have the same family tree behind them, the same parents and grandparents and great-grandparents. In the choosing of them they had no voice.

But the part of the tree that is still growing -- that is where John's branch will be different from Jonas'. Here each brother does have a voice in the development of part of the family.

Like Begets Like

When God created the universe, He decreed that a basic law of nature should be, "Like begets like"--each species reproducing after its own kind. When my wife planted the brown-bellied bean, she did not expect that a tomato plant would come up, nor even that the plant would bear white beans like the ones in which the seed had been found.

True, the laws of genetics are complex, and sometimes there are "Throwbacks" to earlier generations. This is especially true in humans where the ancestry contains such varied traits as tall and short people, quiet-natured and talkative, blue-eyed and brown-eyed. But still the general rule holds good, that like begets like.

This rule runs fairly true in the moral and spiritual sense, too. As an illustration, let's look at two actual families -- the descendants of two men who lived several hundred years ago.

Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758) was a famous preacher in colonial New England. His sermon, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" is still widely-read today. Edwards was a conscientious church leader, and for his strict convictions fell into disfavor with the Congregationalist Church of which he was a member. He wanted to discipline young people who read immoral literature, and he refused to give communion to unconverted church members.

Some years after the death of Jonathan Edwards, a survey was made of his descendants, and it was discovered that a high percentage of them were prominent men. Out of 1394 descendants, 13 were college presidents, 65 were professors, 60 were respected lawyers, 32 were noted authors, 90 were physicians, 200 were ministers of the gospel, and 300 were good farmers.

Max Jukes, by contrast, was a criminal. He too had children, and they in turn had children and children's children. In the late 1800's an American professor, R.L. Dugdale, made the now famous study of the "Jukes" family (not their real name). He uncovered the astonishing fact that this one family by their crimes had cost the state of New York over one million dollars, in those days a lot of money. Of 903 of the descendants of Max Jukes, 300 were delinquents, 145 were confirmed drunkards, 90 were prostitutes, 285 had "evil diseases," and over 100 had spent an average of 13 years in prison.

What lesson can we learn from the Edwards and Jukes families? Is life merely a matter of fortune or misfor-

tune, of being born into the right family or the wrong one? I'm sure this is not the case. It was quite possible for a member of the Edwards family to fall into a life of crime and sin, and undoubtedly some did. It was likewise possible for members of the Jukes family, by the grace of God, to live Christian lives, and no doubt some did. Every man is still a creature of choice, and not a helpless victim of fate.

What we can learn from these two families, it seems to me, is firstly, the tremendous power of influence and example, and secondly, that God is not mocked; whatsoever a man sows he reaps, even to the third and fourth generations.

To sum it all up, we who are living today have a responsibility that goes beyond our own souls' keeping, and beyond our friends and neighbours with whom we rub elbows. We have a responsibility to unborn generations as well.

With humans it doesn't all happen as fast as beans growing in the garden, but it happens nevertheless. ■■

IS ISRAEL STILL

WORSHIPPING IDOLS?

Sam W. Schrock

When God led the Israelites into Canaan he told them: "I have given you a land for which you did not labor, and cities which ye built not...and vineyards and oliveyards which ye planted not..."

"Now therefore fear the Lord and serve him in sincerity and in truth; and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the waters, and in Egypt and serve ye the Lord."

And the people answered and said, "God forbid that we we should forsake the Lord, to serve other gods."

And Joshua said unto the people, "If ye forsake the Lord and serve strange gods, then will He turn and do you hurt and consume you after that he hath done you good" (Joshua 24).

Who were these strange gods that the children of Israel were in the habit of serving? Were they not the same gods that we in our times are still tempted to serve? First we find the golden calf which Aaron made from the earrings which the people wore in their ears. This denotes fashion. I am afraid it is one of the things which we in our time are still too much in love with and it will cause us just as much harm as the Israelites' worship of the golden calf did to them. For the period that followed we find that the golden calf was not the only idol which the Israelites were guilty of serving.

Next we find them worshipping Baal and there were many Baalim (the plural of Baal) in the land. It seems as if every valley or hill was known by each particular Baal. The word Baal means "Lord" or "possessor" and it represents earthly possessions. Of all the gods the Israelites served, Baal caused the Lord more anger than any of the others.

Now we find that there was a goddess that was often worshipped along with Baal, called Ashtoreth. This is the one that Solomon served which so angered the Lord that He took away part of his kingdom. Who was this goddess and what did she represent? She was the goddess of sports and sexual desire, a sin that is becoming very great in America today. She was the same goddess as we read of in a later time called Diana. In Acts 19 we find Demetrius was a goldsmith who made silver shrines of the temple of Diana. The temple of Diana was one of the wonders of the ancient world. Demetrius became very much alarmed when he perceived that if the people would become Christians, they would stop worshipping Diana.

We find that the worship of such idols as Diana and Ashtoreth often was accompanied by much lewdness and indecent actions which is a great abomination to God. We should realize that if we serve these same lusts, we will bring upon ourselves the same curses as God sent on the

Israelites who worshipped these idols.

We have made a solemn covenant with the Lord to serve Him in sincerity and truth. If we serve the strange gods which our forefathers served in Canaan, we will find that the Lord will turn against us and do us hurt and consume us after the good He has done to us.

— Amherst, Wisconsin.

"I used to think women didn't make as many mistakes as men," John said to his wife. "Now I wonder if they don't make just as many— only they keep them hidden better."

TOO PROUD TO TELL

Author's Name Withheld

JOHN MAST GOT UP from the breakfast table. "I've got to be going," he said to his wife. "I should be able to get that north field plowed today if nothing happens."

"And I should be able to finish canning our meat if nothing happens," said Ruth, already clearing the dishes from the table.

"Oh, yes, did you want me to bring that hamburger up into the kitchen before I go?" asked John. "It's pretty heavy."

"No, I don't think so," answered Ruth. "I'm planning to fry some steak first, and the kitchen will get pretty warm. When I'm ready for the hamburger, I'll just take a dishpan and bring up what I can carry."

"I didn't know steak had to be fried before it was canned," said John. "But then I never paid much attention to how Mom and the girls did their things. Isn't that a lot of work, frying all that meat?"

Ruth flashed a smile at her husband. "Some people don't fry their steak, but we always did. I think it's better that way. I asked your Mom yesterday and she said she usually fries some of it, but not all. You men don't know how much work we women do while you're out in the field."

"Wow, you're telling me," laughed John, going out the door. "I don't remember ever accusing you of loafing."

The door closed and Ruth was alone. She chuckled to herself, then sobered as she thought of the long day's work ahead of her. Yesterday John's parents had brought over a half beef and then stayed to help with it. John had helped, too, and the four of them had had an enjoyable day of working and visiting together.

Ruth sighed as she thought of her own parents. How she wished they could come and help her today, but that was out of the question. They had only visited her and John once since they had married and moved to a home of their own. "I mustn't think about it," scolded Ruth to herself. "I knew before I married John that I'd be living four hundred miles away from home."

For the next few minutes Ruth let her thoughts wander. She loved John and his parents. She was happy in her home and liked the small community they lived in. But even then, when John was in the fields and she was alone in the house, she couldn't help but get lonesome for her own family. If only they wouldn't be so far away.

Firmly Ruth determined to push the thoughts out of her mind. She added a piece of wood to the fire in the kitchen stove and set two skillets on to heat. Then she

hurried downstairs and brought up a big container with steak. "I've got to stop thinking about it," she told herself. "Maybe there will be a letter today."

Soon Ruth was too busy to think of anything but her two skillets full of meat frying. If she did have a spare moment, she was scalding cans and filling them with the meat she had already fried. The forenoon passed swiftly and before Ruth knew it, she had to start dinner. She hurried in order to get a canner of meat on to cold pack while they ate dinner.

"Here's the mail," said John, coming in for dinner.

"Any letters from home?" asked Ruth eagerly.

"Letters from home?" asked John. "Didn't we just have one yesterday?"

"No, we didn't," said Ruth. She knew John was teasing.

"Oh, I guess it was the day before," said John, handing her the Budget.

Ruth blushed and reached for the mail. John still hadn't said there wasn't a letter. She knew his tricks. Sure enough, when she opened the folded weekly paper, there was a letter with that familiar handwriting and post mark. Dinner had to wait as the two shared the contents of the letter. It contained no special news; it just told what everyone was working and where their church services were and things like that.

"How did the meat canning go?" asked John a short time later as they were eating.

"All right," answered Ruth. "I've got the steak all in cans and I should be able to get the hamburgers done this afternoon."

"Do you fry that, too?" asked John.

"No," answered Ruth. "I am planning to mix some like I do for meat loaf and can it like that. It's good to slice and use for cold sandwiches."

"We used to eat cold hamburger sandwiches at home, too, but don't ask me how they were made," said John.

"I know, because I asked your mother yesterday. She said she's canned hamburger like that, too," said Ruth. "I asked her how she mixes hers."

"Didn't you know?" asked John. "You can make good meat loaf."

"I thought I knew, but I just wanted to make sure," answered Ruth. "Meat's expensive, John, and I didn't want to spoil some so we can't eat it. I was just thinking this forenoon that this meat is to last us until next winter. Suppose I didn't can it right and it wouldn't keep."

"I wouldn't worry," said John. "You've helped can meat before."

"I know I have, but when I canned meat before, I could ask Mom how to do it. Now I'm on my own, and it's our own meat I'm canning. It—it just makes me—I don't know. I guess I'll have to get used to being responsible for things."

"Sure," agreed John. "It's the same way with things on the farm. Like next summer I'll have to decide when the wheat is ripe enough to cut and when it's time to mow hay and things like that. We just have to learn, and if we do make a mistake, we'll have to take it as part of our education and try again."

"But I don't want to make a mistake with this meat if I can help it," said Ruth.

After dinner Ruth quickly cleared off the table and washed the dishes. Then she brought up a dishpan full of hamburger and seasoned it with salt and pepper and packed it into pint jars. As soon as the steak cans had been cooked long enough, she put on a cold packer full of hamburger. Then she set to work to mix the meat loaf. When she went to the cupboard to get crackers to put into the meat loaf, she discovered there were only a few left. For a minute she was puzzled as what to do, then she knew. She would use rolled oats instead. They often used rolled oats in meat loaf at home.

Humming as she worked, Ruth got into the hamburger with both hands and mixed it thoroughly. The meat was cold and her hands became numb and tired. She was glad when she was done. She washed her hands and then packed the meat loaf into jars, just as she had done the

hamburger.

By five o'clock she put the last canner full of meat onto the stove to cook. "It should start to boil by six," she said. "That would finish it by nine. That's not bad."

John came in from the field a little earlier than usual. "I'm done," he said to Ruth, who was just going out to start the chores.

"I've got the last meat on," said Ruth. "That's why I've not even started with the chores."

"That's all right," said John. "We'll help each other. You're late and I'm early, but we're both done." After a while he added, "I guess I shouldn't say I'm done, because I have another field to plow. I'm just done with one field."

"But you're done with what you wanted to do today," said Ruth, carrying a bucket of water in for the calves. The evening passed pleasantly as the two worked together. When the milking was done, Ruth went in to get supper while John finished with the work in the barn. As she walked into the kitchen, a feeling of satisfaction came over her. She was tired, but she sure had something to show for her day's work. Her glance took in the long row of meat jars on the cabinet. She went closer and checked. Sure enough, every lid had snapped down and sealed. Then she took the lid from the cold packer to make sure the water in which the meat loaf cans were setting was still boiling.

When the steam had cleared away so Ruth could get a better look, she saw a sight that filled her with dismay. The top of the water was greasy and crumbs of hamburger were floating on it. "Ach," she gasped. "What made one of my jars burst?" She got a flashlight and flashed into the canner. The sight she saw was sickening. She discovered that not one, but three of the jars had broken. "Just think, all this expensive meat," she groaned aloud. "I wonder if maybe my jars were cracked or something. But I checked before I filled them."

There was nothing to do but put the lid back on and let the rest of the cans continue to boil. Suddenly Ruth remembered something. "The rolled oats, of course," she said. "I didn't leave room for it to expand, and that made too much pressure for the cans to take."

When John came in, he found his wife in a downhearted mood. He listened sympathetically as Ruth told him about the burst meat jars. "Don't take it too hard," he said when she had finished. "Just at noon we were talking about learning from our mistakes."

"But think of all the meat I wasted," said Ruth bitterly. "And the others have to cook for over an hour yet. What if they all burst?"

"Cheer up," said John. "They've stood it this far. They might make it."

"I sure hope so," said Ruth. "It's all my fault. I should have known better."

"Didn't my mom tell you not to fill the jars too full?" asked John. "You said you asked her how to can meat loaf."

"But she didn't know I was going to use rolled oats instead of crackers," said Ruth. "Rolled oats expands when it's cooked and crackers don't. At least, not nearly as much." A pleading look came to Ruth's eyes. "You won't tell anyone, will you, John?" she asked. "I'd be so ashamed if someone found out about it."

John looked surprised. "What would be wrong with telling someone?" he wanted to know. "I don't mean tell everyone, but like telling our parents."

A look of alarm came to Ruth's eyes. "No, John, please don't," she pleaded. "I'd never be able to face them again without thinking of it."

"Everyone makes mistakes, Ruth," said John. "Maybe if you told others they would learn from your mistake and they'd know not to make the same mistake you did."

"But everyone else probably knows already," objected Ruth. "I knew rolled oats expands when it gets cooked, only I didn't think of it. I should have known better and I'm so ashamed to have others know I acted so dumb."

"I won't tell if you don't want me to," said John when

he saw how alarmed Ruth was. His voice took on a teasing note. "I used to think women don't make as many mistakes as men did, but now I wonder if they don't make a lot more, but no one finds out about them because they're too proud to tell."

Ruth didn't answer. She got supper on the table. Every once in awhile she took the flashlight and flashed into the cold packer to check the rest of the cans. To her relief, none of the others broke. At nine o'clock she took out the remaining six cans of meat loaf and added them to the row of jars on the cabinet. But she couldn't rejoice as she had when she had placed the others there. Her thoughts were on the three jars she couldn't place with the rest and on the words her husband had said, "Too proud to tell....too proud to tell."

The weeks and months passed by. John was busy sowing oats and planting corn. Ruth put out her garden and cleaned the house and the yard. Thus their first spring together passed swiftly for the young couple. There were still times when Ruth got a little homesick for her family, but she didn't mind it as much as she had during the winter when most of her work was indoors. But all the same, those letters from home didn't come too often for Ruth.

When the weather turned warmer, Ruth quit using the large cook stove and got out the two-burner Coleman hotplate. This had been a wedding gift from two of Ruth's married brothers who had gotten together to buy it for them. "I like mine so well for summer cooking," Ruth's sister-in-law had said. "When I found out the New Perfection Oil stoves weren't being made anymore, I wondered what we'd use. And now I could easily do without the oil stove. I still use it to do my baking sometimes, but this is all I use for cooking."

The more Ruth used her gasoline hotplate, the more she agreed with her sister-in-law. At first John was a little skeptical about the safety of the appliance, but Ruth soon had him convinced that it was just as safe as a kerosene cookstove.

Then it happened.

Ruth was canning strawberries. For the first time since she was married she used quart jars instead of pint jars. When she put them into the cold packer, she was surprised to see how nearly as tall they were as the canner. "But I thought the jars have to be completely under water," she thought. She set the canner on the hotplate and added more water. She found out that she could get the quart jars completely under water, but there was less than an inch of space left.

"I'll have to keep my eye on it so it doesn't boil over," she thought. She washed the dishes she had dirtied while preparing the strawberries and tidied up the kitchen. The water in the canner still wasn't boiling, so Ruth went out to the garden to pick peas for dinner. Just as she had enough she heard a buggy and saw John's mother drive in the lane.

"Hello, there," she greeted. "Shall I unhitch for you?"

"Oh, no, I can't even come in. Dad just said I should drive in and leave this part for the hay mower. John sent along to town for it," answered Mrs. Mast, handing Ruth a small parcel.

"Surely you have time to come in a little bit," objected Ruth.

"I'd like to, but I told Dad I'd be home in time for dinner. I stayed longer at the other places. I had three stops," said Mrs. Mast. "What are you working?"

"Canning strawberries," answered Ruth. The two women visited a short while, then Mrs. Mast left. Ruth returned to the kitchen. To her surprise, the hotplate was no longer burning. "I'm sure it isn't empty," she thought. "Probably the canner boiled over and the water put out the flame." Carefully she pulled the hot canner to a side so she could relight the burner.

Ruth lit a match. In another instant the whole hotplate and the table on which it was setting was in flames. Ruth let out a little scream and started to run outside. The smell of scorched hair filled her nostrils. She felt her

head and was relieved to find her hair wasn't actually burning. "But, oh, what can I do?" she wondered. "If only John were here." But John was in the back field and had said he wouldn't be back until twelve.

As the flames shot nearly as high as the ceiling, Ruth knew she had to do something. Then she remembered learning in school that soda would put out a fire. She grabbed the box from its place in the cupboard and threw some on the fire. To her relief, she saw the flames become smaller. She added more soda to the fire, and then some more. Then she ran out of soda. "I think flour will do the same thing," she thought, running for the pantry. She grabbed the flour bag and a mixing bowl. Using the bowl as a scoop, she threw flour on the remaining flames. By now the kitchen was filled with smoke. Ruth choked for breath, and went for the door. A strong gassy odor filled the room.

Ruth went outside, leaving the door wide open. She turned and saw a billow of smoke come from the door. "I just hope the neighbors won't see it," thought Ruth, still shaking with fright. "They'll think the house is still on fire and call the fire department."

After a while Ruth returned to the house and opened more doors and windows. Her kitchen was a sight. "I wonder if we'll be able to wash these walls or if we'll have to paint them," she thought, looking at the blackness. "But I'm not going to complain about the work. I'm just too thankful the house didn't burn down."

"Ruth, what happened?" asked John, shock in his voice. He was panting for breath. "I-I was coming up from the field and saw smoke."

Ruth swung around to face her husband. Then she burst into tears. "The hotplate, John," she sobbed. "It-it went wild."

John looked bewilderedly at the kitchen walls and ceiling and the flour-covered stove. The flour wasn't just on the stove. There was plenty of it on the table and on the floor, and had already been tracked elsewhere. "I'm glad you got it out," he said. "Are you all right? You singed your hair."

"Did I?" asked Ruth shakingly. She reached up and felt her hair was dry and crumbly. Little by little she gained control of herself and was able to tell John what had happened.

"Why didn't you use the fire extinguisher?" asked John.

"I never thought of it," said Ruth, "not once."

"Well, you got it out," said John. "That's the main thing. What are we going to do with this thing?" He stood looking at the hotplate.

"Clean it, I guess," said Ruth. "I'll do it this afternoon."

"You mean you're going to use it again?" asked John.

"There's nothing wrong with the hotplate," said Ruth. "The water in the canner boiled over and put out the flame, but it didn't stop the gas from coming out of the generator. I stayed out longer than I was going to. When I came back, I saw that the table was wet, but I just thought it was the water that had boiled out of the canner."

"You mean it was gas?" asked John.

"It must have been because it burned, and water doesn't burn," stated Ruth. "I can't see why I wasn't more careful. I should have known better."

"This is another time we can learn by our mistakes," said John soberly. "And this is one time I hope we won't forget the lesson, either. This was too close for comfort."

John and Ruth had cold sandwiches and cereal for dinner that day. When John was ready to go out he stood in the doorway. "Ruth, if you clean that hotplate, I wish you'd take it out into the wash house to light it. Just to make sure."

"Sure," agreed Ruth. "Try not to worry. I've learned my lesson."

"I wish I had time to help you clean up," said John. "Why don't you go over and get a few of my sisters to help you."

"No, no," said Ruth. "I'll take my time and do it alone. I'm hoping no one will ever find out what happened. I'd

be so ashamed if they found out."

"Now, Ruth," chided John. Then he walked away without saying anything more.

All afternoon Ruth worked hard. But even then she only got half of the kitchen walls and ceiling scrubbed. The next morning she got back to work. She found that the furniture and the windows and everything was smoke-stained. All day she worked hard but by evening she was done. Weariness almost got the best of her as she went about her chores, but afterwards when she came into the clean kitchen again, she forgot that she was tired. She was so thankful to have her house and to have it clean again that she didn't complain about being tired. That evening after supper she sat down to write a letter home.

"Are you going to tell them what happened?" asked John.

Ruth shook her head.

"Why not?" asked John.

"You know why," answered Ruth simply.

John's eyes twinkled a little. "Too proud to tell?" he teased. Then he became serious. "I think you should tell them, Ruth," he said. "Anyone who has a Coleman hotplate like that should know. If they don't they might find out like we did, only they might not be as fortunate as we were."

Ruth was silent for a minute. She saw John's point, but then why was it her it had to happen to? "No one ever warned us," she said stubbornly. "Surely we aren't the first people who found out gasoline hotplates can be dangerous if they're not used right. I'm afraid Mom will worry herself sick if she finds out how careless I was."

John saw that it was useless to say anything more, so he picked up the **Farm Journal** and started reading. Ruth turned back to her letter writing.

Months passed. Ruth kept using the hotplate, and except for the black spot on its lid and the small spot of blistered paint on the wall, there was no sign of the near-misfortune. Ruth was extra careful not to let anything boil over, and not once did she light the stove that summer without remembering that day in June when she had lighted it when it was flooded with gasoline.

One day John brought in the mail as usual. "A letter from your mother," he announced. "And we just had one yesterday."

Alarm showed on Ruth's face as she reached for the letter. "Something must be wrong," she said. "They don't usually write two days in a row." Hastily she ripped the letter. John read over her shoulder. "Oh," gasped Ruth, going to the nearest chair to sit down. She started over and read the letter again.

"Dear John and Ruth,

I thought I'd have to write and tell you right away to be very careful with that gas hotplate you're using. Dan's learned the hard way yesterday. Something ran over and made the flame on the burner go out. Their Ruth came in and went to light it, and the whole thing went into flame. They had the fire department out and saved most of the house, but the kitchen will have to be rebuilt. Ruth is in the hospital with first and second degree burns, but it could be much worse. I'll write more about it later. I just didn't feel safe anymore, knowing you have a hotplate just like it. Mother"

For a long time Ruth sat staring into space. "How old is Dan's Ruth?" asked John, interrupting her thoughts.

"Twelve," answered Ruth. "It's easy to remember, because she was born on my tenth birthday. I guess that's why Dan's named her after me." Ruth became silent. She waited for John to tell her she should have told her parents of her own experience. Maybe if she had, this wouldn't have happened. But when John spoke, he didn't say what Ruth thought he would say. He just reached out and touched her shoulder. "This is another mistake we can learn from," he said simply.

"And I think it's the biggest one of all," answered Ruth brokenly. "If only I hadn't been too proud to tell." ■■

THE GREATEST GAMBLE

-By David Wagler

To play with the idea of suicide is probably the most serious gamble anyone can take in this life. It is a gamble with life and death, not only for this time, but into eternity.

The sad part of the story is that it is all so uncalled for and nearly all the victims desperately want to live. Because of a combination of events, they fall into the deepest despair and depression and by some power are driven to destroy themselves. It is truly a gamble, for nearly all of them are hoping that someone in some way will show up in time to save them before they carry out their plans.

Every year approximately twenty thousand people die in the United States by their own hands and ten times as many attempt it but do not get it carried out. According to statistics, suicides are now the third most common cause of death among persons between the ages of 15 and 25. (The other two causes are accidents and cancer.)

But statistics do not tell it all. Researchers say there are probably twice as many suicides in the world today as the number which is reported. Relatives are reluctant to admit that a member of the family has committed suicide. There are many reasons for this but one reason is that life insurance companies do not pay the full amount in case of suicide.

When a person is admitted to a hospital with slashed wrists, the cause of death is often given as "lacerations" or "hemorrhage."

Most countries have laws against suicide. During the middle ages, England passed a law prohibiting it and also specifying that the victim was to be given a disgraceful burial and all his property confiscated by the government. The reason was because the government had been deprived of a useful citizen and soldier. In the U.S. it is a crime to assist anyone in any way to commit suicide.

Two third of the victims of suicide are over the age of forty. Women have a higher rate of attempted suicide than men but the number of completed suicides is considerably less.

Doctors tell us that the obsession to kill oneself lasts only for a limited time, such as a number of months, or a few years. If a person can be helped over this critical time, he will usually lose the desire.

Suicide is not inherited in spite of the fact that many people who have these tendencies believe it runs in their family. Studies with identical twins show that it is not inherited. One way in which it might have some influence on a person is if a child were repeatedly told while growing up, "Your father (or grandfather, or uncle, etc.) died by suicide so there is a good chance you may, too, someday." A mother told her daughter, "I was tempted to commit suicide a short time before you were born. Therefore you will also have a battle with it." A boy in his pre-teens was told, "Your grandfather committed suicide. If your father does the same thing then no girl will ever want to marry you." Imagine what harmful

talk such inconsiderate talk could have on a youthful mind!

There is reason to believe that suicide becomes more common as life becomes more complex. Primitive peoples rarely commit suicide. City dwellers have a higher rate than rural people. Business and professional men have higher rates than day laborers.

For some unknown reason, suicides increase during the spring and early summer months. The peak is usually in May and the low point in December.

Suicides among children under 16 are increasing in the world today, although they are practically unknown among the plain people. A well-known doctor makes the statement, "As long as a child has some emotional support from his parents or from other relatives; as long as he feels some measure of success and accomplishment, or even has something to look forward to, he will not be driven to think of self-destruction."

It is a well-known fact that people who have deep-rooted emotional problems also have a much higher accident rate than the average. A survey shows there is a direct connection between suicidal tendencies and automobile accidents. When someone zooms by at 90 miles an hour we are apt to say, "He's trying to kill himself." This expression may actually be true, although may be a sub-conscious desire that the person himself is not aware of.

DEATH NEARER HOME

Suicide is to be expected in the world today. With the great amount of selfishness, greed, hate, violence, divorce (Persons who are divorced have three times as high a suicide rate as others), what else can be expected but that some will fall victim to death by their own hands. However, what is hard to understand is why suicide should ever occur in a close-knit Christian community where neighbors help each other and the church is concerned about the spiritual welfare of its members. But the truth is, it does occur and far too often. Some time ago a researcher made the statement that the suicide rate among the plain people is as high or even higher than the national average. There is little doubt but that his conclusion was wrong. The fact remains, however, that the number is much too high.

Every family has a certain amount of tensions and conflicts. Sometimes there are problems which keep mounting until there is severe emotional strain on one or more of the members of the family. Generally speaking, it can be said that these problems are nearly always caused by a lack of love and understanding.

Statistics show that the Hutterites have one of the lowest suicide rates in the world. Perhaps this is due to the fact that they live and work together, and no one person is alone responsible for his own livelihood.

Compare this with the ordinary family where the head of each household has practically all the responsibility to meet the financial, religious, and general needs of his family. When things go wrong, someone is apt to suffer.

MANY WANT TO HELP

Sometime ago a notice was inserted in **Family Life** requesting anyone who had information or suggestions on this subject, to please send it to us. We have been urged for some time to do this by friends who realize that it is a serious matter and that there is an urgent need for a Scriptural and practical approach to the problem.

The response was very good. We received three dozen letters from people who were willing to write their own experiences. All except a few had actually experienced the temptation to commit suicide. For some it was very mild, but others endured a severe struggle.

These are, after all, the ones who are best qualified to speak on the matter. Those of us who have never been seriously tempted would probably have a tendency to be too harsh and unsympathetic for we cannot realize the struggle that some people may be going through.

Each one of the letters was valuable, for each one added something to the overall picture. Although they were different, yet it seemed the letters were similar in some ways. The remainder of this article is composed

mostly of excerpts from these different letters and from thoughts which presented themselves as a result of reading and studying them.

A few experiences will be given in detail but most of them will only be touched upon, perhaps at several different places in the article.

Incidents which would give a clue as to the identity of characters have either been omitted or slightly changed. We received letters from many different states and communities and many of the incidents are quite similar to others in other communities. Your chance of recognizing anyone is very small.

We received replies from boys and girls, men and women, ranging in age from 18 to 82. Most of them were married, but some had lost their partners and some were still single. Some may be your next door neighbor, for very few had mentioned anything about their experiences to anyone else. There is every reason to believe they are devoted Christians and respected members of their communities, no different from other people.

NO SIN TO BE TEMPTED

Most people would sooner die than to admit that they are being tempted to commit suicide. A mother who herself went through some trying times writes, "Those who are thinking of the deed would hardly know how to begin to admit to even very close friends that they are being tempted. Because of this, they fail to get the help and sympathy they so badly need. If only we could know which are the ones who feel so burdened that they can't stand to live, before they did it. Then maybe we could keep them from yielding to the temptation."

Probably part of the idea of keeping it quiet comes from the mistaken opinion that it is a sin to be tempted. Many people, it seems, are under the impression that they can live such holy lives that Satan will leave them alone.

It is true that not nearly everyone is tempted to commit suicide but we are all tempted to do wrong in one way or another. To pretend that we are above temptation to some very serious sins may leave us in a state where we are unprepared when temptations come.

Nowhere in the Bible can we find any support for the idea that we can live a Christian life without being tempted. Jesus was our perfect example, who never committed any sin, and yet He was sorely tempted in the wilderness. Hebrews 4:15 tells us that Jesus was in all things tempted like we are, yet without sin.

It is no sin to be tempted, even to such a serious sin as suicide. By keeping it a secret, even from our closest friends, we are cutting off our own lifeline by which we might receive help. The warning should be added that we should not willingly let ourselves into such a place or into such a mood where we will be tempted. If we pray every day, "Lead us not into temptation," then we should do all we can to avoid temptation. One who has a craving for drink should keep himself away from the saloon. One who has a weakness for sexual sins should stay away from places where these abound, and one who at times is tempted to take his own life should not allow himself to harbor thoughts of hopelessness and despair.

SUICIDE A GROSS SIN

Suicide is such an unpleasant subject that no one likes to talk about it. Perhaps this is the reason for the lack of teaching on the matter. Listen to what this young man has to say, "When I was young, I read about a man who

The following verses have been sent in as favorite verses for times of discouragement. To save space we will list only the references and each person may look them up as they wish.

Joshua 1:9 ; Psalm 23; Psalm 91; Isa. 49:15; Matt. 6:24-34; Matt. 26:41; Romans 8:35-39; 1 Cor. 6:19; 1 Cor. 10:13; Eph. 6:11-18; Col. 3:16; 1 Thess. 5:17-24; James 4:7; Rev. 3:5 and 3:12.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

The following suggestions should work no harm in any household. Try a generous dosage to brighten up the day and increase the interest in living. If there is anyone in the family with emotional problems then increase the dosage ten-fold.

TRY TO HAVE A CHEERFUL OUTLOOK. When you are happy, others will be glad for your sake. When you are gloomy, others will turn away.

SMILE, even to the people you don't know, but especially to the members of your own family.

COMMUNICATE WITH THE PEOPLE AROUND YOU. Let them know you are aware they exist.

TAKE AN ACTIVE INTEREST IN OTHERS. There are many, many ways you can show your concern for those around you.

BE A GOOD LISTENER. Encourage others to talk about themselves and their problems. Remember that a toothache or a tack in the shoe is of more concern to most people than a famine in China.

prayed earnestly before committing suicide. At that time I felt that if such a person were a Christian, he would go to heaven. Later I heard a preacher tell of a man who confessed that Satan had tempted him to commit suicide. The thought of suicide being the devil's work came to me as a shock. Later I came to realize that even when we have trials and sufferings, we should put our full trust in the Lord and He will not forsake us."

Another man writes, "I think I can understand now how someone can come to the place where he will do something like that. But we must remember that it is not God's will."

A woman has this to say about the wrong kind of thinking, "Suicide is self-destruction but bad habits are also a form of self destruction. They are a slower form and not so final, but yet self-destruction. I have never seriously considered suicide but I have often wished I would never have grown up. I have the trouble of feeling unappreciated, unfairly treated, and unwanted. You may call this the result of selfishness if you want to, but it is a very real problem with me."

Suicide is a form of murder. The German word for it is "selbst-mord" which means literally, "Self-murder." We can find nothing but condemnation for it in the Bible.

Suicide in itself may not be a greater sin than other gross sins. What makes it so serious is that there is no chance for repentance.

As stated before, it is no sin to be tempted. But the moment we yield to that temptation and begin making plans we are doing wrong.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE

When the act has been committed or an attempt made, the question naturally comes up, "Was he accountable for what he did?" We can be thankful that we do not need to make the decision and can rest in the knowledge that each one will be judged by a righteous Judge.

It is estimated that one third of all suicides are mental cases. No doubt these will have much less responsibility for the act than others. But the fact remains that the other two thirds would have to be classed as sane. These are the ones which are difficult to explain.

It is possible that some people are normal up to a short time before committing the act. But then the question comes as to whether they are answerable for the mental condition.

If there is indication of a mental condition then the wise thing to do is to consult a doctor who works with this type of illness (psychiatrist), or if necessary, commit the person to a mental hospital. One doctor has stated that people who go into a state of deep mental depression are usually unable to commit suicide during the worst part of the period. It is either while going into this state of

depression or coming out of it that there is danger.

A mother who has received help from a psychiatrist writes, "It seems our people are too proud to admit we don't know all the answers. We are apt to tell a person with problems, to pray and put his trust in God. This is fine as far as it goes but you wouldn't think of going to a dentist to have your appendix taken out, or just praying about it when you have a big cavity in your tooth. To me it's the same thing when you know you have a mental problem and you just let it go, hoping it will get better. You need to pray but you also need to put action behind your prayers and do what you can. I feel it is important to go to the right source for help while there is still hope for if we don't it can lead to a person taking his own life. I believe that if we would not have sought outside help, I would now either be in a mental hospital or dead and in hell.

"If you can't get to the root of your problem by talking it over with a friend or a minister, then you need outside help. If anyone ever asks you if you think he ought to go to a psychiatrist, don't just push him off by saying he isn't as bad as he thinks. **He could be a lot worse than you think.** I am sorry I didn't go sooner instead of struggling so long that it was almost too late."

But the saddest letter of all comes from the widow of a man who committed suicide. It is the only letter we received from the marriage partner of one who took his own life. "We were just an average family consisting of an almost equal number of boys and girls. Dad was very serious minded and his aim was to live the life of a Christian. But it seemed that the last year before he died, it was a burden for him to live. He was a ——— (an ordained man) and it seemed there was more than usual trouble in the church, and he just couldn't get over it. Family cares, debts, and church troubles all loomed so big for him. I, in my ignorance, did not realize how serious this was. He would tell me that he just couldn't take it any more. Over and over he would say, "Mom, you just have to help me."

"But sad to say, I didn't know how. It was an unhappy situation and this only added to his cares. We often had to speak twice to get his attention. It finally came to the point where he couldn't sleep anymore. If only I had known more about mind sickness, maybe this story would not have to be written.

"With God's help, my children and I are carrying on with the farming as there is no turning back. But friends, when you loved ones become depressed, can't sleep, become shy, feel inferior to others, and work becomes a burden, then they need help. You may think it would be too hard to put your loved one into a hospital, **but don't wait too long.** For me, it would seem a very simple matter to visit at the hospital instead of going to the cemetery."

PRESSURE IN THE HEAD

It seems to be a rather common occurrence for a person to be afflicted with a severe headache or some other physical abnormality just before a suicide attempt. A mother wrote to say this happened to her, "Sometimes a person can have a lot of pressure on the brain. The pressure can be so great that it affects the thinking of the victim. This was true in my case. If you are suspicious of a member of your family being affected by such, by all means, have him go to a doctor and tell him about it as quickly as possible."

Another interesting story comes from a relative of a middle aged man who suffered a head injury in an accident. "He was unconscious after the accident, severely hurt in the head and there was little hope for his recovery. After a long time he regained his health to the extent that he was able to do some work. He began to get pressure on the brain. The medical doctors could not give him any relief so he went to a doctor who massages and after a number of treatments, he felt better. His mind was clear once more. Then he began to worry about some misdeeds which he had done many years before. He confessed and made peace with the church but his mind started going

HEED THE DANGER SIGNALS

When you see a blinking red light, you take it as a danger signal. When you hear expressions like the following, then assume that someone is asking for help.

"You won't have to put up with me much longer."

"You'd be better off without me."

"I don't want to be a burden."

"This is the last straw."

"I can't stand it any longer."

"I don't think I'll be living much longer."

"Sometimes I feel like ending it all."

"I'd sooner be dead than alive."

Eight out of ten persons give hints before committing suicide. Any hint or remark should be taken seriously. It is better to be concerned ten times where there is no need than to not give heed one time when we ought to. Remarks like the above do not necessarily mean that the person is actually planning to commit suicide, but he may be starting down the road which could someday lead there.

backwards. He forgot how to read German. He told his family he would not be living much longer. The medical doctor came and examined him and said he has a strong heart and normal blood pressure but is in a stage of nervous wreck. The family kept an eye on him.

"Suddenly he was missing and when his wife went to look for him, he was up in the barn with a rope in his hand. He dropped the rope, threw up his hands and cried like a baby. His mind was in bad shape so he was sent to a hospital. His muscles were very tense and the doctors could not make him relax. Finally after five days of treatment the medicine took hold and he took a turn for the better. It was feared he would have to be admitted to a mental hospital but he recovered enough that he could go home. He is now able to work again but must take medication every day to keep his mind from becoming confused. The remarkable thing about it is that **he says he does not remember anything that happened two days before and for three days after he entered the hospital.**"

Other parts of the body can be affected similarly, especially the stomach. Here is what one man writes about his experience, "If the stomach is over-worked, it will affect the nerve centre, or solar plexus. It works both ways, for thoughts of anxiety, fear, jealousy, and hate upset the stomach. You have heard of people losing their appetite from something which affected their emotions. I have had the experience. I finally got so bad I didn't feel good on anything I ate. I was often depressed and felt like some burden was pressing me down. The only thing that got me through that awful time was completely giving myself up to my Saviour and trusting that some day the sun would shine again.

No doubt every case is different and there is no way of telling whether the abnormal physical conditions cause the thoughts of suicide or whether the thoughts of suicide cause the abnormal physical conditions. Probably some cases are one way and others are the other.

THE ROAD THAT LEADS DOWNWARD

There is no good reason for suicide. Few people ever think when they start down that road, that they will ever end up to be a murderer.

Satan has three very effective tools which he uses on people to get them into a condition where they will commit suicide. The first one is discouragement. To discourage a person means to dishearten, or take away his hope, faith, and courage.

Even though we want to do what is right, Satan can put obstacles in our way to make us stumble. If we allow these obstacles to become roadblocks, if we give up and

think, "What's the use of trying?" then Satan has succeeded in discouraging us.

When we allow ourselves to become discouraged, we are ready for Satan's second tool - self-pity. Instead of looking outward and upward for help, we are apt to look inward at ourselves and feel that we are unfairly treated, misunderstood and misused.

Here is what one who has gone through the experience has to say about it.

"Do you ever feel like quitting and just dropping everything and running? Not just tired of work, but even your life and you think nobody cares? This is discouragement or depression, but do not linger there for it is the work of the devil. You can not even think a good thought by yourself but don't give up. You may be able to yet grasp a hold at the top. I also thought there was no getting out and for months, I hung in that deep dark valley. But finally I saw the light and through faith, I turned to Jesus Christ. He lifted by burden, which was caused by the snares of the devil - things like self-pity, and jealousy. How thankful I am that God is merciful! Wouldn't it have been a sad fate if I had gotten to the other side and my name would not have been written there? It is important that we throw out all thoughts of hate, depression and despair."

This does not mean that everyone who allows himself to become discouraged, or indulges in self-pity will end up in suicide. Indeed only a very small percentage ever seriously consider it. However, of the people who do commit suicide, **most of them get there via the road of discouragement and self-pity.**

We simply can not afford to put ourselves in a position where we may be caught off guard. The story is told of a man who went to eat his dinner in a casino which had a reputation for gambling and women. Before he left the place, he was approached by a woman who wanted to become friendly with him and sought to get him started at gambling. When he realized where she was trying to lead him, he said, "I don't care for what you have to offer and I don't gamble." Her answer was a very pointed one when she asked, "Then what are you doing in here?"

One who herself has been tempted by thoughts of suicide gives this advice, "Stay away from temptation. If you go boating above the falls, the closer you get to the falls, the harder the struggle to get to safety. **Don't boat above the falls.**"

Of course there are other causes along with discouragement which bring on more temptations. One of these is self-hate. Some people actually hate themselves and do not give their own bodies the care and respect they deserve. Sometimes this is brought on by setting up for themselves a goal which is unrealistically high. Then when they fail to attain their goal they become discouraged to the point of neglecting their own bodies. The Apostle says we should take care of our bodies and nourish them (Eph. 5:29.)

One of the best preventatives against rash thoughts or

actions is to have a sense of belonging. As long as a person feels that he is a needed member of the family, the church or even the community, then there is little danger of being seriously tempted to suicide. An ideal home life is one of the best guarantees we can have against discouragement and its related problems. One man has this to say, "Although I have never done anything or come to the point of attempting suicide, even as a child, I very often wished to be dead. For one thing, I did not live in an ideal home and my physical condition was not the best."

In any home, problems arise, but if a spirit of working together can be maintained, then they usually take care of themselves.

THE MASTER LIE

Satan is an expert liar, in fact the Bible calls him the father of the trade (John 8:44). Not only does he use little lies but he also uses very powerful ones and the Apostle tells us that Satan can perform miracles, or "lying wonders" (1 Thess. 2:9). We believe the only time he uses the truth is when he can take it out of context so as to confuse people. Lies are the third tool which Satan uses against the souls of men to get them to destroy themselves.

There are countless lies he uses, but two are very common. The first one is "You had just as well give up for you are lost." To get people to believe they are lost, he will quote Scriptures to convince them that they have sinned willingly after they have received enlightenment, or that they have blasphemed the Holy Ghost, or that their sins are too great to be forgiven.

There is a tremendous difference between the workings of Satan and the voice of the Holy Spirit. God convicts men of sin, pointing out where they have failed in order to bring them to repentance. If they are truly sorry for their sins and want to get rid of them, then He promises to forgive and blot out their sins. On the other hand, the only reason Satan points out anyone's sins is to get them to believe that God can not forgive them. It is true that before God, any sin is serious and if not repented of can bring eternal condemnation. But Satan tries to take sins which in themselves are not gross sins and magnifies them out of all proportion. such things as impure thoughts, or unbecoming words or actions can be portrayed as the unforgiveable sin. Things like masturbation have in some cases brought on such an intense feeling of guilt that it has actually influenced people to commit suicide.

Perhaps no other Scripture is more misused by Satan to bring people to their grave than Hebrews 10:26-27, "For if we sin wilfully after we have received the knowledge of truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins." But if we read on we find in the 30th verse the kind of people the Apostle is talking about, namely those who have trodden under foot the Son of God, and have counted the blood of the Covenant an unholy thing and have despised the Spirit of Grace. The Luther version makes it plain, "so haben wir furdere kein ander Opfer mehr fuer die Suende." We have no other sacrifice for our sins except that which we have despised, namely the blood of Christ.

Adam Clarke, in his commentary, makes it plain what these verses refer to. "The case is that of a **deliberate apostate**, one who has utterly rejected Jesus Christ and His atonement and renounced the whole Gospel system. It has nothing to do with backsliders in the common use of the term. A man may be overtaken in a fault, or go deliberately into sin and yet neither renounce the Gospel or deny the Lord that bought him. His case is dreary, and dangerous, but it is **not hopeless**. No case is hopeless except that of the deliberate apostate who rejects the whole Gospel system after having been saved by Grace. To him there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin for there is but one sacrifice, Jesus, and this he has utterly rejected."

We know that we of ourselves are unable to even think good thoughts without the help of God's Holy Spirit. The

NO LAUGHING MATTER

One inconsiderate person can do more damage than ten others can help. A 17-year old boy climbed out on the roof of a building as if he were going to jump. A crowd of people soon gathered in the street below thinking it was some kind of a stunt. One of the men called out, "Go ahead and jump."

Soon others were daring him, also. After the boy jumped to his death, they said ashamedly, "We never thought he would."

People seem to be their worst in crowds. One cruel or disturbed person in the group who calls out "Go ahead and jump" can lead others to act the same way. Had the people in the crowd spoken sympathetically, there is a good chance he might not have jumped.

desire for repentance is the result of the urging of the Holy Spirit. Once we have blasphemed the Holy Spirit, He will not move us to repentance. Therefore we must conclude that as long as we have the desire to repent that we are not forsaken of God.

Once a person has blasphemed the Holy Spirit, the battle will be over and Satan will have control of that person. As long as the battle continues, there is still hope for repentance and we can rest assured that Satan is lying when he tells us, "There's no use trying for you are lost."

A man who has now passed the 80-year mark has this experience to tell of what he went through in his younger years. "One night the devil came to me and said in a plain voice, 'You are lost and are going to die.' The next morning I went to our old bishop and told him about it and he said to me, 'God does not talk to people like that. It is the devil trying to scare you for he wants to scare anyone he can.' Later when I read Phillippians 1, 28, I knew what he meant."

NOBODY CARES

The other lie which Satan uses to discourage large numbers of people is simply the words "Nobody cares." Man is not born into this world to stand alone, he needs to love and be loved. If Satan can get us to believe that nobody cares, then he has taken us a big step downward.

We would like to give the rather lengthy story of the "unhappy housewife." We will refer to it later to prove other points but at this time we want to show what it means to a discouraged person to know that someone really cares.

"I used to think my thoughts were my own until I had a very trying experience. I came into bondage through discouraging thoughts. My life was happy until it somehow changed. I was not aware at the time how or why it changed. Suddenly life became pressing. My husband and I could not understand each other any more. I blamed him and he blamed me. I became forgetful. I couldn't tell my troubles to my husband as before, nor to my family nor to my family doctor. The doctor asked me what was wrong but since I couldn't remember, I told him nothing was wrong. I often cried.

"I never had trouble before with cooking or baking but now I had to check and recheck my recipes. But in spite of this, many times my baking was a flop and when I rechecked, I found I had forgotten something. It was very discouraging and more bad thoughts came. Naturally my husband couldn't praise me anymore so a wall grew up between us. I could not understand why life changed so. My smiles were in the past and so was my singing.

"I would go to church but the message was vague and seemed far away. I hardly received any strength from it. When I read the Bible I got bad dreams. Neither could I pray. Bad thoughts came to me. I knew I was an unfit mother. I took nerve pills and sleeping pills.

"Then one evening my husband was sleeping on theavenport and I felt I should waken him to go to bed. But a fear came over me for I was afraid he would be angry with me for waking him now. It was ten o'clock already and he always wanted to go to bed before this late. I

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS

"JESUS SAID, THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER..."
Matthew 19:18.

"BUT THE FEARFUL, THE UNBELIEVING, THE ABOMINABLE, THE MURDERERS... SHALL HAVE THEIR PART IN THE LAKE WHICH BURNETH WITH FIRE AND BRIMSTONE." Rev. 21:8.

"IF ANY MAN DEFILE (German: verderbet) THE TEMPLE OF GOD, HIM SHALL GOD DESTROY, FOR THE TEMPLE OF GOD IS HOLY, WHICH TEMPLE YOU ARE." 1 Corinthians 3:16.

wished I had woken him earlier. I hated myself so bad I didn't know what to do.

"While I was trying to think of what I should do, a sudden thought struck me, Why not end it all? This was very strange to me and I could hardly believe it was my own thought. I had never considered anything like this before. I began considering whether I should do it for I really didn't think it was the right thing to do. Besides, I wouldn't even know how.

"As I was pondering, it seemed I heard a voice, not from within me but from about an arm's length away suggesting that it would be easy, I could just drink something. Then I knew it was Satan who had made this suggestion and I woke up my husband and told him all about what had happened. I also told him there was a desire within me to do what the voice had suggested. "My husband was not angry with me. He spoke very kindly to me and said, 'Don't do it, Don't do it.' He followed me every step from room to room to help me that I would not do it. **"Then I knew that he still cared for me."**

"This desire was still strong in me for several weeks but after a few months I was able to overcome it altogether. I feel it was through a better knowledge of the Grace of God and also because of my husband's love and prayers.

"Tongue can not tell how bitter and agonizing life was under this bondage. I suffered a nervous breakdown but after coming out of it, life was so different. I could think, I could remember and I could pray. I gained new courage and now I could read my Bible."

In the above case, Satan used a number of lies in his attempt to deceive the housewife. Firstly, he made her believe her husband didn't care for her, secondly, that he would be angry with her if she woke him up. When both these lies were proven to be false, she regained enough strength and courage to take her over the worse part of her experience. A third lie was that she could "end it all" whereas it would only have been the beginning of her misery, had she taken her own life.

A reader wrote in to a newspaper columnist to say, "I stopped trying to kill myself when I realized that my death would make a difference, that somebody really cared."

The son of a suicide victim wrote in to say that his mother seemed indifferent and not much worried about her husband. But after the act was committed, "Mother was very upset and sick. She would have done anything to save him now. We were all worried and sick."

To one who is being sorely tried, it may seem that his family and friends do not care and are unconcerned. But nearly always it is because they are not aware of the difficulties their loved one is going through.

The Bible teaches from beginning to end that we should be concerned about and help each other. If one member of the family or the church, or the community suffers, then all the others should suffer with him.

SATAN IS A HARD MASTER

Those who give themselves up to do what Satan wants them to do, invariably find they are serving a hard master. I have already related the story of the unhappy housewife who was under bondage and in a miserable state of mind for months. Finally when she was in a position where Satan thought she would do it, he wanted her to take her own life and thus destroy for eternity her chances for repentance.

Another woman who had given birth to a child which was less than welcome writes, "When trials became seemingly unbearable, Satan would tell me, 'Take your child in your arms and go end it all.' Oh, what an awful feeling! Satan is a hard master if we listen to him, but I never did really consider it. I trusted in the Lord and He delivered me and protected me."

A man who has had his share of troubles has this to say, "I don't believe anyone who hasn't had the experience knows what a person goes through who has family trouble. If the devil can get him discouraged and



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make him believe that no one loves him and that he hasn't any right in this world and that married life isn't what he thought it should be, he is on dangerous ground.

"You have to pray and pray and pray again that God will hold His hand over you and protect you from the devil. Don't be alone for that is the time the devil wants to push it on you. Always have someone with you. And don't promise him anything such as if so and so don't change, then you will do it. If you promise him once, then he has a hold on you."

HURTING THE ONES WE LOVE

Perhaps some suicides are committed in the hopes of hurting someone, either parents or other friends or loved ones. Particularly young people may take the attitude, "They'll be sorry yet." Sometimes such rash acts are committed on the spur of the moment.

Some doctors say there are three different types of suicide but others claim that they are basically the same, but the victims use different methods to express themselves.

Probably more suicide victims take the opposite attitude. Instead of craving to hurt someone, they feel they will not be missed and that they are doing their friends a favor by getting out of the way.

Be that as it may, what neither of the two classes of persons realizes is that if they carry out their plans, they will be hurting their loved ones many times more than they can ever imagine. Time has a way of erasing nearly every disappointment which we can meet in this life but to lose a loved one in this way leaves a wound so deep that it can never be fully healed. It is like a bad dream in that you want to forget it but unlike a dream, it will not go away.

Of all the replies we received on the subject, only two were from persons closely related to a suicide victim. One was from the son of a man who died a number of years ago. He wrote, "I can just not put it in words the way it really was. Suicide death is not nice for anybody that is left back."

The other was from the widow of a man who was thought to have had a mental condition. She wrote with a great heaviness of heart and only because "I feel responsible to write what I have learned, only I learned it too late." She went on to say about the message which brought her the news of her husband's death, "Sad horrible words, which will ring in my ears as long as I live."

The scores of other persons who had lost a loved one could not bring themselves to write. The wound was too deep and it was like scraping a cut that had been partially healed.

We discussed the subject with a woman who had lost a loved one in this tragic way many years ago. She consented to give us her opinion as to some possible causes and preventatives. However, the next day she came back and said she had slept very poorly that night and she is sorry she discussed the matter. Apparently it had been at least partially forgotten and to bring it to the forefront again was too painful.

Partings always bring sorrow but probably one of the saddest sights anyone could ever see was a group of little children, huddled with their mother around a coffin before the lid was finally closed upon their father. They wept, even those of three and five years old. How sad that they must go through life with unanswered questions staring them in the face, knowing their father had left them by an act of his own choice.

Truly it is a tragedy in every sense of the word. On top of hurting their loved ones to an immeasurable extent, they are preparing themselves for an endless torment in eternity. How awful to face a righteous and Holy God when the last act in this life was to kill a human being.

IS THERE NOTHING TO DO?

The answer is yes, but like in other sicknesses, what may help one person may harm another. If a person is

FALSEHOODS

Suicides happen without warning. At least eight out of ten persons give a good hint first.

They really want to die. Most people who commit suicide want very much to live. They are deceived into believing there is no other way out.

Anyone who threatens it, won't. Many who threaten never do, but on the other hand, many do.

Reading about suicides, or articles on suicide, is apt to make people commit it. Doctors say no. In a recent 6-month newspaper strike in a certain big city, suicides actually increased.

Suicide is inherited. In a recent study with identical twins it was concluded suicide is not inherited.

Improvement means the risk is over. This is not true because numerous cases have happened after there was a marked improvement in the patient.

Once a suicide, always a suicide. Many people who have attempted suicide have recovered to live a normal and productive life.

affected by thoughts of self-destruction, it is important that he understand the problem he is facing for he can do more than anyone else to effect a cure. He must rid himself of the evil thoughts which are dragging him downward.

Others, however, can be a big help (or a big hindrance) to him in overcoming the temptation. All that can be done in an article like this is to give suggestions and each case must be worked out on an individual basis.

The first basic step is to understand the seriousness of the problem. Suicide is a sin and when we are working against sin, we are working against the wiles of the devil. The Apostle says, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places" (Eph. 6:12).

A few years ago in one of our plain communities a young man became obsessed with the thought of taking his own life. His wife and family feared very much for his safety. Among other things, in an attempt to keep him from carrying out his plans, they took his guns which he had in the house and hid them. This went on for months. At times he was much better but would then relapse into his old condition. After a few years, it so happened that his wife died. Then everyone greatly feared that he would not last long, but to their astonishment, he overcame the temptation.

Later he confided to a friend, "When my wife died, it set me to thinking. She was a Christian woman, if ever there was one, and I knew that if I wanted to go where she is, then I should have to get rid of all my thoughts of suicide."

By giving himself up into the Lord's hands, he was able to overcome the temptation. But he told them a very amazing thing when he related his experience. He said, "I always knew where the guns were hidden. Even though they were changed from one place to another, there was something that always told me right where they were."

From this it is easy to understand that if we want to combat these powers of darkness, we must use spiritual weapons. As the Apostle says further in Ephesians 6, we must put on the whole armor of God, having our loins girt with the truth, putting on the breastplate of righteousness, taking the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God.

Not only must we pray, but we must be willing to back up our prayers with actions. What good would it do if someone were hungry or lacking in clothes, if we would pray for them and ask God to help them but would not

be willing to do what they would like to relieve their needs? (James2).

The person himself should also be willing to do what he can. If a person were hungry, what good would it do for him to ask God to send him food but would not be willing to do what he could to earn some food? Would God answer such a prayer? Hardly.

GET THEE BEHIND ME SATAN!

As noted before if we are subject to being tempted to suicide, we should be careful not to allow ourselves to sink into discouragement. One who has had more than the average amount of trials in his family writes, "How can we overcome the desperate feelings of hopelessness when we are overcome with fear, guilt, or despair? We should make a conscious effort to push away the thoughts which come until such a time as our confidence returns."

Another one relates her own experience, "Whenever the temptation hits me with a strong force, I don't do anything at all so that I will not do something I shouldn't, and it always passes away again. These trials are always preceded by a fast falling off of spirits, a feeling of 'Woe is me for I am undone,' utterly cast down and with giant despair. Sometimes I have to brace myself with clenched fists, like as if a strong tide were pulling me away. I breathe in gasps and sobs, and sometimes it seems I hear a voice telling me to take my own life. There are even suggestions on how to do it but I refuse to obey for I know it is Satan speaking. I don't do anything at all and in a few minutes it passes on and then I am very sorry to have had such thoughts."

A priceless gem, and one which might have helped the writer of the above experience, comes from a reader in Pennsylvania. "I would like to write what a grandmother told me when I was working for her daughter, some twenty years ago. When this aged Grandmother was yet a young mother she passed a pool of water each day when going to the chickenhouse. The thought often came to her that she could fall in and take her own life. Whenever she passed the pool it seemed something would whisper, 'What a nice way to end it all.' Finally one day she turned and said aloud, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' It was the last time those evil thoughts came. This is a good thing to do in other temptations, too and is an example of what Jesus did when He was tempted."

NO MAN CAN STAND ALONE

Being able to talk to others about a problem is usually a good method of getting it out of the way. Here is what one reader has to say, "It is always hard to talk to others about such things and sometimes it seems beyond human strength. This is the most serious part of the matter. Those who express themselves when the need is great are the ones who survive. Perhaps things will be said which ordinarily would not be said, but we must remember these are not ordinary circumstances."

Another one writes, "Not all people are bothered in the same way. When one is burdened, he ought to tell someone. In keeping it to himself he has a most terrible time. But when we tell others, we ought to believe what they say, too. At such times a person is so confused that he hardly knows right from wrong. We need to have confidence in others and do what they say. Lots of our fears are not as bad as we imagine them. Also, we must not try to understand some things which are too hard to understand."

Another one offers this advice, "I try to accept the advice of Christian friends when I am in a state of hopelessness, even allowing them to convince me that I imagine things when I feel almost sure I don't."

BE UNDERSTANDING

Sometimes people who are in difficulty feel they have a good reason for not talking their problems over with anyone. Perhaps in the past they tried it and were met

with ridicule, harsh words, or a lack of understanding. Now it is doubly hard to break the barrier.

Several instances can be given of cases which ended tragically because of a lack of understanding. A girl went to talk to her minister about some minor sins she had committed. The minister apparently failed to realize that the girl was having a serious struggle with herself. He told her it was not as bad as she thought and tried to assure her that everything would be all right. His answer failed to satisfy her and she went home and took her own life.

The son whose father became a suicide victim asserts that there was a complete lack of understanding between the father and his family. "He hardly talked any more and his mind seemed far off. I feel Satan had a pretty good hold of him, and us also, so we wouldn't try to do something to help him."

But after the deed was committed, the mother could think of things she should have done for he ends up with this statement, "Mother still talks of the many things she wishes she would have done for him, most of which would have helped to make peace between them."

How sad it is that we are apt to wait until it is too late before we are concerned in doing what we can, even if it means going the second mile to try to help someone who is in need.

The following experience shows how thoughtless actions can look to the one who is going through a trial. "I had a nervous breakdown and had to go to the hospital. I felt unneeded and unwanted. Although I never tried it, I was afraid my life would end in suicide. Finally by committing myself entirely in God's hands, I was able to overcome the fear. The doctor released me on the promise that I would not be allowed to be alone. Evidently he knew the nature of my nervousness even though I did not tell anyone of my fears."

"When I got home, my relatives and neighbors made themselves scarce. Our closest neighbours showed plainly that they considered me as one who was "slipped" and their children stared at me. If I went over to rest or for a visit, they would act as if they were afraid of me. It all hurt so, yet in spite of this I regained my strength, but I still consider it a miracle."

The one who is having serious trials is not the only one being tested. His neighbours, friends and relatives are also being tried out to see if they want to be sympathetic and understanding.

However there is no doubt but many who were seriously tempted have been pulled through by the kind and sympathetic understanding of loved ones. Take for example the following experience. "I, too, have been guilty of thinking of doing it, but no one has known of it up to now except my husband and God. I believe if it had not been for the kindly understanding of my husband, it may have come to that. I used to get such blue spells and felt the family would be better off without me. I could not sleep and would get up in the middle of the night and go for a walk, sometimes for a mile or more while my partner slept. At times the tempter seemed to be walking at my side telling me how I could end it all. Sometimes I would fall on my knees praying to God that He would keep me in His hand. Then I would be strong again for a few months."

"After awhile I would weaken and feel so depressed and downhearted that the temptation would bother me again. One night my husband woke up and I wasn't in bed so he hunted until he found me. He got me to tell him my troubles and said I must strengthen my faith in God. He said if it comes over me again, I must tell him and not let it get me down so far. After that, whenever I got out of bed in the night, he would soon be up, too, wondering if something were wrong."

"It is many years now that I have overcome the temptation and I feel it was a great sin to let such thoughts get the best of me. My husband can trust me now and I can get up at night to open or close the windows and he never wakes up."

"When I hear of someone taking his own life a cold

chill goes through me and I pity those who were near to them that they couldn't see it until it was too late. Maybe some would be shocked and unsympathetic if they knew one of the family had thoughts of ending his own life and I believe that would only make it worse. Let's try to say only kind words and give encouragement to everyone so none will have cause to feel neglected and unwanted because of something we said or did."

BE PREPARED

Going through a time of severe nervous breakdown is like going through a time of persecution," one man writes, "neither will make our faith and hope any stronger unless we have prepared for such a thing before it comes."

To do this we should practice moderation in all things, being careful not to indulge in harmful practices. Even such things as overeating can have harmful effect upon our morale or outlook on life.

"Anyone who has a weakness in this respect should face it and put up a brave fight against it," writes a mother who has overcome the temptation. "Surely there is something useful we should be doing and praiseworthy in the Father's sight. We must practice counting our blessings rather than our setbacks.

"The Scriptures say, 'Even though a mother forget her children, yet will I not forget thee' so I take up my cross and try to follow Him in meekness, studying to be as He wants me to be, a wife, a mother, a daughter and a sister."

Although she was at times sorely tried, the author of the above statement apparently makes no secret out of her temptations for she continues, "I think it is marvellous how living a Christian life helps to the extent that those who know me say they would never suspect that I have this trouble if I wouldn't admit it."

Another woman who says she never told anyone about her temptations, but thinks it would have been better if she had, has this advice, "Pray with your whole heart for help from above but you also have to do what you can. Fight off the thoughts of discouragement and self-pity and all unclean thoughts. Find new interests to occupy your mind instead of the old line of thinking as your thoughts will not stand still. Learn to be concerned and take care of the well-being of your body and soul. If you are sick then get help as soon as possible. Go to a doctor and tell him your troubles. Also talk to a minister or

friend about it but try to choose one that isn't nervous. It may seem like a long hard struggle but really it is sweet and pleasant compared to a miserable body and soul headed for hell."

VICTORY THROUGH SONG AND PRAYER

Another who admitted that she had been guilty of "crying on the devil's shoulder" has this advice, "The place to go for help is to the Lord. Going to a doctor, preacher, parent or counselor will help but I just took it all to the Lord. Time and again I had to ask Him for forgiveness and to give me patience. I found much comfort and consolation in singing away my troubles. There are many songs to comfort and strengthen us. One thing I found out is that some of the new song books have songs that don't have the spiritual content like the old songs. Read in God's word any time of the day when you are tempted, for this will help. I like to read the Psalms at such times and I still read Psalm 91 almost every day."

The letter from the unhappy housewife which was quoted earlier, ends up in this way, "I gained new courage for now I could think, I could pray and I could read my Bible. One of the first verses that impressed me was John 8:32 for it contained the promise that Jesus could make me free from the bondage of the devil. I learned that my thoughts are not my own. They are either from Satan or they are from God. I saw that I must discern the spirits and let only the good Spirit into my life and heart."

One who had a problem with evil thoughts found this solution. "There must be something satisfying to replace it. I find it a help to take a verse from the Bible, write it on a piece of paper and try to write comments on it. This keeps my mind occupied in a useful way for I get some good out of it. Otherwise, my old problem crops up again and I can not think of anything else. Singing is a help. Praying is the best thing to occupy our mind with. After committing our problem to the Lord, we need to pray for causes not too closely related to our own problem, or else we will be right back on the same line of thought. I have a responsibility to save my soul and thereby bring glory to God. He has provided the means and if I should fall, it would give the enemies of the Lord occasion to blaspheme.

"What better would we want than to be alone with the God of the universe and become like Him? I have learned that it helps me out of a depressive mood if I talk to the Lord in my heart as though He were right there. He is right there if we will but recognize His presence."

Another one has this advice, "I have found that my greatest help, along with prayer has come from fasting. Sometimes the temptation has come to me quite unexpectedly, it seemed as out of a blue sky. Then I gave myself to fasting and prayer, and when I overcame it, I received a blessing from the experience. When the disciples asked Jesus why they could not cast out the evil spirit, He answered them, "This kind can not come out by anything but by fasting and prayer."

Our next and final quotation is from the letter of a man who writes, "I don't feel that I am an authority on the subject, but I have had to work to rid myself of this problem."

Here is his advice, "Refrain from concentrating on your problem too much and too long. I find that singing hymns can be very helpful to me. Whenever I realize I am harboring evil in my thoughts, a good shower of hymns clears away the dust and brings me a fresh outlook. It is especially necessary to know some good hymns by heart in order to make it easy to sing anytime.

"Of course there may be other things to do if a person can not sing. Memorizing verses, meditating on the sermon you heard the past Sunday (but be sure you listen to the sermon!) and the most important thing to do is get on your knees and pray to God to ask for His almighty power to relieve you of your burden and shield you from the desires of flesh and blood. My favourite song is 'Herr Gott tue mich erhoeren' (see box).

There may be other things for each individual to do,

Herr Gott, thu mich erhören,
Elend und arm bin ich,
Neig zu mir Deine Ohren,
Bewahr mein Seel, bitt ich.
Hilf, Herr Gott, dem Deinen Knecht,
Denn ich thu mich verlassen
Gänglich auf Deine Recht.

2 Herr! sei mir gnädig rechte,
Täglich ruf ich zu Dir,
Tröst die Seel Deines Knechtes,
Mein Seel heb ich zu Dir:
Denn Du bist gnädig und ganz gut,
Von Treu und großer Güte,
Dem, der Dich suchen thut.

3 Dein Knecht thut zu Dir schrein,
Herr, mein Gebet vernimm,
Ich hoff auf Deine Treue,
Herr, Gott, erhöhr mein Stimm.
Zur Zeit der Noth ruf ich Dich an,
Du wollest mich erretten,
Und wollest mir Beistand thun.

but it is essential that we force ourselves to begin and then keep right on going from one to the next.

"Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in

Psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him" (Colossians 3:16). ■■

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

(This month we are not printing one long historical article, but seven short ones which should be of interest to many of our readers.)

An Amish Slave

One of the ministers who served the Amish church at Oakland, Maryland in the 1800's was Peter Miller. He came from Germany and lived at Big Youghiogheny River south of Red House, Maryland. In Germany he had been a slave, or a serf as they were called in Europe. He was not permitted to go to the big house for any reason at all and slept in the sheep stable in the barn. Often in extremely cold weather he would roll back the sheep manure, put in clean hay, and sleep on the warmth of the heated manure. About 1840 he escaped by night, climbing the tall iron fence and getting across the top by putting his folded coat on the sharp points. He took a small boat for America with some other people who were fleeing the compulsory military officers. They were on the ocean six months and landed in New York.

When Peter reached America he went to Oakland, Maryland where he met the Gortner family whom he had known in Gross Hessen, Germany. Later he met Polly Hochstetler from the Amish settlement near Johnstown, Pennsylvania and married her. They never had children of their own but took two children to raise, Will Devers and Lizzie Detrich.

In later years when they were well up in age, Polly's clothing caught fire while she was burning trash. She was burned so badly that she died three days later. Peter moved to the Simon Lichty home where he lived for 12 years until his death.

(Source: A letter written by Dora Lichty Swartzentruber.)

2 Indians Barter with an Amish Family

Among the pioneer Amish families who early settled in Holmes County, Ohio was a Yoder family. It is known that some of the Ohio Indians were still in the Holmes County area for a number of years after the Amish settlers came (1809).

The Yoder family had an outdoor oven where the women baked loaves of bread for the family larder. The Indians somehow had developed a real taste for the bread which these Amish neighbors baked. On numerous occasions the Indians came offering to trade slabs of venison (deer meat) for loaves of bread.

In order to keep harmony and good relations with the red men, the Yoder family made the trade, bread for venison. But because of unsanitary handling, the venison was always thrown to the hogs after the Indians were safely out of sight. The Indian men who came to trade venison for bread were dressed only in loin cloths, and their meat was laid across the back of a horse with the Indian rider sitting on the slab of venison.

(Source: Wilmer D. Swope, *Mennonite Historical Bulletin*, January 1962.)

3 An Amishman Looks Back

Daniel D. Miller was born in 1829 near Berlin, Pennsylvania and died in 1911 near Yoder, Kansas. In 1893 he wrote his memories of how things were in 1846 when he joined church. His memories are interesting in that they

Bits and Pieces

show that even though the Amish appear to some people to be a society which never changes, this is really not true.

"At the time when I joined church (1846) the churches were all united together in one-mindedness in a low humble state. That is, the Amish and Mennonites. Well contented with what possessions they had. Pride and all disorder was punished. The church order in dress fashion was of low estate and all alike.

"At that time we were not allowed to have anything that showed pride. Buggies, harness and saddles were plain without pride. No two-colored buildings. No window shutters. No large-pane windows, no cornices on the buildings.

"The sisters had no costly array for clothing nor proud colors. The capes were inclosed at the front lower ends. The devotional hood-cover was large enough to cover the entire head. No fine shoes. No bonnets of any kind at that time, no blueing or ironing of clothing was done like now. The women had other work. They had their spinning wheels and made their own cotton flax and woolen cloth. No sewing machines were in existence. Clothing was all made by the hand needle. Had no washing machines. No threshing machines. No mowers. No reapers. No drills. No hay rakes. Everything was done by hand.

"The men folks took the scythes and cradles and the women folks took the hand rakes and sickles and went together in the fields and meadows and harvested their grain and made their hay nearly all by themselves. And by all this were well contented and in good cheer. They did not gather world treasures. Their treasure was in Heaven.

"I do not know of one time that we went out to work before we had morning prayers, and in the evening before we went to rest we had evening worship. My father died when I was 7 years old. Then our dear mother followed this order of morning and evening worship until we were all grown up. We were not allowed to wander about on Sundays, but had to go to church without missing.

"We seldom heard of people who did not believe in God. Very little we heard of cheating or of a murder case. All Christendom was more in earnest to serve God.

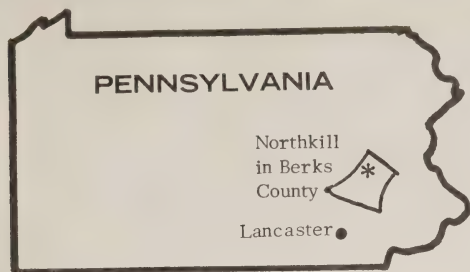
"At this time there were no railroads, no telegraph, or telephones, or electricity. No coal oil or glass lamps. Traveling was done on foot or horseback to Ohio and Indiana. Moving to these places was on horse wagons. At this time a letter cost 25 cents. The man who received it had to pay it at the post office.

"What a deep brotherly love there was when we met together. When we consider our time now (1893) we must think the time goes fast, fulfilled as our Saviour foretold at the fig tree."

4 America's First Amish Settlement

Because of its large size and early founding, the Lancaster Amish settlement in Pennsylvania was often thought to have been the first Amish settlement in America. But it wasn't. It wasn't until 1766 that an Amish minister moved into what now forms the boudry of Lancaster County. Twenty-six years earlier, 1740, an Amish settlement was flourishing in Berks County, Pennsylvania. It was known as the Northkill settlement

and was located near the present town of Hamburg, Pennsylvania.



Most Amishmen recognize the name "Northkill" and associate it with the Jacob Hochstetler Indian massacre and kidnapping. But few realize that the settlement is also famous for being the first Amish settlement in America. It began receiving settlers from the Amish settlements in Switzerland in the 1730's. By 1740 such typical Amish names could be found there as; Yoder, Kauffman, Schmucker, Zug (Zook), Fisher, Beiler, and Hochstetler. By 1749 the settlement had received its first minister, Jacob Hertzler who was later ordained bishop through a letter sent from bishops in Switzerland.

The French in Canada stirred up the Indians to attack various settlements in Pennsylvania, for they did not like the Germans and English settling there. Because of the Indian raids, the Amish left the Northkill settlement less than twenty years after its establishment. They moved to other parts of Berks County and sometime later to Lancaster County.

On June 27, 1959 a state historical marker was erected commemorating the Northkill settlement.

NORTHKILL AMISH

The first organized Amish Mennonite congregation in America. Established by 1740. Disbanded following Indian attack, September 29, 1757, in which a Provincial soldier and three members of the Jacob Hochstetler family were killed near this point.

5 Amish Prisoners in Revolutionary War

After the Northkill Amish settlement disbanded in 1757 on account of the Indian raids, the settlers moved to other parts of Berks County. Jacob Hertzler continued to be their bishop. In 1776 when the American colonies declared their independence from England, all the colonists were expected to help fight the English. Naturally, the Amish being non-resistant refused to do this. Because they refused to be drafted into the army, some Berks County Amishmen were arrested: Christian Zook and his brother John, Jacob and Stephen Kauffman, John Hertzler, Jacob Mast, Christian Schmucker, and perhaps others. These men were placed in prison which was located at the corner of Fifth and Washington Streets in Reading, the county seat of Berks County.

After a speedy trial, the Amish prisoners were sentenced to death and the date of execution was set. Bishop Hertzler, being over the draft age, was a free man and could visit the prisoners. He decided to hold a communion service for the men before their execution.

But the death penalty was never put into effect, for a minister in the local German Reformed Church pleaded with the authorities to release the Amish prisoners. He said they had fled from Europe to avoid military service and that they shouldn't be expected to do in America what their consciences had told them was wrong in Europe. He also testified that the Amish were quiet and unassuming people, doing harm to no one. Because of his testimony, the government freed the men but not without fining them and making them pay a tax for the hiring of a substitute.

November, 1971

6

Amish Hooks and Eyes

In May of 1874 a ministers' meeting was held in Washington County, Iowa. Ministers of the Old Order did not attend, as it was for ministers from the progressive Amish-Mennonite congregations. Following is an interesting bit of information taken from a report of the meeting. A reporter from the Mount Pleasant, Iowa "Free Press" was sent to the ministers' meeting to report on it for the newspaper. The reporter could not understand a word of German and thus could do no reporting of what went on at the meeting. He did, however, talk with people present about their beliefs and customs and had this to report about their clothing:

"Most of them are wonderfully conservative, clinging closely to the manners and traditions of their ancestors, and no one thing do they cling with more fidelity than to the custom which ordains that men shall wear hooks and eyes on their coats and vests and utterly discard buttons. This custom is an old one. It dates so far back as the middle of the 16th century. In fact at that date all the populace of the Canton of Berne in Switzerland, Protestants, Catholics, and unbelievers wore hooks and eyes. This was not through any prejudice in favor of hooks and eyes but more that buttons had not been introduced. The common intermingling of one district or canton was not known. Society was not so frequently stirred up by the introduction of new elements then as now. But it came to pass that the Mennonites were banished from their homes on account of their religious convictions. They found a safe shelter and a secure retreat in that terribly devastated—formerly French now German—province of Alsace. (It was in Alsace where the Amish division from the Mennonites occurred in 1693.) It was found by the proprietors of the soil that none more trusty, more honest, more persevering or more industrious were to be found than among the exiled Mennonites. And all the Mennonites coming from Berne wore hooks and eyes, hence the hooks and eyes came to be looked upon as a sign of honesty and integrity by the Alsatians and as a sign of mutual recognition by the Mennonites."

7

Music in the Amish Church

Music in an Amish church service has a primitive feeling, a spirit far removed from the secular surroundings of today. Theirs is the music which the Swiss Brethren used in the sixteenth century in Europe, and the hymns sung to this music were finally collected into one book, the **Ausbund**. While these songs were being formulated, Palestrina (1526-1594) was the foremost church musician, offering to the Catholic Church a wealth of music for worship, and composing some of the very first part music which is at all pleasing to the present day musical ear. But the Swiss Brethren did not adopt this important innovation. In fact, even today in the Amish Church part singing is still unheard of. The leader begins and the congregation joins him in unison. Their music reflects the plain song or chant of the early Christian church.

Amish hymns show some similarity to the plain song. The lack of rhythm is the most apparent. The leader determines the length of the notes. Amish hymns, like the plain song or chant, are related to the natural speaking voice with its inflections, for the intervals are small and quite peaceful in effect.

In spite of the differences between the Amish hymn and the plain song, the similarities are so clear that one must conclude that the Amish have inherited some of the songs sung by the early Christian church over one thousand years ago.

(Condensed from an article by Mary Oyer, Professor of Music at Goshen College. MHV March, 1944.)

(Editor's note: If you have any incidents of Amish history which are similar in length to the ones published this month, send them to us for possible future publication.)

„Zürnet und sündiget nicht.“

Ich habe einst vor der Gemeinde in der Lehr hören vortragen: „Es wäre besser ein wenig zürnen um zu halten von weiter sündigen.“ Es war mir nicht ganz recht. Doch ist es hart diese Sache ganz klar zu machen.

David im vierten Psalm Vers 5 stellt es auf diese Art: „Zürnet ihr, so sündiget nicht.“

Im Ephejer Brief da der obige Spruch vorkommt: „Zürnet und sündiget nicht“, heißt es weiter: „Lasset die Sonne nicht über eurem Zorn untergehen.“

King James im englischen, „Be ye angry and sin not.“ Andere im englischen, „If ye be angry, beware of sinning.“

Es ist ein wenig hart dieses zu verstehen, es lautet als wenn das Zürnen nicht Sünde wäre. Doch, warum sagt der Apostel weiter? Lasset die Sonne nicht über eurem Zorn untergehen. Wir wollen die Worte des Jakobus hoch tönen, da er sagt: „Denn des Menschen Zorn tut nicht, was vor Gott recht ist.“ Und wenn wir weiter gehen in unserm Text-Kapitel, Vers 31 heißt es: „Alle Bitterkeit und Grimm und Zorn und Geschrei und Lästerei sei ferne von euch samt aller Bosheit.“ Hier ist Zorn mit eingenommen, und sagt es soll ferne von uns sein. Ferne meint weit weg, wir sollen gar keine Lust haben zum Zorn.

Wenn jemand uns etwas entgegen kommt daß wir beleidigt fühlen so spüren wir vielleicht eine Regung in uns; wenn wir aber gerade ein Kampf aufstellen dagegen daß wir nicht durch Eifer mit unwillige Worte begegnen, so kann diese Art von Zürnen leicht unsere Schwachheit zugeschrieben werden nach meinem Dünken. Wir haben wohl schon hören sagen zum vergleichen: Wenn ein Vogel über unser Haupt fliegt, wir können es nicht helfen, aber wir können ihn halten von ein Nest darauf bauen. So auch mit arge Gedanken, wir können nicht immer helfen daß sie kommen, aber wir können uns hüten von sie beherbergen. Der Vogel fliegt über unser Haupt und geht sein Weg fort, so können wir auch die arge Gedanken von uns schieben und sie am geh halten.

Dies kann auch ein schönes Beispiel sein für uns mit dem Zürnen oder Zorn so daß wir es besser verstehen können. Wenn wir eine Schriftstelle nicht so gut gründen können wollen wir nicht die leichte Seite davon nehmen und unsere Natur mehr Raum geben. Sondern, vielmehr alle andere Schriftstellen dazu nehmen die etwas davon sagen und dann prüfen was es uns sagen will. Mit solche Sachen ist es gewöhnlich das beste für uns, wenn wir nehmen was die Natur zuwider ist und dem Fleisch nicht mehr Raum gibt.

Wir nehmen die Worte Salomos dazu, Sprüche 27, 4. „Zorn ist ein wütig Ding, und Grimm ist ungestüm; aber wer kann vor dem Reid bestehen?“ Ein Ausleger sagt dieser Zorn und Grimm haben schädlich und verderblich Wirken wenn sie überhand nehmen im Menschen.

Zorn kommt auch vor unter die Werke des Fleisches im Gal. Brief. „Offenbar sind aber die Werke des Fleisches, als da sind Ehebruch, Hurerei, Unreinigkeit, Unzucht, Abgötterei, Zauberei, Feindschaft, Hader, Reid, Zorn, Zank, Zwietracht, Rotten, Haß, Mord, Saufen, Freßen und dergleichen, von welchen ich euch habe zuvor gesagt und sage noch zuvor, daß die solches tun, werden das Reich Gottes nicht erben.“ Hier ist der Zorn gerade eingenommen mit all die andere schädliche Sachen wo das Reid Gottes sauber abgesetzt ist.

Wir schaueten in Nagler sein Handwörterbuch zu sehen was für Austrag er gibt über Zorn. Er sagt: „Ein heftiger Unwille gegen eine Person, welche uns oder andere beleidigt; Der Zorn im gewöhnlichen Sinne dieses Wortes, ist höchst sündhaft.“ Er gibt noch viel mehr vom Zorn aber meistens von Gottes Zorn. Er heißt es ein heiliger Unwille gegen den unbußfertigen Sünder. Wir nehmen der Spruch Johannes dazu: Joh. 3, 36. „Wer an den Sohn Gottes glaubt, der hat das ewige Leben. Wer dem Sohn nicht glaubet, der wird das Leben nicht sehen, sondern der Zorn Gottes bleibt über ihm.“ Dies verstehen wir, daß die Gerechtigkeit Gottes fordert es daß der Sünder gestraft wird. Dies ist ein heiliger Unwille von Gott, der nicht sündhaft ist. Wir können dies nicht vergleichen mit uns Menschen, wir sind sündhaft. Der Apostel sagt aber: „Eisern ist gut, wenn's immerdar geschieht um das Gute...“ Das ist ein göttlicher Eifer, nicht mit Unverstand, sondern nur standhaft streiten für die Gerechtigkeit was wir meinen daß Gottes Wort von uns fordert, und dies soll allezeit aus Liebe geschehen. Das Eisern bei uns Menschen kann dann im guten Sinn, aber auch im bösen Sinn gebraucht werden.

Wir noch einmal zurück an unserm Text-Vers: „Zürnet und sündiget nicht.“ Es war mir immer so natürlich dies zu nehmen daß wir keines von die zwei tun sollen, streiten gegen das eine so wohl wie gegen das andere. Wenn ich aber so über mein Lebenslauf zurück schaue muß ich denken, wie oft habe ich es aber verfehlt. Mandesmal der Natureifer und Unwille lassen zu viel Raum haben daß es ausgebrochen ist in unliebliche Worten.

Ich hörte einst ein alter Bischof sagen: „Wenn jemand mich beleidigt, das ist nichts, das war nur mich, wir sollten nur dieses lassen vorübergehen. Ja, aber wo ist jemand der es immer kann wegschieben und lassen verschwinden? Wir Menschen sind alle mit Schwachheit umgeben, aber wir wollen nicht vergessen was Paulus sagt: „Kämpfe den guten Kampf des Glaubens...“ Der gute und rechte Kampf zu kämpfen hat die Verheißung, aber nicht nur ein wenig zurück heben und dann die Natur lassen ihr Weg haben. Der rechte Kampf meint kämpfen bis zum Sieg, bis wir die Sache können ganz vorüber gehen lassen. Wenn das Ungewitter vorbei ist und die Sonne wieder scheint sind wir froh, so auch mit solche Sachen, wenn wir es geduldig können ertragen und lassen vorüber gehen sind wir nachgehens immer froh. Wenn wir aber möchten aus unserm Platz gekommen sein durch unsere Schwachheit, dann aber schön um Geduld angehalten, das ist wieder Veröhnung bei Gott. Wir haben aber schon erfahren wo wir meinten daß Menschen unwillig oder entrüstet sind worden, aber nie so weit gekommen und vielleicht nicht so viel als daran gedenkt daß sie könnten um Geduld anhalten. Es ist nicht so viel die Fehler wo wir machen daß uns scheidet von Gott, aber die unveröhnnte Sünden wo wir darinnen stecken bleiben. Jakobus sagt: „Wir fehlen alle mannigfaltig.“ Wir denken auch an Salomo seine Worten: „Der Gerechte fällt siebenmal, und stehet wieder auf; aber der Gottlose versinkt im Unglück.“ Spr. 24:16

Peter von dem Berge

(Dies Geschichte von Peter Imhoff ist genommen aus Mennonite Quarterly Review, Juli, 1945 aus ein Artikel geschrieben von John Umble. Etwas von dem Gespräch ist zugefügt worden.)

„Peter, es ist zeit die Rüh zu holen,“ sprach die Mutter. „Ach, Mäm, warum muß ich die Rüh holen? Sie sind immer so hoch auf dem Berge und ich kann sie schier nicht

finden. Warum kann der Johann oder der Jakob nicht gehen?" fragte der Peter.

"Der Jakob und der Johann helfen dem Vater arbeiten. Wenn du gerade gehst kannst du zurück sein ehe es dunkel wird," antwortete die Mutter.

"Ich wünsche wir hätten ein Bauerei unten am Berge dann müßte ich nicht jedes Morgen und Abend auf dem Berge steigen," sagte der Peter als er sich rüstete für gehen.

"Ach, mein Sohn," erwiderte die Mutter, "du bist noch zu jung für es verstehen aber wenn du älter wirst dann wird ich dir es sagen warum wir hier auf dem Berge wohnen."

Dies Gespräch möchte geschehen sein ungefähr in dem Jahre 1816 als der Peter Imhoff zehn Jahre alt war. Er wohnte mit seine Eltern, seine drei Brüdern und drei Schwestern auf ein Bauerei hoch in den Alpen Bergen ungefähr zwanzig Meile von die Stadt Berne in die Schweiz.

Die Imhoff Familie war sehr arm und könnten kaum ihr Lebensmittel verdienen auf die Bergen. Sie waren Mennoniten und ihre Voreltern wohnten im Thal unten am Berge. Aber als die Verfolgung kam mußten sie flüchten und sich verstecken in die Bergen.

Jetzt hat die Verfolgung aufgehört aber es war nicht für gut angesehen das die Mennoniten am besten Lande sich herunterlassen. Osters waren sie schwer geprüft darum das sie nicht wollten teil nehmen am Krieg, und mußten viel Schmach leiden.

Peter sein Vater hieß Johann Imhoff und seine Mutter hieß Anna (Nußbaum). Seine Schwestern waren die älteste von die Kinder und hießen Regina, Barbara, und Anna. Seine Brüder hießen Johann (Jr.), Theodore, und Jakob. Peter war der jüngste in die Familie.

Zu der Zeit hörte man viel sagen von Amerika, das neue Land wo Gewissensfreiheit war. Etliche von ihre Freunden waren schon gegangen und die Imhoff Kinder wünschten sie konnten auch gehen. Der Vater sprach, "Ich und die Mutter sind zu alt für in ein Fremd Land ziehen. Wenn ihr aufwachset, könntet ihr gehen so ihr wollt."

In das Jahre 1822 machte sich auf etlich Leute von der Schweiz um nach Amerika zu gehen. Dabei waren der Theodore Imhoff, 22, und sein Bruder, Jakob 21. Zwei Jahre später verließ auch der Peter sein Heimatland mit seinem Bruder Johann und seine Schwester Regina, welches verheiratet war zu dem Peter Moser.

Ihr Schiff ist angekommen in New York an Juli 4, 1824, welches war dem Peter sein achtzehnten Geburtstag. Sein Bruder und sein Schwester sind nach Ohio gegangen aber der Peter blieb in Pennsylvania. Er ward noch schuldig sein Jahrgeld zu Amerika darum arbeitete er dort um es zu bezahlen. Er verdingte sich zu einem Baner für sechs Dollar den Monat. Davon hatte er zweiundsiebzig Dollar im Jahr.

Als er einundzwanzig Jahre alt war ist er nach Ashland County, Ohio gegangen wo seine Brüder wohnten. Um Geld zu versparen ist er den ganzen Weg gelaufen. Er nahm mit sich sein Geld und alles was er hat.

Er wollte daselbst ein Bauerei kaufen aber er fand das er nicht genug Geld hatte um es zu kaufen. Er hatte auch nicht genug um ein Plaz festzumachen (down payment). So ging er traurig zurück nach Pennsylvania und kaufte wieder den ganzen Weg.

Er arbeitete noch zwei Jahre und machte sich wieder auf den Weg zu laufen nach Ashland County, Ohio. Diesmal fand er ein Stück Land von achtzig Aker für vier hundert Dollar. Er hatte aber nur zwei hundert Dollar und wußte nicht wo das übrige Geld zu kriegen.

Es war daselbst ein Mann mit Namen Steiner der kam und sagte zum Peter, "Ich habe vierzig Aker Buschland gekauft und so du versprechen wirst es abzuklären für mich so will ich dir die zwei hundert Dollar geben. Du sollst aber die kleine Baume ausgraben, die große sollst du umhauen und die Blöcke wegmachen. Die Steine sollst du verbrennen und das Land bereiten für den Pflug. Danebst sollst du genug Niegel spalten um die vierzig Aker abteilen in acht Felder von jedes fünf Aker."

Der Peter wußte nicht wo anders das Geld zu bekommen und er hatte sein Stück Land so gerne daß er einwilligte für den Steiner sein Plaz abklären. An beide Stücken Land waren viel Bäume von ahorn (maple), buche (beech), hickorynuß, eiche, pappel und walnuß.

Mit seine Art arbeitete der Peter ungefähr vier Jahre für dem Steiner sein vierzig Aker aufklären. Als er fertig war hat er angefangen sein eigen achtzig Aker zu bearbeiten. Zuerst hat er fünf Aker abgeklärt und dann ein Schauer gebaut. Bis den Frühjahr von 1835 hat er angefangen sein Haus zu machen.

Zu dieser Zeit dachte er ein Weib zu sich zu nehmen und am siebenzehnten Mai, 1835, als er siebenundzwanzig Jahre alt war, verheiratet er die Elizabeth Fletcher. In dieser Heimat zog er sein Familie von zehn Kinder auf. Das Haus welches er gebauet hat ward noch am stehen ein hundert Jahre später.

Mit der Zeit ist er erwählt worden als ein Diener des Worts und später als Bischof. Er ward weit umher bekannt von wegen seine sonderbare Aufrichtigkeit. Kindeskindestrebten den guten Vorbild nachzukommen welches er hinterließ.

In die Gemeinde ward er streng um aufzuhalten die alte Ordnung welches seine vorelter zurückgelast hatten. In die Zeit als er Bischof war sind solche neue sachen hereingekommen als Sonntagschulen, Revival-meetings und das Englisch predigen. Er war hart dagegen diese sachen und hielt auf den alten Sitten von Gemeindeordnung wie sie gehalten waren in der Schweiz.

Zu der Zeit ist der Gottesdienst angefangen um neun Uhr mit singend der alte Lieder, mit langamer Weisen. Diese Weisen waren herübergebracht von Deutschland und die Schweiz und waren aufgehalten ohne Noten.

Nach dem singen ist eine ziemlich lange Predigt getan worden um die zuhörer zu erinnern von die Gefährlichkeiten von der Welt. Auch ward ein Erinnerung zum Gebet und darauf folgte ein ziemlich langes Zeit von stillem Gebet.

Nach dem Gebet ward ein Kapitel gelesen aus dem Neuen Testament.

Nach dem ward ein Predigt von ungefähr eine Stunde mit ablesung von ein Kapitel. Der Diener machte Bemerkungen aus dem Kapitel welches gelesen ward. Am end der Predigt ward ein langes Gebet getan aus ein Gebetbüchlein.

Nach dem Gebet ward etliche Verse von ein Lied abgesungen.

Darum daß der Peter Imhoff strenger ward den der mehrere Teil von die Mennoniten, hat seine Gemeinde abgenommen. Zuletzt ist noch ein spaltung eingekommen und eins von die Diener ist weg gebrochen mit ein Teil von der Gemeinde, und gingen zu die Mennoniten welches nicht so streng waren.

Sein Weib ist gestorben in 1886 als sie dreiuundsiebzig Jahre alt war. Der Peter Imhoff lebte bis 1893 und starb als er siebenundachtzig Jahre alt war.

Er hatte eine große Nachkommenschaft davon viele jeh wohnen in Wayne County, Ohio, und auch bei Wafarusja, Indiana. ■■

CHILDREN'S SECTION



A Well-Matched Team

By David Luthy

Get the milkcan and slide it under the axle," said Harvey Weaver to his brother, Jonas.

"Naw, I'll brace it with this two-by-four," said Jonas.

"That will never hold it; it'll slip. Get the milkcan like I said."

"It won't slip any more than a milkcan will," argued Jonas.

"Don't be dumb," Harvey answered. "Anybody knows a milkcan is more solid than a two-by-four. Come on get the milkcan so I can take this wheel all the way off and grease the axle."

"If you want it you'll have to get it," said Jonas. "This two-by-four would work. No use running over to the milkhouse for nothing."

Harvey stood beside the buggy, gripping the back wheel tightly. "If you aren't going to help you might as well leave."

Jonas tossed the two-by-four on the concrete floor of the buggy shed. It slid under the family's double buggy and bounced off the low foundation. "Go ahead and do it your way. I don't care," he said and walked off.

When Jonas left the buggy shed he headed for the house. His father was just coming out the back door carrying baby Rachel. "You boys got the axles greased yet?" he asked.

Jonas shrugged his shoulders. "Harvey's doing it, I

guess. He didn't need my help."

Mr. Weaver could see by his son's words and face that something had happened between the boys. But he was in a hurry to get the buggy ready for his wife as they were going away that evening. He said nothing to Jonas, but many thoughts ran through his mind as he walked along the sidewalk to the buggy shed. "What's wrong with those boys that they never can work on a job together? Seems they are always out of sorts with each other."

The door to the buggy shed was open. Mr. Weaver could see Harvey bending over tightening a nut on the front wheel. "About finished?" he asked his son as he entered the shed.

"Yep," nodded Harvey. "Just one more to grease. By the time you have the horse here from the barn, I'll be done."

"Why isn't Jonas helping?" asked Mr. Weaver. "I thought I asked both you boys to work on the job."

"Aw," began Harvey a little uneasily. "I guess he didn't want to help."

"You boys should try harder to work together," said Mr. Weaver. He lifted the buggy duster from the seat and shook it.

Harvey remained silent, but to himself he said, "Better tell Jonas that. He had to have his own way or he doesn't help." He slid the milkcan under the axle and lifted the buggy to rest on it. "One more wheel and then they are all done."

"I should get the horse," said Mr. Weaver. "But think over what I said, Harvey, you're a year older than Jonas and I expect a little more from you."

Harvey's face flushed slightly. "And I do work more than Jonas does," he thought to himself. I'm the one who's greasing the buggy, not Jonas."

A few days later the weather turned crisp. "The corn's ready for husking," Mr. Weaver told his boys one morning. "I walked out in the north field and husked some to see how it looks. Haven't seen corn like this for years. You boys can take Bert and Bob and start husking this morning. This afternoon I'll help you, but this morning I've got to fix a part on the windmill."

"Husking," thought Jonas, "that's what I like. Outside in the bright blue sky and no sweating."

"I'll get the team ready," offered Harvey.

"I thought Jonas could harness and hitch them," said Mr. Weaver. "I want you to help me a few minutes with the windmill."

Jonas wasted no time in getting to the barn to harness the team. Bert and Bob were standing patiently in their stalls when Jonas entered the barn. They both greeted him with loud nickers and moved forward in their stalls expectantly.

"You're not getting any oats," said Jonas. "Work is what you're getting. But you don't mind that do you?" He rubbed Bert's white nose.

If ever there was a well-matched team it was Bert and Bob. Most farmers in the neighborhood couldn't tell them apart. "A beautiful team of sorrels," the menfolk often said. They both had a golden reddish color and short white stockings on all four feet. Their faces looked as if someone had taken a brushful of white paint and painted them from the crown of their head to the tip of their nose. But Bert and Bob were not merely well matched in how they looked, but also alike in how they worked. "A team like that is worth a lot of money," Jonas had once heard Sam Kauffman telling his dad. "They work together so nice and steady and do whatever is asked of them. Wish I had a team like that in my barn."

"Get over," Jonas said to Bert as he brought the collar

up to slip around his neck.

Bert stepped inside and looked around as Jonas went to get the heavy harness as if he wanted to make sure Jonas would get the right one.

It wasn't long before both horses were harnessed and hitched to the wagon. "Now where's Harvey?" wondered Jonas. "Harvey," he called out.

"Okay, I'm coming," called back a voice from behind the house. Around the house came Harvey, running at a gallop.

Jonas clicked to the horses and the wagon moved slowly forward. The steel wheels crunched and cracked as they passed over the gravel beside the barn. Harvey jumped aboard and stood beside Jonas.

When they had gone down the lane and come to the gate to the cornfield, Harvey suggested. "Drive along the south side of the field to start."

"I thought we'd start her on the west side of the field," said Jonas. "That way we will have short rows rather than long ones."

"What's the matter?" said Harvey. "We got to husk all the corn anyway. It doesn't mean less corn to husk."

"But it will seem good to say we did eleven rows rather than eight," answered Jonas. "At least I think it would make it seem to go faster."

"But we'd have more short rows to husk than long ones," said Harvey, determined that Jonas should drive along the south side of the field. He reached over and pulled on the right line before Jonas even knew what was happening. The team began to turn toward the south.

"Hey, let go," ordered Jonas, seeing what Harvey was doing. "I got the team ready. I'm driving," he pulled on the left line and Bert and Bob turned west.

"Aw, have it your way," mumbled Harvey. "You always get your own way anyway."

"You're just mad because you didn't get your way," countered Jonas.

Harvey acted as if he hadn't heard what his brother said. He jumped down from the wagon and quickly husked the corn which the wagon had passed over as it entered the field.

"Let's each take two rows to husk," suggested Harvey. "Which do you want the outside two or the inside two?" You can have your choice."

"If I had my choice," said Jonas, "I'd just husk one row."

"Well, all right, you go on and husk one row and I'll do two rows," said Harvey disgustedly.

"But I'd be ahead of the wagon all the time," said Jonas. "Then what would I do?"

"Come on and husk two then," said Harvey.

"Oh, all right," grumbled Jonas. "But I'm taking the inside rows."

"Suit yourself," answered Harvey.

The boys began husking. Harvey had the two outside rows and had to throw his corn farther than Jonas yet it didn't slow him down. In fact he gradually got ahead of Jonas. He would click to Bert and Bob before Jonas was quite ready for them to move on, and Jonas didn't like it. "Whoa," Jonas called to the horses numerous times. And Harvey didn't like that for the horses didn't come as far forward as he wanted them to.

"Quit telling the horses to stop, when I click to them," Harvey finally said, his patience wearing thin. "I've got to throw farther than you do, so I need them where I can hit the wagon for sure."

"But I don't like tossing over the end of the wagon," complained Jonas.

"Well, hurry up then and husk faster," said Harvey. Jonas bit his lower lip but said nothing.

The morning seemed to drag for Jonas. "I thought husking would be fun," he said to himself. "But it sure isn't. I wish I could husk alone with Bert and Bob and Harvey could take a team of his own. Maybe tomorrow I can ask Dad if we could do that."

The next morning after breakfast Mr. Weaver told the boys, "Guess you can husk some more this morning. I thought at first when we got up that it might snow, but

the sky looks clear now.

"Maybe we could each take a wagon and a team," suggested Jonas.

"Afraid not," answered his father. "I'm planning to go to the mill and will be taking Bert and Bob. You boys will have to use Queenie and Belle."

"Oh," groaned Harvey. "Hard telling how they will act."

"I don't know either," said Mr. Weaver. "We've never used them for husking, being we didn't buy them till last winter. Maybe they'll do all right. Sure hope so I paid enough for them."

"But you know how bad they were to cultivate with," said Jonas.

"Yes, they weren't like Bert and Bob, that's for sure," nodded Mr. Weaver. "But I think they are better off in the cornfield than on the highway so you boys will just have to do the best you can with them."

Harvey and Jonas did do the best they could with Queenie and Belle that morning, but the large black horses didn't do their best.

"You should have seen how they acted," Harvey told his father that noon at dinner time. "Queenie insisted on eating. We reined her up but then she would bob her head forward and work to get loose, or she would back up and push the wagon out of line."

"And Belle was no better," added Jonas. "She never stopped when we yelled 'Whoa.' She'd always take a few extra steps and we'd have to yell a couple of times before she would really stop."

"Sometimes," said Harvey, "she'd start up on her own without us clicking to her. We tried to back the team up one time but that didn't work. They acted as if the few ears of corn we had thrown on the empty wagon were cement blocks. They just lifted their heads high and the neck yoke nearly came off."

"Sounds like you boys really missed Bert and Bob," smiled Mr. Weaver.

"We sure did," exclaimed Harvey. "Why I never knew how nice those sorrels really were until we had those black horses hitched to the wagon today. Why Bert and Bob do just what we tell them. They really work nice together."

"Yes," agreed Jonas, Bert and Bob really work nice together. Poor Queenie and Belle have heads of their own. Belle even nips at Queenie whenever she gets a notion. She lays her ears back and nips her. No wonder Queenie gets the wagon out of line sometimes."

"But is isn't all Belle's fault," said Harvey. "Belle pulls a lot harder than Queenie does and she gets angry that Queenie doesn't pull with her."

"Well, one thing's for sure," commented Mr. Weaver. "The horses each have a head of their own and can't work together. Which sort of brings something else to mind."

Mr. Weaver paused slightly. Harvey and Jonas looked a little puzzled. What was their father going to say now?

"I wonder if you boys ever realized that you are like a team of horses?" said Mr. Weaver. "What I mean is that you often work side by side in different jobs. You husk together, paint, put up hay, thresh—lots of things together."

Harvey and Jonas didn't say a word. They let their father say what was on his mind.

"I wonder, boys," continued Mr. Weaver, "if you were sold like a team of horses is sold, what the farmer would get. Do you think it would be a team of sorrels like Bert and Bob or a team like Queenie and Belle?"

If the boys had wondered what their father was getting at when he began speaking to them, it was clear to each now what he meant.

"I guess we're...we're, like Queenie and Belle," said Harvey in a faint, faraway voice.

Jonas nodded his head but didn't look up. "We're like Queenie and Belle," he admitted.

"We all think a lot of Bert and Bob," said Mr. Weaver. "We like them because they have learned to work together. And that's what you boys still need to learn to do. If ones goes forward and the other stands still or

steps back, or if one pulls to the right and the other to the left, or if one nips the other, they aren't working as a team. The same is true with boys. If each insists on doing like he wants, they aren't working as a team, and they really won't get the work accomplished like they could if they worked together."

Mr. Weaver cleared his throat. "When I was cultivating corn last spring with Queenie and Belle, I thought I had lost some money when I bought such a team. But now I think it was money well spent if you boys have learned something from them." ■■

Junior Storytime



The Best Player

— by Martha Helmuth

Let's race out to the barn," challenged six-year-old Melvin Schrock as he started running across the school yard, his blond curly hair bobbing up and down as he ran.

"Okay," chorused Robert and Dennis as they followed Melvin.

With a bang, Melvin ran into the barn wall, followed by the bangs of Dennis and Robert.

"I beat, I beat," Melvin chanted as they were catching their breath. "I can run faster than you can."

"No, you can't run faster," argued Dennis, his black eyes snapping. "You started before we did."

"Yes, I can. I would have beat you anyway," insisted Melvin. "I always do."

"Let's line up here by the barn then race back to the schoolhouse," suggested Robert. Looking up he saw Susie Miller, their teacher, coming out to watch the children play. "Susie, will you come and say, 'Go,' for us?"

Susie smiled at the boys as she walked up to them. "What are you doing, running races again?"

"Yes, and I always beat," boasted Melvin.

Ignoring Melvin's remark, Susie went on, "Okay, are you all ready? One, two, three, go!"

Instantly the boys were off, running with all their might. Again Melvin was a few steps in the lead. "I beat, I beat!" he yelled.

Susie frowned as she stood watching from the barn.

"Let's sit here on the steps and rest a while," suggested Robert as he sat down, panting. For a while the boys sat there talking about their pets and new calves at home. Before long, Teacher Susie came walking back to the schoolhouse.

"Is it time for the bell already?" asked all three boys.

"I'm afraid so," Susie replied.

"May I ring the bell?" Melvin asked quickly.

"All right, I'll let you do that," replied Susie as the boys followed her into the schoolhouse. Handing the bell to Melvin, she continued, "Take it outside."

Melvin took it to the door and shook it as hard as he could. Bringing it inside, he said with a grin, "I really made that bell ring loud, didn't I?"

"Sh-h," answered Susie, "Time to be quiet now."

Later that day, just before dismissing the children for noon recess, Susie reminded them to take advantage of the nice fall days and all go outside to play.

As soon as the first-grade boys had put their lunch pails on the shelf, Melvin grabbed a ball lying on the floor and said, "Let's play ball today."

"Yes, let's" agreed the other two boys.

"Let's see how far we can throw a ball," Melvin went

on. "I bet I can throw it farther than you can."

Without replying, the other two boys followed Melvin outside. Soon they were trying their skills in throwing the ball as far as they could.

"See, I told you I can throw it farther than you can," Melvin bragged as he threw the ball a second time.

"Well, I can throw the ball just about as far as you can," Dennis retorted. "Let me try it again." With his black eyes shining with determination and with a grunt, he threw the ball as hard as he could. To his satisfaction it went just as far as Melvin's had.

"I want to try it again, too," Melvin said, not wanting to be outdone. With his blond curls bouncing up and down, he ran after the ball Dennis had thrown. Grabbing it, he threw it back toward Robert and Dennis. "Goody, goody," he cheered. "I threw it farther than Dennis."

"Robert, you try it again," Dennis said, ignoring Melvin.

Robert picked up the ball and, though did his best, he couldn't throw it as far as Melvin and Dennis had.

"Let's try something else," suggested Dennis, feeling sorry for Robert. "Let's try catching the ball."

"Aw, I don't know," Melvin began.

"Sure," replied Robert, "if we don't stand too far apart we can throw it to each other and catch it."

"Come on, Melvin," Dennis went on. "You can stand right here." Walking to a bare spot in the school lawn he pointed to it.

"And Robert can stand here by the steps," Dennis continued, "then I will stand here." He walked to a spot where he formed a small triangle with the other two boys. "Now I will throw the ball to Melvin and Melvin throw it to Robert. Then Robert will throw it back to me."

So saying he threw the ball to Melvin. "Catch it," he called. Melvin reached out to catch it, fumbled a little and then clasp the ball against his shirt, held on to it.

"I caught it. I caught it!" he called happily. "Here Robert catch it." He threw the ball a little too high and Robert missed it.

Without saying anything, Robert ran after the ball and then threw it to Dennis who caught it. Thus the game of throwing and catching the ball continued for a while, with Robert and Dennis sometimes catching it and sometimes missing it. But poor Melvin was unable to catch any after that first one. A number of times he almost had it, but it rolled out of his hand, hit his chest and then dropped to the ground.

"Come on Dennis, you're not throwing the ball right," Melvin scolded when he fumbled the ball again.

"Yes, I am. You had it in your hand before you dropped it," Dennis reminded him. "You just can't catch them."

"I could too catch if you'd throw it right," Melvin insisted.

The harder Melvin tried and the more he scolded Dennis, the more upset he became, and the harder it was for him to catch any balls. Suddenly he sat on the grass and began to cry loudly. "I'm not going to play with you any more!"

At that moment, Teacher Susie, who had been watching the scene from a short distance walked up to them.

"What seems to be your trouble, boys?"

"Oh, Dennis never throws the balls so that I can catch them," Melvin told her between sobs.

"Now, Melvin, I've been watching you quite a while already. As far as I could see, Dennis usually threw the ball correctly to you," Susie said as she looked from one to the other. "It seems to me I've heard you doing quite a bit of boasting about always being better than the other boys."

Melvin only looked at the ground without answering.

"Most people are good at some things and not so good at other things," Susie went on, "and the best player isn't the one who always wins, but one who plays fair and helps others enjoy the game too. Besides, no one likes to hear someone bragging about himself all the time."

Melvin only shoved his hands deeper into his pockets.

"Even if you aren't so good at some things, you should

still be willing to play with the other boys and keep on trying. Just because you aren't the best doesn't mean you can't play." She smiled at the boys and then went on. "You children like to have me help you play games, don't you?"

Dennis and Robert smiled as they nodded their heads vigorously.

"I'm not as good as most of the children are, but I still like to play with them. I can't always catch the ball either. Many of you children can run faster than I can. Why, I think that's one reason why they like to have me play with them, is so they can chase me and catch me."

Dennis and Robert giggled while Melvin smiled through his tears.

"Remember, instead of bragging about how good we are," Susie said "we should help the others so that they become better at it too." She smiled at the boys again. "Now, instead of playing here by yourselves, why don't you come out and help the rest of us play Dare Base? Perhaps if you aren't on the same side I am, you can even catch me."

With smiles on their faces the boys followed Susie to join the others. ■■



NEARING THE PROMISED LAND

Balak, the king of Moab, had done his best to persuade Balaam to curse the Israelites. But it had all been for nothing. Each time Balaam tried to curse, God turned his words into a blessing instead.

Balak was greatly disappointed. "I promised to give you a lot of gifts and money as a reward if you cursed the Israelites," Balak cried. "But since you keep on blessing them, I won't give you a thing."

Balaam was disappointed, too. He had hoped he would get a big reward from the king. He longed for the honor and the riches the king had promised to give him.

The more Balaam thought about it, the more he wished he could still find some way to get that reward. At last he thought of a plan. He said to the king, "As long as God is with the Israelites, you cannot do anything. No one can curse them, or harm them. But here is something that might work. Be real friendly to the Israelites. Don't fight with them. Send them gifts. Have your people go over to their camp and visit with them, and make friends. Then pretty soon the Israelites will start worshiping idols the same as you do. When that happens, their God will be angry. He will forsake them, and stop giving them such power to fight."

The king was pleased at the words of Balaam. The plan made sense to him. Since he could not persuade God to forsake his people, maybe he could persuade the people to forsake their God.

King Balak sent word throughout all the land of Moab, saying, "Be friendly with the Israelites." Very soon the very thing was happening that Balaam had said might happen. The Israelites were starting to pray to idols, and were doing other wicked things they learned from the people of Moab. They were sinning against God.

God was indeed angry with his people, because they had allowed themselves to be led into idol worship. He sent a terrible sickness among them as a punishment and thousands of them died.

God said to Moses, "I am greatly displeased that my people have made friends with the Moabites and are worshiping their idols. Call all the people together and kill all the ones who want to keep on worshiping idols, so

that I can forgive you and bless you again."

Moses called all the people together, and told them what God had said. That day many Israelites who wanted to keep on worshiping idols had to be killed.

Now God could forgive his people again, for they had put away their wrong doing, and repented from their sins. But God was still angry with the people of Moab, because they had led the Israelites into idol worship.

"From now on," God said, "treat the people of Moab as your enemies. Don't ever make friends with them again. I want you to go out and punish them for leading you into idol worship."

The men of Israel armed themselves and went out and fought against king Balak and his people. They destroyed them completely and burned their cities as a terrible punishment for having caused the Israelites to sin. They also killed Balaam with a sword, because he had done very wrong in giving King Balak such wicked advice in the first place. Earlier when Balaam was blessing the Israelites, one time he had said, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." But how sad his life turned out. Instead of dying with the righteous, he died with the wicked, killed by God's own people.

The Israelites were now nearing the land of Canaan for the second time. Nearly forty years before they had come to the border of the promised land, but had not been able to enter because they had doubted the power of God and had been afraid of the giants in the land. Because they had not trusted in God, they had to turn back into the desert and wander around for forty years until all the men died who were twenty years or older at the time. Only Joshua and Caleb did not have to die in the desert with the others, because they had wanted to cross into Canaan and had not been frightened of the giants.

Now the time had come for Moses to die, too. God said to Moses, "It is time for you to die."

Moses was concerned about who would take his place and lead the people. He loved the Israelites, and his first thought was for them. Moses said, "May the Lord choose another man to lead the people, so that they won't be like sheep without a shepherd when I am gone."

"Take Joshua," God said, "and lay your hands upon him in the presence of all the people, and appoint him leader in your stead."

So Joshua was appointed to be the leader when Moses should die.

Moses longed to talk with the people one last time before he died. He called them all together, and he spoke for a long time to them, warning them to be faithful to God and not fall away and worship idols. He reminded them how wonderfully God had led them out of Egypt and kept them alive for forty years in the desert, giving them water from rock and bread from heaven. He told them how God punished them when they disobeyed. He said if they kept God's commandments, God would be with them and help them drive out the heathen nations from the land of Canaan."

When Moses finished speaking, all the people promised to be obedient to God and to Joshua.

Moses was an old man, 120 years old, but his eyes were still as bright as ever, and he was still strong and healthy. Just the same, the time had come for him to die. God said to him, "Since you cannot enter into the promised land, I will let you look over and see it yet before you die."

Moses walked alone to the top of a nearby mountain, Mount Nebo. Here God met him, and said, "Look over the river Jordan into the land of Canaan. This is the land which I promised to give to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob."

All the land of Canaan, with its green hills and rich pastures, was spread out before Moses. He could see that it was indeed a land flowing with milk and honey, a land with fertile soil and plenty of rain.

Then Moses died there on top of the mountain, alone with God. God himself buried Moses somewhere on the mountain, but to this day no one knows exactly where.

— E. S.



The Murmurers
Hands were folded, heads were bowed;
Each whispered a prayer
Of thanks to God for food to eat
And for all his loving care.
And when the blessing ended
And every head was raised,
Hungry eyes were cast on food;
Forgotten was thanks and praise.

"Why must we have old 'taters again,"
Piped up one from the table side;
"The bread is hard," grouched another,
"Why brown instead of white?"
"The gravy needs more salt," said one,
"Why didn't you make beans?"
"The meat is tough!" no pie again!"
"How sandy taste the greens!"
So on and on the grumbling went.
From one thing to another;
One tried in vain to soothe them,
'Twas a tired and bent old mother.

Long, long ago in the wilderness
Manna was dropped from heaven
To feed God's wandering children;
Each day this blessing was given.
They grumbled and they murmured
And were not satisfied,
Then with a plague God punished them
Till many of them died. (Num. 11)

Do we grumble about our blessings
Yet thank God for the same?
(Tell me, what is a hypocrite?)
We should hang our heads in shame.
-S.M.W.

Submitted by Mrs. Noah S. Anderson,
Nappanee, Indiana

There was an error in the sausage recipe printed in the October issue. The amount of salt was printed as twelve pounds instead of twelve ounces, which it should have been. I hope the error was large enough so anyone making the sausage would know something was wrong. So when you use the recipe, be sure to put in 12 ounces -- not 12 pounds.

Our Family Orange Plant

Today I discovered the first blossom on my orange plant for this season. This was a special little discovery because this orange plant is the favorite plant at our house. The children came running to see, too, when I announced, "look what I found." They admired the blossom also.

"Are those oranges real?" visitors often ask. Seeing real oranges in the winter time in Wisconsin does surprise folks and the next thing they want to know is what they taste like.

This is the fourth year it has bloomed and I'm learning more about it all the time. The first blossoms all fell off. One year it had only one orange and I don't remember if it ripened. Then last year it had over one hundred blossoms of which 28 matured and ripened. Most of these 28 are still hanging on and the largest one has a circumference of 7 inches. I've plucked some off to satisfy the curiosity of some folks who are genuinely interested in it. Usually they agree however that the oranges aren't quite as tasty as they look.

I never thought men noticed house plants much but I'm surprised at the interest my husband has shown in this plant. It seems he also enjoys the aroma of the blossoms, delights in watching the buds appear and leaves unfold almost as much as I do. We keep each other posted on the latest about the plant.

Where did I ever get a plant like that, some women wonder? I tell them from the Gurney's Seed catalog which has them quite reasonable. They are quite small at first and mine measures now a good five feet tall. It's mostly one branch that took the lead to grow that high. It's planted in a 30 lb. cherry can and is about 7 years old. This is just a house plant but I have to think, it certainly is part of our family life.

Its beauty, and watching it grow remind me often of God's goodness to us in even small things such as house plants.

— Mrs. Dan Schrock, Wisconsin



Mrs. Lester Coblentz of Kalona, Iowa writes:
"I would like to share an old spice cake recipe with others and see if they like it as good as I do. This is an old recipe my husband's grandmother Miller used to make years ago."

Dissolve 1 tablespoon or 1 cake dry yeast in 1 cup of warm water; add 1 teaspoon sugar to make this rise faster.

Mix together: 2 beaten eggs
1/2 cup lard
1 cup raisins

Stir in yeast.

Sift together: 2 1/2 cups flour
1 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon each of the spices:
cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice, and cloves
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt

Pour this in the above mixture and let set in warm place for about 25 to 30 minutes and put in hot oven 350 degrees and bake 30 minutes.



MINUTE FUDGE FROSTING

1/4 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1/4 cup cocoa (scant)
1/8 teaspoon salt

1/4 cup milk

Melt butter in saucepan and add other ingredients. Stir over low heat till dissolved. Bring to a rolling boil and boil one minute. Remove from heat and beat until creamy enough to spread.



Apple Tapioca

1 cup raisins
2 quarts water
1/2 cup minute tapioca
1/2 cup sugar

Bring raisins and water to a boil. Mix tapioca and sugar. Add to water, stirring constantly. Boil 3 to 5 minutes or until tapioca is not quite clear. Remove from heat. Mix the following in large greased baking dish.

2 quarts diced apples
1 cup white or brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Pour the tapioca over the apples. Bake uncovered at 375 for 45 minutes, or until apples are soft.

This is a good way to use winter apples.

-Mrs. E. L., Pennsylvania



Pumpkin Nut Cookies

1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup pumpkin
2 cups sifted flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon ginger
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup raisins
1 cup chopped nuts

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually. Cream till light and fluffy. Add egg and pumpkin; mix well. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and spices together. Stir in dry ingredients and mix until blended. Add raisins and nuts. Drop by teaspoonsful on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a 350° oven about 15 minutes. Makes 4 doz. cookies.

-Mrs. Melvin Hochstetler, Bremen, Indiana



Pumpkin Cookies

Cream: 1 1/2 cups shortening
2 cups granulated sugar
Add: 3 cups cooked pumpkin
3 teaspoons baking powder
3 teaspoons baking soda
3 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves
3 teaspoons vanilla

Mix well, then add:

5 cups flour

Fold in: 2 cups raisins

1 cup chopped nuts

Bake at 375° for 12 to 15 minutes.

-Mrs. L. Z. Nolt, Pennsylvania



OUR BABY

We have a darling baby boy,
A precious gift of God.
We ask the Lord to help him find
The path that Jesus trod.

Good examples we hope to be,
That we lead not astray;
We must guide with admonishments

With God to lead the way.

Some say he looked like Daddy,
Some say he looks like me —
Brown hair, dark eyes, pug nose, clear skin
Just his own looks has he.

He has such sweet innocent eyes.

A ready, winning smile;

Washing, feeding, watching, rocking —
He makes life seem worthwhile.

His soul is such a priceless thing;

Oh, may he heaven reach,

When his life on earth is o'er;

There's much we have to teach!

- D. W. Burkholder

Wakarusa, Ind.



THE MEASURING ROD

Years ago my very practical, but deeply spiritual mother gave me a measuring rod that I have found most useful. It happened the day a maid, carrying too many dishes, dropped a valuable bowl which shattered to bits. It was irreplaceable, a prized wedding present. Mother did not scold the girl but quietly told her to brush up the pieces and throw them away. I knew from mother's face that she felt badly about her lost treasure and I began to sputter my indignation.

"Yes, it's too bad," mother said. "I can never get another bowl like it." She paused a moment and then added, "but in the light of eternity, what is one bowl?"

That was all. The incident was closed for mother. But over the years when disasters large or small have arisen, I have found myself measuring the circumstances with this rod: what is the misfortune in the light of eternity?

- Selected

Some Mothers Write

As time rolls onward I realize more and more how precious, hard, dangerous lessons are. Grief is a tonic to wisdom once the pangs are left behind. -H., Missouri

One morning as I was getting ready to fry eggs for breakfast I asked each one how many they wanted. Without hesitating our 5-year-old girl spoke up and said, "I'll take two." So I kindly told her, "You're welcome to have two but are you sure you want both of them?" "Well," she exclaimed, "I'll take one, then make me a half of another one."

-Mrs. E. S. H., Ohio

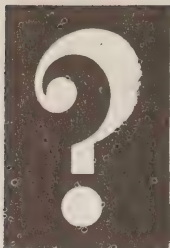


Thoughts from
My Rocking Chair



It seems the
greatest thankful-
ness lies in
the hearts of
those who
have the least
to be thankful
for.

Aunt Becky



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

??

Question:

How can one distinguish the difference between hunger and lust? For me to stay the weight I think best for my health, I constantly have the feeling I call hunger. Three times a day I sit at a table full of food with my sisters and my brothers. They always eat all they care to which is quite a temptation for me to resist. It goes hard for me to hear them saying, "This doesn't taste good," or "I don't like that." To me it would all taste so Deelicious for I have such a hunger that I could eat everything and anything. Is this really hunger or is it lust? One time I didn't eat for four days and lost only 2 lbs. It had always wondered me what hunger really felt like and it was the same feeling as usual, only a little more so. Maybe I didn't try it long enough.

I have heard already that when a drunkard or a heavy smoker tries to quit his habit he constantly has the feeling for more. Is this hunger, thirst, or lust?

I have the feeling I call hunger but just where does the line go between hunger and lust, or is it at different places for different people?

— A Puzzled Weight Watcher, Pa.

??

TO GRIEVED AND CONFUSED

Whose husband wants her to join a more liberal church with him:

Wives should submit to their husbands in everything except when the husband does not submit unto the church and unto Christ, or else the Word would contradict itself and compel the wife to sin because her husband does wrong. In 1 Peter 3:7 it says, Likewise, ye husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge (German: vernunft, meaning understanding and reason), giving honor unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life; that your prayers be not hindered.

It has been told of a wife whose husband wanted her to join a more liberal church with him and she could not do it because of her conscience's sake before God. She did not want to be stubborn or willful, but she would simply tell him, Ich kann net (I cannot). Later the wife died, so the husband would have been free to join another church as far as his wife was concerned. But by then, he couldn't either. It shows what a meek and humble spirit can do.

— E.G.

When I read "advice needed," I had a very true feeling for her, as I also went through something in the same order. I felt that if I let God lead the way, I can stay by the same church as I was brought up and baptized, and if my husband had any true Christian love for me he will see it that way and stay with me. So we prayed together more and the church also prayed. Now it's eleven years since that happened and we are still in the same church and are happy. But we must keep on praying that we lead the Christian life that God wants us to.

Yes, I have remembrance of that happening in front of my eyes every day as it happened to me before our fourth child was born and she was born a cripple and still is today. I felt that was one way God was talking to us and it went better from then on.

— Indiana

Obey your conscience. Cling to the heavenly Bridegroom, who should be first and dearest. A wife is not bound unto her husband to go astray with him. Jesus said - Matt. 10:37 - He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me. Verse 38 - And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.

Your influence is best by clinging to Christ, who knows whether that will yet convince him of his error? Even though he never repents, you can at least feel you were a light instead of a handicap, and your devotion to God remains - you're doing the best for your own soul, your husband's children, plus the example you owe others - to stand for Christ, even in persecution!

— L., Pennsylvania

A wife is required to be submissive unto her own husband, only in the Lord. If he asks things of her contrary to the Scriptures, her first obedience is that to Christ. "If any man (woman) come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife (husband) and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his (her) own life also he cannot be my disciple," (Luke 14:26) thus showing the first love and obedience of every Christian is to Christ, or we cannot be one of His. But you can in many ways show your respect and love to your husband by being cheerful and submissive in other areas, and by performing your household duties faithfully, as unto the Lord. Be consistent to the living Word and every standard of your church to your best ability and the Lord will not forsake you and will grant you strength to bear the cross.

— As I Understand

We promised to God upon our knees, to hold to these things till death but now Satan comes to us like he did to Adam and Eve trying to make us believe it matters not, Remember Lot's wife. It is the hereafter that we must consider. Rev. 2:10- Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.

Excuses did not help Adam and Eve. How could it help us?

If your husband does not do as promised why follow his example?

If it would be right to leave the church once, would it be right to do so several times? Could it not bring our on-coming generation into the world? Abstain from all appearance of evil.

Luke 16:15, For that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.

We are in the last times. Many that left the church are now in the world. Therefore brethren stand fast and hold the tradition which ye have been taught, whether by word or by our epistle. Thes. 2:15.

If the husband wants to take his wife to a church where she cannot fulfill her promise when she was baptized, then there is no need for her to go any further.

A Bishop in the Old Order Amish Church said he was baptized in a more liberal church because his Dad had left the Amish faith. When this Bishop was a boy he had company with a girl from the Old Order, and she said she'd go along with him into his church. As the time for their marriage neared, he could see how hard it was for her to give up her faith. He pitied her and also her parents who were against their daughter making the change.

He said something to his Bishop and he told the boy that he should not take her away from her church if she feels she shouldn't. Later this boy, who is now a Bishop, said, "Now since I see how my Dad's family turned out I am so glad I came with her to her church. My parents went to another higher church yet and my brothers and sisters still higher."

And I also know of another Amish minister who said he and his wife could not get along because he leaned toward a more liberal church. He decided on Sunday morning they would go to this church. He insisted and when he came in from his chores, he found his wife on the bed crying. He asked himself what he was doing to drive his wife against her conscience like that. He was

ready to give up. Today he feels so grateful towards her because she stood true to her faith. — A Minister

Yes, this wife should be obedient to her husband as long as he doesn't get on the wrong track. God's Word should first be obeyed. She doesn't do wrong if she just tells him, to keep my first promise I must do what I promised when I was baptized - to stay steadfast and to help work in the church which I am. If she gives up, I feel they are both robbing their own souls. Up to this day I still say I would not for anything go with my partner to a higher "gma." I heard too much already what such said at the end. — A Grandmother

If grieved and confused will also consider other Scriptures she may not be so confused. Like Romans 13:2 where it says about obeying the powers (obrigkeit). Yet the Bible apostles teaches us that we should obey God rather than men, when men ask us to do wrong. When we were baptized we promised to live for Jesus until death. I didn't say, I will if my husband will or lets me. But I said I will. I don't feel that my marriage vow changed my baptismal vow. Then also read Acts 5. The wife that agreed with her husband in a wrong, received the same punishment. Read also 1 Cor. 7:13, 15 and 1 Cor. 15:58, 2 Thes. 2:3-15. Above all else, think of the time when you will stand before the judge, and try to live now the way you will then wish you had lived.

If a husband really loves his wife he will respect her conscience, too. — Grieved the same way

Do not the Ten Commandments say, obey thy father and mother? Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. This is true, but your husband is supposed to obey his church. Does he realize what he married when he was baptized and also when he got married?

When Christ went up to heaven there was only one true church. But let us ask one another, why are there so many different churches today? Just as one of my school teachers said when I went to school, "The people are never satisfied with what they have. They always want something different."

For me, I would just stay by the church I was brought up, baptized, and married in. What is it that your husband doesn't like about the church? What's on his mind? We would like to help him out.

— Old Order Amish, Ohio

The children of Israel were to marry to whom? There were twelve tribes. One was not to marry any other but of their own tribe. We today, the Old Order Mennonites, are supposed to marry of our own tribe and as far as I know the bishop does not marry anybody except they are brother or sister in the church -- on one baptism and one belief in Christ. But there are quite a few men or husbands that leave the church after two or three years marriage, but their wives stay and they try and live peaceably together. Why does your husband want to leave? Does it not come out of pride, usch as more liberty? Most often this is the cause. The Bible teaches to not let pride get the best of us. Crucify our self nature.

Furthermore shall we disobey God and follow pride? No. Live as peaceable as possible so that the children can be raised in the Lord. What does the Bible say of such that make a covenant with God and break it just for self-will? I can find no praise whatsoever.

Paul writes and says, Husbands, love your wives as yourself as Christ has love for His church. You husbands, if you love your wife as yourself and the church, you will not want to leave.

— Titus Nolt, Pennsylvania

I read your problem in Family Life. I felt so sorry for you. I have wondered how would something like that be, and what would I do? I read in Matthew 10:38 - And he that taketh not his cross and follows after me, is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it: And he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.

And in John 13:34 - A new commandment I give

unto you, that you love one another: As I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

I could not write all the things, but these are a few that I find helpful. I am sure that if you read your Bible you will find many things to help and comfort you. Ask the Lord. He can help you.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: For everyone that asketh receiveth and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened Matt. 7:7, 8.

— Ohio

My first advice would be, pray for your husband. I feel sorry for women who have to be in such cases. Especially if its a church he wants to go to that he has to be put in the ban. I think it's a serious thing. Ask God to "make your hearts like one heart and keep it holy and live in there." Read the Bible daily. Maybe after you have asked God to help you, your husband will see it different after all. With kind and loving words let him know you still love him. He still can be the leader and the head of the household.

— Pennsylvania

The verses you quoted (Eph. 5:22-24) of wives submitting themselves to their husbands as unto the Lord. In the 21st verse we read, submitting yourselves to one another in the fear of the Lord. I believe the Apostle Paul meant to submit to the husband only in the Lord. So if the husband would want to take a step that is contrary to the Word of god, the woman is not under bondage in such cases (1 Cor. 7:15).

I know of a couple who were in the same condition as you describe. The husband asked his wife to change her way of dress - just little things at a time - but she saw where this would lead to so she kept her stand for Christ and the church. That man has left her and she is living alone with her children. But the peace of God is worth more than anything this world can offer.

As for leaving a plain church in which we were raised, is it not better to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season? How many times are people satisfied when they change to a more liberal church? If the same spirit prevails in the heart, they will always be among those who are trying to have more than the standards allow. Why not pray to God together about this matter? I am sure that if you will give up to God's will, He will give you peace where you are.

— A Pennsylvania Reader

To the friend who wants to know about leaving her church for a more worldly one, we have plenty of Scripture against it. In James 4:4 we read, "Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God" Also in Romans 12:2, "Be not conformed to this world." The people of God should be entirely separate from the world.

In Titus 2:14 we read, "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto him a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

I hope this will be a help to you and your husband. The Devil is among us every day trying to lead us astray.

— Shipsewana, Indiana

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

There's been many pieces in Family Life about play things in church. I'd like to add about another one that I've never seen mentioned. It's mothers taking bought dolls along to church. I've seen one that was about eight inches long already. And every time I see one it goes through my heart to think a Christian would take one to church.

— A Grandmother, Pennsylvania

If men speak ill of thee, live so that nobody will believe it.

-Quaker proverb



Our Older Folks

Did you ever try to realize how lonesome it would be
If you were hard of hearing, and it hurt your eyes to see,
If you had rheumatism, and your bones were stiff and sore
And it was hard to get around, you couldn't work no more,
If folks would hardly notice you and wouldn't even smile
When really they should say "Hello," and stop to talk a-
while,
If the rest would go a-visiting or go shopping down town
Wouldn't invite you cause it's hard for you to get around.

So many of our old folks are living just this way;
They feel they are not welcome, because they are old
and gray,
Because they have those wrinkles, and their hands are
thin and weak,
Because they're maybe over sized, or looking extra
meek,
Because they can't go on and work the way the others do
They fear that they are in the way, they should be work-
ing, too.
So they just tinker 'round on things they do while sitting
down
And often they just sit and think cause it's hard to get a-
round.

I've wondered what such old folks would enjoy most of all
I think they like to talk with folks, no matter big or small,
To tell about their younger days, and schools of long ago,
To tell old tales and sing old songs we younger folks don't
know.
We should remember we too might some day be old and
gray,
We'd treasure friendly smiles just like old folks do today
If we visit with them sometimes when extra moments can
be found.
We'd help past time cause it's so hard for them to get a-
round.

-Mrs. Rudy Bontrager, Haven, Kansas

Little Esther Byler (see August issue) received quite a few gifts and letters since her story was printed. She wishes to thank everyone for their kindness.

The parents, Ben Byler of Mercer, Pennsylvania, put the money that Esther received into the bank for future needs. They bought her little wheelchair with some of her "gift" money.

Esther is recuperating again from a broken arm. She was in the barn and wanted to move up to a cow to pet her. Her wheelchair upset, causing the break.

Lately I have the privilege of visiting invalid, Fannie Jantzi. She has been a patient at the Avon Crest Nursing Home in Stratford, Ontario for the last three years. Fannie is arthritic and quite helpless. Her hands are deformed and her legs are drawn up. She is bedfast and needs to be fed. She is able to visit and enjoys mail, although she does very little reading herself.

NOTES FROM FRIENDS

To my dear friends, the shutins both far and near. I hope you will excuse the shortness of my letter, being I'm so shaky that writing is a problem.

I would like to give a few words of encouragement. What a blessing to be a shutin! If we are shut in then the world is shut out. It is better to be shut in then shut out so let's be content with whatever the good Lord sends. Look at the many temptations we are saved from! If we only bear our burdens patiently then they are not heavy at all. The shutins have more blessings than those who can do as they please and never are content, so let's be content in the Lord.

— Simeon Bowman
Conestogo, Ontario

One Father who is confined to the house wrote: "We now had supper and the children are out doing the chores. I did so much enjoy to work with my boys before I was laid up. Maybe I was not thankful enough for the way we had it. I so often have a longing to be out with them, but I feel the good Lord knows best. They try to do their duty and come to the house happy. We still enjoy each other."

He further writes, "We had a greeting card from _____. They didn't forget us. Maybe on account of our faults. If I look back over the year I just have to wonder, what good did I do? So I have a good reason to try hard to do better, but it seems the good I would want to do, I do not."

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions.....

We are coming into the season of flu and colds. For some folks this is just an accepted part of winter. So it was for me at one time. One day I discovered the vitamins that fight the flu germ. I bought myself a bottle of One-A-Day vitamin A and D. This cost some over two dollars and lasted me for the whole winter. I then found out that I could go through a complete winter without even getting a cold. The vitamins A and D build resistance and fortifies a person against the flu germ.

Lately a doctor came to visit us and he also agreed that these two vitamins should be taken to ward off the common cold. Vitamin D is the sunshine vitamin and overdosages can be taken. In most cases 500 units a day is sufficient.

What is the most effective treatment when someone contacts flu - or a cold? Some would say boneset tea. Others prefer hot lemon tea. Still others would recommend to stop eating and to drink only fruit juice.

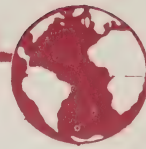
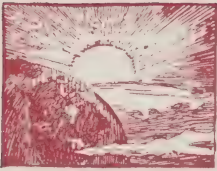
I knew one young man who said he never get the flu - and he seldom did. When the others were sick, and he felt a touch of the flu coming on, he would go to the castor oil bottle and take a sip. (A better way to take castor oil is to take one-fourth glass of tomato or orange juice. Add the dosage of castor oil. Then add about one-eighth teaspoon soda and stir vigorously. Drink while foaming.)

Our cover picture for this month was made by 17-year-old Susie Hoover. She is the daughter of Anson Hoover, of Wallenstein, Ontario.

THANKS

We thank Thee, God, for many things,
Things that make our lives worthwhile:
The brilliant flash of Cardinal wings,
The radiance of a baby's smile;
The low, deep croak of frogs at night,
The sparkle of the morning dew,
Gilded butterflies in flight,
Puffy clouds in skies so blue;
Fluffy chicks the old hen hatches;
Sunsets at the end of day,
The fireflies our quick son catches,
The twinkling of the Milky Way;
Bessie's calf on wobbly legs,
Quiet moments with a friend,
Nests of speckled swallow eggs,
Watching morning's sun ascend,
Furry, humming bumblebees,
Minnows darting in the brook,
Good smells floating on the breeze,
Meditations from Thy Book.
These things add joy to our days;
They manifest Thy boundless love.
For these things we'll give Thee praise
Till we live with Thee above.

Jeanne Brown



TWILIGHT

Many things we take for granted, usually we never do appreciate or stop to think about them. One of these is twilight. Suppose one evening when the sun went down everything would suddenly be dark. Suppose you saw a chicken in the garden scratching for a worm but when the sun went down, it could not find its way to roost. Perhaps the farmer in the field is husking corn and trying frantically to reach the end of one more row before the sun went down. But just as he were almost to the end, the sun would sink below the horizon and darkness would be there. He'd have to quit and in the darkness try to find his way toward home. Perhaps the farmer's son is in the loft and throwing down the hay to feed the cattle for the night. When suddenly darkness comes, he'd have to grope and find his way to reach the ladder and maybe end up falling down the hole.

We can be thankful that when God divided light from darkness He also deemed it wise to make the twilight in between. When the sun dips down below the horizon, we still have nearly 15 minutes of bright daylight. This is because the sun shines on the little specs of dust within the atmosphere above us. If there would be no air, then day and night would start and stop abruptly without warning.

Twilight does not last a similar length of time at every place and every time of year. At latitudes close to the Equator, the sun so quickly drops below the horizon its rays do not reflect upon even the highest layers of the

atmosphere. In Mexico and in Central America, it only takes an hour the year around, from sunset til the darkness is complete.

But further north the sun sinks at a slant and through the summer months, the twilight lasts much longer. In Wisconsin, the twilight stays for three full hours at end of June.

Sometimes the colors of the sunset and a short time after are among the brightest in the entire realms of nature. Shades of pink and purple, sometimes blue spread out across the sky. At times the sky glows softly and it seems to color objects on the earth. Then as the sun sinks further still, the colors seem to pull themselves together till they finally disappear at the same place the sun went down.

The gradual change from light to darkness gives us time to make adjustment, not alone for humans but also for plants and animals as well. Some plants fold up their leaves and flowers and seem to try to hide them from the night. But other plants will seem to open up and try to catch or breathe in something that they missed all through the day.

Most kinds of birds and animals quiet down and seek their nests or dens to spend the night. But others wake, prepared to find their food at night. Long, long ago the psalmist sang of wonders God has made, "Thou makest darkness, it is night and all the beasts of forests do creep forth." Ps. 104:20

Humans, too, can find the twilight a most wholesome, pleasant time of day. It gives us time for eyes to focus from the daylight to the darkness and for minds to think of coming night. It helps to tune our minds to deeper thinking and to lift our thoughts to higher levels from the daily tasks. The tensions and the cares of daily living seem to melt away at end of day much as they have a tendency to do (in greater measure) in life's evening hours.

At onset of the winter, long and early hours of dusk, they seem to have a charm all of their own. The early twilight brings to welcome close the days activities and weary feet turn homeward with an eye for that bright light which shines out through the window beckoning the hungry to come home for supper and to cozy warmth beside the evening family fires.

And when the winter's leaden skies drop down their blankets, sheets of pure white snow at early end of afternoon, what soothing quiet, such a special feeling it can give to everyone who walks toward home. Perhaps the brightness of the kitchen window never looks so welcome any other time of year as in the wintry evening. This rare impression of the early winter dusk, it cannot be tasted, seen or heard, it must be felt and obvious ly it can not be described.

One word of warning, yet, we need to be on guard for twilight's wakening of the senses can stir up emotions which can lead astray. The Wise Man said, "I saw a youth, a young man void of understanding, in the twilight, in the evening... there he met a woman fair who flattered him with words and led him forth like a dumb ox which goes to slaughter, to his own destruction."

GOD made the day, He made the night and gave us in between the evening hours. So let us not mis-use these gifts of nature, but try to realize how great He really is.

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FAMILY LIFE

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letters to the editors

RUDYS ARE REAL

In our neighborhood, we also have Rudys. (Rudy's Escape From Reality, October issue). When we had council meeting, this very thing came up. One of the ministers said he thinks that true Christians do not have time for the pleasures of this world like fishing or hunting trips. Then someone brought up whether it would not be Christ-like to spend more time in fishing. The answer he got was, "Did Christ or his disciples fish for pleasure, or did they do it to make a living or to have something to eat? I do not believe that Christians who are truly concerned about their families and fellow men, will have time to on week-end parties for fishing or hunting."

Personally, I do not feel it is wrong to fish or hunt. My son lives in a new settlement which was started about two years ago and they have fishing and hunting there. However they did find out that the people who live around them consider it disrespectful to God to fish on Sunday. Are we a light to the world?

-Titus H. Nolt, Pennsylvania.

I was reading with interest about Rudy and his fishing trip. I had to wonder that a man would do something like that to go on a fishing trip and leave his chores for his wife and children to do. With all the things that can happen, is it a wonder that the woman of the house has to complain about the fishes. I am over 75 years old and I never heard but what it is a bad thing if the husband has to complain about the wife, or the wife about her husband.

-H., Indiana

..Would this have been a good ending for the story Rudy's Escape From Reality; when he asked "What's the matter, Sadie, aren't you glad I'm home? she could have said, "Oh yes, I am, I got a letter from cousin Anna, she is coming to spend a week or so with Uncle Abe and Aunt Fannie. She said she wished I could spend a few days there like I used to do when we were girls. I wrote back and told her I could do that as you don't have to work on the job now and would be home to take care of things. They have room for me and the baby in their buggy and we will go with them after church tomorrow."

-A Reader, Virginia.

I know a lot of Rudys only they don't all go on fishing trips. Some are so involved in their work away from home they have no time for the wife and children so they have to struggle along by themselves.

-Michigan

TRY A WIDE MOUTH JAR

I enjoy the children's section for the stories seem so very real. Tell Lydia Keim (see September issue) that the next time she wants to make gravy, put the water and the flour all together in a wide mouth jar, screw tight and shake a few times vigorously.

-V.W.H., Denver, Pa.

SOMETHING RADICALLY WRONG WITH WHOM?

Concerning the article, "No Time To Pray", (October issue) it appears that in their dating days, Paul and Elva never seriously discussed their ideals of Christian living, such as family devotions. If they discussed it then Elva

must have considerably lowered her standards from the way she was taught since her home life was of a much higher type than that of Paul's. Did they think there would be plenty of time for discussing such things later on or didn't they consider it of much importance.

Perhaps they were minded like the boy who once made the statement that if a girl wants to talk about religion on a date, then there must be something radically wrong? Is it any surprise that the one who made that statement ended up with a very unsatisfactory family life?

I think Martha was a true sister indeed, showing Elva where she had failed even though it must have been very hard for her to do so. Yet through her efforts, much fruit was brought forth to the glory of God. How often we excuse ourselves by thinking, let someone else do it, when we see someone taking the wrong road, even though it would be our duty to speak to them in humility. If they wouldn't accept it, then we would have done our duty.

-A Reader, Pennsylvania.

The Petes are plentiful. Too bad he didn't have better training at home. Yet he was old enough he should have known better.

Dad used to work away, too, and when the driver came before we had our morning devotions, we went outside and asked them to please wait a bit for Dad is not quite ready. They never complained about waiting a little.

-First Things First, Michigan

A FITTING HELPER FOR MAN

In the article "Men and Women", (October issue), I find the following quotation, "Then God said, It is not good that the man should be alone, I will make a help mate for him." I know it is sometimes quoted like that but the Bible tells us, "God said, It is not good that the man should be alone, I will make him an help meet for him."

The word "meet" used in this way means suitable, fit, proper. We find it used as such in several places in the Bible as in Matt. 3:8, "Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance." Also 1 Cor. 15:9, "For I am the least of the Apostles, that I am not meet to be called an Apostle, because I persecuted the church of God."

However I do agree with the author's views.

-L.S., Pennsylvania.

ANSWER: In checking over the manuscript we find that the author of the article did have it quoted correctly. Four or five people read it afterwards and apparently one of them took it for a typographical error and changed one word. Thanks for calling attention to the error.

Brightening up the life of someone else will put a fresh shine on your own.

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PATHWAY PEN POINTS

WAS OUR LITTLE LIGHT SHINING

Some time ago I was hospitalized in a town where plain church folks are not often seen. The people were all nice to me, very respectful of our plain clothes, simple living habits and church ceremonies. Nearly all of the folks seemed to be church people but they must have seen something different in our church and asked a lot of questions. I felt weak in trying to answer the numerous questions.

I wished very much that I could tell them that the plain people all belong to one solid group, are one in spirit and undivided. Inwardly I felt ashamed and sorry because our churches are having such a vicious battle trying to keep up the virtues for which these people respect us.

Each of us has a small lamp to keep trimmed and burning. If enough small ones burn steadily there will be one big beautiful gleam.

If we believe in being plain and humble we will want to refrain from the pleasures of this world for the light of Christianity does not mingle with the darkness of the world. If we are to be a light to the world, let us be concerned that our humility is genuine and not just an outward shell.

—F.M.H., Missouri

MY FATHER SAID SO

The story is told of a father who stopped his team of horses and the cultivator at the end of a long row of corn to talk with two ministers. It so happened that the man's little seven-year-old son was following his dad and he also stopped his make believe stick horse. The stick horse got very unruly that day so the little boy took hold of his

stick horse in a manly way. As the little boy cursed and beat his stick horse, the father was very embarrassed and angry. He grabbed the boy by the shoulder and shook him unmercifully and said, "If I ever hear you use words like that again, I'll wear out a stick on your breeches." Don't ever let me hear you curse again."

But the ministers knew where the little boy had learned it. The little son was only following the most powerful teaching a child can ever receive. The father had used the same language on his horses. A child looks up to his father as an example to learn from.

A father is expected to tell the truth. Did you ever hear a little boy say, "This is really true, for my dad said so!" If his father said so, then there is no question in the child's mind but what it is true. When a father says something, usually the children know that he means it.

TRUE HAPPINESS FROM BELIEVING THE TRUTH

My father once told us children of a man he worked with who said, "When I was young my mother used to make me believe there is a Santa Claus. I believed it but later when I was older, I found out it wasn't true. "Then she tried to tell me of a living God but now I would not believe it." It is a sobering thought to think that what we first teach the children, stays with them.

Speaking of Santa Claus, I once heard a man telling how interested his children are in Santa Claus. He said he thinks any children who wouldn't believe in Santa Claus would be missing a lot of fun. The woman he was talking to answered something like this, "I don't know how happy that makes your children, to believe on Santa Claus. But I once saw a group of plain children who were singing a song about Jesus and anybody could see that they were happy."

-N.L.H. Pennsylvania.

WORLD WIDE WINDOW



LOUD NOISES WILL SOON BE ILLEGAL

Maximum noise levels permitted on machinery and equipment will be regulated by law, within one or two years, and official of the International Harvester Company predicted recently. Even such things as power lawn mowers may be included. Noise is a new hazard which is causing permanent and non-repairable deafness. He pointed out that in Ontario alone, in one year the Compensation Board dealt with 300 cases of industrial deafness and paid out more than a million dollars in claims.

He said that sometimes loud noises can not be heard because they are too high or too low a pitch, and yet can cause deafness. He also stated that some of the musicians in the modern rock and roll bands will eventually go deaf from their own music, which often goes over 120 decibels. This is about the limit for noise which the ear can stand. If it goes over 120 decibels, it

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causes pain and possibly injury.

Other sources of noises are snowmobiles, 120 decibels, Power lawn mowers 100, busy street traffic 70, and ordinary conversation 60.

He said the time is coming when any factory worker which is exposed to loud noises will be required to wear ear muffs or plugs the same as safety glasses are worn now.

TRACTORS NOW FIFTY YEARS OLD

A clipping sent in by a reader states that the National Tractor Show, the first of its kind, was held at Columbus, Ohio just fifty years ago. The man who made the main speech on that occasion pointed out that tractors were never intended to replace the horse on the farm, but just to help out with the heavy work.

"The tractor is designed to lighten the work especially during the peak season," he declared, "the horseless farm is only a dream."

There were many different kinds of tractors at that time for it was estimated that 100 different companies were making them. However Henry Ford made and sold more tractors than all other companies combined. The Fordson tractor had four wide steel wheels with lugs on them. It consumed huge quantities of gasoline which at that time was priced at 30c a gallon. This was very expensive compared to other things. Only the larger farms

could afford to buy tractors and pay for the gasoline needed to operate them. They were used almost entirely for plowing. They were too low and clumsy to be used in cultivated crops.

The farmers' big argument in favor of horses was that he had to pay money for gasoline and oil for the tractors, whereas he could raise the feed needed for his horses. Then, too, horses produced manure which made crops grow while a tractor did not.

The Fordson tractor was clumsy and dangerous to operate. So many reports came in of accidents and deaths, that Henry Ford finally took his tractor off the market.

It was in the middle thirties before the International Harvester Co. came out with their Farmall tractor designed to operate in row crops. Instead of lugs, the wheels had rubber tires.

The year, 1916 was the peak year as far as number of horses was concerned. After this, the numbers kept getting smaller and smaller. Probably the greatest change was between 1940 and 1950.

Along with the coming of the tractor have come larger farms, vast amounts of large and expensive power machinery, and ever larger and larger tractors. In many areas the horse has practically disappeared but with it has gone a lot of the old fashioned family farms, the neighborliness and the community spirit which was once so typical of the rural areas.

TWO CHILDREN — THE IDEAL FAMILY?

For a number of years experts have been predicting that pretty soon there are going to be more people on the world than there is room for. Groups in favor of family planning have been encouraging parents to have smaller and smaller families. The theory is that the world already has enough people, and that everyone should just replace himself, and thus keep the population from either increasing or decreasing. According to this thinking, two children is the ideal family.

In July, the birth rate dropped lower than it has been for that month since the late 1930's — to 2.5 children per couple. Even though it's not quite as low as their goal, family planning advocates look at the lowered rate as an encouraging sign that their campaigning is taking effect.

On the other hand, there may be other causes affecting the lowered birth rate. Donald J. Bogue, a sociologist from Chicago, suggests, "A world in which the young reject their parents, use drugs and break laws may make parenthood seem simply less inviting than it once was."

Looking at it from the world's viewpoint, advocates of a two-child family have a lot of good logic in their favor. But those of us who believe in God, and live by faith in Him, dare not make our decisions according to the world's logic. God commanded long ago, "Be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth." We believe that God and not man, should be the judge as to when the earth is full. Of course, Donald J. Bogue is right, the conditions in the world do make parenthood appear less inviting. Yet not the condition of the world, but the words of Jesus must remain our guide, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world" (St. John 16:33).

FLYING WORDS

Words are like kites;
We send them away
On the wings of the air,
When we speak or pray.

Words fly away
For good or ill,
But we can't pull them in
Like kites, at our will.

NEEDING MORE TOYS?

by Enos Yoder

As we visit in homes we notice there is a difference in the kinds of toys the children have. Take for example family B. They have only a few simple toys. Maybe Grandpa, or Dad or an older brother made them.

Although these toys are inexpensive and plain looking, it seems the children are very content to play with them. They take care and treasure them for years. If a wheel comes off they devise a way to put it on again. Perhaps Dad or big brother has to come to their aid occasionally. Even, then at times the only solution is to keep on using it with a wheel missing or no wheels at all - and still no thought of a new toy.

Next we come the Family C where the loving and well wishing parents have provided a box laden with fancy toys. In fact the box does not hold all of them for the closet and perhaps a room is filled, too.

Then back in the field by the woods there is a pile of junk heaped high with old or damaged toys as well as furniture of all kinds. Some is still good and could easily be repaired.

Inside the house, the children are looking at the catalogs and begging for a fancy new toy which bangs, pops and growls. It will move about the room without being wound up for it runs on a battery. If only they had this toy, they could have the most fun!

Family B and Family C go to the same church. Mom C does not need her diaper bag any more so she fills it with lots of nice toys so the children will really enjoy going to church. Also included in the bag are candies, pretzels, crackers, store-bought cookies and gum. By the time the bag is empty, the children will need two or three drinks of water and perhaps a trip to Dad and back.

Children B are taught to sit quietly. Sometimes they will play with their handkerchiefs or a little bottle or a tiny box. Mom B takes only small toys along to church and such as are noiseless so as not to disturb the minister or the people who come to listen. The older children in the family seem to have an interest in the sermon provided they can get their minds off the C children with their noisy toys and good smelling food.

Children C are friendly and sometimes share their nice toys with the B children in church. If they share their sweet and salty food then the B children must make some trips for water, too. This makes enough disturbance that preacher John can barely get his message across to the ones who came to listen.

Often if children have everything they want when they are little, they want everything they can think of when they are older. Sometimes their wants will get ahead of their needs and cause serious problems. Even if the parents can afford it, it is not the best to follow every whim and fancy the children might have.

Years ago we had B and C families, too. What kind of young folks did each one turn out to be, and later what kind of church members and parents? Are the former C children still faithful members or did they just keep on getting everything they wanted until they didn't want religion any more? Or maybe they designed their own fancy kind, with no respect for anyone else's religion.

We also had families as now, somewhere between B and C. In fact most families belong somewhere between the two.

If your parents taught you not be wasteful, and to be content without having all your wants fulfilled, then thank God for it. You will probably enjoy life more, have more true friends, and be able to help others who are in need.

Before buying new toys, let us ask ourselves, is it worth the money, does the child really need it, would a less expensive toy be just as good, or does the child need something else worse than it needs a new toy?

- Butler, Ohio

Family Life

HOW AMOS PAID HIS DEBT

(This story is based on facts. Names have been changed. Author wishes to remain anonymous.)

In a certain community, there lived a man by the name of Amos. He was a man of many fine qualities for he was good-natured and generous. He owned more than one farm and it seemed as if anything he laid his hand to, prospered. He was well-informed and had a free and easy way of speaking and could discuss or argue on almost any subject. Besides his other fine qualities, he was mild-mannered and was seldom known to lose his temper. Because of these qualities, he was highly respected by his neighbors.

There was, however a certain weakness in Amos's character. Because of his great prosperity, he developed a love of money. He was a good church member but when the regulations of the church interfered with his methods of making money, he did not easily submit.

He argued that as the Sabbath is made for man and man is not made for the Sabbath, so should the church regulations be. They should not constitute a strait-jacket, or be a hindrance in the lawful pursuit of what the Lord intended for man. "Yes," he would contend, "the Bible teaches that we should deny the desires of the flesh, yet there are many natural desires that the Lord permits such as man and wife living together, having a family to share the interests of life, owning property and enjoying life. Life is to be lived on the positive side more than on the negative. It is more important that we 'do' things than just that we 'don't' do things."

When it came to keeping peace in the church Amos argued the things which cause disunity in the church are really of very little importance, so why not just forget them? Peace with the brethren is of more importance than in keeping some regulation for which we have no express command in the Scriptures.

With such arguments Amos defended his position. Not only did he present a problem to the church, but his reasoning sounded so logical that he won a goodly number of the members to his way of thinking. The way Amos laid it out, it made the others look narrow minded who opposed him.

Since Amos was a man of prosperity, he had money to loan to others. However there was one drawback that Amos learned as time went by, and his love for money increased. Not all his debtors were able to meet their payments. It so happened that a man by the name of Levi was not so much as able to pay his interest.

The people knew that Levi was having a difficult time of it, and out of respect for him Amos was patient. But when after two years no interest had been paid, the money was so dear to Amos that he finally spoke to the deacon about it. As usual, he had a plan to solve the problem. He pointed out that since it is customary for the church to support the poor, it is not fair that he is taking the whole loss just because Levi couldn't pay. He suggested that the alms money be used to pay Levi's debt, for it was not right that he was Levi's only creditor.

The deacon listened to Amos's problem and told him he would discuss it with the other ministers. When the deacon brought it up they had quite a discussion, well remembering some of Amos's arguments against church restraint and the disunity caused by it.

When the deacon again met Amos he said, "We have discussed your problem. However before asking the church to use money collected for the poor, we want to see if there is not an easier way. You know Levi is a conscientious man and it is hard on him to be in debt. It does not seem right that a man who is not blessed in material goods as others are should be bound by such a debt, especially since he has worked hard to try to get rid of it. As you already have a surplus of life's needs, would it not be proper that you relieve him of the debt and enjoy the blessing of being a giver. It is more blessed to give than to receive. In this way, you will be blessed in a greater way than receiving full payment for the debt."

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Amos was not easily angered, but the deacon's plan looked to him like a ridiculous way of taking advantage of him. Had he not been generous in loaning Levi the money in the first place? Why must he suffer the loss of the whole debt?

It was with great difficulty that he remained calm. However, he wished to stand in favor with the church leader, so after thinking it over a few minutes, he said, "I did not expect this of you who are supposed to be an example of fairness and honesty. Here I am not only losing payments, but for two years, I have not as much as received any interest on the money."

The deacon answered, "Would it not be better to drop the whole thing. It is already so long that it has been going on and to take your plan, the whole matter would have to be put before the church. You already have enough worldly goods, and some to spare."

Amos was now stirred up and he spoke forcefully, "Did I go to Levi to see if he wished to borrow money? No! He came to me. He freely accepted my terms. What he borrowed is rightfully mine. Not living up to the agreement does not lessen his responsibility. Actually he has more to answer for. Not only does he owe me in full, but he also has to answer for not living up to his contract. I am a man of my word and expect the same of others!"

The deacon listened with a serious face until Amos had finished speaking. Then he quietly answered, "Your reasoning on this subject is much more sound than the way you have been living up to your promises as you made them to the church. When you became a member of the church you promised to live in peace and harmony with your fellow man. The Lord has blessed you with more material goods than almost anyone else, but have you been satisfied? In the case where money is involved you have been a man of your word. I wish the same were true in church matters."

As the deacon was talking, Amos's jaw fell. He saw that he was turning his own argument on himself." He said, "Give me time to think this over. I will see you later." A week later, Amos went to the deacon's house. "I see now what you meant," he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive. I have a confession to make in the church for my previous behaviour. Meanwhile you can forget about Levi's debt for I have cancelled it. Money matters are really the least, and if I forgive Levi this debt of money, perhaps I can obtain forgiveness for a much greater debt." ■■

Choose Wisely

By Roy M. Weaver

Our physical condition is influenced by what we eat and drink and by how we breathe. There is a lot of truth in the old saying, "We are what we eat."

The other part of us, the spiritual side is also influenced by certain choices we make. To name several, what we read, how we use our spare time, the company we choose and so forth.

Reading has much influence, especially on those of us who are "bookworms." Reading popular fiction, comics, sports, etc., will get our thoughts and talk into the wrong path. Neither will we enjoy the Bible or other edifying types of reading. If we are caught in this predicament, it is time, with God's help, to choose differently.

Choose to quit reading all questionable material and choose to read in the Bible every day. There are other worthwhile books and magazines but you must learn to choose wisely. If we choose the edifying material long enough and exclude the questionable, our taste will change for the better.

Of course the big thing is to believe on Jesus and to have Him as Lord and Master. Then the other choices will fall in place much easier.

A LAND FILLED WITH VIOLENCE

As far back as anyone can remember, there has always been a certain amount of lawlessness, violence, and crime. However, the records show that during the past fifteen years, there has been a noticable increase especially in the United States and Canada. According to statistics, the cities of Cleveland, Ohio and Chicago, Illinois have the highest murder rates per capita of all the cities of the world. This is rather astounding, considering the fact that the U.S. is supposed to be the most civilized country in the world.

Of course, as long as these figures remain statistics, few people become alarmed. But the time may be coming and already here when we will be seeing more of this violence and will be better able to realize what it really means.

On a recent trip by bus, we saw a considerable amount of lawlessness. To begin with, where we boarded the bus, a drunken woman was parading around in the station and making a general nuisance of herself. When the station master threatened to call the police, she disappeared into the night.

When we crossed the border at Detroit, the customs officials made a thorough search for drugs. The passengers were given a careful going over, not only the suitcases, but also the handbags and the clothing were searched. One woman who had a bottle of vitamin pills was given a rough time of it. Finally she had to have one of the pills analyzed to make sure they really were vitamin pills.

While we were waiting, a hippie couple came by in a car and apparently some drugs were found in their possession. The car was seized and the boy and girl were taken into a room and their wrists were chained together.

On our bus were two young men whom the authorities were rather suspicious of. They were thoroughly searched and questioned at length, but apparently no evidence could be obtained against them. While the officers were checking their stories, the young men made a dive for freedom and ran out the back door. As soon as their escapes were discovered, several officers went after them in a station wagon. A big dog was brought in to track them down. In a short time the officers returned with the captured men. Then they were unceremoniously shoved into the room and pushed up against a wall with their hands in the air. In a few moments, handcuffs were slapped on their wrists and they were led away. Later we learned they were convicts who had escaped from prison.

When we returned on our homeward trip a few days later, a woman got on the bus at Detroit whose car had been stolen from a motel parking lot the night before. She was from Montreal and had to return home by bus. Needless to say, she was very upset about the theft of her car.

At that very time, all the police officers in Detroit were working 12 hours a day 6 days a week. Because there were not enough officers available to maintain law and order, the men were working 72 hours a week instead of 40.

We do not know why these conditions have come, or what can be done to make them go away. Everywhere we look there seems to be a general lack of respect for authority in the homes, the schools and the nation as a whole. However there is evidence to believe that a one-eyed monster which is commonly found in the livingrooms of 98% of the

homes today must accept a considerable part of the blame.

For the last 70 years, Hollywood has turned out a tremendous amount of trash, glamorizing and portraying unrealistic ideals and low morals. But only during the past 15 or 20 years has it been able to gain entrance to the family circle by means of television. But now those little children who have been fed a diet of fist fights, shootings, silly love scenes where divorce and faithlessness are the accepted things, are now grown up. Parents who have shirked their responsibilities of setting a good example for their children and then providing the help and needed training, have sown the wind and are now beginning to reap the whirlwind.

The difference is becoming greater every day between the life of the average American family as compared to the simple, peace-loving life of our forefathers. We may have to suffer because of the violent, selfish society around us, but we should be very much concerned that we do not become part of that kind of a society. If we mean it when we say we don't want our children or our children's children to be doing the things that look awful to us today, then let us be careful that we do not take the first step down the pathway that leads there.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

The first I can remember of the depression was when I was about five years old. Father had heart trouble and was not able to work hard, which made it very hard on Mother. Father did carpenter work when he could get it and he also did a little farming. We had six or eight cows and whatever chickens we could raise. One summer we had 100 chicks, which we raised with hens but the chicken hawks carried off about half of them.

Mother would take eggs to town to trade for groceries and more than once we had no money for flour or sugar. Mother would give us a nickel to walk to town to buy a loaf of bread (Editor's note: the nickel was for the bread, not for going to town). At mealtimes we got half a slice of bread on our plate without any butter. Sometimes we had apple butter which was used for our school lunches, and we had only one sandwich. Sometimes we had apples when they were in season.

Since we had no lard to fry or bake our potatoes, they were boiled in water, sometimes with a flour gravy. Mostly, we had corn meal mush with milk but no sugar. When the weather was suitable to grow navy beans, we had beans with graham flour.

During those years we had very hot and dry weather. I remember one morning we just didn't hardly have anything in the house to eat so Mother went into the woods and picked black raspberries. We ate them with milk, no sugar. Many times I was so hungry that my mouth would water. I felt sick but I never said much to Mother. I felt so sorry for her for I knew she was also hungry.

The grocery man in our town let us have things that were most necessary and when Father was better, he worked out his bill doing carpenter work for this man. Mother was very good at making something from almost nothing and she took old clothing and made them over for us children. Many times we had shoes or boots that were given to us and were much larger than our size. I had a plum color serge dress which I wore to school for two years and then it was worn to a rag. It was the only dress I had so I would wash and iron it at night for the next day.

It was something to wear, but to this day, I just can't stand that color.

I remember one summer my mother took cloth cement bags and made dresses for my sister and me. They were very coarse, but they never wore out; we just outgrew them. We used to stay in the house while Mother washed them. We had no sheets or pillow cases.

Whenever we had a little money, Mother would buy mash bags to make Sunday dresses and underwear. There were many things we could make from mash bags.

Later, a man came to our house with stale bread and we could get a whole box full of stale bread or cakes for one dollar. If we didn't have any money, we would trade eggs or anything we happened to have in the house. We always tried to have something ready to trade to this man for his stale bread.

Father got a loan from the City Loan Company and then he couldn't make his payments. A bill collector came to our house and asked Mother for the money and we just didn't have any and the man got kinda nasty about it.

When I was twelve years old, I quit school and went to work to pay for the rent. I got two dollars a week. When we children got older and started to work out, things went better. As I think back, there were a lot of nice people who helped us along the way and I feel it helped to bring us closer to God.

I feel that living through those hard times in my younger years was a benefit to me. I think it brought me closer to God and also helped in bringing up my family of ten children with the help of my husband. I feel very unworthy of all the nice things my husband has provided for us.

--Ohio

Every morning came the familiar call, "Boys, milking time!" Then I knew it was time to get up, feed the calves and milk Blackie and Cherry. With choring finished, the hungry crew would come in to a breakfast of fried potatoes, mush, or pancakes. In those depression years, the eggs had to be saved up to buy necessities from the grocery truck.

I could hardly wait until it was time to make hay so I could drive the team. But after a few loads of hay with the sun bearing down on us, I would soon lose interest.

Then came thrashing time. Everyone was excited to see Uncle Pete coming down the road with the thrashing machine. In the eyes of a little boy, that was a huge outfit. After thrashing, everything would get back to normal.

Like any boys, sometimes we would neglect our chores or get into a fight. After supper, Dad would lead us behind the house. Then we would get our deserved punishment with the leather strap. I used to think it cruel as I would look at the marks and pity myself. Now I realize that only a kind father would be able to punish his son like this.

On Saturday afternoon Dad would say, "Pour water on the surrey wheels so they soak up. We want to go to church in the morning."

Sunday mornings were so peaceful. No factory whistles blowing, nor trucks roaring down the road. There were no planes flying overhead, nor tractors in the fields. In the nearby towns, one could hear the church bells.

It was a group of hard-working, sincere and honest neighbors who would come together to worship. But now the pages of time have been turned and only the memories remain.

--Ohio

THE FREE VACATION

--by Isaac Horst

Joe Blake was a bus driver. He lived with his wife, Clara, in a little white house on the outskirts of a town in New York State. Every morning he went down to the Greyhound depot, donned his uniform, and made the seventy-five mile run to Utica. Every afternoon he returned.

Joe was a genial, easy-going character although some of his ideas were not too practical. He was not exactly famous for his ability to save money. Nor, for that matter, was Clara. As a result, they never had any money on hand, and were frequently in financial difficulties.

One day he hoisted a heavy trunk up to the luggage rack instead of sending it by freight. He knew at once that he shouldn't have done it. Something was wrong.

When he went to see his doctor, the doctor said, "It's a hernia. Better get it fixed now, before it causes you trouble."

When Joe talked to Mr. Schroer, the manager of the Greyhound depot, Mr. Schroer said, "Too bad it had to happen. If I were you, I'd make an appointment with Shouldice Surgery in Toronto. They are specialists in that field."

But Joe was worried. "Isn't that quite expensive? I mean the operation, the trip to Toronto, and everything? I don't see how we can make it."

"Nothing to worry about, Joe," Mr. Schroer said. "Your social security pays your hospital and surgery, you'll get leave with pay, and the trip need not cost you anything. Greyhound looks after its employees. Really, you have nothing to be alarmed about."

That evening when he got home he told his wife, "Mr. Schroer thinks I should go to Toronto to have that rupture fixed. He says with my insurance and everything, there is hardly any cost. He even claims Greyhound will pay for my trip."

"To Toronto! In Canada!" Clara sounded incredulous.

"Sure. That's not very far. It's just across the lake from here."

"Hmm. Now if I would go along we could have sort of a vacation. We could go by Thousand Islands and Fort Henry--."

"Well, why not? We'll never have a better chance. I'll ask Schroer to make the arrangements."

When Joe mentioned the Thousand Islands, Mr. Schroer shook his head. "I'm sorry, but Greyhound has no connections to Toronto by Thousand Islands. You have to go by way of Niagara Falls and Hamilton."

"But we've seen Niagara Falls," Joe objected. "We wanted to see the Thousand Islands."

"I'm sorry," the manager replied. "Greyhound pays your way if you allow them to arrange the schedule. They pick the route they think is best. If you are not satisfied with their arrangements, you lose the benefit of their generosity."

As soon as Joe entered the house that evening, Clara could see at a glance that something was wrong. "What makes you look so glum?" she asked. "Is there something wrong? Don't we get the free trip after all?"

"Greyhound has let us down," Joe sounded weary. "They

won't take us through the Thousand Islands. We'd have to go by Niagara Falls."

"But we don't want to go by Niagara Falls. We want to go by Thousand Islands."

"That's what I told Schroer but he was determined we have to go by Niagara Falls if we want the free trip."

"That's just not fair, that's what it's not," Clara pouted. "They promised us a free trip and now they have let us down. They don't really care about us."

How many times are we like Joe and Clara Blake? We pray to God for help with our problems. He has promised to help us. But if we do not get the answer we want, if

God uses a different method to help us, then we feel our prayers are not answered.

God does not specify how He will help us. He guides as He sees best. Yet we, like the Blakes, feel we are being cheated if things don't go the way we had planned, even if His way works out the best in the end.

The Blakes felt slighted because they had to go by way of Niagara Falls, which is really much more to see than the Thousand Islands. Too often we are not satisfied with help in our difficulties, we want a vacation in the bargain. God has promised to help us carry our burdens but He does not promise us a free trip through the Thousand Islands. ■■

NOT ONE TO SPARE

(The story is told of a poor family, a father and mother and their seven children who were so poverty-stricken that they barely had enough to stay alive. A wealthy neighbor, who had no children, promised to give them a large sum of money if he could have one of the children. The following poem tells what happened when the parents tried to decide which one he could have.)

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John; he looked at me.
(Dear, patient John, he loves me yet,
As well as though my locks were jet),
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
"Tell me again what Robert said!"
And then I listening bent my head.
"This is his letter:— 'I will give
A house and land, while you yet live.
If, in return, from out of seven,
One child to me for aye is given.'"
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty, and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share.
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's needs,
And then of this. "Come, John," said I,
We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep," so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lillian, the baby, slept.
A glory 'gainst the pillow white;
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way.
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her, not her."
We stopped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Across the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek



A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace;
"No, not for a pot of gold, not him,"
He whispered while our eyes grew dim.
Poor Dick, poor Dick, our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
How could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave
Bid us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from our bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John, quietly.
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head, "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I can not, will not, let him go."
And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not give one child away.
And afterwards toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven!



-by Irvin N. Shirk

It was in December, 1947, when four young boys boarded the train in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Eager expectation could be seen on their faces like one might see on a person's face who is going on a trip, for that is what they were doing. They were going to Canada.

On the way they stopped a day at Niagara Falls and watched thousands of millions of gallons of water rushing over the cliff and tumbling and churning in the pool and go rushing down the river.

They spent several weeks visiting friends and relatives around Elmira. On the evening of December 29, they went to Irvin Shantz, who was a minister, to spend the night. One of the boys, Jonas Shirk, had a bad cold and during the night he became very sick.

The next morning he was rushed to the hospital at Kitchener, Ontario, and a telegram was sent to his father, Joseph Shirk of Martindale, Pennsylvania. Jonas' brother Ivan went along to the hospital with the ambulance while the other two boys, Luke Martin and Moses Sensenig came later.

It was interesting to look around the hospital and see the many people come and go, but it was hard for the boys to see their friend and brother suffering so.

Ivan Shirk was naturally worried about his brother. As he stood around his brother's bedside he was doubtlessly more hindrance than help. In the afternoon a nurse came and offered Ivan something to eat, saying, "You should eat something."

But Ivan refused, saying, "No, I'm not hungry."

"Don't you want a sandwich? It won't cost you anything," the nurse said persuasively.

"No, I'm not hungry. Don't worry about me. I'm all

right."

Seeing that he was determined not to take a sandwich, she continued, "Well, don't you want a cup of coffee?"

"All right then, I'll take a cup of coffee," he answered.

She hurried off and soon returned with a cup of coffee on a saucer.

"Thank you," he said as he took the coffee and sat on a chair to drink it. No sooner had he drunk the last drip when he felt drowsy and soon fell asleep on his chair. This is what the nurse had wanted for she had put sleeping pills in his coffee.

Later that evening Jonas Shirk died, away from home, parents and family. He also left behind a special girl friend. Immediately a telegram was sent home to the parents.

Plans were made for a funeral service in Canada. Word was sent around that the funeral would be held at North Woolwich. However, since a small child was to be buried at North Woolwich that day, the plans were changed to have the services at Peel instead. Messengers were out till midnight to let the people know.

Before the death message had arrived in Pennsylvania, Joseph Shirk was on the train heading for Canada. He still had hopes of seeing his son alive.

On arriving at the hospital the next day he learned that his son had died and he was told the funeral was being held at North Woolwich. He was greatly shocked, but immediately got a taxi to take him to North Woolwich. Upon arriving at the meetinghouse, he dismissed his taxi and entered the building. As he walked in, several men recognized him and said, "You are at the wrong place."

"But isn't this the funeral of my son?" Joseph asked in bewilderment.

"It is a funeral, but the funeral of your son is at Peel."

The two men offered to take him to the other meetinghouse. On arrival, he found a house filled with people who sought to pay tribute to his deceased son.

The services were just about over when he got there, but the minister, Osiah Gingerich, saw him and lengthened his sermon for the father's sake.

That evening Joseph Shirk with his son, Ivan, and the other two boys, Luke Martin and Moses Sensenig boarded the train for Pennsylvania. On the same train was a casket with the body of their son, brother, and fellow traveler.

On January 4, 1948, which was the following Sunday, Jonas W. Shirk was laid to rest at Martindale Old Order Mennonite Church at Martindale, Pennsylvania.

This story is true and is based on the diary of Ivan Shirk, who is my father. Their trip to Canada must have been an unforgettable experience. It shows us again that the plans of God are more powerful than the plans of man. So we should always remember to say, "If we live and the Lord wills", or "Thy will be done."

--Kutztown, Pennsylvania

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DECEMBER IS HERE (con't from back cover)

The temperature in the homes of our plain people varies greatly in different communities. Most places, 70 to 75 degrees is considered comfortable. But there is one community in Canada where children and children's children have grown up with room temperatures at least 10 degrees cooler. These people are just as comfortable at 60 degrees as others are at 80. They can warm themselves by thinking of the Eskimos who have lived for centuries inside their snow igloos at below freezing temperatures. ■■



# Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

## TWO GREAT DIFFERENCES

In the evening twilight, a tall man stood in the doorway of his house, and looked at the black, rolling clouds that were pushing up from the western horizon. A sudden gust of wind shook a nearby tree, sending the leaves flying. Thunder rumbled in the distance, and the sky was cut into jagged slices by the bright flashes of lightning.

The man's face lighted up with hope and thankfulness. He turned to his wife inside the tiny cottage. "Thanks be to God," he said. "I believe it's going to storm. It promises to be a wild night — just what we've been hoping for."

His wife nodded her head. She understood what he meant.

"I must send the brethren word," said the man joyfully.

"But you will eat first, surely," his wife urged gently. "The evening meal is almost ready."

Her husband shook his head. "I can eat in nicer weather," he said. "In a storm I have other things to look after. I must be on my way at once." He lifted his heavy coat from where it hung on a wooden peg in the corner.

The wind was steadily rising. It tore at the small house. Then with a swish and a rattle on the roof the rain broke loose. It fell in torrents, drenching the earth.

As the man was about to step outside, his wife turned from where she had been standing at the window, her face worried. "It is raining so hard, Hans," she said. "You will be soaked in a minute. Shouldn't you wait until it lets up a bit?"

"No, no," he said quickly. "I only hope the storm continues. What does it matter if the body get's wet if the spirit can be nourished? I do not fear the rain -- it is friendly compared with the dangers that lurk out there for us on other nights. I shall go at once, and perhaps I can soon be back."

Without a moment's hesitation, he opened the door and stepped out in the darkness and the howling storm. The cold rain pounded into his face. He drew in his breath sharply, but then turned his head toward the wind and walked into the blackness of the night. He made his way slowly, carefully, often stopping and straining to see, finding his way step by step. If only he had dared to bring a lantern -- but, no, that was out of the question. Someone would be sure to see its light, and then --

In spite of the rain and the wind, Hans continued stubbornly on his way. In less than an hour he was home again. His wife had dry clothes waiting for him to change into.

"How did you make out?" she asked.

"Fine," he said. "We will meet in Leonard Baurt's barn just as soon as we can. I went only to five places, and asked each of them to send the message further. It did not take me long at each place for at every home they were watching, expecting a messenger to knock."

The night grew colder and the rain changed to a driving sleet that stung the face and blinded the eyes, but at least did not soak a person's clothes. As the wind howled on, here and there stealthy figures made their way through the darkness, silent and watchful, all of

them on the way to Leonard Baurt's barn.

They were Anabaptist, and they were on their way to church.

It was nothing unusual to be going to church on such a dark stormy night. They lived in dangerous days. Although their only crime was the worship of God, they were hunted like criminals, imprisoned, tortured and killed. They could not gather openly for worship, lest someone notice the gathering and report them to the authorities. So they waited for the darkest and stormiest nights -- waited for weather so unpleasant that no one else would venture outside. On such nights our Anabaptist forefathers quickly spread the word to each other and gathered in some hidden place to worship God, thankful for the protection given them by storm and wind and darkness.

Four hundred years and more have passed since that secret gathering in Leonard Baurt's barn. Times have changed. Today it is no longer necessary for us to sneak to someone's barn on the coldest and stormiest nights in order to have a church service. Instead we get up on Sunday morning, do our chores, dress for church, and then in broad daylight drive down the road in full sight of anyone who cares to see us. We do not need to hide or be afraid. We are free to go to church, when and where we wish.

What a contrast from the days when our forefathers risked their lives every time they went to church. We should be very thankful for the contrast, thankful that there has been a change, thankful for the wonderful privileges we enjoy that they were denied.

But unfortunately today there is a second great contrast. In another way the situation is very different today from what it was then. This second contrast is nothing to be thankful for. It is something to be alarmed about. It

### THE NINETY AND NINE

We hear about the clever man,

The man who leads the line,

But seldom do we hear about

The other ninety-nine;

The men who bravely battle in

A world of enterprise,

Who form the stepping-stones on which

The clever man may rise.

The wheel of life is not cast

That issues from the mould

On each small part depends the heart

Which hath the greater hold;

The outer pinions may revolve

And glisten in the sun,

But it's the oil-stained cogs beneath

On which those pinions run.

COOPERATION is the word

That's worthy of a thought;

By that alone can all men gain

The brotherhood long sought;

Each man has got his part to play,

Each man can hope to shine,

But he who leads most surely needs

The other ninety-nine.

-Unknown

concerns our conduct at the church service itself.

Our forefathers went to church to worship God. They had a zeal to assemble and they had a zeal to learn when they got there. They sang with their whole hearts. They listened with devotion and attention to the reading of the Bible and the preaching of the Word. They were spiritually hungry and thirsty, longing for food for their souls. They assembled in a spirit of holy reverence and searching, praying for God to give them encouragement and help.

But today, too often we come to church just because it's Sunday, out of habit and custom. Or to visit with friends and relatives. We take church for granted. Seldom do we think to pray earnestly, either for ourselves or for the ministers.

What is the solution? Is it wishing for persecution again, as some have done, believing that hardships and suffering would change our spiritual unconcern into earnestness? There is surely a better solution. If we do not care enough to worship God in times of peace, where will we find the fortitude to serve him in the face of cruel persecution? The better solution is surely for each of us to humble ourselves before God, realizing how wrong our attitude has been in accepting the worship of God in such a casual way. We need to examine ourselves, and see where we are failing, and seek to improve our attitude and conduct when we go to church. In order to do so, it may be helpful to list some of the ways in which Satan keeps people from getting the full benefit out of the sermon when they go to church.

**Distractions.** In many ways, church services can be compared to school. Both are places where instruction is given. Now we know that no school would be much of a school if the pupils didn't have an atmosphere of quiet and order in which to concentrate on their lessons. In the same way, when we assemble to worship, everyone should work together to keep the distractions as few as possible. Some distractions cannot be avoided when little children are in church. Babies cry and need attention. This is to be expected, and is perfectly in order. But we should be careful to get up and walk around only when we need to. A second thing that can be very distracting in church is talking or whispering. We should go to church to worship, not to buzz-buzz, whisper, laugh, and gossip with our neighbor. A third common distraction is people turning their heads and craning their necks to look out the window everytime something passes on the road. When one person looks, then everyone else has to look to see what the other one saw. We cannot expect to get much out of a sermon as long as our curiosity is greater than our spiritual devotion. Another distraction is noise of one sort or the other. When a large group of people are together, each one only has to make a small sound until it adds up to a lot of noise. For that reason it is important to be as quiet as possible. Even a small thing like shuffling our feet and scraping our shoes on the floor can be distracting to others. Or perhaps clipping our fingernails. Snap. Snap. The sound carries through the whole room. It can be very annoying to someone else who is trying to listen to the sermon. We should take time at home to groom our hands if they need it.

**Going outside.** Among some of us, it is customary to go outside for a recess half way through the church service, usually when the Scriptures are being read. This is very, very poor. Of course, everyone realizes that it is sometimes necessary to go outside, but for normal adults, it certainly shouldn't be necessary every Sunday. It should be the exception, and not the rule. Nor should it take more than a few minutes. Anyone who stays outside for fifteen minutes gives himself away. He went outside for a recess, to visit or perhaps something worse and not because it was necessary to go. It is an insult to the Word of God when people get up and leave just as soon as the minister starts to read, and it is completely inexcusable. If that many of us can't stand to sit still for three hours without going outside, we'd better dismiss church for a fifteen minute recess, like the children have in school. Another thing that is almost as bad as going outside is staying outside. In some communities, the young folks

take for granted that they wait until church is started a while before they go in. This is a disrespectful habit, and where it is the custom, the ministers who start church before everyone is in, are as much at fault as those who deliberately stay outside.

**Chewing gum.** I have no idea where the practice of chewing gum in church came from. It is bad manners to chew gum in public at any time, and it is doubly bad when it is done in time of church. As Christians we should come to church in a prayerful way, meditating and worshipping, not chewing light-mindedly on a wad of gum. We are to be sober and serious-minded at all times, and especially when in church. A person chewing gum may not realize it, or mean it that way, but he is the perfect picture of unconcern, which is a poor way to come to worship God.

**Sleeping.** If there is any sight less inspiring to a minister than someone chewing gum, it must be someone nestling down to go to sleep. When we do our best to stay awake and still nod a bit, it's not so bad. But when we deliberately and intentionally nestle down to go to sleep, we need to be awakened in more ways than one. We must be spiritually asleep, too. All of us should make up our minds to do our utmost to avoid sleeping in church. It's surprising what can be accomplished when we really want to do something. One solution is to sit beside a friend and ask him to awake us if we get sleepy. When we pinch ourselves, it doesn't do much good, but if someone else pinches us, it's much more effective.

Another precaution we should take if sleeping is a problem is to be sure to get plenty of sleep the night before. Saturday night is a time to go to bed early, and is a poor time for anyone to go away, young or old. Another thing that can cause people to become drowsy in church is a stuffy, tight room. Or a room that is too warm. The man in whose house church is being held should see that there are always plenty of windows open to give sufficient ventilation. He should be sure to check the windows the day before and see that they can be easily opened. It can be very embarrassing to strain and push and shove and pry to open a window that's stuck while the whole church is watching.

It is said that when the Puritans first came to this country, it was considered the deacon's job to awaken anyone who fell asleep. At first thought this may seem to have been rather an extreme measure. Certainly none of us would enjoy having the deacon get up and come tap us on the shoulder and tell us to wake up. But if we just can't stay awake any other way, maybe we should consider it. It would certainly be a better practice than sleeping in church.

Now that we've discussed some of the things that we should beware of when we gather to worship God, we should consider the positive side, too. There is more to worshipping God than just not sleeping, not whispering, not chewing gum, not going outside, not looking around, and not clipping fingernails. Even when we beware of all these things, we can still fail to receive a blessing from the sermon. We have our part to do even before we come to church. We need to pray for the ministers that they might be able to bring the message that God has for us. We should also prepare our own hearts with prayer and meditation, so that the seed can fall on good ground and bear fruit. We need to seek humility in order to be humble enough to accept anything that hits us, and not just become upset and because the minister stepped on our toes. We need to look at ourselves, and apply the sermon to our own lives and not just think where it fits our neighbour.

When we approach God in an attitude of reverence and prayer, looking for food, longing to grow in our spiritual lives, we will not be disappointed. But if we go to church with an attitude of careless indifference and spiritual unconcern, we may well miss out in the riches of heaven, both in this life and in the life to come. Furthermore, we never will be able to understand why those Anabaptists went to all that bother just to go to church.



# THE BIBLICAL WAY VS. THE NATURAL WAY

— I. M., Pennsylvania

## The Spiritual Man

"Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. 1 Cor. 2;12.

The spiritual man, with the help of God is pruned, trimmed and trained. Hebrews 12;6.

## The Heart

"Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me." John 14;1.

## The Flesh

"They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." Gal. 5;24

Those who have crucified the flesh bring forth such fruits as love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness temperance. Gal. 5;22.

## The Mouth

"With the mouth, confession is made unto salvation." Romans 10;10.

## The Lips

"My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee and my soul which thou hast redeemed." Ps. 71;23.

"The lips of the wise disperse knowledge." Proverbs 15;7.

## The Tongue

"My tongue shall speak of thy word, for all thy commandments are righteousness." Ps. 119;172.

"A wholesome tongue is a tree of life." Proverbs 15;4.

## The Ears

They hear the voice of the Good Shepherd. John 10;3.

## The Eyes

Blessed are the eyes which see. Luke 10;23.

"Unto Thee, Lord, I lift up mine eyes." Ps. 123;1.

## The Hands

"Lifting up holy hands without wrath or doubting. 1 Tim. 2;8.

"Lift up your hands and bless the Lord." Ps. 134;2.

## The Feet

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things." Romans 10;15.

## Circumcision

The circumcision of the spiritual man is a circumcision of the heart. Romans 2;28.

## Our Clothing

We should dress ourselves so as to reflect humility, for God resisteth the proud but giveth grace to the humble. James 4;6.

"Whose adorning, let it not be the outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart...even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." 1 Peter 3;3

"Be ye clothed with humility." 1 Peter 5;5

"The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man." Deut. 22;5

## Training Of Children

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord for this is right." Eph. 6;1.

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22;6.

"A wise son heareth his father's instructions." Proverbs 13;1.

## The Final End

"To be spiritually minded is life and peace." Romans 8;6.

## The Natural Man

"But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. 2;14.

The natural man when left alone is unpruned and untrained. Hebrews 12;8.

## The Heart

"The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Jer. 17;9

## The Flesh

"For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit...and these are contrary, the one to the other." Gal. 5;17.

"The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idoltry, witchcraft, hatred, etc." Gal. 5;19.

## The Mouth

"Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness." Romans 3;14.

## The Lips

"With flattering lips...do they speak." Ps. 12;2.

"A fools lips...are the snare of his soul." Prov. 18;7.

## The Tongue

"The tongue can no man tame, it is an unruly evil full of deadly poison." James 3;8.

## The Ears

The ears are dull of hearing. They hear but do not understand. Matt. 13;14.

## The Eyes

With seeing eyes they shall see and not perceive.

"The eyes of man are never satisfied." Prov. 27;20.

## The Hands

"A slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom." Prov. 19;24

"For your hands are defiled with blood." Isa. 59;3.

## The Feet

"Their feet are swift to shed blood. Romans 3;15

## Circumcision

"Neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh." Romans 2;28

## Our Clothing

"There was a rich man which was clothed in purple and fine linen and lived sumptuously every day." Luke 16;19.

"And it shall come to pass in the day of the Lord's sacrifice that I will punish...all such as are clothed in strange apparel." Zephaniah 1;8.

"They that wear soft clothing are in the king's houses." Matt. 11;8.

Those who wear gay clothing come under the condemnation of James 2;3-6.

## Training of Children

"He that refuseth instructions despiseth his own soul." Prov. 15-32

"A fool despiseth his father's instructions." Prov. 15;5.

"A foolish son is a grief to his father and bitterness to her that bare him." Prov. 17;25.

## The Final End

"To be carnally minded is death." Romans 8;6.

## "I UNDERSTAND"

Hast thou been hungry, child of mine?  
I, too, have needed bread;  
For forty days I tasted naught  
Till by the angels fed.  
Hast thou been thirsty? On the cross  
I suffered thirst for thee;  
I've promised to supply thy need,  
My Child, come unto Me.

Perhaps thy way is weary oft,  
Thy feet grow tired and lame;  
I wearied when I reached the well,  
I suffered just the same;  
And when I bore the heavy cross  
I fainted 'neath the load;  
And so I've promised rest to all  
Who walk the weary road.

Doth Satan sometimes buffet thee,  
And tempt thy soul to sin?  
Do faith and hope and love grow weak?  
Are doubts and fears within?  
Remember I was tempted thrice  
By this same foe of thine,  
But he could not resist the Word  
Nor conquer pow'r divine.

When thou art sad and tears fall fast,  
My heart goes out to thee,  
For I wept o'er Jerusalem—  
The place so dear to me;  
And when I came to Lazarus' tomb  
I wept—my heart was sore;  
I'll comfort thee when thou dost weep  
Till sorrows all are o'er.

Art thou discouraged in thy work?  
Doth your ministry seem vain?  
I ministered midst unbelief,  
Midst those with greed of gain;  
They would not hearken to my voice,  
But scoffed with one accord;  
Your labor never is in vain  
If done unto the Lord.

Have courage, then, my faithful one,  
I suffered all the way,  
Thy sensitive and loving heart  
I understand today;  
Whate'er thy grief, whate'er thy care,  
Just bring it unto me;  
Yea, in the day of trouble, call,  
I will deliver thee.

—Selected

## ALONE IN THE DARK WITH DADDY

Author wishes to remain anonymous.

It may be that I hesitated longer than usual that evening before going upstairs to bed. For one thing the figures on the building material list didn't add up. But the main trouble was upstairs, and a soul-trying problem it was. Last night I had used my last resort, a spanking, and it had failed. Tonight, a different method must be tried.

In the beginning the problem had seemed a mere trifle. Surely a child of this age could be dealt with in one way or another. He still slept in the small bed at his mother's side and was quite willing to go to bed when the rest of the family retired. But often he was unable to go to sleep by the time all the rest of the family were asleep.

Usually I was the last one to retire, and night after night, unless sleep overtook him before I came to bed, the affair was repeated.

Our little son would stay in his bed and wait until he thought both his mother and I were sleeping, and then in low whispering sobs he would try to get his mother's attention without waking me, "I want to go down, Mommy, I can't sleep."

Then his mother would say, "But it's dark down there, son. We all need our sleep. We must rest."

It was a rare exception indeed when he would be so worn out from the day's activities that he would fall asleep unawares. This all the more strengthened my view that it was all a temperamental mood and that he would eventually have to be overpowered. Last night I had tried to cure him with coaxing, threats, slaps and last of all, a spanking. Then I had felt guilty for it was more than my conscience had allowed, especially in view of the fact that it had produced not one ray of hope for a cure. Something else would have to be tried. It was clear that this problem would have to be dealt with at a child's level.

Upstairs everything was quiet. Was he really sleeping, or was it as usual, only the lull before the storm? As I sat thinking, a plan presented itself. I would have to take the initiative and find the source of the child's problem. It was clear that he did not want us to be asleep before he was.

I tip-toed upstairs and quietly went to bed. Everything went as usual. Five minutes passed and then ten, before I heard low whisperings and the muffled sobs. Then his mother's sigh, "But, Son, it's dark down there."

I knew the time had come for me to act so I said in as casual a voice as I could master, "Do you really want to go downstairs, Son? It's dark down there but if you want to, I'll go with you and we'll sit on the davenport and I will stay with you as long as you want to."

The sobbing ceased for he was already climbing over the side of his bed, seemingly eager to go. I took him in my arms and downstairs we went.

We sat on the davenport. We sat in the dark, all was silence, not a sob, nothing but silence. Maybe if I would sit with him until he were tired, he would be satisfied.

After some time I said, "You need the sleep and Daddy and Mommy do, too. What is it, why don't you sleep? Would you rather sit here in the dark all night than go to your bed and sleep?"

"But — but I can't sleep! When you and Mommy sleep, I'm all alone."

"Then you'd rather just sit here in the dark?"

I was not prepared for the answer he gave me when he said, "Yes, I would, if - if you stay with me, Daddy."

It struck me like a beam. I realized that he wanted and needed my companionship. If ever he would need me, it was now, at this age. If I could not give him my attention now, maybe he would not want it later.



As we sat in the dark, matters which had been pressing me in the daytime seemed of very little importance. Those things could wait but my son needed my attention. He needed me now.

Softly and gently I said, "Yes, I would stay with you all night but we need the rest. You need the rest and soon it will be morning. Then we must get up again. But I will promise to stay awake until you are asleep. Or if I don't, you must wake me. You must wake Daddy, not Mommy. Daddy will not scold you and he will not spank. Daddy will try to stay awake until you are sleeping. Daddy did not understand. Now, are we going to bed?"

"Yes, Daddy," he said and he was off my lap.

I stuck to my simple promise and at the lowest whisper, I would say, "Yes, Son, I'm awake. If I doze off again, you just call me again. Just softly and then louder if you must. Daddy is here to be with you, always, as long as you need me."

Not all of the problems in raising a family have been solved that easily, but that one could now be dismissed. What folly that I had tried so long to solve it the hard way.

Now our children have all passed that stage and looking back in my memory over those years, brings tears to my eyes. But some of the memories bring smiles. It's interesting to watch, and especially to be, a parent growing up.

—Maryland.

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**FIRESIDE CHATS**

JOSEPH STOLL

**MORE THAN CHILD'S PLAY**

"I'm going to be the preacher, it's my turn," came the childish voice from the porch outside. The mother tiptoed closer and peeked out at her three pre-school children. Five-year-old Jackie was the speaker, and he was holding a prayerbook upside down in his hands. Ruthie and little Levi, three and two, were his audience and they were seated on a bench, looking up at the young preacher.

Jackie began to blabber rapidly in syllables that resembled no known language. (Or is that perhaps what a sermon sounds like to him?) After a few minutes, he abruptly fell to his knees to pray, and the congregation of two followed his example. Baby Levi lost interest halfway through the prayer, but Ruthie quieted him with a "sh-h-hh".

The mother returned to her work, smiling to herself and yet at the same time thinking sober thoughts. What great imitators children are! How important, then, to set a good example.

Most of us parents have watched our children playing church. If we have good memories, we may even recall when we played church in our own childhood.

I'm sure it is only natural for boys and girls to play games of pretending. Usually there is no harm in such make-believe play.

No, there is no cause for alarm when little children "play church." But the trouble is, children aren't the only ones who make a game of church. It is when adults -- actual church members -- take church so lightly that it appears like children playing a game, that we need to be alarmed.

Our faith, or lack of it, is more than a matter of life and death -- it is a matter of eternal life or eternal death.

Surely then, the bishop was quite right, who so frequently admonished applicants for baptism with the words, "Des ist kenn Kinderspiel." The salvation of souls is a serious matter, if there ever was one, and it doesn't come about by going through the motions. Receiving baptism and being a member of the church -- this is more than child's play.

Certainly the apostle Paul was not referring to a children's game when he spoke of his concern for the Ephesian church. As he bade farewell to the brethren, he said, "I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God ... Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears."

**Playing Church**

Although serving God and obeying His commandments is the weightiest assignment given us in this life, it seems many people do not take it seriously. Of course, they attend church and put up a front but that is as deep as it goes.

There must be many ways of "playing at church," far too many to list them all. By listing a few, and looking them over, we may be able to recognize still others when we see them -- perhaps in our lives!

1. Isn't it playing at church if everybody does as he pleases and there is no discipline, where people dress by the world's fashions and carry on all week as if God were awake only on Sundays?

2. Isn't it playing church to baptize children at a tender age and accept them as members, when they have neither the physical, mental, or spiritual maturity to

help counsel and discipline in the work of the church?

3. Isn't it playing church to baptize young people for no **better reason** than that they are at the right age for it, and it's the customary thing to do?

4. Isn't it playing at church to baptize a person in whom the church leaders see no fruits of repentance, and only a reluctant conformity to church standards?

5. Aren't we playing church if sin is overlooked and excused because it's been around a long time, if our guide is "the way it's always been," rather than the Bible?

6. Isn't it playing at religion to wink at the sins of young people because "they are only young once," and rather see them in carousing, light-minded joking, flirting, smoking and drinking, than to see them studying the Bible?

7. Isn't it playing church to preach love and good will, and practice hate and jealousy and quarreling?

8. Is our faith genuine if, claiming to be a non-conformed people, we nevertheless follow the world's trends like the caboose of a long train?

9. Isn't it playing at church to punish the transgressing member, perhaps even ban him, but then take him right

back in again without evidence of a change of heart?

10. Isn't it playing at church to pretend we're citizens of heaven and then be so well at home on earth that we can easily chat about crops and the weather and the price of hogs, yet feel out of place and uncomfortable when the subject is the Bible?

11. Aren't we playing at religion when we claim to be stewards of our possessions, and then spend our money on luxuries, on pleasure trips and gourmet dining, and other sins of the full pocketbook?

12. Isn't it playing at church if, instead of being "fishers of men", we are fishers of trout in a faraway Canadian stream, or hunters of elk in Wyoming?

13. Are we merely playing church when our interests run to ball games and other childish sports, and we neglect family responsibilities?

14. Isn't it playing at Christianity if we turn out to be better farmers than Christians, because our heart is in farming more than it is in the Christian life?

#### Whose Responsibility?

The list could be lengthened a great deal, I am sure. But from the points that have been listed, we can see there are various ways of "playing at church", from those caused by neglect to those caused by false teaching.

Whose fault is it then when members in our churches play half-heartedly at religion, going through the actions and following the rules outwardly, yet not showing the true fruits of the Christian life? Whose responsibility is it to cry out against hypocrisy (another name for the church-playing game)? Whose duty is it to warn halfway Christians, and call them to repentance?

Clearly, much of the blame must lie upon the lukewarm member himself. He is the one who is unwilling to surrender his self-will to God, who loves the things of men more than the things of God.

But the blame and the responsibility does not end with the lukewarm. It is the duty of the whole church -- leaders first of all, and then every other member as well -- to help keep house according to God's will. This means a disciplined church where sin is not overlooked.

Naturally, the responsibility lies heaviest upon our ordained men, and they need the prayers of all of us to fulfil their duties before God. We can be grateful for the many concerned leaders who are setting a good example for their flocks, and are warning them with tears. Nevertheless, it seems that in some ways our churches are drifting, drifting away from God and closer to the world.

We all know of the church at Laodicea that was lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot. Perhaps the Laodiceans are the best example in the Bible of a people that were "playing at church" and not really meaning it. And yet they were playing the game so well, they had deceived themselves into believing they were rich and increased with goods and needing nothing. No wonder God rejected them, and said, "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

As far as I know, there is not the slightest promise in the whole of the Bible for the half-hearted, lukewarm, disinterested "Christian." On the contrary, the command has ever been, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."

Peter, in his first epistle, writes the sobering words, "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God; and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God? And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"

The grace of God does not cover the willful sin, the conscious neglect of responsibility, the quenching of the spirit.

Playing church may be a harmless game for little children, but when we grown-ups play at religion it is mockery before God. Serving Him is more than child's play.

— Now a Grandmother, Ohio.

## MEMORIES OF GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE

What a thrill for us when we could go and visit at Grandfather's house. Usually it was on a Sunday afternoon, or evening. Sometimes I had the privilege of going there after school and staying all night. It certainly was a treat to eat at their table. Grandmother's cookies and pennyroyal tea were my favorites. I still think of her every time I have pennyroyal tea, which isn't often as it is now so hard to find.

I can still see Grandfather sitting in his rocker by the window and the small table that served as a library table. It also served as his footstool at times. Grandmother was a very friendly and pleasant person. I can't remember ever seeing her with any other color dress except dark blue or black.

We children were expected to sit and keep quiet when we visited there. We did just that, too. When Grandfather went over to his desk, we knew we were getting a treat. He nearly always had some pink and white peppermint candy for us. If we wanted to play, we'd go over to Aunt and Uncle's part and play with our cousins, or go outside. Even then we were not supposed to be too noisy, especially on Sundays. Our parents respected their parents' wishes and tried to teach us to do the same.

When I was small, Grandfather's house held a certain fascination. I would sit and look around. Everything was spotless and in order. I liked to hear the old clocks tick and strike. The kitchen clock struck very fast and the one in the living room real slow. They always struck at the same time.

In his later years, Grandfather carved many small things. I can still see him sitting on the front porch whittling. I have a little shelf, a window prop and a miniature rolling pin that he made for me.

After I was grown up, I loved to hear Grandfather tell stories of days gone by. He had a way of making everything interesting and had a very good memory.

If I remember correctly, Grandfather and Grandmother knew each other only five weeks before they were married. They always got along wonderfully. Quite different from today. Now my grandparents are gone as well as my uncle and aunt. Some of my cousins live there now. I still like to go back to that house as there is still some of Grandfather's furniture there.

I thank God for the wonderful memories my grandparents left for me and the good examples they were for us who are still struggling here on earth. May we all meet some day.



# A FRESH DRINK



## AND A



# CINNAMON ROLL

Name withheld

David Hurst sat in deep thought as he drove along the busy road. He tried not to feel bitter but at the moment it was hard to understand. These people were of the same faith and attended the same church as he did. How can anyone feel he is serving God and yet have no compassion for his fellowman?

He looked both ways before he crossed the highway into the lane. The horse slowed down to a walk. David was in no hurry to get home. He dreaded the thought of telling Rachel that he had found no help.

"Why, why?" he asked himself, "How can they profess to be Christians, and yet when someone comes along asking for help because his wife is sick, they say they are too busy. Busy at making money, I think it is. The way it looks around there, all painted and polished with ever so many conveniences, it does not look as if money was so scarce either. So why does she need two girls at home all the time? Well, maybe not all the time as she did let one go to work in town some days, she said. But then again was it not for the money? Surely she could have let us have a girl for at least a week. It would mean so much to have some decent cooking again and get the place cleaned up a bit. That big pile of washing should be done, too, so the children can find something clean to put on."

David's thoughts went on to last night when he did do part of the washing but this morning Martha's dress was as stiff as a board. Rachel had said she thinks he probably had forgotten to rinse it. "Rachel never asks me to do anything except it is absolutely necessary," David told himself. "She realizes that after working in the fields all day, I am just too tired to do much housework. If it were in the winter time, it would be different but now the crops have to be put in or there will be no harvest in the fall."

"It's a wonder that Rachel can take it all so calmly. She must have a strong faith in God. I want to trust in God, too, but when I think of that woman back there refusing to come and help us, it is almost more than I can take. I know I should not feel bitter for it is not right. I do wonder, though, how Rachel will take this. Whoa, Sandy."

David unhitched the horse and led him to the stable. It was nearly dark already and he could barely see to put the horse away and feed him. He closed the barn door securely and walked toward the house. Slowly he went up the walks, swept his shoes and began sweeping the dirt from the porch and steps. It looked so much better, if only he could make such a change inside the house. He hung the broom on its nail by the side of the door and went in.

Rachel was lying on the couch. As he entered the kitchen, she greeted him with a smile. Then a grimace crossed her face as she tried to turn herself over. The rheumatism in her joints made every move painful. "Back so soon?" she asked with a questioning look.

"It's only about four miles and Sandy really went

tonight. He gets all excited by the traffic, especially if he hasn't been hitched for a few days." David tried to put it off just as long as he could to tell her the Martins had refused to help.

"Was Ida Martin at home?" Rachel ventured to ask, still looking at David, -but already she believed she knew the answer.

David coughed a little, "Yes, she was home all right." He hung his coat and hat on the hook then mustering up a smile, he continues, "But they are busy, as usual."

"Really? Busy at what?"

"Well, they have a few quilts which they said must be finished by Saturday. A lady is coming more than fifty miles to fetch them," David answered. "Ida had a long story of how she always dreamed and looked forward to the time when they could make such things as quilts and cushion tops. I think she mentioned knitting and crocheting, too. She said, now that her girls are grown, she means to enjoy it. But she did add, yet, that 10 per cent of the profit goes for the needy people in other lands."

Rachel sighed heavily. The rheumatism in her joints sent a sharp pain through her body. "Hmmm. I wonder where we could ask next? It's just no use asking where there are no girls, and I do hate to ask where they have a lot of work, - honest work, I mean, with only one girl at home to help her mother. The Webers and the Martins are the only ones in this community who have two girls at home. I almost felt sure yesterday when I sent you to Webers that they wouldn't come. Mattie says she is not strong so she needs her girls herself. Perhaps she isn't, but I am not either at present. They have helped some places where the work was easy and the wages high, like the Kinzies who live on the way in to town. But we don't have things handy, we don't have much money, but we do need help, and badly." She sighed again.

David felt sad. He wished he knew what to do or say. Surely the Lord would lead them in the right direction tomorrow. But where could he go?

"Is there anything you want done yet tonight?" he asked kindly.

"If you like, you could get a pail of fresh water. I've been so thirsty all evening. I had asked Annie to get some but she must have forgotten. She is really too young to ask so much of her. Why, when I was eight I didn't do half of what she has been doing since I've been laid up. She was so tired tonight that I felt awfully sorry for her." Rachel looked at the sink as she said this, at the several pots that had been missed again. Soon there would be no clean ones left, and worse things neglected, if someone did not come soon to put things in order.

David came in with a pail of water. Setting it on the stand by the sink, he got a clean glass and brought Rachel a drink.

"That sure tastes good. I'd drink more often if it weren't so hard to get it. And often it's not so fresh as this

glassful is."

When she had finished, David took the empty glass back to the sink. He picked up a magazine from the table, leafed through it a few moments and put it down again. He got the Bible from its place on the chest of drawers and sat down in his rocking chair beside the kerosene lamp. He let the book open of its own accord. It opened at the tenth chapter of Luke.

"Shall I read to you again, Rachel?" he asked.

"Yes, I wish you would. My eyes feel so weak and my hands are so swollen I cannot hold the book anymore. Sitting up makes me so tired, I have just quit reading for the last several days."

David read the whole chapter. When he had finished, he closed the book and put it back in its place.

"Isn't it wonderful that we can have the word of God to go by?" Rachel said, "In this chapter which you just read, Jesus made it plain that we should help each other when anyone is in need. I guess most people would think they would surely stop if they saw someone lying beside the road hurt, but sometimes I wonder if they would. I hope we can teach our children to practice the Golden Rule, like my mother taught it to me."

David knew that she was thinking about Mattie Weber and Ida Martin. He thought to himself, "It was not just a happening that the Bible opened at the place it did."

"Are you ready for bed?" he asked his wife.

"Yes, I am but I wish I did not need to bother you to help me. I do hope the new medicine the doctor gave me today will soon help. It's in the cupboard. You can give me two of those white pills and one of the capsules, and of course some water to take them with."

After their usual bedtime prayer, Rachel told her husband to make sure little Alvin was covered. Although it was almost summer, the nights were still quite cool. He smiled at their two year old son, who lay on his tummy sleeping peacefully with his curly head resting on one chubby arm. He peeped into the girls' room as he

passed the door. All was quiet in there, too. Annie slept in the one bed, while her younger sisters, Martha and Betty occupied the other.

Soon all was dark and quiet in the Hurst home. Rachel could tell by her husband's breathing that he was sound asleep. He had worked so hard all day. But sleep did not come so easily to Rachel. If only she need not think of the work which kept piling up. "There is some sewing which must be done soon. Betty is still wearing her winter dresses because that is all she has." Then her thoughts returned again to Ida Martin and Mattie Weber. She could just see their lovely homes where everything was ship-shape, the Martin girls and their mother busily making those lovely things to sell. "But no time to spend on me and my family!" All courage seemed to fail her. She turned her face into the pillow and wept bitterly. She prayed, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." And so she fell into a troubled sleep.

Rachel pulled herself together with a start. A sharp pain shot through her right arm. It felt wet, as if there were blood on her arm. Her head was throbbing. Where was she and what was she doing here? She could hardly open her eyes but as she turned her head, she saw that she was lying by the side of a gravelly path, partly on the soft grass beside the path, but her body was partly on the sharp stones and they were causing her pain. She tried to sit up but she could not move. She must wait and pray and surely someone would soon come along and help her.

After what seemed like a long time, to Rachel, she heard a sound. Hark! Yes it was the sound of someone walking along the path and the sound was coming closer. Soon she saw it was a woman hurrying along and she was carrying a large black shopping bag. Why, it looked just like Ida Martin. Surely she would come and help her.

"I must have fallen here along beside this path," Rachel said when Ida was near, "These sharp stones, they hurt me so. Would you maybe help me move over a little farther on the soft grass, if you can not help me get up?"

"Oh, dear me," exclaimed Ida, somewhat impatiently, "At any other time, I would be only too glad to stop and help you. But this morning I'm on my way to town and I'm afraid if I don't hurry, the bargains will all be gone before I get there. You know that fabric store on Stewart street has a big sale on once a year and we need some more material because our orders keep on coming in so fast for our home made quilts that we just can't keep up with them. They have some real bargains but its first come, first served and you know how greedy some people are, always thinking they have to have the best buy. I believe you can understand that I really don't have time to help you now, but if you are still there when I come back I'll see what I can do to get someone to help you. But now I must be on my way because I'm late already."

As she hurried away, the sound of her footsteps grew fainter and fainter in Rachel's ears. Then all was quiet again.

After awhile she thought she heard footsteps coming toward her. Was that Ida returning already? Perhaps she felt sorry after all and had changed her mind. But no, it did not sound like the same person. This one walked very slowly as if out to enjoy an early morning walk. Rachel tried hard to open her eyes, succeeding just enough to see it was Mattie Weber.

"Oh, Mattie, I am so glad you have come," she said, "I don't know how I got to be here, but these sharp stones are cutting my flesh. I can not get up alone, but if you would just help me a little--"

Mattie drew herself back and wrapped her shawl around herself tightly as if she were afraid Rachel would take hold of it in trying to raise herself. "I would be only too glad to help you, dear, but, ah-er, you know, I am not very strong myself. I just came out to get a little fresh air and some sunshine, trying to build up my own health. In two weeks we want to start on a trip to the west coast and I must save my energy for that. I've always wanted to take a trip out west where everything is so beautiful, and if I tried to help you, I might do myself

## Friends

I long to be a friend to man,

The spark of hope in each to fan

Till it becomes a living flame;

Especially those in spirit lame.

If any friends should be distressed

I'd hope with peace they might be blessed;

If some would need encouragement

I'd ask that it be heaven sent.

A multitude is serving sin;

I pray that they the Lord will win;

True friendship's prayer and true love

Draw one nearer to heaven above.

If I should lose a single friend

A broken heart would have to mend;

My troubled mind would have to heal

For a serious loss I'd surely feel.

To me my friends are dear and true;

I've always thought I have too few;

I would the evil in me ban

And truly be a friend to man.

-I. Auker



harm and then I couldn't go. I am sure someone else will come along soon, who is able to help you. Goodbye, now." And Mattie was gone.

Rachel did not know what to make of it. How could anyone do something like that? How could they go on and leave her alone? If only they had stayed to be with her until someone else came along, for it was so lonely to be here all by herself. As she waited she heard a sound in the distance. Was it someone singing? She listened eagerly and soon she could make out the words. "Each day I'll do a golden deed. By helping those who are in need. My life on earth is but a span. And so I'll do the best I can."

Rachel's heart leaped for joy. The words became clearer as the singer approached. Who was it? As she strained to open her eyes she could make out the form of a plump, middle-sized woman, but she could not see her face clearly.

Before Rachel could say a word, the woman dropped the basket she was carrying and came quickly to her side. "What happened? Are you hurt? Why are you here?" The woman had a kind voice.

"I don't know," Rachel replied weakly. Before she could say any more, Rachel felt a pair of strong arms around her helping her to a sitting position. The woman brushed the dirt from her back. "There, now," she said, "can you sit up?" When Rachel nodded, the woman let go of her and quickly went to the basket which she had set down and came back with a bottle and a cup. Now she had poured some dark juice into the cup and was pressing it to Rachel's lips.

"This black currant juice will give you strength," the woman was saying, "I was just on my way over to Becky Hoover. She has not been well and they say she is lonesome, too. I just thought she would enjoy some fresh home baking and some black currant juice. Here, take this cinnamon roll, too."

Already Rachel was feeling much better as she took the roll. Was it the food and drink which had made her feel better or was it the sound of this woman's voice, and knowing that someone was near her? All the while Rachel kept wondering who this good woman might be. There still seemed to be a veil in front of her face and she could not see plainly. But she was convinced it must be a friendly one.

"Now, do you think you could get on your feet and I'll help you to that seat over there by the tree," Rachel got to her feet as she felt the firm hand steadying her. But who was this woman, anyhow, she decided to ask.

"You are very kind to me, and I am feeling much better already," Rachel said, "I ought to know you, but my eyes are dim so I would like to ask, what is your name?"

"So you would like to know my name," the woman laughed, "I just stopped to help you because I saw you needed help. I would have done the same thing for anyone else, and I believe anyone else would have stopped to help you. Why must you know my name?" There, there, now, sit down and relax here, and I'll go and get someone to take you home."

Then the woman was gone, hustling down the path the way she had come a few minutes before. Rachel sat pondering about the voice and the ways of this woman. They seemed to belong to someone she knew.

Then Rachel awoke and knew it was only a dream. As she lay thinking about this dream she realized it was very much like the story of the Good Samaritan which her husband had read, the evening before in the tenth chapter of Luke.

The next morning at the breakfast table, David said, "Don't you think it would be all right if I would go to Amos Gingrichs this morning. I don't think Mary would turn us down after the way you helped her for those three years through thick and thin."

"To Amos Gingrichs!" Rachel exclaimed, "Why, that's over ten miles. They have such a big family to care for, I think there are twelve children and Amanda is the only one that's out of school" But already Rachel felt

herself hoping that the trip would not be in vain.

"It might be worth trying," Rachel said, "Mary is a good woman." Then like a flash, the memory of Rachel's dream came back to her. It was Mary Gingrich, the woman who had stopped to help her. Her heart beat faster.

It was late noon before David came home. Rachel heard the sound of the horses hoofs as he drove into the lane. Rachel said to the four-year-old girl who was cutting pictures from a catalogue, "Martha, go and see if Daddy is back.

Martha ran quickly to the door, "Yes, he's here and he has an auntie with him."

"Thank God," the mother breathed in relief.

Amanda Gingrich came into the house smiling at the little girl, "Are you Martha? I thought you must be. I saw Alvin in the sandbox. I suppose Annie and Betty are in school aren't they?" Martha nodded shyly.

Amanda had taken off her bonnet and shawl when she noticed Rachel at the far end of the kitchen. "Oh, hello there," she smiled, "Did you think it was taking us a long time to get here?" She walked over to the couch where Rachel was lying and offered her hand.

"Oh, no," Rachel replied, "I'm just so glad you could come. Could your mother really spare you?"

"Oh yes, she said as long as no one in the family is sick and she can get done what has to be done so no one will suffer, it's her duty to let me go. And now, shall I get dinner?"

"You'll want to change your good dress first. Martha, you show Amanda upstairs to the room at the end of the hall where the big trunk is."

"I'll put the things on to cook first and then I'll go change."

Amanda proved to be a bright and willing worker. That afternoon she swept and cleaned up the rooms and got all the dirty clothes together on one big pile in the washhouse. Then she sorted them and filled the big kettle with water and got paper and kindling ready to start the fire in the morning. Amanda was used to big washings at home and she knew just how to do it.

That night when the Hurst family retired, they all felt better. Even Rachel could relax and she thought she was feeling stronger instead of getting weaker every day.

Soon the children all had clean clothes once more to wear. They enjoyed the meals which were so different from the ones Dad or Annie cooked. On the pantry shelves were pies, buns, cooked ham and a cake.

Amanda liked the work for she felt she was needed. She also felt appreciated for all she did for them. Even little Alvin seemed to sense that she was responsible for the change that had come into their household.

But how long would Amanda be able to stay? Could they spare her for more than a week? At the end of the week, Rachel got a letter from Mary Gingrich. She opened it and read:

Dear Sister in the Faith:

Greetings of Christian love. I have been wondering how you are getting along. It's almost too far to drive over so I thought I would write instead. We are getting along fine at home since Amanda left. The girls see they are needed so they help me every morning before going to school and also in the evening when they come home. The experience is good for us and I believe it is also good for Amanda. I keep telling the girls that if they help me, then we can help you, which is as it should be, willing to help one another.

After all, it really doesn't matter so much how it looks around here as long as we are healthy and I can feel at ease about you and your household. If nothing turns up, I think we can let you have Amanda for another two weeks and maybe this will give you time to look for another girl. If you can not find one, we will try to help you longer if God grants us life and health. Wishing You God's blessing and may He speedily restore your health if it be His will.

Your sister in the faith,  
Mary Gingrich.

Rachel folded the letter and brushed away the tears that trickled down her cheeks, so different from the tears she had shed a week ago when she had felt so forsaken.

By the end of the second week, Rachel was feeling much better. She was able to be up and around and to help with the work. On Saturday morning she said, "Amanda, would you like to go home over Sunday? We have a horse you can drive home and then you can come back again Monday morning."

"Really, do you mean it," Amanda exclaimed, "I would be glad to, but are you able to go on if I leave?"

"I think we will make it all right, and I would like to write a note for your mother and send it with you."

Rachel sat down and wrote:

Dear Sister in the Faith:

You will never know how much we appreciate your kindness in sending your daughter to help us these few

weeks. Everything is do different in our family. Also I am feeling much better. I believe this was the best medicine I could ever get, for my strength is coming back to me more every day. If you can spare Amanda for the coming week, we will be most grateful, for by that time, I hope I will be able to go ahead with the work.

Our deepest and most heartfelt thanks,  
Rachel Hurst.

Years later when David and Rachel Hurst's girls were grown and someone came asking for help, she would always think of the dream she had years ago. She would still feel those loving arms folding around her, the cup which was pressed to her lips to revive her and the cinnamon roll which had tasted so good. Then she would say to the ones who sought help, "Yes, I can spare one of the girls. How long will you need her?"

## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS



It was fifty years ago that the Ohio legislature in Columbus passed a school law which greatly affected the Amish residing in that state. The new law was called the Bing Act of 1921, and it required that children be "compelled to attend school until they are sixteen and have completed the seventh grade." The Amish, who had been accustomed to having their children leave school at fourteen, were concerned.

As a result of the passing of the Bing Act of 1921, a number of Wayne County Amish decided to leave the state. Perhaps they remembered in 1914 that some Geauga County Amishmen had been arrested and fined for not complying with the school law which was made that year. They didn't care to face such a situation themselves; so the only way around it was to move.

At about this time, thousands of Old Colony Mennonites in Manitoba were leaving Canada because of school problems. They had briefly looked at a location in Mississippi, but ended up purchasing a vast tract of land in Mexico where they were promised complete freedom.

December, 1971

Did the Wayne County Amish, perhaps, read about this in the **Budget** or elsewhere? At any rate the Amish also became interested in Mexico.

Someone of the Amish got hold of literature from a land company in Texas. This company was promoting the selling of a tract of land called Paradise Valley, some 200 miles southwest of the Texas border into Mexico. The pamphlets sent out by the company were printed in German in an attempt to lure German-speaking settlers to the scope of land.

Mexico sounded like the ideal place to settle. The Amish could have any type school they wished or no school at all. Mexico sounded like Ohio was when the first Amish settlers arrived there in 1809—a frontier, pioneer-type existence. And the tract of land called Paradise Valley sounded inviting too. The elevation was 6,000 feet with a spring-like climate the year round—warm days and cool nights. The soil was described as of volcanic origin, rich enough to grow crops without much fertilizing. And the price of the land was only \$10.00 an acre.



Undoubtedly the Wayne County Amish realized that moving to Mexico would entail some hardships. There would be a different climate to adjust to and a new language, Spanish, to learn. The tract of land had no buildings or fences, so that meant much work for the settlers. Also the location was still quite isolated, with 60 miles of winding wagon road to the nearest large town, Saltillo. But the pamphlet from the land company said a railroad was going to pass through Paradise Valley, opening the entire valley up to settlement. A dotted line was included on the map in the pamphlet, indicating where the new railroad would be built.

Another very important aspect for the Amish to consider when thinking of moving to Mexico was the distance from the church in Ohio. Could they count on a bishop coming each year to baptize, marry, hold communion? Would any ministers move down to the Mexican settlement? Would people come to visit? These questions were asked and a "yes" answer was given to each. So the green light was given for the founding of the Amish settlement in Paradise Valley, Mexico. Interested men were contacted and money was collected. A tract of land was purchased and people got ready to move.

The first two families left Ohio in the spring of 1923. They were the families of Simon Troyer and Ferdinand Miller. In those days the common way to move was by train, using a boxcar or two for the household goods and the livestock. Simon Troyer's son David who was 17 at the time remembers the trip quite well: "That was around 48 years ago when we moved down there, and I went along with the moving contents on the railroad. It was my brother Ben and I and Ferdinand Miller that went along with the livestock and contents: 2 horses, 2 cows, and a coop of chickens. It was April and we had one cow to milk on our way down, so we had milk to drink or for the chickens. We also had our dog, Ring, along. He would consume some of the milk. A lot of the time while traveling we would ride in the caboose with the brakeman. I remember it was Easter on our way down there and we boiled some eggs in a small container on the stove in the caboose. When the train got to St. Louis, Missouri they pulled our car to where we had it handy to fill our drums up with water for the livestock. We also refilled with bales of hay.

"The train crossed the Mexican border at Laredo, Texas. After we crossed the line we let the dog out to exercise a little. When the train started up again, we called for Ring, but he didn't come; so we went from there on without our dog. The train went on to Agua Nueva, Mexico where we got off. We had a team of horses in each of the cars, so we got them out and put our wagons together. The land agents who had sold the land had made arrangements so that there were enough two-wheeled ox carts there to help us. Also a few German people were there with teams to help. They were people that lived in the same valley where we moved to and were nice people to get along with. We had 25 or 30 miles to move our things yet after we got them unloaded from the railroad. Our new home was to be in a valley 15 miles wide and 60 miles long with mountains all around but nice level land in the valley."

In December of that year an additional eight families arrived, also grandfather Benjamin Troyer, a widower. In this larger group were these men and their families:

1. Moses B. Troyer (Benjamin's son)
2. Joe S. Miller
3. John E. Miller
4. Joe Chupp
5. Harvey J. Miller (Chupp's son-in-law)
6. Cornelius Troyer (Simon's married son)
7. John Hostetler
8. Rudolph A. Troyer

All the Amish settlers in Paradise Valley came originally from Ohio. John Hostetler and Rudolph Troyer had lived at Poplar Bluff, Missouri (later extinct) but had returned to Wayne County, Ohio shortly before their immigration to Mexico. Ohio's school laws had forced them to move out, or so they felt. Now in Mexico they

saw little need at all in sending their children to a formal school. Widower Benjamin Troyer was asked to teach school for the Amish, which he did for a short time. One former Amish boy of school age says of his schooling in Mexico: "All I went to school in the six years I lived in Mexico was only around two weeks with my uncle Ben as teacher with maybe 8 or 10 pupils and we got our lessons mostly in German if I remember correctly. I can remember much more of the four years I went in Ohio before moving to Mexico." So the Amish school in Paradise Valley was short lived. The Mexicans didn't go to school so why did the Amish need to. They could learn at home.

The Amish had bargained to buy 1,500 acres from the land company, all in one tract, with an option on an additional 1,500 should more families decide to join them. The land was like a barren prairie with no buildings. When the first two Amish families arrived in Paradise Valley in the spring of 1923, they stayed at a nearby ranch, El Prado. Simon Troyer, Jr., who was nine at the time, remembers this: "Our family and the Ferdinand Miller family lived in tents except that each family had a room in a two-room house in which to cook and eat. We boys worked for an American truck farmer by the name of Childress, at whose place we enjoyed working with some Mexicans and learning their Spanish. But later on we moved closer to the scope of land we had bought. And from there we started to build on our property on the bare prairie. Most of our building was done with the same kind of blocks that the natives had used for hundreds of years—perhaps even as far back as Moses' time in Egypt. We made them by mixing top soil and water and straw. This mixture was poured into wooden molds and baked in the sun for a few weeks. Then they were hard and ready to be laid just like we lay cement blocks today, except for mortar we used soil and water."



The Amish settlers built houses out of mud bricks with tin roofs. Pictured here is the Simon Troyer residence. The small one-story house to the right was built for the widow of Cornelius Troyer after his death in Mexico.

The Mexican soil, though, was not only good for making bricks, it was also very fertile and crops grew well. Wheat, alfalfa, and oats did real well, but the nights were too cool and corn didn't make much. Vegetables also did well. One necessity, however, was lacking and that was sufficient moisture. To remedy this, irrigating was done. Simon Troyer, with the aid of some Mexicans, dug an irrigation well on his property. It was of unusual construction. A hole about 12 feet square and ten feet deep was dug. Then two feet from the bottom small holes were bored into the sides of the well for over 100 feet. When a vein of water was struck, the water would run into the well. A pump and pipes then carried the water from the well to the growing crops. The pump was operated by a diesel engine.

With frequent irrigating, the Amish found that their crops grew quite well. Besides their field crops, the settlers also raised vegetables for the market in Saltillo which was sixty miles away. Simon Troyer, Jr. remembers making the trip: "Someone from our group usually made the trip to Saltillo every month by horses and wagon. We went to sell our produce and to buy supplies. It usually took us three days round trip. Sometimes we slept along the roadside and sometimes in a hotel in the city. I remember one time when my brother Sam and I made the trip. On the way home we unhitched

the two horses along the roadside for the night. We tied and fed them and then ate our supper and fixed us a comfortable place to sleep on the wagon. The air was quiet, calm and refreshing like it usually was during nights in Mexico. But early the next morning before daylight we were awakened by one horse neighing for his partner. We discovered that one horse had gotten loose and was no where in sight. We figured she headed for home. So now what were we to do? Sam, who was six years older than me, soon had a plan. He hitched the remaining horse to the tongue somehow, and we slowly proceeded on our journey home over the rough mountainous road. Towards noon we had gotten over the worst and were down in the valley when we saw people from home coming to meet us with another horse."

Another Amish farmer had a memorable trip to the market in Saltillo. After hauling nearly a wagonload of cabbage there, he found that he couldn't sell a single head. The Mexicans simply didn't know what it was. Not only couldn't he sell it, he couldn't even give it away. So he dumped the cabbage beside the road to rot. It was a hard lesson but one which was undeniable; Mexicans didn't eat like Americans. They were fond of some vegetables such as peppers, onions and beans, but cabbage, carrots and radishes were unknown to them. The usual consolation the Amish settlers had after a disappointing experience in their farming and marketing was that someday soon the promised railroad would be built and they would no longer have to make the three-day trek to Saltillo to sell their produce. But after a few years the settlers began to wonder if the railroad was ever going to be built.

The Mexican neighbors of the Amish did not need the promised railroad as much as the settlers. Their way of life was quite simple. Plowing was done by oxen and some wheat was still cut by hand sickles and threshed by hand. The Mexicans lived mostly in huts made of palm trees, and their diet consisted of meat, corn, and beans. And as one Amishman put it, "And plenty of hot peppers to give them pep and keep them healthy."

That the railroad was not being built was disappointing to the Amish, but there was something else which they lacked and which they needed more than a railroad—a minister. Had this been an ordinary Amish settlement a half-day's journey from the home district, the problem wouldn't have been so great, for visiting ministers could have helped out every few weeks. But Paradise Valley was over 1,000 miles from Ohio. As Sunday after Sunday passed and year after year, and no minister came the people became discouraged. Every settler knew that the settlement was doomed unless a minister moved there or a bishop came to ordain a preacher. The group was without real leadership; and when they met for spiritual fellowship, there could be only singing of hymns, reading of a Bible chapter, prayer, and a common meal.

Then one morning after the group was in Mexico four years, a letter arrived saying Minister Peter Swartzentruber was coming down for a visit. Peter was an uncle to Mose Troyer. When he arrived, regular church services were held and the settlers rejoiced to hear a sermon. As it turned out, it was to be the only Amish sermon ever to be preached in Paradise Valley. Peter returned to Ohio, and the settlement felt more keenly than ever the need for a minister.

But the need for a minister was never more keenly felt than when death touched the small community. Four times during the six years they lived in Mexico the Amish buried one of their group without a funeral service. Two deaths were infants of Mose Troyers. Sarah Hostetler, in her early twenties, died from blood poisoning—gangrene. Twenty-six-year-old Cornelius (Simon Troyer's married son) left a wife and four children behind when he died. Already in Ohio he had had a sore on his leg which had acted up at times. In Mexico infection got into the sore and he died too, it was thought, of blood poisoning. No one knew for sure what caused the two adults' deaths since there was no doctor living in the area. A local Mexican woman treated the patients with herbs and tea, but it did not help. Memorial

services were later held in Ohio for Sarah and Cornelius. As the years passed, discouragement grew. It didn't look as if the railroad would ever be built. It didn't look like any ministers from Ohio were ever going to move down. A few families gave up and returned to Ohio.

Hadn't the bishops said they would help the Amish settlement? Hadn't they agreed to this before any Mexican land was even purchased? Yes, they had, and why they changed their minds is rather a mystery to us fifty years later. The settlers are no longer alive nor the bishops. All that is left are their children whose memories don't include such knowledge. Some say that visitors travelled to the Mexican border and were turned back by the authorities; this scared others from trying to come down. Some say that although the Amish in Mexico were good in "ordnung" and doctrine, the bishops back in Ohio had the feeling that it wasn't God's will for any Amish to live in Mexico. And others mention the state of the Mexican government at the time the Amish were sojourners in that foreign land. A smoldering revolution was going on in Mexico. Rebel soldiers hid in the surrounding mountains and came occasionally to the Amish farms to beg for horses and food. They only wanted to "borrow" a horse, but they never returned any.

The government soldiers roamed the countryside, too, searching for the rebels. They also stopped at the Amish homes, helping themselves to homemade bread and other food, and "borrowing" a few horses.

One Amish youth had a frightening experience with the rebels. Ben Troyer, Simon's son, was up in the mountains one day about twenty miles from home. He was checking on a trap line when he heard horses approaching. He tried to hide but was discovered. The rebels pointed their rifles at him and told him to go with them. They struck out a trail that led deeper into the mountains. After an hour of riding the band of rebels came with their prisoner to a small ranch. The owner happened to know of the Amish in Paradise Valley and recognized young Ben as coming from there. He persuaded the rebels to let Ben go. It was a shaken but thankful boy who took the trail back down the mountain to Paradise Valley.

It can easily be imagined what the Amish in Ohio thought about such a happening. Who would want to move to an area which had rebels carrying off horses, food, and even teenagers? Besides the school situation in Ohio wasn't really so bad as they had first thought. No one had to go to high school. The cities wanted their young people in school, but the rural areas weren't so strict.

In 1923 Paradise Valley had sounded like an ideal place, not only in name but also according to the information that was available. But by 1929 the Amish had all left Mexico. Some moved back to Ohio and others to the new settlement at Moyock, North Carolina. No one could find a buyer for his Mexican land, so it sat idle. Simon Troyer and his family were the last Amish to leave Mexico. They lost by far more than any of the others as they had lived there the longest and had spent much on putting up buildings, fencing in 200 acres, and digging the irrigation well. After the entire group had moved back to the United States, Simon kept paying the taxes on the group's land in hopes they might someday get something out of it. But the Depression came within the next year and he quit paying the taxes like the rest already had. Thousands of dollars was lost. The land went back to the government. It is doubtful today, fifty years later, that the two-story mud-brick house of Simon Troyers is yet standing. Probably years ago it crumbled and fell, bringing to a close a chapter in Amish history. Yet there remains today in Paradise Valley some traces of the former Amish settlement. Beneath the dry soil are buried four of its former residents, the silent remains of a settlement that once was.

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## „Es ist aber nahe kommen das Ende aller Dinge.“ Erste Petri 4, 7.

Bis dieses vor die Leser kommt ist wieder schier ein Jahr verfloßen. Das Ende vom Jahr kommt regelmäßig, wir wissen wann es kommt. Wenn es als Dezember heißt wissen wir daß das Ende vom Jahr nahe ist. Wir können sagen, noch so oder so viel Tage dann ist das Jahr aus, und ein neues Jahr fängt an.

Das Ende der Welt ist auch am kommen, aber wir wissen nicht Tag oder Stunde wann die Zeit sein wird. „Von den Zeiten aber und Stunden lieben Brüder, ist nicht not, euch zu schreiben; denn ihr selbst wißt gewiß, daß der Tag des Herrn wird kommen wie ein Dieb in der Nacht.“ 1 Theß. 5, 1. 2. „Darnun seid ihr auch bereit; denn des Menschensohn wird kommen zu der Stunde, da ihr's nicht meinet.“ Lukas 12, 40.

Ja, wir könnten viele Schriftstellen finden die uns anzeigen wie unwissend es ist zu uns wann dieser Menschensohn kommt. Wir wissen aber wenn er kommt, so wird es das Ende der Welt sein, hier kommen alle Menschen vor das Gericht. Ja hier werden sie alle ihr Urteil empfangen, entweder gehet hin, oder kommt her.

Es ist aber noch eine andere Stunde am kommen, welche wir nicht wissen wann. Dies ist die Stunde oder Minut das Ende unseres Lebens. Und ich fürchte alle diejenige wo nicht im Frieden stehen mit Gott, oder unbekümmert um ihr Seelenheil dahin leben, sind gerade so wenig bekümmert wegen dem einem als wegen dem andern. Doch wissen sie nicht welches zuerst kommt, ist es das Ende ihres Lebens oder das Ende der Welt. Wenn dieser Menschensohn kommt so wird das Gericht gehalten, dann wird es das Ende aller Dinge sein, aber doch nicht das Ende die Seelen der Menschen. Diese unsterbliche Seelen leben fort, sie können nicht wieder zu nichts werden.

Dies ist die allerwichtigste Seite von der Sache. Seid alle Zeit bereit denn ihr wißt weder Tag noch Stund wann er kommen wird. Es verlangt mich noch ein paar Dichter-Vers hierin einzustellen:

Siehe Seite 410.

Ja, wir hoffen nicht aus unsere eigene Gerechtigkeit oder Frömmigkeit selig zu werden. Allein aus Gnade und Barmherzigkeit können wir selig werden. Des Menschen Tun ist zu schlecht vor Gott gerecht zu sein. Es ist aber zu fürchten daß manche Menschen bauen zu viel auf ihre eigene Gerechtigkeit, fühlen sich zu gewiß, kommen verblendet und wissen nicht, oder sehen nicht wo sie irren.

Etwa zwei Wochen zurück hielten wir Bericht daß eins von unsere nahe Verwandten (Peter Stoll) in Honduras gestorben ist. Wie gewöhnlich der Fall ist wenn solche Bericht kommt, tun wir uns bereiten hinzufahren der Körper noch einmal zu besuchen und die Leiche beizuwohnen. Hier war es aber ganz anders. Ich sagte zu meinem Weibe, dies ist eine ziemliche harte Sache. Der Bericht kommt, er ist gestorben, aber . . . er ist schon 3 Tage im Grabe am liegen. Solches haben wir noch nicht erfahren in unsere Lebenszeit. Es macht uns viel denken, schon etliche von meine Kameraden, einige noch jünger wie ich sind der Weg voran gegangen. Wann kommt meine Zeit? Und bin ich bereit der Hebertritt zu nehmen? Ob ich bereit bin oder nicht, wenn die Zeit kommt so werde ich gehen. Hier haben wir keine

bleibende Stadt, sondern die zukünftige suchen wir.

Ja, das Ende aller Dinge ist nahe, das Ende der Welt, ist was er uns warnen will davon, so wir stets bereit sein können im Frieden von hier zu scheiden. Paulus gibt uns einen guten Exempel von bereit sein zu scheiden. „Die Zeit meines Abscheidens ist vorhanden. Ich habe einen guten Kampf gekämpft, ich habe den Lauf vollendet, ich habe Glauben gehalten; hinfort ist mir beigelegt die Krone der Gerechtigkeit, welche mir der Herr an jenem Tage, der gerechte Richter, geben wird, nicht mir aber allein, sondern auch allen, die seine Erscheinung lieb haben.“ 2. Tim. 4, 6—8.

Er benamnt hier 3 Stücken. Der gute Kampf gekämpft, in diesem Kampf der Lauf vollendet, und in allem der Glauben gehalten. In diesem kannte er ein seliges Ende erreichen.

Es ist so ein großer Unterschied in wie die Menschen sich benehmen in dieser Zeit. Einer sagt er kann dies tun und doch der gute Kampf kämpfen und der Glauben halten. Ein anderer sagt er kann noch jenes tun und der Glauben halten. Ein anderer noch mehr und so fort. Bis es fertig ist scheint es, manche meinen sie können sich fast kleiden wie sie wollen, fast alles haben und gebrauchen was in dieser Welt ist, bis es uns dünkt sie hätten keinen Kampf mehr, sie können ihre Natur folgen. Doch meinen sie, sie können als noch Glauben halten und ein Kind Gottes sein.

Wir wollen doch sorgfältig sein, die Verheißung steht für ein abgesondert Volk. Der Heiland sagte: „Sie sind nicht von der Welt, gleichwie ich auch nicht von der Welt bin.“ Joh. 17, 14.



'Scuse

My

Please

Sammy läuft wider der Andy auf dem Heimweg von die Schul und schiebt ihn bald im Graben. „'Scuse me,“ sagte er.

Dann ging der Andy und tritt auf dem Sammy sein Fuß. „'Scuse me auch.“

Der Amos und die kleine Anna laufen fort und bekümmern sich nicht wegen ihre Brüder.

Sammy und Andy springen einander nach. Einer probiert der andere im Graben schieben. Sie lachen als sie Kreischen gegen einander: „'Scuse me! 'Scuse me!“

Wo sie heim kommen find er fragt die Mäm, „Fürwas sind ihr nicht heim kommen mit der Amos und die Anna?“

Sammy und Andy sehen einander an.

„Mäm,“ sagte der Sammy ernstlich, für seine Mutter ihre Gedanken wegführen von die Straf. „Teacher hat gesagt wir Kinder sollen polite sein und Manners lernen. Was sind Manners?“

zu andere wie wir wollen daß sie tun zu uns, und considerate sein eins von dem andern.“

„Er hat gesagt wir sollen auch please und excuse sagen — und viele andere Sachen.“

„In die Schule sollt ihr tun wie der Teacher haben will,

aber jeh sollt ihr tun wie wir haben wollen. Nun gehst du gerad und tuest andere Kleider an.“

Sammy ging auf dem Speicher wo der Andy schon war am Kleider anziehen. Es dünkt der Sammy es die Mäm hatte Manners nicht klärlisch ausgeprochen. „Fürwas müssen wir Manners lernen, denkt er. „’Scuse“ und „please“ sind nur für Mädchen.“ Er schmeißt Andy sein Bomas auf dem Boden. „’Scuse my please,“ sagt er.

Nun geht der Andy und schmeißt Sammy seine Hosen auf dem Boden. „’Scuse mich auch,“ sagte er zurück als er die Tür hinaus springt.

Nach die Chores waren sie die letzte für ins Haus gehen, Sammy springt g’schwind durch die Tür in die Küche und hebt die Tür zu. Andy schiebt gegen die Tür und freischt für hinein kommen.

„Sammy!“ zankte der Vater.

„’Scuse my please!“ spricht er zum Andy, als er die Tür aufmacht.

Wo der Amos das hörte fingt er an zu lachen. „’Scuse my please.“ wiederholt er.

Dies gleicht der Sammy nicht. Er wußte daß der Amos spöttlich am lachen war über ihn. Dann sieht er ihn an und spricht: „Teacher hat gesagt wir sollen so sagen.“

„Rein,“ antwortete der Amos: „Er hat nicht gesagt „Excuse my please,“ Er hat gesagt: „Excuse me please.“

„Gel, Andy,“ Sammy dreht sich gegen sein jüngster Bruder. „Teacher hat gesagt . . .“

„Sammy,“ interrupt der Vater, „Amos hat es recht gesagt. Wir sollen sagen „Excuse me please“ aber nicht wenn wir eine Tür zuheben. Wir sollen das sagen wann wir aus eine Stubbe gehen wenn wir Besuch haben. Aber es ist doch besser für sagen „Excuse mich a Minut, please“ — wenn wir nicht lang bleiben.“

„Sagst du als so?“ fragt der Sammy.

„Ah, er — ich sag als etwas,“ antwortet der Vater.

„Teacher hat auch gesagt, es ein Mann soll die Tür aufmachen für das Weib und sie lassen mol am ersten durch die Tür gehen,“ sagt der Sammy. „ . . . die Frau soll immer am ersten sein.“

Die Maud Miller guckt gegen ihren Mann und lächelt ein wenig.

„Mäm,“ sagt der Vater zu sie, „du weißt daß ich dich immer helfe wann du Hilf brauchst.“

„Ich weiß das,“ antwortete sie, „und es ist nicht notwendig daß du die Tür aufmachst wann ich noch Kräfte hab für es selber tun. Du tuest als die meiste von die Sachen tragen wann wir in die Stadt gehen und es ist notwendig daß ich die Tür aufheb für dich.“

„Ja, das ist recht,“ spricht der Vater, „aber es ist doch gut wann wir unsere Manners wußten so wann wir bei englische Leute sind. Bei uns sollen wir behilflich sein aber der Mann ist am ersten geschaffen und es macht nicht aus wann er am ersten durch die Tür geht. Die Amische ihre Manners sind ein wenig different als die andere Leute ihre.“

„Dies macht mich an etwas denken,“ lacht der Amos. „Der Teacher hat g’fragt was wir sagen wann eins auf dem andern sein Zehen tritt, und der Sammy sagt „opps.“ Die andere tun auch lachen.

„Wir aber sagen das,“ spricht der Sammy ernstlich.

„Das ist recht,“ antwortete der Vater. „opps“ is was wir sagen, aber wir sollten sagen „excuse me“ wann wir bei andere Leute sind.“

„Dat,“ sagt die Mutter, „sind ihr bald bereit für essen?“

„Ah, ja, Sammy hast du dich gewaschen?“

Wo der Sammy sich gewaschen hatte kommt er zum Tisch. „Was sollen wir sagen wenn wir spät am Tisch kommen?“

„Sag, ich bin jorrr es ihr warten mühtet,“ antwortete die Mutter.

„Aber du sollst recht jorrr fühlen,“ kommt vom Amos.

Wo sie fertig waren mit dem Dank-Gebet, langt der Sammy über Andy sein Teller und kriegt sich ein Stück Brot.

„Sammy, frag du wann du Brot willst,“ ermahnte die Mutter. „Ihr sollt nicht über einander ihre Teller langen.“

„Ach denk wir müssen sie bessere Manners lernen,“ antwortete der Vater. „Sie wissen nicht wie zu tun wann englische Leute kommen.“ Er sieht gegen der Sammy, „Du sollst nicht über dem andern sein Teller langen, aber fragen wann du Brot willst haben.“

„Er soll sagen: Brot, please,“ sagt Amos.

„Ja, das ist recht,“ Der Vater guckt sein Kopf als er schwächt. „Es sind noch viel andere Sachen zu lernen, aber die main Sach ist, an die andere denken ob uns selbst. Nicht selbstig sein, und nicht vorwichtig sein — die andere lassen das erste sein.“

Teacher probiert uns lernen sagen: Please, thank you, excuse my please, und viel andere Sachen,“ spricht der Andy.

„Excuse me please,“ tut der Amos wieder verbessern.

„Ja, Andy,“ antwortete der Vater. „Please, thank you, und all die Sachen haben ihren Plak. Ich habe gemeint wir haben euch probiert diese Worten lernen gern sagen wann es notwendig war.“

„Dat, wir wollen Manners mol vergessen und pflanzen für aus Kucle Johns gehen, heut Abend,“ sagt die Mutter zu ihrem Mann. „Wann du in die Hack gehst dann will ich nicht mitgehen.“

„Ich nimme das Buggy, aber ich will gerade gehen nach dem Essen. Vielleicht können wir am Store stoppen.“

„Hat der Sammy und der Andy zeit für das Geschirr wäschen?“ fragt die Mutter. „Ich will die Anna mit nehmen.“

„Ja, sie haben zeit,“ antwortete der Vater. „Sie können die Chores fertig machen später.“

Wo sie fertig waren essen bleiben die zwei Buben am Tisch sitzen. „Du kannst am ersten Tisch abräumen,“ sagt der Sammy zum Andy. „Wir sollen die andere lassen erst sein und nicht vorwichtig sein.“

„O, nein,“ sagt der Andy zurück, „es ist nicht schön wann ich dir vorpring, geh du am ersten.“

Der Vater hörte dies von die Stubbe. „Sammy! Andy! Das ist genug! Ich will haben es ihr Manners habt, aber daß ihr sie recht brauchet. Der Knabe wo am besten behilflich ist, hat die beste Manners.“

Wo die Buben das hörten springen sie auf ihre Füße und lachen als sie der Tisch abräumen.

Es war noch nicht dunkel wo der Vater und die Mutter heim kommen waren. „Was denkst weiß ich?“ sagt die Anna als sie ab vom Buggy tritt und sieht der Sammy und Andy kommen springen.

„Was ist’s?“ fragen sie als sie hart schnaufen. „Gast du Randy?“

„Rein,“ lacht die Anna. „Es ist etwas besser.“

„Hat die Mäm Ice cream gekauft?“ fragt der Sammy.

„Rein, aber die Mäm hat eine Frau angetroffen in die Stadt wo sie in die Schul gangen ist damit.“

„Fürwas sollen wir uns verwundern über das?“ spricht der Sammy mit Verdrossenheit.

„Ja, Anna,“ sagt die Mäm als sie zuhörte, „du hast nicht



gesagt es sie gleich kommen will uns zu besuchen."

"Wann? Wann? Kann sie Deutsch?" fragen die zwei Buben ernstlich.

"Vielleicht kommt sie von Morgen in ein Boot. Ja, sie kann Deutsch." Die Mutter nimmt ihren Pack von Groceries und geht fürs Haus.

Kommt der Samstag Morgen, fragt der Vater die Mutter. "Will die Alara Hydron, es du in die Schul gehen bist mit, kommen fürs Essen?"

"Ich weiß nicht aber ich bin bereit wann sie tut. Ich habe ein Kuchen gebacken und Karrot Salad gemacht."

"Haben sie Kinder?" Sammy zieht sein Bomas an denn es war kühl.

"Sie hat ein Bube," antwortete die Mäm. "Ich denk er ist neun oder zehn." Sie sieht der Sammy und Andy klar an. "Wann sie nun kommt sollt ihr eure Manners nicht vergessen, so daß ich mich nicht schämen muß."

"Ja," bekräftigt der Vater, "Am Tisch sollt ihr nicht vergessen please und thank you sagen, und nicht so ein groß Stück Kuchen nehmen."

"Wann sie da sind fürs Essen," sagt die Mutter, "dann werde ich ein Löffel in's Schmieres tun, so tun sie. Ihr sollt nicht eure Messer in's Schmier-Schüssel stecken. Der Butter tun wir auch herumlangen. Nun nehmet ihr ein wenig auf euer Teller aber nicht zu viel."

"Und saget nicht, Excuse my please," tut der Amos sie zardhen.

Sie sitzen ihn an mit ein sauer Angesicht.

"Das ist genug, Amos," ermahnte der Vater. Dann sagt er weiter: "Vergesst nicht, das polite zu sein ist für an die andere denken ob uns selbst, und ihr sollt nicht kittern und lachen wann der B'ndch nicht weiß was ihr lachet dawegen. Kommt, wir wollen jeh an die Arbeit gehn."

Er geht die Tür hinaus und die Buben folgen nach.

Als der Sammy geht die Hinkel füttern sagt er zu sich selbst: "Ich will some Brot, please." Ach, das lautet nicht recht, denkt er. "Nun gibt mir Brod, please," sagt er. Das ist auch nicht recht, beschuldigt seine Gedanken. Ach, wie war das?

Die Hinkel lehnen ihre Köpfe auf die Seite zu hören was er sagt.

"Please . . . Brot," sagt der Sammy. Ach nein. "Brot, please." Das ist recht. Ja, das ist recht. Er grunzt sein Kopf und war fröhlich es er es sagen kann daß es recht lautet.

"Nun muß ich, excuse me" sagen wann ich aus der Stubbe geh," denkt er weiter. "Ich hoffe ich kann an allem denken."

Es war Mittag kommen und die Alara Hydron war noch nicht kommen.

"Ich glaub nicht es sie kommt," sagt Sammy mit wenig Muth.

"Ich glaub auch nicht," sagt Andy mit ein lang Angesicht. "Die Leute in die Stadt stehen nicht früh auf. Sie kommt vielleicht nur für ein kurzes weil nach diesem Essen," sagt der Vater.

Der Sammy wünschte sie würde kommen für's Essen daß er sagen könnte, Brot, please, und Schmieres nehmen mit ein Löffel.

Es war bald vier Uhr wo ein Kar die Lane hinein kommen ist. Ein Weib und ein Sohn kommen ab.

Sammy, Andy, und die Anna springen für die Kar, weil ihre Mäm die Haustür heraus kommt. "Und dies ist dein Sohn Donald?" sagt sie.

"Ja, und er ist unser einzig Kind," antwortete sie. "Und

sind diese alle eure Kinder?" Sie gukt gegen die drei Kinder es bei die Maud Miller stehen.

"Der Amos ist an seinem Vater helfen," spricht die Maud, "Er ist dreizehn." Dann winkt sie mit der Hand gegen Sammy. "Und dieser mit die schwarze krollige Haar ist unser Sammy. Er ist zehn. Der Andy dort ist neun, und die Anna ist sieben. Kommt herein. Wir waren am guken für euch. Hat dein Mann nicht mit kommen können?"

"Er muß schaffen, aber er will mol kommen," sagt die Alara, "Denn er war geboren auf die Banerei."

Sammy sieht es seine Mäm die Haus-Tür aufhebt für die Alara und ihr Bube. Sie sitzen sich in die Küch aber der Sammy, Andy und die Anna bleiben stehen und sehen zu. Sammy wünschte der Donald würde mit sie spielen gehen aber er saß neben seine Mutter mit seine Hände auf dem Schoß und hörte zu. Sammy wollte auch lernen so tun wenn er fort geht.

Die Weiber besuchen ein wenig, dann steht die Maud Miller auf. "Ihr wollet bleiben für's Essen, wollt ihr nicht?" fragte sie.

"Ach ich fürchte wir machen dir zu viel Müß und Arbeit," antwortet die Alara, als sie gegen ihr Bube sieht.

Er schmeilte zurück gegen seine Mutter.

"Ich habe mich bereit und es wird nicht viel Arbeit machen," tut die Maud zusprechen, denn sie sieht daß der Bube gern bleiben wollte. "Sammy, komm, wir gehen in's Springhaus und holen Eis-Sach."

Da sie aus dem Haus waren vermahnte die Mäm, "Sammy, wann B'ndch kommt sollt ihr nicht stehen und waschen und waschen. Das ist nicht polite."

In's Springhaus langte sie im Trog und kriegt ein Hoffa heraus. "Hier ist Milch, und da ist die Kan mit Salad Dressung für's Potato Salad, da ist Kase . . ."

Wo sie in's Haus kommen waren probiert der Sammy seine Augen halten von starren gegen die Alara. Er kann bald nicht, denn er sieht nicht oft ein Weib wie das. Er meint ihre Haar steht bald wie ein Stroh-Stock. An ihrem Hals hangen Perlen. Die Ringen an ihre Ohren macht ihn denken von die Ringen in die Säue ihre Nasen. Er hoffte sie geht nicht in die Scheuer es der Bull ihre roten Froß sieht.

Wo es zeit war am Tisch zu gehen sitzt Sammy und Andy sich auf dem Bank. "Der Donald kann auf dem Bank sitzen bei die Buben," sagt die Maud Miller.

Der Donald geht geschwind am Tisch herum und sitzt sich neben der Sammy. Wo sie ihre Hände hinunter getan haben zum Gebet, sieht Sammy aus dem Eck von seinem Auge daß der Donald nur über dem Tisch gukt. Er tut nicht seine Augen herunter zum Gebet.

Maud langte das Brot zu die Alara. Sie nimmt ein Stück und langt's an. Sammy wascht als sie Butter nehmt und tut es auf ihr Teller. Nun schöpfte sie Schmieres auf ihr Teller. Sammy probiert gleich tun.

"Smm," sagt der Donald, "heimgemacht Brot." Er bricht es nicht entzwei und tut nicht wenig Butter dran. Dann schöpfte er Schmieres auf sein groß Stück Brot und fing an zu essen. Er nimmt ein großen Reiß daß seine Backen neben naus schieben.

Der Sammy sieht das. Dies ist nicht der Weg es der Dat uns gelernt hat, denkt er, als er sein verbrochenes Brot ansieht; aber er sieht daß sein Vater sein Brot auch gebrochen hat.

Wo sie am essen waren hat der Donald sein Elbow bei Sammy sein Teller gehabt. Der Sammy sitzt sich näher bei

der Andy.

Wo der Sammy sein Brot gegessen hatte dann wünschte er für mehr. Er wollte sagen, Brot, please, aber die Worten wollen nicht heraus kommen, denn er schämte sich sehr.

Glei langte die Mutter das Karrot Salad. Wo es zum Donald kommt, sieht er es ein wenig an. „Ich gleich das nicht,“ sagte er als er seine Nase aufrunzelt.

„Schmeck es ein wenig, denn es ist gut,“ sagt die Klara.

„Nein,“ antwortete er als er die Schüssel anlangte, „Ich gleich es nicht.“

„Wie weißt du es du es nicht gleichst,“ denkt der Sammy, aber er sagte nichts.

Wo die frische Pershing (Pfirisch) herum gelangt waren, wunderte Sammy ob er einige kriegt, denn der Donald schöpfte sein Teller ganz voll. Er suchte auch für der größte Kuchen. Wo er der Kuchen gegessen hatte, schiebt er wider seine Mutter ihren Arm und sagt: „Mam, krieg mir noch ein Stück Kuchen.“

„Nein,“ sagte sie, „denn du hast eins gehabt.“

„Er darf mehr haben,“ spricht die Maud als sie das Kuchen-Teller wieder zu die Klara langt.

„Mild, please,“ sagt der Sammy als er meint es war vergessen gangen für es herum langen.

Wo sie fertig waren hat die Klara geholfen das Geschirr wäschen weil die Ruben gangen sind spielen. „Wir wollen Ballen spielen,“ sagt Sammy als er ein Ballen und Wat kriegt auf die Ford.

„Nirst bat!“ kreischt der Donald.

Sammy läßt ihn am ersten batten.

Heber ein weil sagt Donald: „Ich will allezeit batten und ihr sollt der Ballen fangen.“

Sammy war es glei müde, dann sagt er: „Wir wollen spielen mit's Wägele.“

„Ja,“ tut der Donald sich einigen, „Ihr seid meine Gänl und ich tue euch fahren.“

Sammy und Andy schwiken als sie der Donald herum-fahren. Er sitzt auf's Wägele und kreischt über sie. Sammy war froh wo die Klara kommen ist für Heim gehen.

Sammy und Andy hangen über die Schener-Hof Fens als sie die Hyborn Kar watchen die Lane naus gehen. „Es ist nicht spaß spielen mit Kinder es keine Manners haben, meinst du es ist?“ fragt Sammy.

## CHILDREN'S SECTION

HERE IS ANOTHER  
STORY ABOUT THE  
KEIM SISTERS, LYDIA  
AND MARY.

### "Faithful In The Least"

-by Elizabeth Miller

MARY KEIM WONDERED WHY  
HER OLDER SISTER, LYDIA,  
WAS ALWAYS GIVEN THE MORE  
IMPORTANT HOUSEHOLD WORK.  
ONE DAY SHE REALIZED WHY.

"HMMM, WHAT SMELLS so good?" asked Mary Keim the minute she came into the kitchen one evening after school. She opened the oven door a crack and peeped in. "Rolls, yumme!" She glanced around, then lifted the corner of the towel that covered the pans on the table. All she found there were unbaked rolls. "Are the first ones in the oven?" she asked.

"Yes, those are the first ones," said Mother. "They'll be ready in time for supper, though."

"Aww, I'm hungry," complained Mary.

"Eat an apple, then get your clothes changed," said Mom. "Lydia won't be able to help as much with the chores tonight. She has to stay in with her rolls."

Mary was on the way to the cellar to get an apple. She  
December, 1971

stopped and swung around. "Her rolls?" she asked. Turning to Lydia she asked, "Did you bake the rolls?"

"The oven's baking them," teased Lydia. "But I made them."

"But Mother helped you, didn't she?" asked Mary.

"Not much," Mother answered for Lydia. "All the help I gave her was to answer her questions." She smiled in a pleased way.

Mary slowly went down the steps toward the cellar. Lydia had made rolls all alone. Why couldn't she do things like that? Why did it always have to be Lydia who had privileges like that first? Of course, she was over a year older than Mary was, but then she could bake just as well as Lydia could. And she could do other things just as well, too. Mother herself had said lately that sometimes it seemed as if her two oldest daughters were twins.

Mary picked up a big yellow apple and rubbed it on the sleeve of her coat. Slowly munching on it, she went back up the steps. As soon as her little brother saw the apple, he reached for it. "David apple, too," he pleaded.

"Did you only bring one apple?" asked Mom. Just the way she said it told Mary she was displeased.

"Er, ah, yes," said Mary slowly. "No one said I was to bring more."

"But you could have known that David and Eli would want apples, too," said Mother. "Take a bowl and bring up quite a few. I think I'll have Lydia peel some and cook them to put in jello."

"May I make jello apples?" asked Mary. "I know how."

Mother thought for a minute. "You'll have to do the



evening chores," she said. "Lydia can easily do that while she watches the rolls and gets supper."

Mary took a bowl and went down to the cellar again. She threw the apples into it in a disgusted way. "Evening chores," she muttered. "Any other evening I wouldn't be allowed to feed those precious chickens, but tonight when Lydia's got something better to do, I'm good enough to feed them."

"Mother, couldn't I make supper and watch the rolls and do things like that?" asked Mary when she got upstairs.

"No, not tonight," said Mother. "We've got meat in the pressure cooker and I barely trust Lydia to watch that."

"Do I have to feed the chicken, too?" Mary asked next.

"I already did," answered Lydia. She took the bowl of apples from Mary and got ready to peel them. "Now hurry up and change your clothes," she added.

Mary wanted to tell Lydia to stop being so bossy, but she didn't. She just gave her a look that did the same thing and went upstairs. A short time later she was back. Taking a coal bucket in each hand, she started for the door. "Is Benny going to carry in wood?" she asked.

"Eli's carried in the kitchen wood, but the other pieces are too big for him," answered Mother. "Benny went to the barn to help Dad. You have plenty of time to carry in wood and do your other chores until milking."

Without another word Mary left the house. She filled the coal buckets and then carried armful after armful of

wood. Except for the few times she stopped to play with David, she kept at it. Then she filled the little can on the high shelf in the pantry with kerosene and carefully put it back in its place. Mother would want that to start the kitchen fire the next morning.

She was barely done with her chores when Eli came to the door and announced that the cows were in the barn and ready to be milked. Quickly David left his toys and came running. "David coat. David cap," he begged.

"Mother, can't David stay in with Lydia?" asked Mary.

Mother was getting dressed to go outside. She looked as if she didn't know what to say. By this time David had his cap on backwards and was trying without success to put on his coat. "Let's take him along," said Mother. "It will be easier for us and Lydia both." She helped the little boy with his coat and tied a scarf around his neck. "Now be sure you watch that pressure cooker, Lydia," she warned. "Are you timing it?"

"Yes," answered Lydia. "That little thing started jiggling at ten after six, so it'll come off at half past six."

"Don't forget to let out the steam before you open it," cautioned Mother.

"Yes," said Lydia. "I've used the pressure cooker before."

"I know," answered Mother, picking up David. "But usually I'm in the house with you. I hope I can trust you to be careful when I'm not here. Sometimes you forget."

"I won't though tonight," promised Lydia. Mary could tell by the tone of her voice that she felt honored to be allowed to stay in and get supper while Mother took her place in the barn.

"Can I make supper, too, sometime while you milk?" asked Mary.

"Yes, maybe sometime," promised Mother. "But tonight there are so many things to watch that I'm wondering if maybe it isn't a little more than even Lydia can manage."

Mother's misgivings, however, were ungrounded. Forty-five minutes later when Mother and Mary came in from milking, supper was ready and the rolls were baked. "Oh, I see you even made frosting," said Mother. "I guessed you would."

"I didn't know if I would have time or not," said Lydia, pleased with her accomplishments. "But I hurried to get it done. This one pan was too hot, though, and I haven't frosted it." She picked up a white granite pan filled with rolls and felt the bottom of it. "Maybe they're cooled enough to that I can frost them now."

"Why don't you wash up the dishes you've dirtied and let Mary frost the rolls? You'll be glad after supper if they're done," said Mother.

"Sure," said Lydia, laying down the knife as fast as she had picked it up. "You'll have to put the frosting on thin, though," she directed Mary. "I didn't know how much to make, but I think it will cover all of them if you put it on thin."

Mary didn't feel like frosting rolls. She knew Mother was trying to be kind and fair to her, but it didn't seem fair to Mary. Not after Lydia had made the rolls and the frosting and had been allowed to make jello apples and all the rest of supper, too. Now all she got to do was frost the last pan of rolls. Mary thought of times when she and Lydia and Mother were working something and Eli came along and wanted to help. Mother usually gave a him a little something to do, just so he'd be satisfied. That's how she felt -- like a little child who couldn't do very much, but was allowed to help just so she'd be quiet.

Mary had a notion to refuse to frost the rolls, but she didn't want Mother to know how she really felt. "The best thing to do is be a good little girl and do as Mama and Big Sister say," she thought to herself as she picked up the knife and started to spread the creamy frosting on the rolls.

"Mary, didn't you take the ashes out of the stove?" asked Mother. Her voice sounded disappointed.

"No one said I should," answered Mary. She knew that wasn't really any excuse, for that was supposed to be



### *Who Taught Them?*

Who taught the bird to build her nest  
Of softest wool, and hay, and moss?  
Who taught her how to weave it best,  
And lay the tiny twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly  
Among the sweetest herbs and flowers,  
And lay her store of honey by,  
Providing food for winter hours?

Who taught the little ant the way  
Her narrow cell so well to bore  
And through the pleasant summer day  
To gather up her winter store?

'Twas God who taught them all the way,  
And gave the little creature skill;  
And teaches children, when they pray,  
To know and do His heavenly will.

- Jane Taylor

part of her regular evening chores. But tonight she had done some of Lydia's chores and forgotten her own.

"But you knew without being told, didn't you?" asked Mother.

Mary laid down the knife. "I'll take them out now," she said. Her words didn't sound very willing, though.

"No. leave them until tomorrow morning," said Mother. "It's dark outside and you'll scatter them all over the yard. But remember to take them out before you go to school."

Mary returned to her task. Soon the boys and Dad came in and the family sat down to eat supper. About half way through the meal the Coleman lamp suddenly began to get dim. Dad stood up and cleaned the generator by cranking the little lever at the side of the lamp. That didn't help any, so he shook the lamp. "Oh," he said, a knowing look showing on his face. He looked at Mary. "Where was our lamp filler tonight?" he asked.

Mary's faced turned red. "I-I forgot," she stammered.

Mother sighed a heavy sigh and went to get the small wick lamp. She fumbled around in the darkness of the bedroom to find it. By this time the lamp in the kitchen was completely out and the family sat in the darkness waiting. When Mother brought the smaller lamp, Dad shut off the valve of the Coleman lamp and set it aside. "You'll have to fill that after supper," he said to Mary.

No one seemed to mind the dim light in the kitchen as they enjoyed the soft fresh rolls Lydia had made. Everyone, even Dad, praised them and asked for a second one. That is, everyone but Mary. She finished her supper in sullen silence.

"Shall I-I fill the lamp now?" asked Mary when supper was over.

"I'll light the lantern we use in the barn for the living room," said Dad. He looked at Mary. "Help Lydia with the dishes first," he said. "Maybe doing them in a dim light and then filling the lamp afterwards will help you remember to do it earlier in the evening after this."

Even though Dad's words weren't unkind, they brought tears to Mary's eyes. Fiercely she blinked them back and bit on her lip. She didn't want to break down and cry. No, she wasn't going to be a baby.

It didn't take the girls long to do the dishes that evening. They worked together and didn't waste any time talking or arguing. After they were done, Mary grabbed the flashlight and the empty lamp and ran out to the washhouse and filled it.

"Did you put in kerosene now for sure?" asked Mother when Mary came back in.

"Yes," said Mary, much too sharply.

"Mary, that's no way to answer your mother," said Dad firmly.

That was too much. Mary started to cry.

Dad looked at Mother and Mother looked at Dad. Mary sat down on the end of the couch and hid her face in her arm. The room was painfully silent except for the sound of Mary's jerky sobs.

"Mary, sit up," said Dad after a while. "There's no use for you to be upset over such a little thing."

Mary sat up, but the sobs wouldn't stop. "I can never do the right thing," she said. "All evening I got nothing but scoldings."

"But whose fault is it?" asked Mother. "If you had taken out the ashes and filled the lamp, then there wouldn't have been any reason for us to scold you."

"It's not fair. I have to do all the odd jobs and Lydia gets to do the things that are fun," Mary went on.

"Mary," Dad's voice was firm. "It's time you straighten up. You've been feeling sorry for yourself again and it's making you miserable. It is true. Mother trusted Lydia with the cooking and the baking tonight, and Lydia proved to be worthy of the trust. As long as you forget to do little things like taking out ashes and filling lamps and other things that are part of the routine chores, then you're only proving that you're not to be trusted with more important work. As likely as not, you would have cooked the apples too long and burned the

rolls and what not all."

Mary picked at the wart on the back of her hand. She wanted to defend herself and say she had done lots of things and done them right, but no one talked about those things. All her parents talked about were the things she did wrong. But she didn't say anything. She just sat and wondered if she was going to get some kind of a punishment for acting as she did.

Mother's voice was full of concern when she spoke. "I barely trusted Lydia with the pressure cooker tonight," she said. "Those things are handy to use, but a person has to mind his business or they can be dangerous. The same is true of a lot of things. By doing one thing and thinking something else, we sometimes become careless. That's when we forget things, and maybe even have an accident through our carelessness."

Nothing more was said, so Mary picked up an older issue of *Young Companion* and started to read. She had read all the stories before, but she needed something to do, so she read the Simon and Susie story again. Half an hour later she was in bed, but sleep would not come. She heard Dad and Mother talking in low tones in the bedroom below. Although she couldn't hear a word they were saying, she had a feeling Mother was telling Dad all that had happened since she had come home from school that evening.

Mary's thoughts went back over the evening. She tried to think what it had been that had started her unhappy thoughts. It was when she had gone downstairs and brought up only one apple. Or was it? Maybe it was when she had found out that Lydia had made rolls. Now that it was all over, Mary couldn't understand why she had let herself get so upset. It was only natural that Lydia got to do things like baking rolls while she was in school. The more she thought about it, the more she realized it was her own fault that things had gone as they had. "I was too busy feeling sorry for myself to remember to take out the ashes and do the other things I was supposed to do. With a firm resolution to try and do better, Mary drifted off to sleep.

The next morning Mary felt much better. She tried to make up for the unpleasant evening by doing more than her share of the chores. When the work at the barn was finished, she and Lydia helped each other pack the school lunches. Mary didn't even complain when Mother told Lydia to fry the eggs and sent Mary to the milkhouse to get the milk they had forgotten to bring in.

When breakfast was over, Dad pushed back his chair and got the Bible from its usual place on top of the cupboard. He paged through it lightly, then said, "I think I'll read from the sixteenth chapter of Luke this morning." With a slow, clear voice he started reading.

Mary heard right away that this was one of Jesus' parables, and she was glad. She thought they were easier to understand than some parts of the Bible. She rested her elbows on the table and leaned forward to listen.

Dad read about the rich man and his steward. She had heard the story before, but she never could quite figure out why the steward had reduced the debts of those debtors to half of what they had been. She was still wondering about it as Dad read on. Suddenly a familiar verse brought her back to reality.

"He that is faithful in that which is least..." Dad was reading.

"I know that verse," interrupted Benny. "We had it for a memory verse in school the other week."

Dad stopped and smiled. "Alright, maybe you can say that verse instead of me reading it," he said.

Benny cleared his throat. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much." He paused and rolled his eyes a little, then added, "Luke 16:10."

"Very good, Benny," said Dad. Before he could go on reading, Benny interrupted him again. "And I know what it means, too," he said. "Teacher said it means if-if," he paused and blushed, no longer so sure of himself. "She said if we steal little things, then we steal big things, too, if we get the chance. And if we tell little lies, then we tell



big lies, too."

"Yes, it could mean that," smiled Dad. "But like many verses, this one can mean more than one thing. Being faithful means to be honest and true, but it also means to be worthy of trust. In other words, a person who doesn't do what people depend on him for doing isn't faithful."

Mary lowered her eyes. She was sure Mother was looking at her. She knew she hadn't been very faithful the evening before. She knew, too, why Dad had chosen this chapter for morning devotions.

Dad went on. "This verse tells us the person who is faithful in little things is faithful in bigger things, too. In other words, because we are faithful in little things, then people trust us in bigger responsibilities, too."

Mary tried to listen as Dad read the rest of the chapter, but her mind kept returning to that one verse. Even when devotions were over and she and Lydia were doing the dishes, she was thoughtfully quiet.

"It's time for you to go get ready," said Lydia generously when the dishes were done. "I'll sweep."

"Thanks," answered Mary. "But wait to start until I've taken out the ashes."

Mary hummed to herself as she got ready for school. She was glad she remembered the ashes this morning. For once she had been "faithful in the least" and she hoped it wouldn't be the last time. ■■



## Along Nature's Paths

### Animals That Fly



By David Luthy

Everybody has seen a mouse, but who ever saw one that could fly? Well, there isn't such a creature even though some people talk about the flying mouse, or in Pennsylvania Dutch the "Fladamaus." Actually "flying mouse" is a nickname for a common resident of barns, the bat. It is easily understandable why the bat received such a nickname, for it does look very much like a mouse with wings. Its four inch body is the size of a mouse; its hair is short and medium gray-brown like a mouse's; and its face resembles that of a mouse. Even though a bat may look somewhat like a mouse, it is much more than merely a mouse with wings. It is an entirely different sort of creature.

Bats and mice have one thing, though, in common -- people are afraid of them. Other than this they are not very much alike. The bat's whole way of life is very different from the mouse's. A mouse eats the farmer's valuable grain and thus is quite a nuisance. The bat is the opposite; it eats no grain at all, only insects. When you kill a mouse you do a good deed, for you are protecting the grain supply. But when you kill a bat, you are ridding the farm of one of its best insect traps. Bats eat beetles, flies, moths, and all sorts of bugs which are harmful to crops and livestock. North American bats have no bad qualities, only good ones which is more than can be said for most other creatures.

Even though they fly, bats are not birds. They are animals, the only animals that fly. They are considered

animals rather than birds for a number of reasons, but the main reason is that the mother bat feeds her young with milk. All creatures which feed milk to their young are considered animals (mammals) rather than birds, insects, or fish.

A bat does not have a nest like a bird. Its only home is some dark place; it may be the hollow of a tree, a dark cave, the rafters of a barn roof, or even the space behind a loose shingle or piece of barn siding. Perhaps it is partly because bats live in dark places that people dislike them, but there are other reasons.

When you think of a bat, you likely think of it as being "spooky" or mysterious. Since bats are seldom seen in daylight it is no wonder that people do not understand them. Also for years they have been one of four symbols for Halloween: the witch, black cat, jack-o-lantern, and bat. Why the bat was chosen for such a symbol is not known, but it is probably because the bat is a night creature, and people have been lead to believe that darkness is mysterious. Besides this, the bat has an odd characteristic -- the way it flies. It dips, and dives, and darts rapidly about as if it is confused or cannot see.

Bats may appear to fly poorly to us, but actually they are much better fliers than most birds. They have very rapid wingbeats, three each second, and can fly through a roomful of objects at a high speed without touching anything. Tests have been made where thread was stretched across openings where bats go into barns. The bats never crashed into the threads, but pigeons and sparrows did. This may seem odd to us for we have often heard the expression "blind as a bat." How could bats miss the threads if their eyesight is poor?

Bats are far from blind. People originally said this about them because they never flew in a straight line. Their constant swerving and ducking gave people the idea that they couldn't see well, for if a person had bad eyesight he would walk the same way. Actually the bat's eyesight is average. It has something else, however, that lets it pass beneath the threads without touching them. It has radar. The bat makes high-pitched cries, so high-pitched that man cannot hear them. The sound waves from these cries bounce off any objects which are nearby and the bat hears the echo. This tells it that it is close to an object, and the bat is a rapid flier and can quickly dodge around the object. Birds which only have their eyes to guide them cannot fly through a roomful of objects without touching any as a bat is able to do. Radar, not eyesight, makes the difference.

The bat is unusual in other ways. Since it has no nest, the mother bat must carry her little ones with her where ever she flies. The tiny bats cling to their mother as she searches for insects or dips down to the water trough for a drink in flight. And when it comes to walking on the ground, the bat has a hard time. It can walk but does so very clumsily, for its knees bend backwards instead of forwards! Another unusual feature of the bat is how it rests; it rests hanging upside down. Its backward-bending knees come in handy then, for the bat can reach its head up to its feet with no difficulty. Since it often holds its food with its feet, this makes eating much easier.

Why are people afraid of bats? Nearly every person runs when he sees a bat. Women take their aprons and cover their heads and run for the house, for they have heard that bats get into people's hair. There isn't any truth to this, and where the story began no one knows. Then there is the idea that bats bite people and give them rabies like a "mad dog." Bats, like most any wild animals, can be a carrier of rabies. People wouldn't want to handle bats as if they are pets, for bats can bite; but so can wild squirrels. Bats aren't flying about the neighborhood looking for people to bite, at least not the kind of bat we have in North America -- the brown bat. Brown bats are the farmer's friend, his insect catcher. Maybe if a bat were as beautiful to look at as a butterfly, people would appreciate them more and fear them less. Their ugly appearance is rather frightening and likely the reason bats were chosen long ago for that "spooky" time of year -- Halloween.

There are, however, two kinds of bats in the world which are harmful. One is the fruit-eating bat of India which destroys valuable fruit crops. The other is the vampire bat which sucks blood from animals and can spread the disease, rabies. This bat lives only in the hot climates of Central and South America. Unfortunately its reputation is world-wide and has caused people to needlessly fear its North American cousin, the brown bat.

The next time you see a bat, don't run from it. Spend a few minutes watching this amazing animal that flies.



## The Red Rope In The Window

Now that Moses had died and was buried on the mountain, Joshua was the leader of the Israelites. And God spoke to Joshua, just as he used to speak to Moses. "Get ready to cross over the Jordan River into the land of Canaan," the Lord said. "I will be with you just like I was with Moses, and no one will be able to have victory over you. Be strong and don't be afraid, for I will drive all the people out of the land of Canaan and give it to you and to your people."

This was good news, that at last the time had come for them to cross into the promised land. Joshua sent the message throughout the camp, "Get ready. In three days we will cross the Jordan."

Now, while the people were getting ready, Joshua called two men to him. He said to them, "Cross over the Jordan and spy out the land ahead of us. Go also to the city of Jericho and spy there."

The two men did as Joshua told them. Jericho was a large city with tall, thick walls around it. It was just on the other side of the Jordan river, and was the first city the Israelites would come to when they crossed over.

The two spies walked in through the gates of the city, hoping that no one would notice they were strangers. It was getting toward evening so the men looked for a place to stay that night. A woman named Rahab said they could stay in her house.

But someone had noticed the two spies, and ran to tell the king that strangers had come into the city. At once the king guessed that they were spies from the camp of the Israelites. He sent soldiers to the house of Rahab.

But before the soldiers got there, Rahab quickly took the two spies to the top of her house. At that times many house roofs were flat. Rahab took the two men up on the roof. Here she had some flax spread out to dry. She told the spies to lie down on the roof, and then she covered them with flax so they were hidden from sight.

The soldiers arrived with the king's orders. When they could not find the spies in Rahab's house, they ran quickly out of the city to look for them, believing that they had already started back home.

Later that evening before the spies fell asleep, Rahab went up to the housetop. She said to them, "I know that your God is going to give you this land in which we live, because everyone is terribly afraid of you. We are weak with fear. We have heard how the Lord dried up the Red Sea so you could cross over, and how he helped you to kill all the kings that came out to fight against you. We have heard so many stories like that, that all of us are discouraged and afraid. Now I have been kind to you and saved your lives from the king's soldiers. Please do me a favor in return. When you come to take over the land, promise that you will save me and my relatives alive."

"We promise to spare you and your family," the spies said.

Then Rahab began to plan how she could get the spies out of the city so that the king's soldiers wouldn't find it out. They were watching the city gates in the day time, and at night they were closed. So Rahab had to find some other way. Her house was built right next to the wall, and there was a window in the wall where the house was. Rahab had a long red rope, and now she used it to let the spies down through the window outside the wall. She said to them, "Go up into the hill country and hide for three days until the king's soldiers give up looking for you. Then you can safely return to your own people."

The men knew it was good advice. Before they left, they said to Rahab, "This is how we will keep our promise to save you and your family alive. When we come into the land, tie this bright red rope in the window through which you are letting us down. Be sure that your father and mother and all your brothers and sisters are in the house with you. We will save alive everyone in this house with you. Only be sure to have the bright red rope hanging from the window so we will know which house is yours."

"Let it be as you say," Rahab agreed. She said good-bye to the men. After they left, she tied the red rope in the window, to make certain it would be there when the Israelites came to take over the city.

The two spies hurried up into the hills to hide while it was yet dark. There they stayed for three days, until the king's soldiers were tired of looking for them. Then they returned to Joshua and said, "The Lord has delivered all this land into our hands. Why, all the people are overcome with fear of us."

So now Joshua prepared the people to cross over the Jordan. But when they came to the river, they found that it was so full of water that it was overflowing its banks. It was the time of harvest, the very time of the year when heavy rains turned the Jordan into a rushing torrent of muddy water. Perhaps the Israelites wondered how the women and children would ever cross over such a wide and deep river. But they did not complain as their fathers had so often done when things went wrong.

The Lord had a solution to the problem. The priests walked in front of the people carrying the Ark of the Covenant. They walked right up to the river and stepped bravely into the rushing water. As soon as they stepped into the water, a miracle began to happen. The water stopped and began to pile up. All the water downstream from this place ran away and left the river bed dry.

The priests now stood still, holding the ark of the Covenant while all the people crossed over the dry river bed. Then the Lord spoke to Joshua, saying, "Choose twelve men, one from each tribe, and tell them to carry out twelve stones from the river bed."

The twelve men did as they were told, and carried out twelve stones and placed them in a pile at the other side. "These twelve stones are to stay here," Joshua said. "Then in years to come, when your children ask what the stones are for, you are to tell them the story of how the river Jordan stopped flowing before the Ark of the Covenant."

Last of all, the priests crossed over the Jordan. As soon as they stepped out of the river bed with the Ark of the Covenant, the river began flowing again, fuller and faster than before.

At last, after forty weary years of wandering in the desert, the children of Israel were in the promised land. The land lay before them, rich and fertile, and full of food.

But before the Israelites could claim the land for their own, they would have to drive out the heathen people who lived in the land. It would be a great task, but Joshua and the people did not despair. They believed the Lord would be with them and help them.

They set up camp there on the other side of the Jordan river, near the large city of Jericho.

The place where they made their camp, they named Gilgal.

-E.S.





### Life Isn't Long

Life isn't long—a mother's song...  
And then another's smile...  
Then romping feet, and then the sweet...  
Remembrances awhile...  
From gold to gray, from dawn to day...  
And then the twilight hours...  
Life is too brief to hunt for grief...  
For thorns among the flowers.

If hurt today by what men say...  
If wounded by a friend...  
Oh, let tonight set all things right...  
Let trouble have an end...  
Life is too short to let report...  
Or rumor long annoy...  
Today has had so much so glad...  
We need it all for joy.

God's world, God's word, His breeze, His bird...  
No hand can rob you of...  
Wrong comes too late for hearts to hate...  
There is so much to love...  
Life isn't long, just time for song...  
And love and things sublime...  
Be not concerned with thoughts that burned...  
Good friends, there isn't time.

-Submitted by Jane Brubacher, Leonardtown, Maryland

We are again saying goodbye to the lovely autumn days, and soon we'll also say goodbye to another year. But let us not think of seasons or of years but of "days." Susan Coolidge wrote, "Every day is a fresh beginning." I like that thought, for if we have failed today we can try for a better tomorrow.

Some time ago I wrote what a treasure a journal can be in future years if a mother takes time to write it while the children are young. A Pennsylvania Mother is sharing parts of her journal with us. She wrote:

April 5th- A beautiful spring morning. My 3-year-old came in and said, "Maem, the birdies are happy. I heard them singing."

April 12- Dad came in and said there are hundreds of wild geese in the neighbor's cornfield.

April 14- Our five-year-old cleared off the table real

nice without being told.

May 1- Our three-year-old said, "Once I grow up and can drive the horse I can go to the store, then you won't have to go."

I looked over a perfect field of silver green oats waving in the wind. As I was thinking how beautiful it looked, I had to think that it was like waves on the ocean. I had always wanted to see the ocean, then the thought came to me, this is my ocean.

I had tried to explain the meaning of Easter to my 5-year-old as much as I thought she'd be able to understand. Later I heard her repeat it to her sister. "They nailed Him to the cross," she was saying, "then he died, they buried him, and then they shoveled off all the ground and opened up the box and He arose."

Sept, 24- A lovely fall day. The sky was a bright blue, scattered over with fleecy white clouds. After the sun had set the white clouds turned to pink, rose, with all the shades of lavender and purple, all the way along the horizon from the west to the last tints in the south. A mile away was the bush of green trees. Behind them the dark smokey blue of the distant mountains, framed in by the bright blue sky and the colored clouds. I thought if an artist had painted a picture with all those bright colors, one would think he had made a mistake. Colors so bright do not just happen! What must the glories of heaven be like?

-M.B.

From another Pennsylvania Mother comes some tried advice. "Since I know what good 'building-blocks' vegetables are, I don't feel guilty to make the children eat their vegetables—even those they claim they don't like. If they eat those first when the appetite is keen they usually learn to like them. Sometimes when youngsters get irritable an hour or so before meals it's a good time to give them raw carrots, celery, or cabbage to nibble on."

Someone else wrote how to get children to enjoy their salads. She says, "Add some blocks of cheese or meat. Even homemade bologna can be used or 1/2 cup of bacon, drained. I also like to add a bit of finely cut red peppers and some shredded carrots if I have them."

### Fudge Meltways

|                                     |                      |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1/2 cup butter                      | 1 egg beaten         |
| 1 sq. unsweetened chocolate (1 oz.) | 1 cup coconut        |
| 1/4 cup sugar                       | 1/2 cup chopped nuts |
| 2 cups graham cracker crumbs        | 1 teaspoon vanilla   |

### Filling

|                              |                           |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1/4 cup butter               | 1 1/2 sq. melted unsweet- |
| 1 tablespoon milk or cream   | ened chocolate            |
| 2 cups sifted powdered sugar | 1 teaspoon vanilla        |

Melt 1/2 cup butter and 1 sq. chocolate in sauce pan. Blend sugar, egg, graham cracker crumbs, coconut, nuts and vanilla into butter-chocolate mixture. Mix thoroughly and press into 11 1/2 x 7 1/2 x 1 1/2 baking dish or square 9 x 9. Refrigerate while making filling.

Cream: butter, milk, confectioners sugar and vanilla. Mix and spread over crumb mixture. Chill in refrigerator. Pour 1 1/2 sq. melted chocolate over chilled mixture and spread evenly.

-Mrs. Ivan Zimmerman, Nottingham, Pennsylvania

### Recipe for Date Cake

Put into mixing bowl over heat 1 1/2 cups whole dates (pitted) and 2 cups boiling water. Cook until dates are soft. Add 2 teaspoons soda. 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt. After this mixture has cooled off a little, add 2 eggs (beaten), 1 1/4 cups flour and nut meats, if desired.

(A cake that is good without frosting.)

-Mrs. Henry Mast, Holmesville, Ohio

### PULL BUNS

Pluckets:

1 yeast cake dissolved in 1/4 cup lukewarm water  
1 cup scalded water  
1/3 cup sugar  
1/3 cup melted butter  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
3 eggs well beaten  
Flour, about 3 3/4 cups

Add the sugar, butter and salt to scalded milk. When lukewarm, add dissolved yeast cake, eggs and just enough flour to make a stiff batter. Cover and let rise until mixture doubles in bulk. Knead down and let rise again. Roll small balls of dough about the size of walnuts and dip them in melted butter. Then roll each ball in a mixture of 3/4 cup sugar 1/2 cup ground nut meats and 3 teaspoons cinnamon. Pile balls loosely in an ungreased angel food cake pan and let rise again for 30 minutes. Bake about 40 minutes beginning with 400 and decreasing after 10 minutes, to 350. Bake until brown.

Turn pan upside down and remove immediately.

Serve warm. The buns will be stuck together and that's the way you serve them. Everyone plucks or pulls his bun right from the central supply. (If you want this for dinner start it in the morning.)

Susan D. Miller (13), Millersburg, Ohio

### PEANUT SURPRISES

1 cup shortening (part butter for flavor)  
2 cup brown sugar, packed in cup  
2 eggs  
2 cups flour  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
1 cup wheaties  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon soda  
2 cups quick cooking oatmeal  
1 cup coarsely chopped salted peanuts

Mix then drop by teaspoonsful on a lightly greased baking sheet. Flatten out each cookie with a fork dipped in flour. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in a moderate oven.

### Southern Pie

3/4 cup Post Grape-Nuts Cereal 1 cup dark corn syrup  
1/2 cup warm water 3 tablespoons butter,  
3 eggs, well beaten melted  
3/4 cup sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla  
1/8 teaspoon salt

1 unbaked 9-inch pie shell

Combine cereal and water; let stand until water is absorbed. Meanwhile, blend eggs with sugar; add syrup, butter, vanilla, and salt. Fold in softened cereal. Pour into pie shell. Bake at 350 degrees for 50 minutes, or until filling is puffed completely across the top. Cool.

December, 1971

Garnish with whipped topping. Sprinkle with additional cereal, if desired. -Lucinda Shetler, Monroe, Indiana

### Peppermint Stick

3 cups flour 3 teaspoons soda  
3 cups brown sugar 1 cup cocoa

Mix these ingredients together with your hands till light and fluffy. Then add:

1 cup lard 2 cups milk 4 medium eggs

Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 60 minutes.

-Mrs. Titus Nolt, Pennsylvania

## The Beautiful Gift

What can a mother give her children

Greater than this one great thing,

Faith in an old, sweet beautiful story —

A star — a stable — a new-born King.

Shining faith in the young lad Jesus;

Lover of high white things was He.

Jesus — straight as a Lebanon cedar;

Jesus — clean as the winds from the sea.

Faith in the young lad come to manhood;

Jesus — compassionate, tender and true.

Oh, my children — what more glorious

Gift in the world can I give to you?

Carry it high like a lamp in the darkness

Hold it for warmth when the day is cold —

Keep it for joy when youth goes singing,

Clasp it for peace when you are old.

What can a mother give her children

More than a faith that will not dim?

Take it, my dear ones — hold it forever

A lamp for a lifetime — faith in Him.

- Selected.

## Some Mothers Write

It worried me already and I never realized quite how impatient I was until this summer. Some have told me they know I had more patience than most people would've had, but that is not how God sees us — by how others would've done — we dare not measure ourselves by others.

-S.

Our three-year-old daughter sings, "Jesus loves me this I know, for the Bible tells me so: Little ones to Him belong, We are wicked, he is strong."

I've tried to correct her, but she insists this is right. So that is how she sings it.

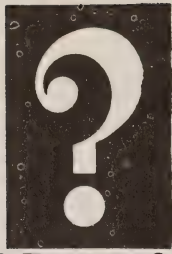
-Mrs. S. H.

Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair



A spoiled child  
will meet  
with much  
unhappiness.  
Thorst Fredy





## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

????????????????????????????????????????????

### Question:

My maud is a good worker and is a nice person. I have a large family and need a helper. In our district help is hard to find as a lot of girls go to work in English homes and factories for the big money. My problem is, she dresses very stylish and has her hair waved back. It hurts me to see a nice girl fall away from the church. Is it in my place to tell the girl or should I leave that up to her parents to teach her? She is old enough to know better.

—Concerned

????????????????????????????????????????????

### WATCHING AT FUNERALS (Answer)

In regards to the question about people standing around at funerals. It seems to bother some people, but for me, I buried Mother and Father, too. You are trying to say, "Not my will, but thine be done." But it is the parting that hurts and at the time you don't care who sees you shed tears.

A Reader, Pennsylvania

Was glad to see somebody else notice how people act at funerals. The only reason I can think of why people like to see other people mourn, is that they must be sick in their minds. We went through the ordeal of saying goodyby to our loved one. We viewed outside so the doors could not be shut, so I said my last goodbye at home in privacy. We can't expect everyone to close their eyes but it would be a lot more respectful to bow your head instead of stretching your neck and standing on tiptoes.

Nobody can tell how hard they take it anyway since people react different on such occasions. Some might be in shock and not be able to cry while others can't stop crying.

—Pennsylvania

Having encountered the departure of Mother and Father, I feel a closed door would cause a cold feeling within the hearts of friends and relatives who have come to share the sorrow. Those whom are bereft of their loved one may not be conscious of bystanders at that moment when the family says their last goodbye. In Romans 12:15 the Apostle Paul admonished Christians to weep with them that weep.

—M.B.N., Peach Bottom, Pa.

I have no way of knowing how people feel when they walk past the coffin at the funeral. I have thought of asking the same question, but then again, how would it look if no one walked past? The Bible tells us to be cheerful with the cheerful and weep with those who weep. How could we weep with the bereaved family if they would all go into a room by themselves? Of course it would not be very respectful to crowd around just to see how hard people take it.

—Titus Nolt, Pennsylvania.

I never once thought of looking at it that way. The person who sent in the question seems to be unhappy through criticizing and this is probably not the only thing he finds fault with. We, too had the experience of being the closest relative to the one in the coffin, our child. But the ones standing back watching, we took as friends who cared and wanted to be near us in our time of sorrow as

long as they could. I feel this is better than hurrying by and then going home, or getting busy with the work right away. By watching while the others grieve, it helps us to sympathize with them better. In our community, nobody starts putting things in place until the funeral has left for the graveyard. I wouldn't want it otherwise. We have time to be alone with the body the few days before the funeral.

—A watcher who sympathizes with the bereaved, Pa.

### TO GRIEVED AND CONFUSED (Answers)

Matthew 24:4 - Take heed that no man deceive you.

Acts 5:9 - How is it that you have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? (Ananias, with Sapphira his wife.)

Ecclesiastes 5:4 - When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it; for he hath no pleasure in fools: pay that which thou hath vowed.

—A Reader

I was raised in an English home. I decided to join the Amish church. I believed in my heart that this was the thing that God wanted me to do in life.

When my parents found it out they were very hurt and disappointed in me. They kept telling me that one of the commandments is to honor thy parents.

I was at times very discouraged as what to do! I felt that my parents were working against me (and they surely were) and using part of the Bible to do so. At times I thought that maybe I'm wrong and maybe I should "give it up." But still I couldn't dismiss the idea and longing to join the faith that I felt was walking closer in the footsteps of Christ than what my parents and I were.

If one's parents are real Christians in a non-worldly church, I would advise anyone to stay and do as they say -as long as it's not against God's Word. This would be of my greatest longings in this life. (Don't forget to thank God if you have such parents!)

While reading and studying the New Testament I found two verses that fitted to me and my life. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." (Matthew 10:37.)

"If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." (Luke 14:26).

Through these verses and others my decision was made. It was **hard** and only those that have gone through such know what I mean. But through prayer in time my parents are no longer bitter. They are still hurt that I'm not with them. But they feel if this is what I think the Lord wants me to do then it's the best. I am thankful to the Lord that they feel this way.

I am still single. I feel if I ever married and such came in my life as you have, I could not leave my vow that I made on my knees before God and the church when I was baptized. For spiritually Christ is our first love. Spiritually we are married to Him. Shall we ever break that vow? Read 1 Corinthians 7:10-17.

I do believe as long as the husband is what he promised to be he is to be the head of the home as Christ planned it. But if he wants to do something that you feel is against God's will for you, then you have to take your own stand. Yes, your own stand with the help of God.

Remember we will all have to stand alone someday in front of Christ. I don't believe that we can be passed into heaven by saying that my husband wanted me to do so and so (if it is a sin).

—An Unworthy Reader

## A YOUNG GIRL CARES

To the mothers in need of maud: Your pleas do not go unheard because I for one, do care. I took care of a number of newborn babies and how I love to care for these pure, innocent, and helpless ones. To me it makes no difference if the people don't have the modern conveniences or a lot of work, if they are thoughtful and kind. This makes one feel right at home. Right now I'm keeping house for a family (not plain) who also are greatly need of help. But I hope if the Lord wills, and gives me health and strength, to resume working as maud among those of my own faith again soon.

— One who's concerned

## WHEN TRAGEDY STRIKES

How many of us can well agree with the letter "Help From a Higher Hand" (September FL)? I dare say most of us could tell of incidents that might well have ended in tragedy and know it wasn't luck, but an answered prayer that God would keep His hand over us that day.

We think of the times the horses hoof missed the child's face by inches, only throwing dirt instead; the fall from the hay loft or wagon with only a few bumps; or the child crossing the highway or railroad track unhurt. Probably each parent could relate something different.

Often things happen . . . almost. It has been the means of taking us to our knees to thank God that He spared the tragedy. We then go about our work with a grateful heart knowing we're all in the hands of a loving God.

But I know there are also readers that will answer, "Tragedy didn't almost happen in our family. Tragedy struck! Are you inferring God's loving hand was not over us?"

No, we are not inferring this. Everytime something happens almost, it gives us so much more reason to believe when death does come that it was because God planned it that way.

The doctor told us when our child was sick, "It would take a miracle to make him well."

We hoped and prayed if it be God's will, he can be made well. But God had better plans and the child died.

We feel God's presence nearer when our heart is broken and we feel too weak to carry on. It seemed to me a greater miracle the way He helped us each day by giving us strength to carry on cheerfully, than had our child been made well. But we must humbly pray for that strength.

Satan sorely tries to discourage us. Even more so than those, who never had a personal sorrow, can imagine. But he only tries us as much as we allow. If we hasten to pray when we become discouraged, we find our strength quickly renewed. "His grace is sufficient."

— A Young Mother

## A RADIO FOR THE CHILDREN

In our community I have seen quite a few children with a toy radio. They turn the knob and it plays a tune. No words are sung of course. I have seen them sit down and listen closely, maybe holding it to their ear. Why would we want to give our children playthings if we would not want them to have the real thing if they were grown up? I wonder if it doesn't already put a longing in the child's heart, for he is apt to think "Someday, when I'm big!" Already the seed is planted and starting to sprout.

Especially sad was the case of the little girl whose mother gave her a toy radio. Her father apparently was not in favor of it for the little girl said, "Daddy said if he catches me playing it, he's going to throw it out."

But she could play it when only her mother was around. Already she knew that Mother didn't care about it. At this tender age, Mother was teaching her little girl to keep things from Daddy so he won't find out. Those little seeds may grow into something a lot bigger than Mamma ever imagined!

-B. Mo.

## HOME REMEDIES AND SUGGESTIONS

It seems there's no end of vinegar cures, so don't underestimate the value of that jug of cider vinegar. Some neighbors of ours apply the pure cider vinegar to injuries to stop bleeding. This method is used on livestock as well. Just wash the injured spot off with a soft white cloth, using vinegar instead of water.

I know of some kidney ailments that have been helped immensely by putting one or two teaspoons of vinegar and some honey into a glass of hot water, and drinking it the first thing in the morning. This should always be taken on an empty stomach and at least fifteen minutes before breakfast.

From Pennsylvania come more uses for cider vinegar. ....As a deodorant in plastic nursing bottles, dentures, and sick room accessories: 1 part vinegar to 4 parts water. Soak items for several hours or longer.

....As a remedy for sore throat and a mouthwash: 1 teaspoon vinegar to glass of water. For sore throat sip half glass slowly 4 times a day.

....For soiled hankies when the family has a cold: Put enough vinegar in soaking water till the mucus dissolves. Don't put vinegar in wash water. It will take the suds away.

....For bee sting: Rub pure vinegar on to relieve pain.

....For hair rinse after a shampoo: 1 tablespoon vinegar to 1 quart of water.

## WATCH YOUR VOICE

-Author Unknown

It is not so much what you say

As the manner in which you say it;

It is not so much the language you use

As the tone in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,

And the baby cowered and wept;

"Come here!" I cooed, and he looked and smiled

And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair

And the tones may pierce like a dart,

The words may be soft as the summer air

And the tone may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind

And grow by study and art,

But the tones leap forth from the inner self

And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not—

Whether you mean it or care,

Gentleness, kindness, love, and hate,

Envy, and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid

And in peace and love rejoice

Keep anger not only out of your words

But keep it out of your voice.

To get through the hardest journey, you need take only one step at a time, but you have to keep stepping.





### SHE'S A SHUTIN

Folks whisper, "She's a shutin,"  
As they pass my cottage door  
Where daily by my window  
I've sat for twenty years or more.  
My feet are lame, I cannot walk;  
I've been that way since birth;  
I'll never travel round and see  
The wonders of this earth.

They whisper, "What a pity  
She should be afflicted so!  
She just sits there in her wheelchair  
Never has a chance to go!"  
They wonder how I bear it  
And perhaps you wonder, too?  
Well, it really is no secret  
So I'll tell it all to you.

It's because I have a promise  
That was given long ago,  
By another One who suffered  
Greater pain than I can know.  
And He's building me a mansion  
In a land more wondrous far  
Than the majesty of oceans,  
Than the lofty mountains are.

And I know when I shall go there,  
The very first thing I'll do  
Is exchange these withered feet of clay  
For others straight and new!  
Then up and down the golden streets  
On limbs so fine and strong,  
I'll wend my way 'mid angels fair  
And lift my voice in song!  
— Sc1. by N.B., Penna.

### GIVE ME MORE PATIENCE

Have you ever heard a person say of another who is ill, "Why doesn't he have more patience?" or "It just seems he can't give himself up."

Patience, or any fruit of the spirit, is not the kind of fruit that can be picked off a tree at will. It is too precious for that. It is of the good gifts that come from above (Gal. 5) which are required through prayer.

In John 15 we read "I am the vine, ye are the branches." To bear fruit the branches must be pruned. Our spirit suffers and bleeds. Tears fall. We have the comfort that "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth

the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby" (Hebrews 12:11).

At times we can ask too much from those who care for us. It would be well if the patient and the "nurse" could exchange places for a day. There would be a better understanding.

I'm reminded of a young couple who lived on a farm. We shall call them Yost and Sylvia. Sylvia would nag her husband and wonder why it took him so long to do his chores. He, in turn, wondered why there was so much hurry and flurry in getting a few children off to school.

"I can't see why you can't get these children to school without fuss?" he would say to her.

It so happened that one week Yost was not feeling well. They decided that Sylvia would do the chores and he would take care of the housework.

The first morning it was nearing the noon hour until Sylvia finished with the chores. "I didn't know there was so much to do," she told Yost as she entered the house. "I thought I'd never get through."

She didn't realize how Yost fared in the house. On his first morning with the household duties he thought he would hurriedly do the dishes before cleaning the rooms. But he hadn't cleared off the table until the children started running back and forth hunting for their things. Excitement reigned, for it was time they started to school. They had a mile to go.

Yost soon found himself running in and out of the rooms, up and down the stairs hunting for coats, caps, and books. "Where did you have it last?" "Where did you put it?" were common phrases as he joined the children's last minute rush. When the door closed on the last little one, Yost had a better understanding of his wife and her work.

A good understanding between man and wife, as also between the sick person and the one who cares for him, brings cheer into a home.

At times the patient goes through trying hours and a little extra attention may lessen his misery. These trying hours may be caused by pain, discomfort, or worst of all nervousness and emotionalism. At these times it may be said to the sufferer, "I wish you would practice more patience."

But maybe the sick at these times has mustered all the patience he has, and the one who cares for him is lacking of this grace more than what he realizes. And so it is that the sick as well as the one who cares for him often need the prayer, "Lord, give me more patience!"

NOTICE- Mrs. Enos Burkholder of Fleetwood, Pennsylvania is unable to answer all the friends who had written concerning the patterning of brain injured children. The Budget of October 7th contained a long article which she had written concerning this work. Anyone interested may contact: The Institute for the Rehabilitation of the Brain Injured, Inc. 40-50 West Front St. Media, Pennsylvania 19063

If you stop at third base to congratulate yourself, you may never make a home run.

The fellow who has a right to boast doesn't have to.

Our cover for this month was made by Mrs. Alta Hershberger, Uniontown, Ohio.

# Set Your Sail

Oh, set your sail to the heavenly gale,  
And then no matter what winds prevail,  
No reef can wreck you, no calm delay;  
No mist shall hinder, no storm shall stay,  
Though far you wander and long you roam  
Through salt sea spray  
and o'er white sea foam,  
No wind that can blow  
but shall speed you home.





## DECEMBER IS HERE

The month of December is like the last chapter of a book. If it's been a worthwhile one, you end up with a feeling of satisfaction, somewhat like the feeling you get in the evening after a hard days work well done. Perhaps it is like putting the final seal on a package before laying it on the shelf. To the farmer, it can be like putting the cap on the strawstack and then standing back to size up the job. To the women folks it may be like sewing the buttons on a pair of trousers for then the job is finished.

In December the trees are bare and a person can see for miles around. You no longer have the fenced in feeling of being surrounded by walls. Who has ever seen anything more beautiful than a woodlot on a crisp winter morning after a fresh snowfall, or when the crystals of ice are sparkling in the morning sun? Can you imagine how snow would look on the trees if they still had their full coat of leaves? New leaves look good in the spring but we would hardly appreciate them were it not for the season when the trees are bare.

December is a time of change. To most people it means the coming of winter. Winter officially begins on Dec. 21, for then the sun reaches the farthest south point, and it lasts till March 21. But for all practical purposes, winter begins and ends two weeks earlier than the official dates.

Many people hate to see winter come because it brings snow and cold weather. Although it does pose a problem of survival for many plants and animals, it also brings benefits to the farmer. The cold weather checks the growth and spread of many insect pests and plant diseases

Where there is no cold season, a lot of dusting and spraying must be done to grow fruits and vegetables.

Cold weather makes the trees go dormant. Without some freezing weather, our most valuable fruits, such as apples and peaches could not be grown.

Wildlife in the woods all have ways of surviving the winter. Some birds take the easy way out and migrate to warmer climates. Animals do not migrate but a few species can hibernate through the winter. Actually the woodchuck and the prairie dog are the two only well-known animals that truly hibernate. Bears, skunks, and chipmunks sleep for periods of a few days to several weeks.

Most kinds of wildlife learn to adapt themselves to the winter. Frogs and turtles burrow into the mud around the edge of the pond. Snakes go underground in holes or under stones or logs deep enough so they will not freeze. Fish go to the bottom of the pond where the water does not freeze. But all these cold blooded creatures must select a place where they will not freeze solid. If the body freezes solid, then the creature dies. Some kinds of fish such as the carp and its closely related cousin, the goldfish, have been known to have been frozen in on all sides by ice and yet survived. Apparently the fish's circulation was strong enough to keep its vital organs from freezing.

Field mice burrow under the snow and find food to survive the winter. Deer roam the woods and eat bark and shoots of young trees to survive. Bees huddle together in a ball inside the hive to keep warm. If the temperature drops to 50 degrees, inside this ball, the bees flap their wings vigorously to create enough heat to raise the temperature to as high as 77 degrees.

Birds fluff their feathers to keep warm. Bob-whites gather in coveys and at night they form a circle with the tails pointing inward. If disturbed, they fly in all directions. A heavy snowfall helps to keep the birds warm but snow with icy rain may form a crust over the covey and the birds will perish for they are unable to escape.

When food gets scarce in the north, large groups of winter birds move south. These may be juncos, finches, sparrows, crossbills or grosbeaks. In their search for food, they lose all fear of man, and may go into cities.

Blue jays and chickadees live in the woods all winter and dig insects out of the bark. Goldfinches may stay over winter and the male loses his bright colors until spring. Squirrels store hickory nuts and acorns. It is said that at times they forget where they put them and plant trees in this way. This is doubtful but the squirrels may be killed during the winter and their supplies may go untouched unless other squirrels locate them by their smell.

Man, too, must adapt himself to winter. Strange as it may seem, man is better able to stand the cold than the heat. In cold weather he can put on more clothes but in hot weather there is a limit to what can be done. It is now believed that a white man can keep cooler by wearing a light suit of clothing than by going naked.

Most people will adapt themselves to the climate where they were born and raised. The Eskimo in Alaska probably does not endure more hardship in his 50 below zero temperature than the Negro in Florida when the thermometer hits freezing. Ask a man who has lived all his life in a cold climate and he will tell you, "Oh, it really doesn't get so cold around here."

The story is told of a man from Indiana whose work took him to live in the far north. One morning when the temperature was 30 below, he met his neighbor on the road and said, "Boo, it's cold this morning." The neighbor replied, "It is a bit chilly. Winter must be right around the corner."

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